



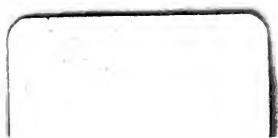
*The New-York magazine; or,
Literary repository*

James Swords, Thomas Swords

Per. 2714 e. 21



Per. 2.714 e. $\frac{26}{2}$



T H E

NEW-YORK MAGAZINE;

O R,

LITERARY REPOSITORY.

VOLUME II.—1791.

ALL HAIL, BLEST *SCIENCE*!—O'ER OUR NATIVE LAND,
WITH GOD-LIKE *WISDOM*, WIDE THY WINGS EXPAND.



N E W - Y O R K :

Printed and sold by *THOMAS* and *JAMES SWORDS*, at their Office;
No. 27, William-Street.

—1791.—

P R E F A C E.

IN completing the second volume of the New-York Magazine, or Literary Repository, the Publishers are called upon for a PREFATORY ADDRESS to accompany it; and not to disappoint the expectations of their readers, they here present what the peculiar circumstances of the work have dictated.

AND first, they think it their duty to return their hearty thanks to their worthy friends and patrons who have evinced a disposition to support the publication, by giving it their countenance and encouragement. To their literary friends they are no less grateful; and while they respectfully solicit the honour of future favours, and the further patronage of their friends and the friends of science, they assure them that nothing on their part shall be wanting to render the publication worthy their particular notice.

WITH respect to the present volume, the Editors are confident that they have exerted themselves to perform their duty in such a manner as would be both pleasing and satisfactory. They are pleased to find they have been in part successful, and that the greater part of the subscribers to this work have expressed their approbation of the manner in which it has been conducted. With diffidence, however, the work is submitted; and to the reader who hath not perused it in its monthly course, it will only be necessary to say, that every exertion has been made to render it an *entertaining Magazine* and a *copious Repository* of useful and interesting matter.

IT is a fact well known, that the Publishers could employ their press to much more advantage than in a work of this nature, at least in the present state of pecuniary emoluments; but, having once made the experiment, they were loth to relinquish it—convinced, that perseverance alone

alone is adequate to surmount local and temporary obstacles, in whatever magnified form they may appear. Impressed with this idea, they have hitherto prosecuted the publication, though with much disadvantage, in the hope that they would derive a compensation from the liberality of their fellow citizens: as yet, however, that compensation is denied them: but, though the horizon remains dark and gloomy, they still retain a stedfast hope of bright and prosperous days. In fine, the growing opulence of this city induces them to believe that they will one day meet the reward of their present labours, and for the scanty gleanings which the two first years have afforded them, that they will reap an abundant harvest of prolific fruit.

To conclude, we beg leave to assure our patrons and the public, that the most unremitted assiduity shall be observed in the prosecution of the *third* volume of the New-York Magazine, or Literary Repository; and we confidently trust in their liberality for means to second our endeavours. While a continuation of the work is viewed with pleasure and satisfaction, its demise cannot be anticipated but with extreme regret. We hope our fellow citizens are too much enlightened ever to let the latter be realized.. It lies with them alone to perpetuate the publication; and we trust they will not be so regardless of the magnitude of the object as to consign it to the dark shades of oblivion.

New-York, December 31, 1791.

I N D E X.

A	Page.		Page.
A BOU Taib, an eastern tale,	431	Anecdote of Lord Chesterfield,	662
Abudah, a tale,	513	— of two girls,	ibid
Abyssinians, barbarous customs a-	6	— of George the third,	668
mong the,		— of a Highlander,	688
Agricultural society, rules and regu-	126	— of George the second,	728
lations of the,		— of the boatswain of the Romney,	ibid
America, discovery of, by Columbus,	218	— of Christina, Queen of Sweden,	730
American constitutions, Adams's de-		Aphorism,	442
fence of the, 22, 84, 147, 211, 284,		Apologues,	218
340, 396.		Arfaces and Ismenia, an oriental story,	105,
American museum,	247		165, 227
American nation, present state of the,	89	Armada fleet, particulars concerning	
Anecdote of Mons. de Mirvan,	8	one of the,	596
— relative to the dis. of Madeira,	30	B	
— of a young Mussulman,	50	Baskerville, John, account of,	209
— of Mr. Addison,	104	Bastile, visit to the ruins of,	725
— of Ganganelli,	ibid	Battle, picture of a,	203
— of a gentleman,	ibid	Benevolence, in opposition to self-love,	569
— of an Irish gentleman,	ibid	Bitch, account of a living one born	
—, remarkable one of the power of		deprived of her fore-legs,	447
music,	164	Blackberry jelly, efficacy of,	312
— of Charles the fifth,	170	Blue, method of extracting from the	
— relating to matrimony,	234	dog's mercury,	328
— of Charles the fifth and a peasant,	ibid	Bon mots at a masquerade,	164
— of a lewd young fellow & a hermit,	ibid	Bounty rewarded, or the worthy soldier,	352
— of Lord Chancellor Bacon,	ibid	Bristol stranger, facts supposed to	
—, original one of a Hessian foldier,	274	throw light on the history of,	574
—'s, East-India ones,	275	C	
— of Cardinal Dubois,	294	Canals in Holland, description of,	322
—'s, original, of Peter the Great,	332	Card, by A. B.	582
— of Michael Angelo,	345	Card-playing, reflections on,	82
— of an Irish gentleman at the opera,	351	Carpet-manufactory at Philadelphia,	311
— of two brothers,	ibid	Cements, letter on,	318
— of two Caghawaga chiefs,	408	Census of the state of New-York,	59
— of the King and the sailors,	ibid	Charity-school, Dutch, note on,	50
— of Sylla,	414	Choral bishops of Salisbury, acct. of the,	660
— of Lord Holland,	463	Churchman's magnetic atlas, hints	
— of Zink,	496	concerning,	714
— of Mr. Nangle,	535	Club, the,	4, 64, 124, 249, 621
— of a judge suspected of bribery,	536	Cock-fighting, remarks on,	157
— of a little gentleman of the long		Comedy, remarks on,	643
robe,	ibid	Compact with the devil, nature of a,	143
— of St. Leger, an Irish judge,	ibid	Conjugal prudence,	127
— of the Duke of Rutland,	ibid	Creation, reflections on the,	205
—, literary one,	558	Curfory remarks, &c. 368, 433, 500, 561,	
— of a surgeon, at Croydon affizes,	598		631, 689
— of a gentleman whose father		D	
was robbed,	ibid	Death of Rousseau,	97
— of a magistrate,	ibid	— of the Hon. F. N——t,	346, 385
— of a lady and an Irish gentleman,	ibid	Delia Drama,	584
— of two felons,	ibid	Despair, or the history of Delia and	
— original one of Mr. John Wesley,	630	Lorenzo,	619
— of the present King of France,	662	Dialogue betwixt Diocletian and Ab-	
— of George the second,	ibid	dolonymus,	594
— of the same,	ibid	Discovery, an interesting & curious one,	395

	Page.		Page.
Diseases in trees, method of curing,	559	Indians in North-America, account of their characters, dispositions and numbers,	444
Distresses, diverting, in a journey from Vienna to Venice,	79	Infidelity and atheism, essay on,	389
Dresses of the women in the island Nio,	63	Ink, black, new method of making,	328
Drinking, on the accomplishment of,	282	Intelligence, astronomical,	189
Dust floating in the air, reflections on,	140	——, Parisian,	210
E		——, foreign and domestic,	57, 117, 177, 241, 301, 361, 421, 481, 545, 614, 676, 741.
Easter, manner of celebrating it at Barcelona,	516	Irus, from the German,	321
Effort, remark. one to recover liberty,	729	Isaac's discovery,	134
Egg, account of a curious one,	706	Journey through the frontiers of the state of New-York, account of a,	136
Electrical machine, description of a new invented one,	197	Jupiter's tomb, visit to,	408
English language, antiquity and universality of,	515	Juvenis, 48, 142, 187, 331, 400, 459, 590, 691	
Enfete, account of,	687	K	
Experiments on the waters of New-Lebanon,	505	Kamenskow, Michael, his letter to the Tartar Chan,	701
F		Answer to do,	702
Fair sex, advice to the,	92	Keutuckey, particulars relative to,	ibid
Famine in India,	281	Killarney, description of the lake of,	625
Farmer's address to his friends,	25	L	
Fatale, history of the,	41	Landlord, the,	392
Feast of St. Pedro Martyr, manner of celebrating at Barcelona,	519	Last will, the,	440
Federation in France, description of the,	722	Lawyer, character of an honest one,	579
Felucca, the, or the utility of men and things in their proper elements,	661	Ledyard, account of Mr.	491
Fiery ordeal,	89	Letter on the new method of finding the longitude,	401
French language, universality of the,	72	—— on merit,	430
French revolution, history of the rise and progress of,	253, 313, 373	—— on Morfe's geography,	442
Friend, the,	278	—— from Juvenis, introductory to a correspondence,	447
Friendship, essay on,	130	—— from an English slave-driver at Algiers,	584
G		—— from the Princess of Daschkaw to Mr. John Churchman,	591
Gaming, thoughts on,	289	—— on female society,	337
Germans, general character of the,	534	—— on cements,	318
Great Dismal, description of the,	193	—— by the late Dr. Franklin,	381
H		—— on contentment,	382
Happy government, picture of a,	260	London, view of,	339
Happy man and true gentleman,	566	Love, on,	311
Henry the 4th of France, historical remarks on the death of,	591	Love letter, a curious one,	319
Hermione and Florimont, a tale,	290	Love and filial duty, power of,	468
Heroism, female, instance of,	647	M	
——, female, rewarded,	571	Madness, method of suspending,	534
Highlands of Scotland, description of,	456	Maestroom, account of the,	683
History of Maria Kittle, concluded,	12	Mahomet, a dream,	506
——, affecting one of the Count de Peltzer,	83	Maid of Orleans, account of her execution,	129
—— of the Honey Guide, or Cuculus Indicator,	202	Manufactory at Albany, description of the,	268
Holland, observations on,	460, 510	Maple sugar, remarks on the manufacturing of,	34, 69
Honey dew, account of the,	378	Marriage, on compulsi. laws respecting,	715
Honest fellow, and the tippler,	646	Map of the country between Powle's Hook and Newark, description of,	367
Howell, the Hon. D. his charge,	567	Mathematical demonstration,	655
Hyberdine's sermon, observations on,	407	Mechanical inventions,	653
I		Meteorological	
Imprisonment, reflections on,	699		
Indian fortifications on the Muskingum, account of the,	555		

	Page.		Page.
Meteorological observations, 60 , 120 , 180 , 244 , 246 , 306 , 366 , 426 , 490 , 554 , 618 , 681.		Refinement of manners, observ. on, 406	
Meteorological phenomenon, 379		Remarkable incident, 207	
Mildew, account of, considered as the principal cause of diseases in cattle, 250		Resolutions, a set of, 309	
Miscellanist, the, 403 , 464 , 532 , 582 , 684		Russia, on the state of, 650	
Miseries of human life, reflections on, 67		S	
Modern and ancient orators, compari- son of the, 191		Satire of Mons. Voltaire, 418	
Monument, description of one intend- ed to be erected in Philadelphia, 429		Scribbler, 20 , 77 , 154 , 195 , 270, 326 , 427 , 555 , 707	
Mummy, account of one, 156		Season of youth, thoughts on the im- portance of the, 572 , 641 , 698	
Murder of Othello, the, a tragedy, 223		Seat of Henry Livingston, Esq; de- scription of the, 247	
Musical pigeon, the, 468		Semiramis, a dream, 269	
N		Sermon, a curious one, 328	
Naples, description of the bay of, 692		Shelburne light-house, description of, 427	
National prejudices overcome, or the history of Sir George O——, 409		Silent expression of sorrow, 453	
Negro slave, inhuman treatment of a, 338		Singular instrument of punishment, 456	
—— astronomer, account of a, 557		—— case of a boy, 458	
——'s turning white, account of a, 634		Solitary philosopher, 647	
Nipper werk, description of the, 588		Spanish floating batteries at Gibralt- ar, account of, 448	
Nobility, remarks on, 624		Speech to King Henry the 4th, 133	
North-west passage, memoir concerning, 581		Steep rocks on Hudson's river, 307	
O		Storm, its effects, 491	
Oration by Jacob Morton, Esq; deliv- ered before the German society, 526		Story of Henry and Anne, 183 , 263	
Offian's poems, criticism on, 497		—— of Valmore and Julia, 599	
Opulence, 251		Surprising cataract, 203	
P		T	
Paradise of Schedad, an Arabian tale, 536		Thought, train of in the mind, 709	
Parmesan cheese, method of making, 578		Tipling mouse, the, 510	
Periodical dumbness, extraordinary account of, 7		Tomb of Madam Langhans, descrip- tion of the, 3	
Periodical performances, advantages of, 635		Transfusion of blood, account of, 125	
Petition, extraordinary one addressed to the Queen of Portugal, 158		Truth of fact and truth of nature, 258	
Petition of Madame Guillon, 637		Turkish lady, visit to a, 658	
Phænomena, curious, 519		U	
Phænomenon observed upon the island of Sumatra, 392		United States, extent of the, 359	
Philobiblicus, 44 , 99 , 162		——, historical scraps relating to, 508	
Philosophical outlines, 37		Universal hospital, 222	
—— speculations, 329		Unknown youth, account of an, 9	
Plague, account of one, 135		Useless words, folly of exposed, 16	
Polypus, natural history of the, 443		V	
President's speech, 610		Velocity of the motion of bodies, 94	
Principal mountains in the world, height of the, 141		Vesuvius, description of Mount, 717	
Printing-press, first one in America, 399		——, account of the first eruption of, 719	
Public libraries, utility of, 307		Vision, a, 198	
Q		Vicissitudes of human life, on the, 277	
Queen Alla's lamentation, 381		Voyages of discovery, advantages of late ones, 520	
Quest of a Wife, the, a tale, 663		W	
R		Wales, origin of the name of, 559	
Recovery, extraordinary instance of, in a child supposed to be drowned, 624		War, its advantages, 343	
		Washington, description of the city of, 656	
		West-Point, description of, 123	
		Western expedition, account of the, 737	
		Wool and cotton, method of dying a lasting black, 328	
		Women, rights of, 712	

POETRY.—ORIGINAL.

	Page.		Page.
L INES written on Miss —'s		Lines by the late Mrs. A. E. Bleeker,	356
departure from —,	51	Loft Willie, a song,	ibid
Ella to Cymon,	ibid	Verses written in Miss —'s for-	
Logan's triumphs,	52	tune-book,	357
On the present situation of France,	53	Ode for the 4th of July, 1791,	358
Song, by J. B. C.	54	Salute to the fourteenth anniversary	
The vine and oak, a fable,	112	of American independence,	415
The frontier song,	113	Eliza, or amiable sorrow,	ibid
Epithalamium,	ibid	Address to Miss —'s hand-screen,	416
Elegy on Miss Cornelia Remsen,	114	A complaint,	417
Address to a miniature profile,	115	Thanksgiving-day, or the sow's la-	
To the memory of Alcon,	171	mentation,	ibid
Elegy on a broken flute,	ibid	The country boarding-school,	475
A rebus, 173—Its answer,	239	An evening prospect,	ibid
Song—'Shrew'd remarkers,'	173	A hymn,	476
Upon Miranda's birth-day,	174	On divine love,	ibid
Song—'Sweet is the pearl,'	235	Version of part of the 7th chap. of Job,	539
Ella, a Norwegian tale,	ibid	A rebus, 540—Its answer,	608
To Miss Ann D—nd—s,	238	Lines to Miss —,	541
A rebus, 239—Its answer,	298	Evening,	605
Lines by the late Mrs. A. E. Bleeker,	295	On seeing Miss S**** T** E***	
To Mrs. D****n,	296	crossing the Hudon,	607
Passage from Dante's Inferno, thrown		To Delia,	ibid
into English heroic verse,	297	Winter,	669
To Juliet,	299	On reading Dryden's Virgil,	670
To Miss —'s fan,	355	Paraphrase on the 104th Psalm,	670, 731
Morning,	ibid	A complaint,	734

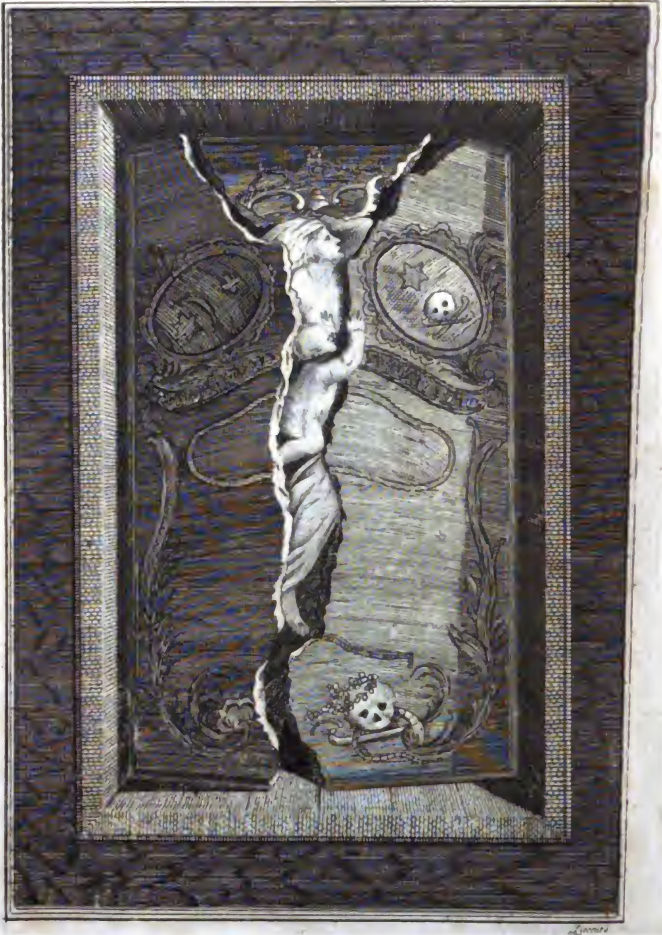
—S E L E C T E D.—

T HE winter's walk,	55	Sonnet to tranquility,	360
Sonnet to Hope,	ibid	Verses written by M. Bruce,	419
On the death of Donna Catalina de		The dying prostitute,	ibid
Ataide,	ibid	Songs said to be written by R. Burns,	420
Sonnet to Melissa,	56	An evening contemplation in a college,	478
On the President of the United States,	ibid	Song on the French revolution,	541
Lines on Major Wyllys,	115	The interview,	542
Lines addressed to Della Crusca,	176	Love renew'd, a sonnet,	609
Ode on St. Andrew's day, 1790,	ibid	On happiness,	ibid
Sonnet to the setting sun,	240	Sonnet, to twilight,	610
Ode for the anniversary of the sons		To night, a sonnet,	674
of Tammany, 1791,	299	Carolyn's monody on the death of	
Ode to good-humour,	300	Mary Mac Guire,	ibid
To Laura,	ibid	Answer to Dr. Piercy's song of, 'O	
The Fairy's answer to Mrs. Greville's		Nancy, wilt thou go with me ?'	675
prayer for indifference,	359	Hengist and Mey,	735

INDEX to the PLATES.

T OMB of Madam Langhans, to		Map of the country from Newark to	
face page	3	Powle's Hook,	367
View of the dresses of the women in		View of Shelburne light-house,	427
the isle of Nio,	63	The Storm,	491
— of West-Point,	123	View of Indian fortifications,	555
Henry and Anne,	183	Despair,	619
View of the seat of H. Livingston, Esq;	247	Representation of new inventions,	653
— of the steep rocks on Hudson's		View of the Macilroom,	683
river,	307	Enfete,	687

✎ The CHRONOLOGY annexed to some of the numbers, to be bound together at the end of the volume.



TOMB OF MADAM LANGHANS.

T H E
NEW-YORK MAGAZINE;
 O R,
LITERARY REPOSITORY:
 FOR JANUARY, 1791.

NUMBER I.—VOLUME II.

C O N T A I N I N G,

	Page.		Page.
Description of the Tomb of Ma-		Dutch Charity School,	50
jam Langhans,	3		
The Club.—No. VII.	4	<i>The AMERICAN MUSE.</i>	
Barbarous Custom among the		ORIGINAL.	
Abyssinians,	6	Lines written on Miss ——'s	
Extraordinary Account of a Pe-		Departure from ——,	51
riodical Dumbness,	7	Ella to Cymon,	ibid
Anecdote of Mons. de Mirvain,	8	Logan's Triumphs,	52
Account of an unknown Youth,	9	On the present situation of France,	53
History of Maria Kittle,	12	Song—By J. B. C.	54
The Folly of useless Words ex-		SELECTED.	
posed,	16	The Winter's Walk,	55
The Scribbler.—No. IV.	20	Sonnet to Hope,	ibid
The right Constitution of a Com-		On the Death of Donna Catalina	
monwealth examined,	22	de Ataide,	ibid
A Farmer's Address to his Friends,	25	Sonnet to Melissa,	56
Anecdote relative to the Disco-		On the President of the United	
very of Madeira,	30	States,	ibid
Remarks on the Manufacturing			
of Maple Sugar,	34	Intelligence,	57
Philosophical Outlines,	37	Census of the State of N. York,	59
History of the Fatale,	41	Marriages,	ibid
Philobiblicus.—No. VII.	44	Deaths,	ibid
Juvenis.—No. XII.	48	Foreign Deaths,	60
Anecdote of a young Mussulman,	50	Meteorological Observations,	ibid

To which is subjoined,

The AMERICAN CHRONOLOGY.

This Number is ornamented with a Copper-plate Engraving, representing
 the Tomb of *Madam Langhans.*

NEW-YORK: PRINTED BY THOMAS AND JAMES SWORDS,
 N^o. 43, CROWN, NEAR SMITH STREET.
 M,DCC,XCI.

☞ The EDITORS finding it the wish of many of their correspondents, that they should resume their former mode of acknowledging the receipt of pieces which are sent for insertion, will in future pursue it.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Triumph of Logan*, by W. D. was received with much pleasure, and is inserted in the poetry of this month.—The Editors will be happy to be enabled frequently to adorn the pages of this work with performances from the same pen.

The Parody on "*The topsails shiver*," &c. is probably from an oversight incorrect in one instance. If the Author will favour the Editors with an interview, so that the necessary amendments may be made, it shall appear in our next number.

"None but an Apelles should paint a Jove," nor should the charms of *our Belles* be sung but in Poetry's most finished strains. To that distinction, the verses entitled, *A Continuation of the Belles of New-York*, have not the same claim with others which we have received from the same pen.—The following lines are entirely unhandfomely expressed :

"But where to begin is a difficult matter,

For if all are not mention'd *the beaux will be at her*."

There are some lines in the piece addressed to Capricia, that breathe poetic inspiration—others again are deficient. Perhaps was the Author to retouch this piece, he would give it an appearance that would do more credit to his talents.

The song sent by 'A Subscriber' is, excepting the chorus, a mere copy of the song "*Rule Britannia*," substituting the word "*America*" for "*Britannia*." Tho' we hope that the *measures* pursued by our rulers will verify the predictions of his chorus, that our country will remain "*matchless and free*," yet we would remark for his instruction, in case a poetical paroxysm should in future seize him, that the *measure* of his rhyme does not all correspond with the music of the song.—As this song seems to have been sent by some well-meaning patriot, it is somewhat surprising that he should reduce our *continent* to an *island*—

"Blest *isle*, with beauty, matchless beauty crown'd."

On the whole, the insertion of this would do no credit, either to the judgment of the Editors, or to the poetical character of the person who furnished it.

T H E
N E W - Y O R K M A G A Z I N E ;
 O R,
L I T E R A R Y R E P O S I T O R Y :
 F O R J A N U A R Y , 1 7 9 1 .

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

Description (with an elegant Engraving) of the celebrated Tomb of Madam LANGHANS, executed by Mr. John Augustus Nahl, late Sculptor to the King of Prussia, and which is to be seen in the Choir of the Parish Church of Hindelbanck, two Leagues from Berne.

MADAM LANGHANS was the consort of a clergyman of Hindelbanck, in Switzerland. She is said to have been a lovely, amiable and accomplished woman. In the delivery of her first infant, at the age of 27, she fell, the victim of death!

Nahl, a celebrated German artist, affected with the sorrows of her disconsolate and pious husband, has, by the design herewith exhibited, perhaps eternized the unabating affection of the mourner, and the singular virtues of the wife.

Madam Langhans died on Easter-eve. The artist, not deterred by the vulgar sentiment, that on subjects of this kind the resources of imagination were exhausted, caught from the critical moment an happy allusion to one of the most distinguishing and glorious tenets of the Christian revelation.

The resurrection of the dead is supposed—the tombs are bursting under the sound of the great Archangel's trumpet—the course of nature is broken, and her powers unhinged—Madam Langhans, clothed with celestial beauty, and with a divine energy, finds little impediment in forcing her passage to the realms of light—she appears throwing aside the massy rock which still opposes her—A presentiment of everlasting tranquillity animates her soul, and diffuses a serenity and joy over her countenance—The smiling innocent, whom

she conducts, seems also lending the aid of his little hands in disentangling themselves from the dismal abode!

In short, we consider this tomb as one of the most finished examples of taste and inventive genius to be found in the history of monumental sculpture.

The inscription was written by the celebrated Haller. It would be difficult to translate it into English verse, without losing the spirit and sublimity of the original.

INSCRIPTION.

Hark!—The trumpet sounds!—
 The tombs burst!—Awake!—Arise
 lovely infant!—The Saviour of the
 world calls!—He triumphs!—Eter-
 nity opens!—The empire of Death
 is at an end!—Here, O God! am
 I and the child that thou hast given
 me!—

In this blessed hope,
 Sure that her Saviour will fulfil his
 promise,

Reposes in this tomb,
 Guarded by a tender and sorrowful
 husband,

MARY MAGDALEN WABER,
 Born the 8th of August, 1723;
 And who departed this life on Easter-
 eve, 1751,

The Wife of
GEORGE LANGHANS,
 Preacher of the Gospel at Hindel-
 banck.

For

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

THE CLUB.—No. VII.

IF we be to judge of mankind, not by their practice, but only by their professions, they are in nothing more agreed than in their detestation of *selfishness* and *ignorance*. There is no one, however immoral, who will candidly or readily acknowledge, that his habits and practice are the offspring of such ungracious parents. All agree to hold in contempt the character of the ignorant and selfish man: And yet it must appear, upon a just analysis, that in every bo-

som where vicious propensities are cherished, these two sources of imperfection mingle their corrupting streams.

The following table exhibits a synoptical arrangement of mental diseases, considering *error* as the sickness of the soul. It was with diffidence submitted to the inspection of the Club, in the hope that this imperfect ethical essay might engage some other person to a more comprehensive and correct performance.

SYNOPSIS OF MENTAL DISEASES.

<i>Class.</i>	<i>Order.</i>	<i>Genus.</i>	<i>Species.</i>
SELFISHNESS.	Pride.	Malice.	Anger.
			Revenge.
			Cruelty.
			Envy.
	Sensuality.	Gluttony.	Ambition.
			Extravagance.
			Drunkenness.
			Impurity.
	Avarice.	Penuriousness.	Meanness.
			Gaming.
			Of Death.
			Imaginary ill.
			Fashion.
IGNORANCE.	Want of Instruction.	Imprudence.	Credulity.
			Superstition.
			Indolence.
			Dislike of useful reflection.
	False Instruction.	Depraved taste.	— — — reading.
			Enthusiasm.
			Scepticism.
			Bigotry.
	Vanity.	Pedantry.	Egotism.
			Loquacity.
			Impudence.
			Gerogawism.

Cajalus contended in the Club, that the principal classes might be

better designated by the terms *masculine*, *feminine*, and *infantile*: mentioning

tioning the following, as among the sub-divisions of the second of these, viz.

*Tittering,
The fear of insects,
False delicacy,
Impertinent curiosity,
Babbling, &c.*

However, to the honour of the Club, this arrangement was warmly reject-

Genus.

The itch of Billingsgate.—*Prophanity.*

The itch of tattling.—*Smuttiness.*

*Harmless—invention.
Communications—in—confidence.
Nothing—but—the—truth.
No—harm—intended.*

The itch of innuendo.—*Love—of—double—entendre.
Sub-intelliget.*

Addison, that excellent moral physician, having occasion to speak of this last complaint, calls it “A—good—nose—at—an—innuendo.”

When this synopsis was first hastily drawn up, it was intended to present with it another, similar in its form, so as to contrast with each source of mental disease, a source of mental health, and with every vicious propensity, that virtue which stands most naturally in opposition to it.

In this, *benevolence* and *knowledge* would form the two general classes. While selfish ignorance, with eye inverted, is cold to every blessing without, knowledge and benevolence look abroad and exult in all the happiness of the wide creation. These alone impart

“*The soul’s calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy.*”

The very existence of *pure*, or disinterested benevolence, has however been called in question. But, among the many opinions sported by inconsiderate people, there is no one, more offensive to a generous sensibility. It is indeed true, that the hope of the virtuous man often runs forward, and

ed, it being by no means unexceptionably true, that these diseases were exclusively incident to the female sex.

Another of our members remarked, that he should ever be obliged to consider any table of this kind defective, that included not three kinds of *itch* he had observed, with very distinguishing symptoms, in fashionable company.

anticipates the state of future felicity, in which a reward will be received more than adequate to every virtue cherished in the bosom, or laudable action performed. True also it is, human nature is so constituted, that in the exercise of every benignant affection there is experienced a self-gratification. But, because the author of this nature is benevolent, is surely no reason why we cannot, in a degree, be so also. Because our circumstances are made thus eligible by the Creator, ought not to be offered as a reason why he hath not, or cannot impart to his creatures a ray of this divine sunshine. Why shall not the moral, as well as the material creation, reflect his ineffable brightness?

Men, without the least respect to any personal advantage, are sometimes known to rush into danger, to endure distress, to expose life itself, in order to procure to others happiness and safety. Such instances ought to be faithfully recorded. They confer a dignity upon man; and when related, swell the generous bosom with sensations of delight which the selfish can never experience.

The

The recent fate of the unfortunate LEOPOLD of Brunswick, here rises to remembrance. The river Oder, having overflowed its banks, was, with an irresistible violence, sweeping away trees, rocks, cattle, houses, bridges, and every thing opposing itself to its course. From the suddenness and impetuosity of this immense inundation, many of the wretched inhabitants were falling a sacrifice to the universal destruction. In the midst of the dismal scene, as this amiable Prince was standing at the side of the river, an half-distracted mother threw herself at his feet, imploring aid for the rescue of her children, whom, bewildered by the sudden danger, she had left behind her in the house. Some other persons, who were also in the same place, were crying out for help. The Prince, impatient of delay, and urged on by the sensibility of his own benevolent heart, resolved at once to go to their assistance *himself*. Great were the efforts made to dissuade him from this hazardous enterprize; to which his reply was such as nobly to picture his character. "*What am I* (says he)

more than either you or they? I am a man like yourselves—Here nothing ought to be attended to but the voice of humanity!"—Unshaken in his resolution, he embarked—but was soon lost among the unpitied surges—leaving a nation in affliction for his untimely departure—to whom he was, before this event, endeared by his modesty, benevolence, and gentleness of manners.

As no mere arguments would ever convince the blind of the existence of light, so neither can the selfish be made to perceive that moral excellence which is but a reflection of uncreated beauty. Created beings approximate to the divine likeness in exact proportion to the degrees of knowledge and benevolence they have attained. Selfishness and ignorance stand directly opposed to these sources of moral perfection: and in exact proportion to their gloomy influence, the mind is deformed, degraded, bestial, and devilish. As there is no virtue unrelated to the former, so the latter are the prolific sources of all human error.

ZULINDUS.

BARBAROUS CUSTOM AMONG THE ABYSSINIANS.

[From Bruce's Travels, just published.]

SOON after our travellers had lost sight of the ruins of this ancient capital of Abyssinia, (Axum,) they overtook three travellers driving a cow before them: they had black goatskins upon their shoulders, and lances and shields in their hands; in other respects were but thinly clothed: they appeared to be soldiers.—The cow did not seem to be fatted for killing, and it occurred to our travellers that it had been stolen. This, however, was not their business, nor was such an occurrence at all remarkable in a country so long engaged in war. They saw that their attendants

attached themselves in a particular manner to the three soldiers who were driving the cow, and held a short conversation with them. Soon after the drivers suddenly tript up the cow, and gave the poor animal a very rude fall upon the ground, which was but the beginning of her sufferings. One of them sat across her neck, holding down her head by the horns, the other twisted the halter about her fore-sect, while the last, who had a knife in his hand, to Mr. Bruce's very great surprise, in place of taking her by the throat, got astride upon her belly before her hind-legs, and

and gave a very deep wound in the upper part of her buttock. From the time Mr. Bruce had seen them throw the beast upon the ground, he had rejoiced, thinking, that when three people were killing a cow, they must have agreed to sell part of her to them; and he was much disappointed upon hearing the Abyssinians say, that they were to pass the river to the other side, and not encamp where he intended. Upon Mr. Bruce's proposing they should bargain for part of the cow, his men answered, what they had already learned in conversation, that they were not then to kill her, that she was not wholly theirs, and they could not sell her. This awakened Mr. Bruce's curiosity; he let his people go forward, and staid himself, till he saw, with the utmost astonishment, two pieces, thicker and longer than our ordinary beef-steaks, cut out of the higher part of the buttock of the beast. How it was done he cannot positively say, because, judging the cow was to be killed from the moment he saw the knife drawn, he was not anxious to view that catastrophe, which was by no means an object of curiosity: whatever way it was done, it surely was adroitly, and the two pieces were spread upon the outside of one of their shields.

One of them still continued holding the head, while the other two were busied in curing the wound. This too was done not in an ordinary

manner; the skin which had covered the flesh that was taken away was left entire, flapped over the wound, and was fastened to the corresponding part by two or more small skewers, or pins. Whether they had put any thing under the skin between that and the wounded flesh, Mr. Bruce cannot tell; but at the river-side, where they were, they had prepared a cataplasm of clay, with which they covered the wound; they then forced the animal to rise, and drove it on before them, to furnish them with a fuller meal when they should meet their companions in the evening.

Mr. Bruce could not but admire a dinner so truly soldier-like, nor did he ever see so commodious a manner of carrying provisions along on the road as this was. He naturally attributed this to necessity, and the love of expedition. It was a liberty, to be sure, taken with christianity; but what transgression is not warranted to a soldier when distressed by his enemy in the field? He could not as yet conceive that this was the ordinary banquet of citizens, and even of priests, throughout all this country. In the hospitable, humane house of Jenni, these living feasts had never appeared. It is true, they had seen raw meat, but no part of an animal torn from it with the blood. The first shocked them as uncommon, but the other as impious.

EXTRAORDINARY ACCOUNT of a PERIODICAL DUMBNESS.

[From the Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences, at Paris.]

THE son of an inn-keeper at Jelsing, in the dutchy of Wirtemberg, of a choleric constitution, and about twenty-five years of age, was taken so ill after supper on St. Stephen's day, some years since, that he could neither stand nor sit. He was also so sick at heart, that, had he

not been relieved by copious vomiting, he was often apprehensive of being suffocated. About an hour after, he was better; but, during three whole months, he became much dejected and melancholy, and sometimes as if seized with fear. After the expiration of this term, he was suddenly

suddenly struck dumb, without being able to pronounce the least word, or form the least sound, though he could speak very articulately before. At first the loss of his speech and voice was instantaneous, but began to continue longer every day; so that, from the duration of some minutes, it amounted to half an hour, two hours, three hours, and lastly to twenty-three hours, yet without order. Such was his condition upwards of half a year. At last, the return of his speech kept so constant and regular an order, that now, for fourteen years together, he cannot speak but from noon, during the space of an entire hour, to the precise moment of one o'clock. Every time he loses his speech, he feels something rise from his stomach to his throat. He cannot be deceived by the transposition of hours, because he observes always, and very exactly, the term from twelve to one, though no bell rings nor clock strikes. Excepting this loss of speech, he makes no complaint of the disorder of any animal function. Both his internal

and external senses are sound; he hears always very exactly, and answers by gestures or writing to the questions proposed to him. He eats and drinks heartily, and is very handy and active in doing the business of the family. At his time of speaking, his discourse is discreet and sensible, for a person of his education; and, if desired to read, which he sometimes does of himself, he is sure to stop short always in silence the moment that one o'clock in the afternoon locks up the power of his tongue.

There cannot be a more extraordinary case than this, nor one so much deserving of the attention of the curious. How to account for it must be extremely difficult. Perhaps something he eat at supper, when he was first taken ill, has ever since remained undigested in his stomach or intestines; and, as he used to feel something rising from thence towards his throat, it probably caused the extinction of his voice, which he did not recover till it again subsided.

A N E C D O T E.

MONSIEUR De Mirvain, a young gentleman of Paris, possessed, in addition to a great deal of wit and vivacity, the amazing faculties of a Ventriloquist. On his father's death, finding himself possessed of little more than the advantages of a polite education, he resolved to make this talent subservient to some purpose of utility. He accordingly, by assuming a garb of piety and reserve, introduced himself into the family of a rich citizen, who had an only daughter, the heiress of an immense fortune. One day, as they were conversing on religious subjects, the citizen heard a voice solemnly whispering in his ear, 'If thou dost not give thy daughter in marriage to this godly young man, within three days thou shalt die.' The old man

started with horror, and casting his eyes on Monsieur Mirvain, saw that his lips were unmoved, and that his countenance expressed nothing but amazement. The mother of the young lady, who was present, strongly recommended an immediate conclusion of the match, that her husband might escape his impending fate. He, more suspicious, adjourned to the church of *Notre Dame*, there by praying to seek for comfort and information. He had not been many minutes on his knees, when he heard from behind the altar, the word '*ebey!*' repeated thrice in the same solemn accent as the former warning. He returned home, and the next day made Monsieur de Mirvain his son-in-law, and one of the richest men in Paris.

Account

Account of an unknown Youth, who speaks an unknown Language, lately found in Normandy; published with a view of discovering his relations.—Translated from the French papers of Sept. 8, 1784.

IN the beginning of March last, a young man, of about 17 years of age, who spoke an idiom that has not yet been known or understood by any who have seen him, was found not far from Caen. The Count de Pseudoas, high sheriff of Caen, having met with him when he was brought to that city, was so affected with his situation, that he ordered him to be received into the *Hôtel-Dieu*, till some intelligence could be had of his family, his country, and the circumstances that brought him to France.

M. Feydeau de Brou, intendant of Caen, on seeing this young foreigner, was also much interested in his behalf. He thought, that as Paris contained persons of all nations, and many who are well acquainted with foreign languages, some one who could understand the idiom spoken by this young *incognito*, might probably be found there. He therefore wrote to M. le Noir, lieutenant-general of the police; and on receiving a favourable answer from the magistrate, he sent the stranger to Paris on the 25th of the same month.

On his arrival there, having the good fortune to lodge in the house of Mad. Billard, who keeps a lace-shop in St. Honoré-street, at the corner of Roule-street, she interested herself strongly in his favour; she not only received him into her house, where he still remains, but she took as much care of him as of her own children. The Sieur la Rive, of the French theatre, being acquainted with this young man, mentioned him to his company. They embraced the opportunity of exercising an act of benevolence; and settled on him, by an unanimous resolve, a pension of 63 livres per month. This event,

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 1.

and some other circumstances, have given this youth some consequence.

He has been presented to the Count de Vergennes, minister for foreign affairs, who saw him with compassion, and wished Mad. Billard to continue her good offices. M. le Noir has assured her, that he would be accountable for every thing the young stranger might want.—He has also been presented to M. de Calonne comptroller-general, and to the Baron de Breteuil minister for the department of Paris.—The Dukes of Bourbon has desired that he might be introduced to her, and has shown him that tender attention which is the sweetest consolation of the distressed. She was desirous of adding to it a present in money; and many other persons of distinction, who have seen him at Mad. Billard's have made him the like offers: but that gentlewoman, being unacquainted with the rank of the young *incognito*, did not think it proper to accept for him any transient supplies.

He has been seen by a great number of foreigners, who have heard him speak without understanding him, and have spoken to him without being understood. With as little success, almost all the languages, of which we have grammars and vocabularies, have been tried in his hearing. In his person, however, he resembles the Europeans, and in particular some people of the North of Europe. The great regularity of his behaviour, and his exemplary moral conduct, indicate an education superior to what is common; but the little instruction he has had proves that it has been much neglected. The only knowledge which he seems to have acquired, is that of the objects which he has seen in different countries. He seems not

to know how to write : the rude characters which he traces resemble those of a child who is beginning to learn the first elements of writing ; and their direction, which is almost perpendicular, gives them some similitude to the running hand used throughout all the north of Europe. He has written several times ; but though he seems to distinguish from time to time the characters which he has formed by divisions, it seems only to be in imitation of those that he has seen made. He has never read a single word of what he has written ; he has been frequently desired to read it, but always in vain. Since he has been at Paris, our characters have been shown him ; those are what he traces at present, when he is asked to write.

He shows a particular attachment to the military, an inclination, a strong propensity to arms. He is of a gentle and cheerful disposition, has a proper assurance, seems firm, courageous, sober, disinterested, reposes a confidence, is frank and sincere. He is fond of liberty and independence ; shows a contempt for slaves ; regards our servants as such ; and is disposed to grant every thing to persuasion and affection, but nothing to compulsion. Of what belongs to him he is careful, and remarkably neat.—With the plainness of his dress he seems not displeased ; and it appears as if it would be more agreeable to his eyes if it were more elegant.

He has sketched, in a very intelligent drawing, a ship that has Dutch lee-boards, and he has distinguished them on some Dutch vessels, of which a print was shown him. He has made it understood by signs, that he is acquainted with the savages of America, their arms, and their utensils. When a map of the world was laid before him, the place where he now is being pointed out to him, and being asked by signs from whence he

came, he showed the south-west. He particularly distinguished, in the King's cabinet, the arms and utensils of the savages of South-America, some fruits of that country, and two insects which the savage women hang by way of ornament in their ears ; in short, he seemed to intimate that he was born in an island. These united testimonies seem to point out the Antilles ; and his knowledge of the Dutch buildings, discovered by himself, seem more especially to lead our conjectures to a Dutch island.

However, on the contrary, he has known some leaves on which some Malabar characters were engraved. He has given us to understand, that they were hung round the necks of slaves, and that those characters were engraved with a bodkin. He has also drawn an uniform, resembling that of the Cipayes, and distinguished by the lining of the vest.

But when he was shown, in the map of the world, the places where these things were found, and asked if he came from thence, he replied by negative signs. If he is of the Antilles, or of Surinam, and Dutch, he might have had some knowledge of them without having been in the East-Indies.

When some snow-shoes were offered him, of which the inhabitants of the North make use to go on the ice, he immediately put his feet into them, and showed that something was wanting to fasten them. He made it also appear, that he was acquainted with the manner in which the savages of North-America wrap themselves up in their cloaths : but this last custom is common to many savage nations ; and one circumstance, which induces a belief, either that he is acquainted with those customs by hearsay, or that he may have seen them in some dwellings in the coldest regions of Chili, is, that he shows a great dislike to cold climates, and seems constantly

stantly to desire and to ask that those whom he most esteems would conduct and accompany him to the South-West. He expresses, that, in order to arrive at his country, they must first go by sea; afterwards take horse, and make some days journey by land. He seems, in his recitals, to speak of sea-fights and a ship-wreck, of a counting-house; of money, of rich relations; of papers, letters, and a porto-folio, of which he has been robbed. He often repeats the word *peou*, or *pelou*. It cannot yet be ascertained whether he means *Peru*, or whether it be a word which in his idiom has some other signification. He intimates, that, when he was a child, he wore a sailor's dress, made of cotton, with a fringe of muslin; that, when he embarked, he wore a blue coat with gold embroidered buttons, faced and lined with red; that he had a musket, a large greyhound, and some horses of his own (in fact, he knows how to manage a horse.) He adds, that his father is about 55 years of age, and that he wears the ribbons of two orders: that his mother dresses in the European manner; that she has a hat adorned with feathers; an aigrette of jewels, some pearls on her neck and in her ears: that there are in their house some marble pavements, and a pavilion decorated with glass, the floor of which is covered with a red stuff. However, as he applies the name of father, which he pronounces *paupa*, to his patrons in France, it is possible, that what he endeavours to express on that subject does not really mean his father, but the commandant of some European settlement, by whom he may have been succoured and protected. He makes it also understood, that there are some mines in his country, which produce gold and silver, of which money is coined; that the use of coaches is not known there, but only a kind of calash. Lastly,

he appears to have some knowledge of the late American war.

All the intelligence that can be drawn from him is comprised in this advertisement. But no stress is laid on the various conjectures to which it may have given rise; as not knowing our language, in the multitude of particulars which he wishes to communicate, those which really relate to his country or his family cannot be distinguished from those which he may have learned in his travels.

The idiom which he speaks is a medley of words corrupted from different languages, and of a great number of French words mutilated and distorted; the greatest part of which he may have learned since he has been in France; some of them he learns every day. When first he came to Paris, he did not articulate the letters *b, l, r, ch, j*. He now pronounces them, and even our liquid *l*. His prosody is drawling; it is composed of long sounds, blended with sounds still longer. This slowness renders it soft, though he chiefly employs the strong articulations *p, t, g, f*, and *b*.

We must not be surprised at not having discovered what is his idiom, when we consider that there are in the world at least 30 general languages, and some thousand jargons, or gibberish, each of which is only spoken and understood in a small district; possibly, being born of an European in the Antilles, or on the continent of South-America, he may, as children often are in that country, have been exposed, if we may so express it, among the Negro, Caribbee, Brazilian, and other slaves, and only speak the jargon used by those slaves. On the whole, we shall only repeat, that what has been just said, and all that we are yet able to say, of this young man and his country, are vague conjectures, which can be confirmed or destroyed by two methods only:

the

the one is, the knowledge which he will acquire of our language; and in this he makes a progress very perceivable to those who see him constantly: the other is, his being claimed by his family. In order to open and extend this view, it has been determined to make this advertisement as public as possible. We wish most ardently that it may reach his relations; and we share, by anticipation, some part of the joy which they will feel on hearing that this young man is at Paris, in the hands of persons of credit, in perfect health, in want of nothing, under the protection of the government, in the bosom of a nation which cherishes all strangers, and especially those who are in distress. He gives us to understand, that, after disembarking in Normandy, he was robbed by several men on horse-

back; that they took from him a blue coat, faced and lined with red, with gold buttons, his breeches, his cotton stockings, and diamond buckles, a sword, and a watch; that he was wounded on the head and the mouth by a blow with a stone, and was left on the ground in his shirt. We will add, which may contribute to make him known, that he is in height about five feet; his hair is light chestnut; his eye-brows fair; his eyes light grey, small, and rather hollow; his forehead small; his nose short and thick; his mouth of a moderate size, the upper lip a little thick; his face oval, and without a beard, marked with the small-pox; his neck short; his shoulders broad, and rather high; his hands small and well made, and his legs thick.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

HISTORY OF MARIA KITTLE.

[Continued from page 687 of Vol. I. and concluded.]

I AM the daughter of a poor clergyman, who being confined to his chamber, by sickness, for several years, amused himself by educating me. At his death, finding myself friendless, and without money, I accepted the hand of a young man who had taken a leased farm in Pennsylvania. He was very agreeable, and extravagantly fond of me. We lived happily for many years in a kind of frugal affluence. When the savages began to commit outrages on the frontier settlements, our neighbours, intimidated at their rapid approaches, erected a small fort, surrounded by a high palisade. Into this the more timorous drove their cattle at night; and one evening, as we were at supper, my husband (being ordered on guard) insisted that I should accompany him with the children (for I had two lovely girls, one

turned of thirteen years, and another of six months.) My Sophia assented to the proposal with joy. "Mamma," said she, "what a merry woman the Captain's wife is; she will divert us the whole evening, and she is very fond of your company: come, I will take our little Charlotte on my arm, and papa will carry the lantern." I acceded with a nod; and already the dear charmer had banded me my hat and gloves, when somebody thundered at the door. We were silent as death, and instantly after plainly could distinguish the voices of savages conferring together. Chilled as I was with fear, I flew to the cradle, and catching my infant, ran up into a loft. Sophia followed me all trembling, and panting for breath cast herself in my bosom. Hearing the Indians enter, I looked through a crevice in the floor, and saw

saw them, with menacing looks, seat themselves round the table, and now and then addressed themselves to Mr. Willis, who, all pale and astonished, neither understood nor had power to answer them. I observed they took a great pleasure in terrifying him, by flourishing their knives, and gashing the table with their hatchets. Alas! this sight shot icicles to my soul; and, to encrease my distress, my Sophia's little heart beat against my breast, with redoubled strokes, at every word they uttered.

"Having finished their repast in a glutinous manner, they laid a fire-brand in each corner of the chamber, and then departed, driving poor Mr. Willis before them. The smoke soon incommoded us; but we dreaded our barbarous enemy more than the fire. At length, however, the flames beginning to invade our retreat, trembling and apprehensive we ventured down stairs; the whole house now glowed like a furnace; the flames rolled towards the stairs, which we hastily descended; but just as I sat my foot on the threshold of the door, a piece of timber, nearly consumed through, gave way, and fell on my left arm, which supported my infant, miserably fracturing the bone. I instantly caught up my fallen lamb, and hastened to overtake my Sophia. There was a large hollow tree contiguous to our house, with an aperture just large enough to admit so small a woman as I am. Here we had often laughingly proposed to hide our children, in case of a visit from the olive coloured natives. In this we now took shelter; and being seated some time, my soul seemed to awake as it were from a vision of horror: I lifted up my eyes, and beheld the cottage that lately circumscribed all my worldly wealth and delight, melting away before the devouring fire. I dropt a tear as our apostate first parents did when thrust out from Eden.

"The world lay all before them, where to chuse their place of rest, and Providence their guide. Ah! Eve thought I, hadst thou been like me, solitary, maimed, and unprotected, thy situation had been deplorable indeed. Then pressing my babe to my heart, "how quiet art thou, my angel," said I; "sure—sure, Heaven has stilled thy little plaints in mercy to us."—"Ah!" sobbed Sophia, "now I am comforted again that I hear my dear mamma's voice. I was afraid grief would have for ever deprived me of that happiness." And here she kissed my babe and me with vehemence. When her transports were moderated, "how cold my sister is," said she, "do wrap her up warmer, mamma; poor thing, she is not used to such uncomfortable lodging."

"The pain of my arm now called for all my fortitude and attention; but I forbore to mention this afflicting circumstance to my daughter.

"The cheerful swallow now began to usher in the dawn with melody; we timidly prepared to quit our hiding place; and turning round to the light, I cast an anxious eye of love on my innocent, wondering that she slept so long. But oh! horror and misery! I beheld her a pale, stiff corpse in my arms (suffer me to weep, ladies, at the cruel recollection;) it seems the piece of wood that disabled me, had also crushed my Charlotte's tender skull, and no wonder my hapless babe was quiet. I could no longer sustain my sorrowful burden, but falling prostrate, almost insensible, at the dreadful discovery, uttered nothing but groans. Sophia's little heart was too susceptible for so moving a scene. Distracted between her concern for me, and her grief for the loss of her dear sister, she cast herself beside me, and with the softest voice of sorrow, bewailed the fate of her beloved Charlotte—her sweet

com-

companion—her innocent, laughing play-fellow. At length we rose, and Sophia, clasping all that remained of my cherub in her arms, “Ah!” said she, “I did engage to carry you, my sister, but little did I expect in this distressing manner.” When we came in sight of the fort, though I endeavoured to spirit up my grieved child, yet I found my springs of action began to move heavily, my heart fluttered, and I suddenly fainted away. Sophia, concluding I was dead, uttered so piercing a cry, that the sentinel looking up, immediately called to those in the fort to assist us. When I recovered, I found myself in a bed encircled by my kind neighbours, who divided their expressions of love and condolence between me and my child. I remained in the fort after this; but, ladies, you may think, that bereft as I was of so kind a husband and endearing child, I soon found myself solitary and destitute. I wept incessantly; and hearing nothing from my dear Willis, I at length resolved to traverse the wilds of Canada in pursuit of him. When I communicated this to my friends, they all strongly opposed it; but finding me inflexible, they furnished me with some money and necessaries, and obtained a permission from the Governor to let me go under protection of a flag that was on the way. Hearing likewise that a cartel was drawn for an exchange of prisoners, I sat out, flushed with hope, and with indefatigable industry and painful solicitude, arrived at Montreal, worn to a skeleton (as you see ladies) with fatigue.

“I omitted not to enquire of every officer, the names of prisoners who had been brought in. At length I understood that Mr. Willis had perished in jail, on his first arrival, of a dysentery.—Here my expectations terminated in despair. I had no money to return with, and indeed but

for my Sophia no inclination—the whole world seemed dark and cheerless to me as the fabled region of Cimmeria, and I was nigh perishing for very want, when Mrs. Bratt, hearing of my distress, sought my acquaintance: she kindly participated my sorrows, and too—too generously shared her purse and bed with me.—This, ladies, is the story of a broken-hearted woman; nor should I have intruded it in any other but the house of mourning.”

Here she concluded, while the ladies severally embracing her, expressed their acknowledgments for the painful task she had complied with to oblige their curiosity.—“Would to Heaven!” said Madame de R—, “that the brutal nations were extinct, for never—never can the united humanity of France and Britain compensate for the horrid cruelties of their savage allies.”

They were soon after summoned to an elegant collation; and having spent best part of the night together, the guests retired to their respective homes.

During two years, in which the French ladies continued their bounty and friendship to Mrs. Kittle, she never could gain the least intelligence of her husband. Her letters, after wandering through several provinces, would often return to her hands unopened. Despairing at length of ever seeing him, “ah!” she would say to Mrs. D—, “my poor husband has undoubtedly perished, perhaps in his fruitless search after me, and I am left to be a long—long burden on your goodness, a very unprofitable dependant.”

In her friend’s absence she would descend into the kitchen, and submit to the most menial offices; nor could the servants prevent her; however, they apprised Mrs. D— of it, who seized an opportunity of detecting her at her labour. Being baffled in her
humble

humble attempt by the gentle reproaches of her indulgent patroness, she sat down on the step of the door, and began to weep. "I believe, good Mrs. D——," said she, "were you a hard task-master, that exacted from these useless hands the most slavish business, I could acquit myself with cheerfulness: my heart is like ice, that brightens and grows firmer by tempests, but cannot stand the warm rays of a kind sun." Mrs. D—— was beginning to answer, when hearing a tumult in the street, they both hastened to the door, and Maria, casting her eyes carelessly over the crowd, in an instant recognized the features of her long-lamented husband, who sprang towards her with an undescribable and involuntary rapture; but the tide of joy and surprise was too strong for the delicacy of her frame. She gave a faint exclamation, and stretching out her arms to receive him, dropped senseless at his feet. The succession of his ideas were too rapid to admit describing. He caught her up, and bearing her in the hall, laid his precious burden on a settee, kneeling beside her in a speechless agony of delight and concern. Mean while the spectators found themselves wonderfully affected—the tender contagion ran from bosom to bosom—they wept aloud; and the house of joy seemed to be the house of lamentation. At length Maria opened her eyes and burst into a violent fit of tears—Mr. Kittle, with answering emotions, silently accompanying her; then clasping his arms endearingly round her, "it is enough, my love," said he; "we have had our night of affliction, and surely this blessed meeting is a presage of a long day of future happiness; let me kiss off those tears, and shew by your smiles that I am indeed welcome." Maria then bending fondly forward to his bosom, replied, sighing, "alas! how can your

beggared wife give you a proper reception!—she cannot restore your prattling babes to your arms!—she comes alone—alas! her presence will only serve to remind you of the treasures—the filial delights you have lost."—"God forbid," answered he, "that I should repine at the loss of my smaller comforts, when so capital a blessing as my beloved Maria is so wonderfully restored to me." Here he was in civility obliged to rise and receive the compliments of Mrs. Bratt, Mrs. Willis, and Madame de R——, who, hearing of his arrival, entered just then half breathless, with impatience and joy. The company increased. An elegant dinner was prepared. In short, the day was devoted to pleasure; and never was satisfaction more general—festivity glowed on every face, and complacency dimpled every cheek.

After tea Maria withdrew in the garden, to give her beloved an account of what had befallen her during their separation. The eloquence of sorrow is irresistible. Mr. Kittle wept, he groaned, while all impassioned (with long interruptions of grief in her voice) she stammered through her doleful history, and yet she felt a great satisfaction in pouring her complaints into a bosom whose feelings were in unison with her's—they wept—they smiled—they mourned, and rejoiced alternately, with an abrupt transition from one passion to another.

Mr. Kittle, in return, informed her, that having thrown himself into the army, in hopes of ending a being that grew insupportable under the reflection of past happiness—he tempted death in every action wherein he was engaged, and being disappointed, gave himself up to the blackest melancholy. "This gloomy scene," he observed, "would soon have been closed by some act of desperation, but one evening, sitting

pensive

pensive in his tent, and attentively running over the circumstances of his misfortunes, a thought darted on his mind that possibly his brother Henry might be alive." This was the first time the idea of any one of his family's surviving the general murder had presented itself to him, and he caught at the flattering suggestion as a drowning wretch would to a plank. "Surely—surely," said he, "my brother lives—it is some divine emanation lights up the thought in my soul—it carries conviction with it—I will go after him—it shall be the comfort and employment of my life to find out this dear brother—this last and only treasure." Persuaded of the reality of his fancy, he communicated his design to a few of his military friends; but they only laughed at his extravagance, and strongly dissuaded him from so wild an undertaking. Being discouraged, he desisted; but shortly after, hearing that a company of prisoners (who were enfranchised) were returning to Quebec, he got permission to accompany them. After a very fatiguing journey he arrived at Montreal, and was immediately introduced to the General Officer, who patiently heard his story, and treated him with great clemency. Having obtained leave to remain a few days in town, he respectfully withdrew, and turning down a street, he enquired of a man who was walking before him, where lodgings were to be let? The stran-

ger turned about, civilly taking off his hat, when Mr. Kittle, starting back, grew as pale as ashes—"Oh, my God!" cried he, panting, "oh! Henry, is it you! is it indeed you! No, it cannot be!" Here he was ready to fall; but Henry, with little less agitation, supported him; and a tavern being at hand, he led him in. The master of the hotel brought in wine, and they drank off many glasses to congratulate so happy a meeting. When their transports were abated, Henry ventured to tell him that his Maria was living and well. This was a weight of joy too strong for his enfeebled powers—he stared wildly about. At length, recovering himself, "take care, Henry," said he, "this is too tender a point to trifle upon."—"My brother," replied Henry, "be calm, let not your joy have a worse effect than your grief—they both came sudden, and it behoves a man and a christian to shew as much fortitude under the one as the other."—"Alas! I am prepared for some woeful deception," cried Mr. Kittle; "but, Henry, this suspense is cruel."—"By the eternal God!" rejoined his brother, "your Maria—your wife—is in this town, and if you are composed enough, shall immediately see her. Mr. Kittle could not speak—he gave his hand to Henry, and while (like the Apostles friends) he believed not for joy, he was conducted to her arms, and found his bliss wonderfully real.

The FOLLY of USELESS WORDS EXPOSED.

IT may be laid down as a general rule, that *useless words* should be always carefully avoided. They not only enfeeble, but deform every sentence in which they occur. Why should we say, *in case that* my cousin comes to-morrow? when, *if* my cousin comes to-morrow, perfectly expresses the same sense? or why, in-

stead of *if*, should we say, *if so be*? It is not, however, uncommon for people above the middle class, as well in rank as understanding, to multiply these expletives still farther. We have heard, *if so be in that case*; and sometimes from a very great master of the inane, *if so be in case that as how*. Smaller offences against elegance

gance and meaning are more frequent; we not only hear but read, *often times, for often; till ſuch time as, inſtead of till; in a ſtory, ſays he, and ſays ſhe,* are repeated as often as executors, adminiſtrators, and aſſigns, in a deed; and we have not only a perpetual *ſo*, but a *ſo with ſhat*, very frequently amplified into *and ſo with that this paſſ'd on as I was a telling ye*; then, perhaps, immediately follows, *but, however, Sir, to make ſhort of my ſtory*. In an argument, an hundred cant phrases are uttered, which folly coined, and cuſtom has made current: among theſe *are; becauſe why; come now, I'll go a little farther with you; but this arguſies nothing, and is neither here nor there; and, there's no difference in nature, for the thing would be equally the ſame*. We have alſo frequently two negatives, and are told of an indolent man who *does nothing in no ſhape*; or, perhaps, he *does nothing in no ſhape in life*; people very frequently *don't want nothing*; and a perſon of no mean appearance, who once miſſed his hat at a ball, called out, *Pray, gentlemen, has not nobody ſeen never a bat nowhere?*

It is common, too, for perſons to bewilder themſelves and their hearers by perpetual deviations into parentheſis. This is always diſpleaſing, and ſometimes produces a very painful confuſion on both ſides. The ſpeaker entirely forgets what he firſt intended to ſay, his parenthetical matter is wholly exhausted; and, while the hearer is gaping for ſomething that will enable him to ſhow his civility and intelligence by a reply, the ſpeaker ſtops abruptly with an *—and —a—a—* and the hearer and he are left ſtaring at one another in the moſt ridiculous diſtreſs imaginable. In an argument, this deviation into parentheſis never fails to lead the diſputants away from the original queſtion, thro' a thouſand zigzags, which, like the

mazes of a labyrinth, can never be trodden back again to the ground from which the wanderers ſet out.

But, as “Example moves when precept fails,” we have added a converſation, with an argument and a ſtory; and which we ſhall leave to our young readers, with an admonition from the old ballad of “The Lady's Fall:”

“Learn to be wiſe from others harm,
And you ſhall do full well.”

SCENE. *A club-room in a tavern; with bottles and glaſſes; pipes and tobacco. The company, Mr. ENTRY, a land-waiter; Mr. BILL, an attorney; Mr. SELLAWAY, a ſhop-keeper; Mr. PLOT, ſeedſman; and ſeveral ſilent bearers and ſmokers.*

Mr. Entry to Mr. Bill. Pray, Sir, give me leave—I obſerve one thing—what I mean, Sir, is, that in your indiſtincts, your thief, or your murderer, or your traitor, or whatever he is—

Mr. Bill. That don't arguſy; that don't arguſy.

Entry. I mean, your malefactor; we'll call him a malefactor, for all theſe here malefactors are equally the ſame.

Bill. I aſk your pardon, Sir; the law makes a difference; a man, Sir, that has committed ſimple felony is not—take me right, Sir—I ſay, he is not a malefactor equally the ſame with a man that has committed treaſon; becauſe why, Sir, I'll give you my reaſon for it—

Entry. Sir, give me leave to ſay that your traitor is a malefactor, and your felon is a malefactor, let the law make what diſtinction it will; I don't pretend to much knowledge in the law, but it ſtands to reaſon that a malefactor is a malefactor.

Bill. I don't deny that, I don't deny that; but what I ſay is this—I ſay that—

C

Entry.

Entry. You say that a man that commits treason is a greater villain than what he is that only commits felony.

Bill. I do.

Entry. Well, now I'd only put a question to you upon that there; if so be in case that as how a man acts according to his conscience, according to his conscience—observe me—is that there man a greater villain than he that acts against his conscience!

Bill. Why, Sir, as to that, a man may act according to his conscience, and be a very great villain.

Entry. Pray, Sir, in what shape?

Bill. In every shape in life, Sir, his conscience makes him a villain. Why, Sir, here's a Jacobite and a Papist; and his conscience tells him, Sir, that he ought for to raise a rebellion in favour of the Pretender, and he does raise a rebellion: why then, Sir, I say he is a traitor, and, Sir, I say a traitor is a villain; and I should be very sorry to think, that a man of your sense and character, that has the honour of a place in his Majesty's customs, should be doubtful in any shape whether a traitor is a villain.

(Here he looked round upon the company with an air of triumph; and then eagerly sucked in the flame of the candle, to light his pipe, which had gone out.)

Entry. Sir, you don't take me right. I do not deny, nor I never did deny, and I hope I never shall deny, that a traitor may be a villain in law; and yet *in foro conscientia* (for I have not forgot all my learning), *in foro conscientia* he may be a very honest man.

Bill. Sir, I should be extremely sorry to be obligated, by any thing that happens between gentlemen in the way of talk, for to say any thing that should look like resentment, or any thing of that kind; but, Sir, I cannot hear *the law*, which I have had the honour to follow five and twenty

years, treated with disrespect. The law of England, Sir, has been defined, and very justly defined, by an authority which I believe nobody will dispute; I say, Sir, the law of England has been defined to be the perfection of reason: and do you suppose, Sir, you cannot suppose, I will not suppose that you suppose, that the law of England makes an honest man a villain?

Entry. Why, Sir, as to the matter of that, and that matter, I'll tell you one thing (and that is not two); if the law of England does not make an honest man a villain, it has made many an honest man a beggar.——Now, Mr. Lawyer, what do you say to that?—

(Here all the company laughed very loud, with a significant shake of the head, at the lawyer's expence.)

Bill. Say to that, Sir! why, Sir, every body knows that there's never a good conveniency but what there's a bad one attending it; put that to that!

Entry. I'll tell you what, Mr. Bill; I remember a story that my cousin Molly used to tell—you know my cousin Molly—Says Molly, says she, my father—my cousin Molly's father, you know, practised the law in his younger days—this was after he retired; but, however, that is neither here nor there—he lived in the country—and of a market-day the farmers used to come and ask his advice—he was a good-natured man, and his fortune was easy; my grandfather's estate that fell to him was—for my grandfather died without a will—it was rather hard that my father came in for nothing, but let that pass—*a-a-a*—as I was saying, my cousin Molly, she was a merry girl, Molly was; says she to me one day, What do you think? Says I, I don't know. Why, says she, here has been Tom Bowman here to-day—Tom was a farmer, that loved the law as he loved his life: but the law

was

was not so good a friend to Tom, as Tom was to the law. However, to make short of my story, says Molly, Tom Bowman asked my father what was the necessary requisites for to carry a cause; so, upon that, my father threw himself back in his chair, and taking up his leg, as he had a way of doing, and laying it upon the other knee, Why, neighbour, says he to Tom, as a friend, I'll tell you: you must have, says he, a very good purse; and, says he, you must have a very good attorney; and he says, says he, you must have a very good counsellor, a very good judge, a very good jury, a very good cause; and, says he, with a great oath (for my poor uncle would swear, that he would)—neighbour, says he, you must besides have—very good luck.

(Here was another loud and long laugh at the lawyer's expense.)

Mr. Sellaway to Mr. Entry. But pray, Sir, I thought you had a question to put to Mr. Bill: let us hear your question.

Bill. Aye, Sir, what is your question?

Entry. Question!—so I had—but, if I was to die, I cannot tell what it was.

Sellaway. It was somewhat about indictments?

Entry. O! aye! about indictments—Why, Sir, my question is concerning the instigation of the Devil.

Bill. Very good, Sir.

Entry. I observe, that when a man is indicted for murder or treason, or such like, he is said to be moved by the instigation of the Devil; now I'd only ask whether or no, by these here words, the man's crime is supposed to be aggravated or extenuated?

Bill. Aggravated or extenuated!—why, Sir, the thing speaks itself; for can it be supposed, that the indictment being the charge—observe me—the indictment being the charge

of the king against the prisoner, of an atrocious crime; can it be supposed, I say, that this here charge should contain any thing in the way of extenuation of itself?

Entry. Why, with submission, I do suppose it; for is not he that commits a great crime without temptation much more atrocious in the way of being criminal, than he that commits the same identical crime by virtue of temptation?

Bill. Why, Sir, what can be more atrocious in the way of being criminal, to use your own words, than for a man here for to go for to be moved by the Devil, or, if you will, by the instigation of the Devil, for it is the same thing, to commit a murder?

Entry. To go for to be moved!—why, it is the Devil, Sir, that comes to him; the man, Sir, we suppose to be quietly sitting at home, or going about his business; or, we'll say, drinking a glass with his friends, it is all the same.

Bill. All the same, all the same!

Entry. Well, Sir, this here man is thinking of no harm—here comes your Devil, we'll say Beelzebub, or any other Devil; for a Devil's a Devil, I take it.

Bill. You say true, you say true.

Entry. Well, here comes the Devil—good—he puts evil thoughts into this here man's head—good;—this man goes and commits a murder—very good.—Now observe, the crime committed is murder: now I presume in this here case, that the Devil is guilty of part of it; and, if so, why then the man is only guilty of the rest. But now put the case that the Devil is out of the question, and that the man commits the murder entirely of his own head, he is then guilty of the whole; now, the whole being greater than a part, and the crime of murder being in itself equal in both cases, it follows, that where

the

the Devil has nothing to do in the way of instigation or temptation, call it which you will, the murderer is more guilty than what he is when your Devil interferes.

Bill. Sir, I don't wonder that a gentleman not versed in the law should lie under mistakes in these cases; and, with submission, Sir, you do lie under a mistake. The crime, Sir, as you very justly observe, is murder; and your Devil, Sir, is here what we call an accessary before the fact: now, Sir, the law considers every accessary in murder as a principal; and, Sir, give me leave to tell you that if ten men were to concur in committing one murder, all of them would be murderers as much as if each had had an entire murder to his own share.

Entry. Well, come then, Sir, since you are so peremptory, I'll go another way to work with you: Here's the first instigation or temptation that ever happened; here's Adam and Eve, and the serpent, or more properly the Devil in the serpent, for that was the case. Adam and Eve we suppose to have been two poor simple naked savages, like the Catawbias or Twightwees in America.

Bill. Sir, with submission, I suppose no such thing; I suppose Adam,

Sir, to have been one of the most intelligent and most accomplished of all mankind. Pray, Sir, would a Catawba or a Twightwee have been able to give names to all the creatures that were brought to Adam? I'd only ask you that!

Entry. Why, Sir, if we consider Moses's history—

Sellarway. Moses's history! Sir, I always consider the Bible as the Revelation; and I am sorry to hear it called Moses's history, or any man's history, let him be who he will. I hope nothing will be said in this company that will in any shape call the Bible into question; there are too many now a-days that believe neither God nor Devil—

Here another member of the club, who had been some time weary of the dispute, called out, "Come, gentlemen now give me leave to call upon Mr. Plot for a song." He was joined by all present, who called out, *Aye, aye, a song from Mr. Plot.* Mr. Plot, therefore, having laid down his pipe, and given three or four hems, sung his song; and the disputants, who had, before they were interrupted, lost sight of their question a second time, joined in the clap upon the table, and sung a song in their turn.

[*Edinb. Mag.*]

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

The SCRIBBLER.—No. IV.

"The heart that feels for others weeps."—

TO a benevolent and contemplative mind, no part of the year affords greater room for reflection than winter; and indeed in no season is there more need for the extension of benevolence. This virtue is the particular characteristic of those whose hearts are susceptible of the soft impulses of humanity—who con-

template their nature as the great work of a gracious Providence, and who view themselves in a light that bespeaks their knowledge of themselves. To such a character, I say, the hour of winter affords ample reflection, and serves as an inducement for him to extend his benevolence to the needy and the wretched.

The

The various scenes to which human nature is subject, but few give themselves the trouble to think of, and still fewer profit by the lesson. The vain mortal in prosperity looks upon himself as belonging to a superior order of beings, and hesitates not to treat contemptuously all those to whom fortune has not been so liberal of her favours: while the wretch in adversity will contaminate his nature by base humility, pine away through weakness of thought, or degrade himself by some dishonourable act; and both these proceed either from the want of reflection on the situation in which we are placed, or what is much the same thing, the little knowledge we possess of ourselves.

In this season, how numerable are the objects to which the hand of charity should be directed! Behold the wretched father of a wretched family, destitute of the means of acquiring a livelihood, or perhaps worn down with age and fatigue—and view the companion of his cares, with their little ones clinging about them, and crying for those necessities which they have not to give: or, view the widowed matron, with her fatherless children crowding round her in her miserable hovel, eager to catch the small pittance of bread which is their daily share—View all these, half starving with cold and hunger, and without fuel to make themselves one comfortable meal, and where is the wretch whose sympathy will not melt towards them!

It is a circumstance in human nature, however, much to be lamented, that when sympathy is moved, the hand of benevolence is not always ready to attend. The penurious miser, and the ill-natured misanthropist, may possess sympathy enough to be melted into pity at a scene of distress; but will their fordid hands be extended to relieve it? To their eternal disgrace I must say

no; and it is with much regret I observe in too many others a shameful lax of lending a hand to assist their fellow mortals who may happen to be in adversity. Many there are who profess tenets of christianity, and who, in appearance, are benevolent and charitable—but yet, though they would wish to appear great in these virtues, when an opportunity presents itself for the exertion of them, fall far short of their dictates. I mean not to say this of all—Some there are whose benevolence and good intentions lead them to the summit, and in some few instances beyond their ability; and to such all honour is due. The man of real benevolence, however, will observe a medium, and his objects will be selected with a propriety that will at once discover his merit and discretion.

The necessities of a rigorous season have made many dependent on the charity of their neighbours—Numbers have suffered and are daily suffering the pangs of cold and hunger; and many of our citizens have proved themselves worthy the character of Christians, by the manner in which they have administered to the wants of others.

While the aid of the benevolent is so much wanted as at this season, let it be their particular duty to exert themselves. To single out an object would be needless. As long as we know ourselves, we shall be lovers of mankind, and as such, will meet with no difficulty in finding proper objects of charity. In viewing the city, distress enough will be met with worthy of relief, and while there are such, let every one do his part in so meritorious a cause—a cause that has principles the most divine and exalted.

The reflections which will attend a performance of this act, will be found tantamount to our happiness—since we shall be assured of fulfilling our

our duty to God and our neighbour. They will dispel the symptoms of any stoical apathy that may be harboured within us; and while they cheer our hearts with a divine joy,

will assure us of a glorious reward in a blessed hereafter, by the convincing proof from holy writ, that, *he who gives to the poor, lends unto the LORD.* S.

The right CONSTITUTION of a COMMONWEALTH examined.—Extracted from Dr. ADAMS's (Vice-President of the United States) Defence of the Constitutions of Government of the United States of America.

[Continued from page 693 of Vol. I.]

THERE is an extravagance in many popular writers in favour of republican governments, which injures much oftener than it serves the cause of liberty. Such is that of our author, when he cites the example of Regulus. Let us first remember, however, that Regulus was a patrician and a senator, and that he was appointed to his command, and continued in it, by the senate; and therefore, instead of being an example in honour of a simple or a representative democracy, it operates in favour of an aristocracy, or at most in favour of a mixed government, in which an aristocracy has one full third part. Regulus had been in a course of victory, which the senate would not interrupt, and therefore continued him in the command of the army. He wrote to the senate to complain of it. The glory of it to himself, the advantage to the public, was not reward enough for him. He demanded a successor; and what was his reason? A thief had stolen his tools of husbandry used in manuring; his tenant was dead, and his presence was absolutely necessary to prevent his wife and children from starving. Is it possible to read this without laughter and indignation? laughter at the folly of that government which made so poor a provision for its generals, and indignation at the sordid avarice of that senate and people, who could require a threat of resignation from the conqueror of

Carthage to induce them to provide for his wife and children. The senate decreed that his field should be cultivated at the public expence, that his working tools should be replaced, and his wife and children provided for. Then, indeed, Regulus's aversion to the service was removed: to such sordid condescensions to the prejudices and the meanness of the stingy and envious parts of the community are such exalted souls as that of Regulus obliged sometimes to submit; but the eternal penegyrics of republican writers, as they call themselves, will never reconcile mankind to any thing so ridiculous and contemptible. The labourer is worthy of his hire: he who labours for the public should live by the public, as much as he who preaches the gospel should live by the gospel; and these maxims of equity are approved by all the generous part of mankind. And the people whose heads are turned with contracted notions of a contrary nature, will for ever be the dupes of the designing; for where you will find a single Regulus, you will find ten thousand Cæsars.

The example of Paulus Æmilius is equally hostile to our author's system, and equally friendly to that which we contend for. The first consul of that name, the conqueror of Illyricum, in 533, although he returned to Rome in triumph, yet, at the expiration of his office, he was cited before the people, in their tribes, and

and accused of having converted part of the spoils to his own use. *Æmilius* had great difficulty to escape the condemnation which his colleague suffered. This great patrician and consul commanded, and was killed at the battle of *Cannæ*. His son, of the same name, whose sister *Æmilia* was married to the great *Scipio*, distinguished himself by avoiding those intrigues, solicitations, caresses, and other artifices, practised by most candidates, even at this time, 562. His pains were employed to make himself esteemed by valour, justice, and ardor in his duty, in which he surpassed all the young men of his age. He carried the *ædileship* against ten competitors, every one of whom was so distinguished by birth and merit as afterwards to obtain the consulship. By his wife *Papiria* he had two sons, whom he procured to be adopted into the most illustrious houses in Rome; the eldest by *Fabius Maximus*, five times consul and dictator; the younger by a son of *Scipio Africanus*. His two daughters he married, one to a son of *Cato* the Censor, and the other to *Tubero*. In 563 he gained a complete victory over the *Lusitanians*, in which he killed them eighteen thousand men, and took their camp, with thirteen hundred prisoners. In the offices of *ædile*, and of *augur*, he excelled all his contemporaries in the knowledge and practice of his duty; and military discipline he carried to greater perfection than had ever been known: nevertheless, when he stood for any office, even in these virtuous times, there was always an opposition; and he could not obtain the consulship till after he had suffered several repulses. Why? Because his virtue was too severe; not for the senate, but the people; and because he would not flatter and bribe the people. Before the end of the year of his first consulate he fought the *Ligurians*, and gained a complete

victory over them, killing more than fifteen thousand men, and making near three thousand prisoners, and returned to Rome in triumph: yet, with all this merit, when he stood candidate, some years after, for the consulate, the people rejected him; upon this he retired to educate his children. He was frugal in every thing of private luxury, but magnificent in expences of public duty. *Grammarians*, *rhetericians*, *philosophers*, *sculptors*, *painters*, *equerries*, *hunters*, were procured for the instruction of his children. While he was thus employed in private life, in 583, fourteen years after his first consulship, the affairs of the republic were ignorantly conducted, and the *Macedonians*, with *Perseus* at their head, gained great advantages against them. People were not satisfied with the conduct of the consuls of late years, and began to say, that the Roman name was not supported. The cry was, that the command of armies must no longer be given to faction and favour. The singular merit of *Æmilius*, his splendid services, the confidence which the troops had in his capacity, and the urgent necessity of the times for his wisdom and firmness, turned all eyes upon him. All his relations, and the senators in general, urged him to stand candidate. He had already experienced so much ingratitude, injustice, and caprice, that he shunned the present ardor, and chose to continue in private life. That very people who had so often ill-used him, and rejected him, now crowded before his door, and insisted on his going to the forum; and his presence there was universally considered as a sure presage of victory, and he was unanimously elected consul, and appointed commander in *Macedonia*. He conquered *Perseus* and his *Macedonian phalanx*, and in the battle he formed *Fabius's* and *Scipios* to be the glory and triumph of his country after

ter

24 *The right Constitution of a Commonwealth examined.*

ter him. He plundered the immense wealth of Macedonia and Epirus: he plundered seventy cities, and demolished their walls. The spoils were sold, and each soldier had two hundred denarii, and each of the horse four. The soldiers and common people, it seems, had little of that disinterestedness for which Æmilius was remarkable. They were so offended at their general for giving so little of the booty to them, and reserving so much to the public treasury, that they raised a great cry and opposition against his triumph; and Galba, the soldiers, and their friends among the plebeians, were determined to teach the great men, the consuls, generals, &c. to be less public-spirited—to defraud the treasury of its wealth, and bestow it upon them: they accordingly opposed the triumph of this great and disinterested general, and the first tribes absolutely rejected it:—Who, upon this occasion, saved the honour, justice, and dignity of the republic? Not the plebeians; but the senators. The senators were highly enraged at this infamous injustice and ingratitude, and this daring effort of popular licentiousness and avarice, and were obliged to make a noise, and excite a tumult. Servilius, too, who had been consul, and had killed three and twenty enemies who had challenged him in single combat, made a long speech, in which he shewed the baseness of their conduct in so striking a light, that he made the people ashamed of themselves; and at length they consented to the triumph, but to all appearance more from a desire to see the show of Perseus laden with chains, led through the city before the chariot of the victor, than from any honest and public-spirited design to reward merit. The sum which he caused to be carried into the public treasury on the day of the triumph, was one million three hundred thou-

sand pounds sterling, and caused the taxes of the Roman people to be abolished. At his death, after the sale of part of his slaves, moveables, and some farms, to pay his wife's dower, the remainder of his fortune was but nine thousand three hundred and seventy-five pounds sterling. As he was descended from one of the most noble and ancient houses of Rome, illustrious by the highest dignities, the smallness of his fortune reflects honour on his ancestors as well as on himself. The love of simplicity was still supported in some of the great families, by extreme care not to ally themselves with luxurious ones; and Æmilius chose Tubero, of the family of Ælii, whose first piece of plate was a silver cup of five pounds weight, given him by his father-in-law. These few families stemmed the torrent of popular avarice and extravagance.

Let us now consider what would have been the fate of Æmilius, if Rome had been governed at this time by Nedham's succession of the people's representatives, unchecked by a senate. It is plain he must have given into the common practice of flattering, caressing, soothing, bribing, and cajoling the people, or never have been consul, never commanded armies, never triumphed. An example more destructive of our author's system can scarcely be found, and yet he has the inadvertence at least to adduce it in support of his Right Constitution of a Commonwealth. It has been necessary to quote these anecdotes at some length, that we may not be deceived by a specious show, which is destitute of substance, truth, and fact, to support it.

But how come all these examples to be patricians and senators, and not one instance to be found of a plebeian commander who did not make a different use of his power?

There

There is a strange confusion or perversion in what follows: "Rome never thrived until it was settled in a freedom of the people." Rome never was settled in a freedom of the people; meaning in a free state, according to our author's definition of it, a succession of the supreme authority in the people's representatives. Such an idea never existed in the Roman commonwealth, not even when or before the people made Cæsar a perpetual dictator. Rome never greatly prospered until the people obtained a small mixture of authority, a slight check upon the senate, by their tribunes. This, therefore, is proof in favour of the mixture, and against the system of our author.

"Freedom was best preserved, and interest best advanced, when all places of honour and trust were exposed to men of merit, without distinction." True, but this never happened till the mixture took place.

"This happiness could never be obtained, until the people were instated in a capacity of preferring whom they thought worthy, by a freedom of electing men successively into their supreme offices and assemblies." What is meant here by supreme offices? There were none in Rome but the dictators, and they were appointed by the senate at least

until Marius annihilated the senate, by making the tribes omnipotent. Consuls could not be called supreme officers in any sense. What is meant by supreme assemblies? There were none but the senate. The Roman people never had the power of electing a representative assembly.—"So long as this custom continued, and merit took place, the people made shift to keep and increase their liberties." This custom never took place, and, strictly speaking, the Roman people never enjoyed liberty. The senate was sovereign till the people set up a perpetual dictator.

"When this custom lay neglected, and the stream of preferment began to run along with the favour and pleasure of particular powerful men, then vice and compliance making way for advancement, the people could keep their liberties no longer; but both their liberties and themselves were made the price of every man's ambition and luxury." But when was this? Precisely when the people began, and in proportion as they approached to, an equality of power with the senate, and to that state of things which our author contends for; so that the whole force of his reasoning and examples, when they come to be analyzed conclude against him. *(To be continued.)*

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

*The following ADDRESS was not long since delivered before a select Company of Friends, in the Assembly-Room, by Mr. I****s.*

Friends and Fellow Citizens,

IT cannot be supposed that I, who must constantly attend to the business of my farm, can be so well acquainted with public affairs as courtiers or congress-men, or even as your news printers, or porter drinkers; yet, as I think a little some times, I have collected a few ideas, which I am impatient to communicate. They are simple notions, and (like many of the prescriptions of my fellow empirics) if they do no good, they can do no harm.

We have just now the misfortune to have the seat of the general government taken from us; which, in the opinion of many, is a very great loss; and, to our high-minded folks, who

D consider

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 1.

consider this city as having been in some measure the capital of America for half a century past, the mortification is still greater than the loss. For an eager desire to appear great, were it to have only the shadow of greatness, is a weakness which cleaves to nations and cities, as well as to individuals. But is it right, my countrymen, for us to encourage such a disposition? Is it our interest? Does it promote our happiness? Far from it. Experience tells us, that mortifications and disappointments as necessarily attend pride and ostentation, as the shadow follows the body. Shall our worthy citizens, who have always been remarkable for their calm and steady attention to their true interests, who have convinced the world how well they could enjoy a substantial happiness within themselves—shall such a wise and independent people now begin to run wild, hunting after a happiness that is merely ideal and whimsical? Forbid it thou consistent, rational genius of New-York!

But it will be said, we by no means regret the removal of the seat of government, from a spirit of vanity and ostentation. We despise all such ridiculous conceited principles, and hope there are now few of those assuming, self-consequential characters left among us, who can entertain such fantastic ideas: But we regret it on account of the real losses we thereby sustain; particularly, the scarcity of cash it will occasion, which will cramp our trade, and reduce great numbers of people to very difficult circumstances.

I grant that our circulating cash will now be considerably lessened. But real wealth and prosperity do not depend upon a large circulating medium; they depend entirely upon a general industry among the people. This, and this only, is the genuine source of riches. It is true, a large

expenditure of cash does, in some measure, promote industry; but (in cases like that now in question) it is such an industry as is chiefly employed in supplying the fictitious and imaginary wants of the idle and luxurious. Hence the poorer and middling sorts of people, instead of reaping the full benefit of their labours, do, upon a balance, (even in their pecuniary affairs) receive no benefit at all—they lose at least as much in one way as they gain in another; for by reason of the frequent intercourse with the extravagant and the dissipated, which their various employments occasion, they are gradually, and insensibly drawn in to imitate their follies and vices; by which means they are brought into straitened, and frequently desperate circumstances—Hence come bankruptcies, which seldom fail to produce other bankruptcies—running in a circle through many links of the great commercial chain.

What avails it how much a person gains, if his expenditure still overruns it? And there is certainly nothing more likely to lead us into an extravagant mode of living, and thereby to over-run our income, than the great expence, and seemingly high enjoyment of life, which our neighbours constantly exhibit to our view. The pestilence is not more infectious to the human body, than prodigality is to the mind. Had the seat of the general government remained among us, we should soon have beheld hundreds of characters blazing away in all the parade of European high-life and affectation; and probably too, with little or no visible income. The consequence of this would have been, that thousands, in the next rank, disdaining to be outshone, would have carried sail till the ship had foundered, striving to keep up with them. Others, in the still lower ranks of life, would have copied

perished these, until the *putrid disease* of *finished luxury* had seized the whole *mass* of the people! In that case, what real benefit would any of us have received, in regard to the easiness of our circumstances, merely from a great deal of money passing through our hands? A person who has wherewith to supply all his wants, is most certainly rich; but he who emulates the profuse liver, and copies his extravagance, and who gets at last into the full habits of inveterate luxury, creates to himself such an infinite number of artificial and imaginary wants, as all the gold of *Peru* can never satisfy—and is *poor in the extreme*.

The removal of the seat of government will no doubt occasion a lessening of the profits and incomes of a number of our inhabitants. But it will also lessen their expences. This will be effected two ways. First, they will now be able to live in a more economical, prudent, and regular manner, than otherwise they would have done; and thereby grow into easy circumstances. Secondly, considerable savings will arise from the prices and rates of many articles of expence being reduced. For the less cash there is in circulation, the less is the price of commodities. So that, viewing matters in every light, we shall see, that we are rather gainers than losers by this removal. But supposing that in money matters we even were to sustain a small loss, it would be an object too trifling to be regarded by the people of New-York. Our situation in other respects is so remarkably fortunate, that this loss is no more than a feather in the scale. If we will but do justice to ourselves, and make our exertions correspond to our privileges, we shall quickly rise to a degree of wealth and eminence, seldom known in the world; with this great advantage, that every pound gained in supplying the moderate

wants of one another, all brethren in honest, mutual industry, will be worth ten, earned by administering to the pleasures of a dissipated court.—The seat of government, in all great nations, has ever been found a nursery of vice and corruption. This is agreeable to nature. Nor are statesmen, at first setting out, any worse than other men.

How happy is it then for us, that this removal took place before we got initiated into the arts of fashionable profligacy, habituated to a life of refined dissipation and full-grown licentiousness, and involved in all their fatal consequences!

But if wealth be so much the object of our wishes, as indeed it is the pursuit of most men, I beg leave to put my fellow citizens in mind of one way by which our trade might be greatly enlarged, and consequently our wealth increased. I mean the removing the obstructions to the navigation of the Mohawk River, Wood Creek, and Oswego River, so as to open a cheap communication with the great lakes. This important object might be obtained with much ease, and at no very great expence; at most, the expence would be but trifling when compared with the vast advantages arising from it. Inland navigation has been studied—it has been executed by some of the greatest characters of Europe. It has contributed much to the opulence and greatness of many nations. But where is there a country on the globe, where nature has been so lavish of her favours in this respect, as in the state of New-York? Here she has left but very little to be done by the finishing exertions of art;—that little being once done, there opens such a prospect of ever-growing trade, of real wealth and influence, as seems almost too big for the imagination to contemplate. But perhaps it will be objected—Why should we run into any expence in this

this matter, since we are not in possession of the navigation of the lakes? I answer, first, that even although we were never to have the use of the lakes, yet the great benefits arising to this state from an easy navigation of those inferior waters, would far overbalance the expence of effecting it. Who in his senses can doubt of the vast advantages of water-carriage, in comparison of land? or rather, who would have any land-carriage at all, if inland navigation could be procured at any tolerable expence?—Wherever this takes place, the value of land will immediately rise exceedingly; and population will increase as much in one year, as it would otherwise have done in five—nay, I may say *ten*, if the country be new, as in the present case it is. And every one knows, that the riches and strength of any country, are just in proportion to the number of its active, industrious inhabitants. But I answer farther, that we have great reason to expect, that by some means or other we shall in a short time get possession of the western fortresses, and the free navigation of all the lakes. And would it be prudent in us, to postpone the great work of opening those rivers until we are in that possession?—surely not. The removing those obstructions will be the work of years; and if we mean properly to attend to our interest, we should have every thing in readiness by the time we get the posts: so that as soon as our flag can fly on the Oswego fort, our carrying barges may glide gently by, and salute the Columbian Eagle from the entrance of Lake Ontario. Then, my countrymen, our prospects are—shall I say boundless? If that be too bold, I shall only say they are such as no country before us ever had. But some will again say, the expence of that work will be too great for our abilities. My good friends, I once more wish you to consider the vast

advantages that would arise from the proposed navigation: I wish you likewise to see that the expence would not be great to the people at large. Suppose we apply to Congress—We shall get no assistance from that quarter, you reply—they seem not to overburthen themselves with care for *our interests*. Besides, if they remove every inconvenience which the shipping of Philadelphia meet with in the River Delaware, it will be as much as they can afford to do for a long time to come. Let us then apply to our own state legislature. Let us pray them to raise the money by a general state tax—by a lottery—by subscriptions from wealthy individuals, to be repaid in lands—by a toll upon the canal—or by all these ways put together. If that miscarry, let us try private subscriptions—private free-will offerings. The citizens of New-York are of approved patriotism: and here is a field where every lover of his country may display his attachment in the most ample and unequivocal manner. Here every dollar that is expended is disposed of in a manner the most productive of general good. Here every name that appears on this public-spirited list, will be handed down to after ages with immortal glory. What is the fame of a warrior, a killer of men, in comparison of his who assists in opening a source of wealth and peaceful industry to a happy posterity! Men of the most dull and phlegmatic minds, would be fired with enthusiasm, and would with ardour encounter any difficulty, in bringing about such a great, such a growing, and such a lasting good!—Pardon my warmth.—But when I turn my eyes westward, and consider what amazing tracts of country surround those prodigious inland seas, for many thousand miles—when I consider that all that vast territory will one day (and that not far distant) swarm with inhabitants; that

that innumerable towns, and even great cities, will stretch themselves along the shores of those mighty lakes—when I consider what an inexhaustible torrent of trade and of riches will never cease to teem thro' that channel, towards the Atlantic, and what an irresistible incitement it will prove to agriculture, to manufactures, and to population—when I think of the many millions of industrious and wealthy people, who will float their valuable exports and imports along that mighty chain of waters, to and from the ocean, I confess my mind labours under the vastness of the idea!—But when I farther consider, that if *we do our duty*, all this will operate, and be effected thro' the medium of *this very city*—that the present comparatively small city of New-York will, if we please, be the *great emporium* of the new world, I am overwhelmed by a conflict of passions!—

My dear countrymen, may I be allowed to hope—may I be confident, that we will attend to our own interests—to the good of our posterity—to the voice of immortal fame? If we do, we will seriously think of now beginning the important work of opening that grand navigation. But if through parsimony or sloth, we neglect it, all of that very extensive trade which in future passes not down the St. Lawrence to Quebec, will be, by our aspiring rival, carried along the scanty streams, and over the mountains of the Alleghany, and will center in Philadelphia.—My fellow citizens, they have supplanted us of

our birth-right—and shall we suffer them to take away our blessing also? The situation of this city with respect to the trade of the lakes, is certainly a most eminent and peculiar blessing of Heaven to us. If we look over the geographical history of the world, we will find that no place ever had such commercial prospects, since the building of Alexandria in Egypt, which the enterprising genius of its founder intended for the emporium of the then known world. With such an endless source of wealth, of grandeur, and of influence, within our reach, shall we regard the trifling advantages we lose by the removal of the seat of government? As soon let us regret the loss of the moon, when the sun is rising. The fur-trade alone would far over-balance all our losses by this removal; and the fur-trade is nothing when compared with the general trade of the lakes: nay, were we never to launch a sloop on the principal lakes, the trade with Canada would balance that loss—I mean if we remove the obstructions in the aforesaid rivers. This would occasion such an extraordinary rise in the value of land, and such a prodigious increase of population, that the additional taxes drawn from the countries near those rivers, would soon amount to much more than we ever can lose by the removal of Congress.

But there seems to be a snow storm coming—I must quit this subject, and go look after my cows. Mentioning cows, puts me in mind of a little tale about a cow, which I shall just tell you, and retire.

A fair-fac'd brown cow, fed on clover most dainty,
A buxom young jade as you'll meet with in twenty,
Had lately broke loose from her walks on the Hudson,
And ran away bellowing to live the wild woods on—
Was caught in a trap on the banks of the Delaware,
And coop'd in a stable before she was well aware.
The proud snuffy Dons of the ANCIENT DOMINION,
Had helped to catch her—but were of opinion

• That

‘ That shortly her stall must be some where south-westward.’
 By George! this was fix’d, while she graz’d to the eastward.
 But hear now the sly, plotting sons of old Penn——
 ‘ The cow’s in our stable—there she must remain.
 ‘ Talk now of agreements, and bargains your fill,
 ‘ Our scheme is effected—the grist’s at our mill.’

High words were exchange’d, and much Billingsgate flung,
 Each claiming the cow, for the love of her d——g.
 By-standers took part, as their int’rests were in it—
 Some join’d the dominion—some favour’d the Pennite.
 The Dons grew enrag’d at the thoughts of being jockied,
 And swore by Patowmack—they’d not be thus mocked!
 Then seizing the cow,—(for the Dons all fear scorns)
 Attempted to drag her along—by the horns.

The Pennites, conceited, elate and imperious,
 Could hardly believe that their rivals were serious:
 But soon being alarm’d, lest the Dons should prevail,
 All clasp’d the cow’s rump—and held fast by her tail—
 And swore by the city, white men should turn fable,
 Before the cow stir’d one foot’s length from their stable.
 ‘The croud gathering round them, loud hooping and laughing,
 Huzza’d for both ends of the cow—with much scoffing.
 But thoughtful spectators express’d with sad faces,
 Their fears that the cow would be soon torn in pieces.
 While parties run violent—(poor cow I bewail her)
 Some cursing the *borner*, and some the vile *tailer*,
 The Vans of the Hudson, unwilling to bilk her,
 Laid by their long pipes, and sat all down to milk her.

A NEW-YORK FARMER.

ROBERT MACHIN. *An ANECDOTE relative to the Discovery of the Island of Madeira. (Translated from a Portuguese Work, entitled, Historical Relation of the Discovery of the Island of Madeira.)*

IN the reign of Edward III. king of England, a young man, whose name was Robert Machin, fell in love with a young girl rich and well born, and by whom he was beloved in his turn. Her father and mother, however, dreading an unequal alliance, obtained an order from the king to get the young man imprisoned till they had disposed of their daughter in marriage to a wealthy gentleman; who, soon after his wedding, carried his young wife to his country seat in the neighbourhood of Bristol.

Robert found no difficulty in obtaining his release from prison imme-

diately upon the solemnization of the marriage: but animated by resentment, and the love he still preserved for his mistress, he determined to leave nothing unattempted by which he might satisfy at the same time his passion, and avenge himself of the insult which his enemies had offered him.

He accordingly engaged some of his friends and relations to assist him in his design: and, for this purpose, conducted them to Bristol; where, soon after his arrival, he got one of his friends introduced into the young lady’s house, under the character

master of a groom. This person did not fail to inform the lady of her lover's design, and of the measures which were necessary to put it in execution.

The lady, who had been compelled to give her hand to a man whom she did not love, entered without hesitation into the views of Machin; while he having hired a vessel to pass over to France, prepared every thing which was requisite for the voyage.

To remove all suspicion, the lady rode out every morning on horseback. On the appointed day she rode out as usual, attended only by her groom, who conducted her to the shore, where she went into a long-boat, which carried her aboard the vessel that lay waiting for her.

Possessed of the object of his love, Machin set sail immediately, in order to avoid all pursuit. The wind was very violent. The crew soon lost sight of the harbour, and the next day the vessel had advanced into the midst of the ocean, where nothing was to be seen but the waters and the sky.

No one aboard understood navigation. In this dismal situation the vessel, without a pilot, was driven about for thirteen days at the mercy of the waves. At last they discovered land. The surprise of the crew was very great at seeing a number of strange birds perching on the masts without the least sign of fear.

They immediately dispatched the long-boat. Some of the sailors went to examine the coast. Upon their return they described the place as highly beautiful and fertile; and added also, that it was inhabited. Machin immediately, followed by his friends, landed with his mistress. The country presented itself to their view agreeably diversified with mountains and vallies; the first covered with a thousand charming trees, to whose names and appearance they

were strangers; the second watered by the clearest streams; while a troop of wild beasts passed under their eyes in the very moment they were contemplating this prospect, without offering them the smallest disturbance.

This circumstance encouraged them to advance farther into the country: they arrived soon at a delightful plain, surrounded with laurels, and traversed by a little brook, which, taking its rise at the foot of a neighbouring mountain, rolled along on a bed of gravel. Near this rivulet, upon a little eminence, was an exceedingly beautiful tree, whose spreading branches invited them to repose under its shade. The travellers accordingly, without delay, began to construct huts for themselves with the branches of the trees.

They passed their time very agreeably in this place, every day making new discoveries, and admiring the strange productions of the country. But their happiness was not of long duration. The fourth day after their arrival a furious tempest tore the vessel from its anchor, and drove it upon the coast of Morocco, where it ran aground, and the whole crew were made prisoners by the Moors.

Next day Machin and his friends missing the ship, thought it had been sunk to the bottom by the tempest. This new disaster plunged them all in despair; and affected the lady so severely, that she did not long survive this accident. She died about three days after.

Machin was inconsolable for the loss of his mistress. After labouring five days under the pangs of the most poignant sorrow, he at length expired, beseeching his comrades with his dying breath to lay his body in the same grave which had received the remains of the woman he adored. His friends obeyed his last wishes; they placed the two bodies in a grave dug at the foot of an altar, which they

they had erected under the beautiful tree mentioned above. They afterwards raised a large cross of wood upon the grave, and placed over it an inscription written in Robert Machin's own hand two days before his death; in which he gave a concise detail of his whole story, and ended with beseeching the Christians (if any ever came to settle in that place) to build a church to our Saviour on the spot where he was buried.

The friends of Robert Machin, deprived of their conductor, went aboard the long-boat, and set sail for England. But not knowing the course they ought to steer, they arrived at the very place where their vessel had been stranded, and met the same fate with their companions, with whom they were imprisoned.

The prisons of Morocco were then full of Christian slaves of all nations; and among the rest was one Juan de Morales, a native of Seville. This man, who had been a pilot for many years, listened with great pleasure to the adventures of the English sailors, who informed him of the situation and nature of the country which they had discovered.

Some time before this Don Sancho, son of Ferdinand king of Arragon, had left at his death a sum appropriated for the ransom of the Christian captives of Castile detained in the prisons of the Moors. A vessel for this purpose departed from Spain, and ransomed, among other captives, Juan de Morales. On his return the ship was taken by a Portuguese fleet, equipped by the Infant for making discoveries on the coast of Africa, and commanded by Juan Gonsalva Zara, who, a few years before, had discovered Porto-Santo by chance, having been thrown upon that island in a voyage undertaken to explore the coasts bordering upon Bajador.

Gonsalva, upon examining the prize which he had taken, was struck

with the wretched condition of the Spanish vessel, and permitted it to continue its course, retaining only Juan de Morales, who was known for an able and experienced pilot, and whom he regarded therefore as a present very acceptable to the Infant, who was then busied in the pursuit of discoveries. Morales having learned the reason why he was detained, offered, without hesitation, to enter into the service of the Infant; adding, that he did not doubt of answering the intentions of the prince. He then gave Gonsalva a short history of the island newly discovered by the English, and supported his recital upon the authority of the story of the two lovers.

Gonsalva, upon his return, informed the Infant of this lucky discovery; and soon after departed with a small fleet to ascertain the truth of what Morales had asserted. Upon his voyage Gonsalva touched at Porto-Santo, where he learned from the Portuguese whom he had left there two years before, that to the south-west of the island they constantly saw a thick and impenetrable darkness extended over the surface of the sea, and which ascended even to the clouds: that it never diminished; but that sometimes there proceeded from it a great noise, which was heard even at Porto-Santo. They added, that for want of necessary instruments, they considered it as impossible to return from thence except by a miracle. Their ignorance of the nature of this distant object was such, that some called it an abyss or bottomless gulph; while others thought it the entry of hell, according to the opinion of certain timid divines, who positively affirmed that it was the ancient island of Cipango, in which they believed that the Spanish and Portuguese Christians had shaken off the yoke, and delivered themselves from the oppressions of the Moors and Saracens. In
confe-

consequence of this opinion, they reckoned it a crime to attempt to fathom this secret.

Gonsalva beheld from a mountain of Porto-Santo this horrible phantom, which Juan de Morales judged at first glance to be an undoubted sign of the land for which they sought. But his reasons could not banish the terror which had seized every one except Gonsalva, who was persuaded that this darkness proceeded from natural causes. Morales supported the opinion of Gonsalva, by observing that the country being continually shadowed by thick and lofty trees, a very copious exhalation of moisture must be the consequence; which, rising in vapours, spread over the atmosphere, and was the true cause of that darkness, which at first sight had inspired so much terror.

These reasons determined Gonsalva to weigh anchor, and set sail for this gloomy region without informing any of the crew of his intention. The nearer they approached the

cloud, it appeared the more dreadful; and it was not till after many struggles that he could prevail upon the pilots to advance. But on approaching the east coast of the island, they saw the cloud begin to diminish, and soon discovered land. The first thing they perceived was a little neck of land running into the sea, and to which Gonsalva gave the name of Cape-Laurence.

After having doubled this cape, Morales went in a long-boat to examine the coast, and arrived soon at a road which answered the description he had heard from the English. He landed accordingly, and found the tomb and the other monuments above mentioned. He then returned to Gonsalva, whom he informed of the discovery. The whole fleet now landed, took possession of the island in name of King John and the Infant Don Henry, and erected an altar near that already raised to the memory of the two English lovers.*

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 1.

E

Remarks

* *The above striking story, which we have presented to our readers, is perhaps scarcely equalled by any thing in romance, even the romance of Chivalry. In a publication such as ours, it is allowable to throw out hints, and even start thoughts at random; and in consequence of this privilege we must observe, what we believe will be obvious to almost every reader, that the story of Macbin affords an excellent subject for tragedy. In the hands of a poet who does not feign, which is too frequently the case, but who feels the passion of love, it could not fail to be pregnant with the truest pathos, conjoined with the noblest flights of sublimity. Description, for the scene is new and grand; situation, for no situation can be more interesting; terror, for what more terrible than the dangers of an unexplored and boundless ocean? the very madness of despair, for what despair can equal that of Macbin when he hears his mistress heave her last groan?—Every thing, in short, that is awful, majestic, and terrible, every thing that is pathetic at once and sublime, that rare union so prized by Longinus, is mingled here as in one group, concentrated as in one point, to strike in one united force the astonished mind of the spectator. The story of Macbin in the hands of Shakspeare, would have surpassed his Lear in scenes of terror, and eclipsed his Romeo and Juliet in scenes of love; while his descriptive powers might have ranged in a field boundless as the extent of his own imagination.*

We can see but one objection; it might be difficult to preserve the unities. Perhaps a poet of the Grecian school might overcome, and that too without the loss of a single incident, this seeming obstruction.

Remarks on the Manufacturing of MAPLE SUGAR; with Directions for its further Improvement. Collected from the best Improvements, by a Society of Gentlemen in Philadelphia, and published for the Benefit and Information of the Citizens of the United States.

HE who enables another to obtain any necessary of life, either cheaper or more independently than heretofore, adds a new source of happiness to man; and becomes more or less useful, in proportion to the number of those who participate in the benefits of his discovery. The transitions, however, made from one stage of improvement to another, are not sudden, but gradual; which probably arises from that strong and almost universal disinclination, in the mind, at departing from the beaten path, or from long established customs. Hence men, frequently, at first, treat with neglect or contempt, that which, afterwards on better information, and a thorough knowledge of facts, they believe, and without reserve, adopt in their subsequent practice. Were we to introduce, and embrace, as a maxim,—“That every new proposition, merely on account of its novelty, must be rejected,”—our knowledge would no longer be progressive, and every kind of improvement must cease.

That the juice of the sugar maple would produce a saccharine substance, answering the purposes of sugar, has been known many years, and particularly by the inhabitants of the eastern states:—but that there was a sufficient number of this kind of tree, in the states of New-York and Pennsylvania only, to supply the whole of the United States with this article, is a fact which was not so well ascertained or so satisfactorily authenticated, till within a year or two past; and that the sugar of this tree was capable of being *grained*, and produced, in quality, equal to the best imported, was in some measure problematical till within even two or

three months past, when the arrival of several chests, in the city of Philadelphia, made last spring on the Delaware, removed every doubt in the minds of those who have seen it, as to the truth of this last fact.

The object which this publication has particularly in view, is, “a communication of such observations and directions on *manufacturing the maple sugar*, as will be most useful to those who, from situation, interest or patriotism, may be induced to engage in and carry on this business.”—A person who had many years been acquainted with the usual way of making this article, being desirous of improving the method, obtained the instructions of a refiner of sugar in this city, and, with these before him, began his experiments in February last, at *Stock-Port*, about three miles below the junction of the Mohock and Popatchunk branches of the Delaware. He soon discovered that the business was yet in its infancy, that great and even essential improvements might be made therein, which would require a departure from the methods heretofore in general use, in boiling down the green sap, graining the syrup, &c. and which, if attended to and adopted, would enable him to produce sugar, in colour, grain and taste, equal, if not superior in reputation, to any imported. His sentiments and hopes, on this head, have been fully confirmed by the result of his experiments; for the sugar he has made and sent down to this city, in the opinion of well qualified judges, is equal to the *best sugars* imported from the West-India islands.

The person above mentioned, whose judgment on this subject is much to be relied on, as well from his

his experience in the business as his established character for candour and integrity, is clearly of opinion, that four active, industrious men, well provided with materials, and conveniences proper for carrying on the business, may turn out in a common season, which lasts from four to six weeks, *forty hundred weight of good sugar*, that is, *ten hundred to each man*. If four men can effect this, how great must be the product of the separate or associated labours of the many thousands of people who now inhabit, or may inhabit the immense tracts of land which abound with the sugar maple-tree! What a new and extensive field opens from these considerations! What an interesting and important object to the cause of humanity, presents itself to our view!—an object that deserves the countenance of every good citizen, and that highly merits every national encouragement.

The buildings, implements, and utensils needful for this manufacture, and suited for the use of four good hands, it is thought may, together with the best process yet known for boiling the sap, granulating the syrup, &c. be usefully pointed out, that those persons who incline to enter upon it in the next year, may proceed on the best information to be had, and timely provide themselves with every thing necessary for the purpose, particularly with such articles made of wood, as require seasoning. Where a larger number than four men are intended to be employed at one *sugar camp*, the kettles and other articles to be provided, as well as the number of trees to be tapped, may be increased accordingly.

Detail and Description of the necessary Utensils and Materials.

Kettles: sixteen, of about fifteen gallons each. When the season for sugar is over, the kettles may be use-

fully employed in making salts: in the county of Montgomery, the common price for cutting down and piling an acre of wood, is four dollars; this one man usually performs in ten days; and for burning the wood into ashes, which sells at the pot-ash works for eight-pence a bushel, he receives four dollars more. One acre of good wood, such as maple, birch, &c. will produce 150 bushels of ashes, and 15 bushels of ashes will, by boiling them down in such kettles, produce 100 weight of salts, which sells at the stores for twenty shillings a hundred. One settler can make at least ten pounds for each month he employs himself in making salts, besides the advantage he must reap from clearing the land, &c.

Iron ladles: two, the bowls to contain three or four quarts, each for shifting the syrup: the handles to have sockets, which may be extended with wood to any convenient length.

Trammels or pot-racks: sixteen, one for each kettle, eighteen inches long the flat part, and the round or lower piece the same, so as to lengthen to about three feet occasionally.

Screw-augers: four, of an half, three quarters. Although it has been found that the sugar maple-tree will bear much hardship and abuse, yet the chopping notches into it, from year to year, should be foreborne; an auger hole answers the purpose of drawing off the sap equally well, and is no injury to the tree.

Buckets: eight or ten, of three gallons each at least, for collecting the sap.

Boards: eight or ten, round pieces, to lay on the surface of the sap, at the top of the buckets, to prevent its splashing over.

Coolers: three or four tubs, of about fifteen gallons each (kettles will answer the purpose) to receive the syrup from the boilers, when, upon trial from the proof stick, it draws into

into a thread between the thumb and finger, as hereafter described.

Takes: four, to go across the shoulders of the persons employed in collecting the sap, having a bucket suspended at each end.

Troughs: eight hundred should be made of white pine, white ash, water ash, aspen, linden or bass-wood, poplar, common maple or sugar maple: avoid for this use, butter-nut, chestnut and oak: these would either discolour the sap, or give it an improper taste. A person acquainted with the business, can cut down the timber proper for the purpose, and hollow out about twenty of these troughs in a day: they generally hold from two to three gallons: the largest should be placed to receive the sap of those trees that are most thriving, and which yield the greatest quantity.—It may also be noted that white ash and white pine will make the troughs when green; the other kinds of timber above mentioned, should be seasoned, or they will be liable to leak.

Store-troughs: where large cisterns fit for the purpose cannot be had, which will generally be the case in a new country, troughs may be made of the white pine, by felling a large tree of that kind, and fixing it in a level position—the upper side to be dug out in the shape of a manger for feeding cattle. The larger it can be made for receiving the green sap, the better. White ash and linden or bass-wood, will also answer the purpose.—Should any of them split or leak, they may be caulked tight. These troughs should be at a convenient distance from the boilers, in a cool place, and under cover, to prevent snow, rain, &c. mixing with the sap. A linen strainer should be so fixed that the sap, when collected in buckets, may pass through such strainer into these troughs at one end, and at the other end room should be left to dip out for feeding the boilers.

Sheds, walls, &c. The exposed manner in which sugar has been usually made in the back country, is attended with many inconveniences, especially in windy weather, when the ashes, leaves, &c. may be blown into the boilers, and thereby discolour the syrup, or injure its flavour: neither can the keeping up a proper degree of heat be always effected in an exposed situation. To remedy these inconveniences it is recommended, that a back wall for the fire-place, be erected eighteen or twenty inches high, and to extend a sufficient length for all the boilers employed. This wall may be made of stones laid in clay or loam, where lime-mortar is not readily to be had. For saving the ashes, and the greater convenience in making and continuing a regular fire under the boilers, a hearth of flat stone about three feet wide, should be made to extend an equal length with the back wall. And further to obviate the ill effects which too open an exposure is subject to, (it being observed, where a number of boilers are placed in a range, those at and near the outer ends don't succeed so well as the more central ones) it is strongly recommended, that sheds be erected to extend over and cover the whole length of the hearth, and so formed that the smoke may pass off, and be at the same time a shelter from high winds, rain, snow, &c. For graining the syrup, after it is brought to a proper state in the boilers, it will be right to have a separate shed, or building, in which two of the sixteen kettles should be fixed. For this service, charcoal is much better than wood, as the heat or flame should be confined to the bottom of the kettles, and be uniform and regular, to guard against burning or scorching. A wall, as above described, should be made at the back of the fire-place, as well as at each end, and the hearth or bottom

bottom laid with flat stones, on which charcoal is to be placed.

And-irons: pieces of cast-iron, something like and-irons, and to serve the same purpose, will be very useful: they should in the long part be two feet and an half, and two inches square; the turn at the inner end four inches downwards, and a small turn upwards at the outer end, of about two inches, to prevent the wood from rolling. Of these there should be a number to suit the extent of the fire-place, to be placed at the distance of five or six feet from each other.

Sugar-moulds: these should be made of seasonable boards, or of such wood as will not impart a taste to the sugar. To answer the end of *earthen* moulds, used in the West-Indies and in our refining-houses, the use of sugar-moulds has been, in the present year, well supplied by making them of wood, somewhat resembling a mill-hopper, about twenty-seven inches long, and ten or twelve inches wide at the top, and tapered to the width of one inch at the lower end.

Frames, to place the moulds in, above described, should be formed so as to admit the moulds to rest in them about half their depth.

Gutters, spouts or narrow troughs, should be fixed within the frames, under the moulds, in a descending position; the lower ends to enter covered casks or vessels, so that when the plugs or stoppers are drawn from the bottom of the moulds, which may be done in about twenty-four hours after they are set, the molasses that will run therefrom may fall into these gutters, and pass readily into the covered vessels, which, if open, would be exposed to dust and dirt.

Prickers: so termed by the sugar-bakers, about twelve inches long, and half an inch diameter at one end, and the other brought to a point; for want of iron, they may be made of hard wood: a few hours after the moulds are unstopped, the prickers should be run up the bottom of them three or four inches, to make way for the whole quantity of molasses to pass off.

(To be concluded next month.)

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

PHILOSOPHICAL OUTLINES.

By Z. L. D.

[Continued from page 705 of Vol. I.]

HAVING taken a cursory survey of the corporeal faculties of man, and having found them resolvable into one sense, that is, but different modes of feeling or *sensation*, it will now appear, that the intellectual faculties, although clearly distinguishable from each other, are also but different modifications of the one internal or rational *perception*. The fields of nature are opening to our view, and inviting us abroad; but, before a wider range is attempted, it will be expedient, in the same cursory manner, to attend to this, the

more exalted part of the human constitution.

The internal faculties of man are five, *memory, judgment, imagination, common-sense, and taste*. The two last are frequently, but improperly omitted in this enumeration; for they are as distinguishable from the rest, as the rest are from each other. Every idea subjected to our contemplation, or that occupies the mind, will be found easily referable to some one of the five following classes of perceptive objects: The *past*, the *sylogistic*, the *possible*, the *primary*, the *beautiful* and *deformed*.

formed. As the external senses are wisely adapted to the various impressions reflected from the surface of the material creation, so also are the mental powers, with the same wisdom, severally destined to the perception of these their distinct objects. Notwithstanding, by some writers, *judgment* has been undistinguished from *common-sense*, and *taste* from *imagination*. An abstract consideration of each, as related to its peculiar objects, will best evince this inaccuracy.

Memory is that faculty of the soul which treasures up, and evolves the knowledge of the *past*. It must be essential to the nature of intelligence, at least without its incessant activity, the operation of other mental powers appears impossible. It may be remarked of all, but of this in particular, that it strengthens by exercise.

In its relation to the *will*, an important distinction exists respecting it; the memory is either *voluntary* or *involuntary*.

The exercise of voluntary memory, discovers one of the dignifying characteristics of human nature. No proofs are given, that brutes are in the possession of it. Past events occur to their minds by the strength of an association of ideas; and the examples of their highest sagacity are easily solved under this hypothesis. We ourselves appear, for the most part, to be deprived of it during our *imperfect sleep*, or in *dreaming*: otherwise we should more frequently detect ourselves in this state, and recover from it.

In recognizing past events, the voluntary memory curiously avails itself of, and is assisted by the involuntary. Thus, in order to recollect a certain circumstance forgotten, we think of some other, supposed to be in near connection with it, and frequently succeed. Many things are recollected without our being able to determine whether it is from this

active or *passive* source. Two ideas are sometimes so connected, that the presence of one gives occasion to the recollection of the other, without our being able to perceive the delicate association which is productive of this effect. Nothing is more common than to hear people remark—"How strange is it that *this thought* should bring *that* into my mind"—!

The strength of this association may, in some instances, be dependent upon the energy of original impressions made on the senses, or upon the delight thereby imparted. This, with respect to different organs of sensation, is in different persons much diversified. The great Handel was neither an admirer nor judge of painting; nor are the masters of painting observed to have any peculiar attachment to music. Perhaps the contrary is oftener true. That circumstance, therefore, in the genius of the painter, which gives the power of performance, probably depends upon a partial and facile direction of his involuntary memory to past ideas, connected originally with impressions made on the organs of vision. A similar conjecture applies to the musician. It is not indeed intended to extend it to *design* in the former, or to *invention* in the latter. Here other faculties of the mind are called into exercise. *Taste* is equally necessary to a correct *judgment of*, and to an handsome *performance in* music and painting; but how many are well qualified for the former of these, who are totally inadequate to the latter!

A curious fact has been recorded, which seems to shew, that instances may exist of far higher power of retention in involuntary than in the voluntary memory. A young lady in France was long observed by her domestics to speak in her dreams an unknown language, or unintelligible jargon. By means of an old female, acci-

accidentally coming to the place of her abode, it was at length discovered to be a peculiar provincial dialect, she had learnt in her childhood, but of which, in her wakeful hours, she could neither speak nor recollect half a dozen words.

Homer, it may be, with some poetic licence, informs us, that Ulysses was known by his dog on his return from Troy, although he had been absent from him fourteen years.

It hath been an opinion, that when ideas are first received into the mind, certain correspondent marks or characters were impressed or inscribed upon the brain, which, by this mean, became the store-house of the intellect: and that when these minute inscriptions were abraded by *time*, or other causes, the recollection of their correspondent ideas became impossible. It may be suspected, that this sentiment was originally founded upon an attachment to *materialism*. It ought not, however, to be rejected solely on this account. But is it just to conclude, because the operations of the human mind have a certain *temporary*, that therefore they have also an *essential* dependence upon the body? Were this a truth, then by the passage of the soul from its present habitation, corrupted and destroyed, to a regenerated vehicle however more exalted or excellent, it would be reduced, by an obliteration of all its ideas, into that pristine state in which it came from under the forming hand of its Creator.

Although from the present nature of our compound being, the soul may be *circumstantially* disenabled to exercise its various faculties in their native vigour, it would be irrational to infer from this, that it is *essentially* dependent, for the exercise of one of the most noble of these, upon that *perishable* material system, to which it happens at present to be attached. A steel spring may be pressed down,

and rendered passive, by a mass of inert clay; fire itself may be imprisoned and inactive; but the shackle needs only to be removed, to discover the native elasticity of the one, or the expansive energy of the other.

Facts are also against this hypothesis. It is one that no physiologist will dispute, that at least once in ten or twelve years, every part of the human body, even of the hardest bones, is changed or renovated; and yet, not only a continued consciousness of personal identity remains, but also the power of recollecting events more distant than that period, notwithstanding they should never have been spoken of, or thought of, in the interim. This fact is alone sufficient to defeat the whole system of the materialist.

Has then this intellectual faculty any essential limit whatever? Probably not; for it is difficult to conceive this of a mental power, which by exercise grows more active, even under all the unfavourable circumstances of its present connection with matter. It may however be thought uncertain and impossible to determine. This however is certain, that if there is any thing in the abstract nature of our spirit, which forms a natural boundary to it, this limit falls not within the present narrow boundaries of human life. Can any one suppose that the antediluvians were unable to recollect the affairs of their youth?

Is not the present limitation of memory owing to the union of the soul with a gross mutable and perishable body? It is established by a variety of facts, that certain changes in the state of the material system, deprive the mind of the exercise of this faculty, or suspend its operations, or enable it again to evolve what once appeared to be wholly obliterated. It has been already remarked that *sleep* deprives us of voluntary memo-

ry.

ry. The case of the *French lady* above-mentioned, may be here also referred to as in point. The effects of *concussion* are well known, as are likewise the causes of *intoxication*, *delirium* and *madness*. An instance of *cataplexy* is recorded in medical history, in which *all thought* was so suddenly and entirely suspended, that after many weeks at the moment of as sudden a recovery, the patient finished the sentence he had began, and but half spoken when he was taken with this illness. We are told of a celebrated Grecian poet, that he, after his recovery from a particular sickness, was, with great difficulty, persuaded to believe himself the author of some of his best literary performances prior thereto. A gentleman, within the circle of my own acquaintance, was, by a fever, so deprived of every literary acquisition, as obliged him, although to appearance perfectly recovered, to recur once more to the rudiments of the languages. After some time, however, he found his labour in this respect useless, by a sudden recovery of his memory of every thing it had lost.

Astonishing instances of the strength of this faculty are sometimes met with. The observations that have been made justify the supposition, that they depend upon a frame of body favourable to the exercise of this mental power; while they, at the same time, strengthen the general argument of the soul's essential independency.

Xenophon relates that Cyrus could call by name every officer in his numerous army.

Muret declares that he dictated to a young Corsican, a prodigious number of unconnected Greek, Latin, and Barbarous words; and when he was tired, the lad repeated them all without the least mistake, reversing the order and beginning at the last.

It is said of Brindley, the celebrated mathematician, patronized by the Duke of Bridgewater, that having to solve the most difficult questions in his art, his custom was to cover himself under his bedcloaths; and that in this situation he was able to complete such intricate arithmetical operations as would require many hundred figures in the ordinary mode of calculation.

The following instances are well authenticated:—The famous impostor Psalmanazar, to favour his designs, invented a complete language, which he spoke off hand with great fluency, and wrote in a new character, from the right to the left hand, in the eastern manner. He also gave a fictitious history of the unknown island, from whence he pretended to come; and all this with so much consistency and retentiveness, as for a long time imposed upon numbers of the most learned men in England and elsewhere.

Anthony Magliabechi became famous among the learned of his day, by his prodigious memory." He retained not only the sense of what he learned, but frequently all the words, and the very manner of spelling. It is said that a gentleman, to make trial of the force of his memory, lent him a manuscript he was going to print. Some time after it was returned, the gentleman, coming to him with a melancholy countenance, requested Magliabechi to recollect what he remembered of it; upon which he wrote the whole without missing a word.

Francis Crichton, at the age of twenty years, disputed in Paris, before 3000 auditors, with the most celebrated professors there, upon every subject of literature or science which they chose to propose to him. Upon the most intricate questions, he spake equally well in any one of the ten languages.

languages, and this with an acuteness that seemed superior to every difficulty, and with an erudition that knew no bounds. These attainments, which can not be thought of without astonishment, precluded not softer and more useful accomplishments. In short, a sentiment of terror mingled with the admiration he excited.—“*Doctores ecclesie quatuor redarguit,*” says an author who was present at one of these scenes, “*sapientia comparandus nemini videbatur, pro*

Antichristo habitus est.”—This prodigy, this lamented youth, was murdered by a prince, his pupil!—In him we indeed view an exception to the remark so beautifully expressed by Mr. Pope:

*Thus in the soul, while memory prevails,
The solid power of understanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play
The memory's soft figures melt away.*

(To be continued.)

History of the WHITE ANTS in India and Africa, called by Naturalists, the FATALE. Published in the 71st vol. of the Philosophical Transactions, by Mr. Henry Smeathman, of Clement's Inn.

THE works of these insects surpass those of the bees, wasps, beavers, and other animals, as much at least as those of the most polished European nations excel those of the least cultivated savages. And, even with regard to man, his greatest works, the boasted pyramids, fall comparatively far short, even in size alone, of the structures raised by these insects. The labourers among them employed in this service are not a quarter of an inch in length; but the structures which they erect arise to 10 or 12 feet and upwards above the surface of the earth. Supposing the height of a man to be six feet, the author calculates, that the buildings of these insects may be considered, relatively to their size and that of a man, as being raised to near five times the height of the greatest of the Egyptian pyramids; that is, corresponding with considerably more than half a mile. We may add, that, with respect to the interior construction, and the various members and dispositions of the parts of the building, they appear greatly to exceed that or any other work of human construction.

The most striking parts of these structures are—the royal apartments,
New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 1.

the nurseries, magazines of provisions, arched chambers and galleries, with their various communications; the ranges of Gothic-shaped arches, projected, and not formed by mere excavation, some of which are two or three feet high, but which diminish rapidly, like the arches of aisles in perspectives; the various roads, sloping stair-cases, and bridges, consisting of one vast arch, and constructed to shorten the distance between the several parts of the building, which would otherwise communicate only by winding passages. These astonishing structures are the works of an insect only a quarter of an inch long, and 25 of which weigh only one grain. But these, and many other curious instances of the great sagacity and powers of these insects, cannot be understood without viewing the plates in which their feeble frames, and comparatively stupendous works, are delineated.

The oeconomy of these industrious insects appears to have been very attentively observed by the ingenious author, as well as their buildings. There are three distinct ranks or orders among them, constituting a well-regulated community. These are, first, the labourers, or working insects;

F

fects;

fects; next the *soldiers*, or fighting order, who do no kind of labour, and are about twice as long as the former, and equal in bulk to about fifteen of them; and lastly, the winged or perfect insects, who may be called the *nobility* or *gentry* of the state; for they neither labour nor fight, being scarcely capable even of self-defence. "These only are capable of being elected *kings* or *queens*; and nature has so ordered it, that they emigrate within a few weeks after they are elevated to this state, and either establish new kingdoms, or perish within a day or two."

This last mentioned order differs so much from the other two, that they have not hitherto been supposed to belong to the same community. In fact, they are not to be discovered in the nest till just before the commencement of the rainy season; when they undergo the last change, which is preparative to the formation of new colonies. They are equal in bulk to two soldiers and about 30 labourers; and are furnished with four wings, with which they are destined to roam about for a few hours; at the end of which time they lose their wings, and become the prey of innumerable birds, reptiles, and insects: while probably not a pair out of many millions of this unhappy race get into a place of safety, fulfil the first law of nature, and lay the foundation of a new community. In this state many fall into the neighbouring waters, and are eat with avidity by the Africans. The author found them delicate, nourishing, and wholesome; without sauce or other help from cookery, than merely roasting them in the manner of coffee.

The few fortunate pairs who happen to survive this annual massacre and destruction, are represented by the author as being casually found by some of the labourers, that are con-

tinually running about on the surface of the ground, and are elected kings and queens of new states. Those who are not so elected and preserved, certainly perish, and most probably in the course of the following day. By these industrious creatures the king and queen elect are immediately protected from their innumerable enemies, by inclosing them in a chamber of clay; where the business of propagation soon commences. Their "voluntary subjects" then busy themselves in constructing wooden nurseries, or apartments entirely composed of wooden materials, seemingly joined together with gums. Into these they afterwards carry the eggs produced from the queen—lodging them there as fast as they can obtain them from her. The author even furnishes us with plausible reasons to believe, that they here form a kind of garden for the cultivation of a species of microscopical mushroom, which Mr. Konig (in an essay on the East-Indian termites, read before the Society of Naturalists of Berlin) conjectures to be the food of the young insects. But perhaps the most wonderful, and at the same time best authenticated part of the history of these singular insects, is that which relates to the queen or mother of the community, in her pregnant state.

After impregnation, a very extraordinary change begins to take place in her person, or rather in her abdomen only. It gradually increases in bulk, and at length becomes of such an enormous size as to exceed the bulk of the rest of her body 1500 or 2000 times. She becomes 1000 times heavier than her consort, and exceeds 20,000 or 30,000 times the bulk of one of the labourers. In this state, the matrix has a constant peristaltic or undulating motion; the consequence of which is (as the author has counted them) the protrusion of 80,000 eggs in 24 hours.

These

These eggs, says the author, "are instantly taken from her body by her attendants (of whom there always are, in the royal chamber and galleries adjacent, a sufficient number in waiting) and carried to the nurseries, which are sometimes four or five feet distant in a straight line. Here, after they are hatched, the young are attended and provided with every thing necessary, until they are able to shift for themselves, and take their share of the labours of the community."

Many curious and striking particulars are related of the great devastations committed by this powerful community; who construct roads, or rather covered ways, diverging in all directions from the nest, and leading to every object of plunder within their reach. Though the mischiefs they commit are very great, such is the œconomy of nature, that it is probably counterbalanced by the good produced by them, in quickly destroying dead trees and other substances, which, as the author observes, would, by a tedious decay, serve only to encumber the face of the earth! Such is their alacrity and dispatch in this office, that the total destruction of deserted towns is so effectually accomplished, that in two or three years a thick wood fills the space, and not the least vestige of a house is to be discovered.

From the many singular accounts here given of the police of these insects, we shall select and abridge only one—respecting the different functions of the labourers and soldiers, or the civil and military establishments in this community, on an attempt to examine their nest or city.

On making a breach in any part of the structure with a hoe or pick-axe, a soldier immediately appears, and walks about the breach, as if to see whether the enemy is gone, or to examine whence the attack proceeds. In a short time he is followed by two or

three others, and soon afterwards by a numerous body, who rush out as fast as the breach will permit them—their numbers increasing as long as any one continues to batter the building. During this time they are in the most violent bustle and agitation, while some of them are employed in beating with their forepaws upon the building, so as to make a noise that may be heard at three or four feet distance. On ceasing to disturb them, the soldiers retire, and are succeeded by the labourers, who hasten in various directions towards the breach, each with a burden of mortar in his mouth, ready tempered. Though there are millions of them, they never stop or embarrass each other; and a wall gradually arises that fills up the chasm. A soldier attends every 600 or 1000 of the labourers, seemingly as a director of the works, for he never touches the mortar, either to lift or carry it. One in particular places himself close to the wall which they are repairing, and frequently makes the noise above mentioned, which is constantly answered by a loud hiss from all the labourers within the dome; and at every such signal, they evidently redouble their pace, and work as fast again.

The work being completed, a renewal of the attack constantly produces the same effects. The soldiers again rush out, and then retreat, and are followed by the labourers, loaded with mortar, and as active and diligent as before. "Thus," says the author, "the pleasure of seeing them come out to fight or to work alternately, may be obtained as often as curiosity excites or time permits: and it will certainly be found, that the one order never attempts to fight, or the other to work, & the emergency be ever so great." The obstinacy of the soldiers is remarkable. "They fight to the very last, disputing every inch of ground so well as often to drive

drive away the negroes who are without shoes, and make white people bleed plentifully through their stockings."

Such is the strength of the buildings erected by these puny insects, that when they have been raised to little more than half their height, it is always the practice of the wild bulls to stand as centinels upon them, while

the rest of the herd is ruminating below. When at their full height of 10 or 12 feet, they are used by the Europeans as places to look out from, over the top of the grass, which here grows to the height of 13 feet upon an average. The author has stood with four men on the top of one of these buildings, in order to get a view of any vessel that might come in sight.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

PHILOBIBLICUS.—No. VII.

[Continued from page 712 of Vol. I.]

THE great end of Christ's delegation to the human race, is *their redemption from sin*. How much so ever pharisaical prejudices had obscured this doctrine, this is the idea, the word of God connects with the promise of such an extraordinary personage, from the first mentioning of him to the last, (Gen. iii. 15; Mal. iv. 2.) and his very name received such an explanation from the announcing messenger (Matt. i. 21.) as to extirpate entirely the Jewish leaven of a worldly monarchy from breasts spiritualized by the contempt of a vain world, and by adhering to a worship of the Supreme Being, which its spiritual nature requires. (John iv. 23, 24.) Innumerable are the passages in the historical accounts we have of Christ and his Apostles, and their instructive epistles of the churches planted by them, which throw a further light on the term, "*Redemption from sin*;" a few of them explaining unto us *the nature and rationality of it*; but all the rest agreeing in plain descriptions of the *use* we have to make of, and the *effect* we ought to experience from it.

By *the nature and rationality* of the redemption, I mean the connection subsisting between the two conceptions, the death of Christ, and the

restoration of the believer of this event to the divine favour. This undoubtedly, and nothing else, Mr. Soame Jenyns had in view, when he expressed himself in the following manner:—"What pure christianity is, divested of all its ornaments, appendages and corruptions, I pretend not to say; but what it is not, I will venture to affirm, which is, that it is not the offspring of fraud or fiction," (View of the internal Evidence of the Christ. Relig.) For soon after that he says:—"To ascertain the *true system* and genuine doctrines of this religion after the undecided controversies of above seventeen centuries, and to remove all the rubbish which artifice and ignorance have been heaping upon it during all that time, would indeed be an arduous task," &c. I am satisfied, from perusing this little work, that Mr. Jenyns was a true believer of the Gospel of Christ, and consequently that he must have been acquainted with its essential doctrines. But as these doctrines are what we may call *pure christianity*, and the genuine doctrines, the expressions, by which he intimates his hesitation, are at least not cautious. The Christian system contains mysteries and depths of wisdom; the thirst of knowledge finds it inexhaust-

exhaustible, and the different degrees of exertion, in searching after truth, will, on the day of reward, be crowned with different degrees of glory. Only to some is, according to Paul, (I. Cor. xii. 8.) by the spirit given the word of knowledge. This word of knowledge, in my opinion, has for its object that connection of which I am speaking. Various have been the explanations of it, and the reason can be no other, but that the scripture is not explicit and very copious in the description of it, which must be owing to the inferior influence of this knowledge into our salvation. The love of Christ, this effect of the faith in him, surpasses all this knowledge. The imperfection of our knowledge in the future world, shall vanish away: knowledge itself certainly not. What great loss, therefore, is it for the candidate of Heaven here to have an imperfect enjoyment of that, which, in abundance, is stored up for him at the end of his journey? Yet, to meditate upon, and reason about hidden things, is natural to us. Every narrative we hear of things, facts or persons is augmented in our own imagination, with the addition of some circumstances which concern place, colour or gesture. A man of more judgment than versatility of genius, never indulges his imagination beyond the limits of probability, and no discreet person knows probabilities which are unsupported by a foundation.

The redemption of the *author of the pamphlet before me*, and of his *enlightened divines*, can do without the divinity of Christ. Had he given an idea of his redemption, his supposition could be examined, and, I trust, from clear scripture expressions, refuted. But, as the matter stands, I have only to say, that mine cannot, and that, various as the systems of Christian teachers are, all such agree with me in admitting this

incompatibility, as agree with me in explaining the use we have to make of, and the effects we have to experience from this redemption.

The redemption of Christ is intended to effect our re-union with God, from whom sin has separated us. United to God we are by his spirit. This spirit is a true divine person. Upon his name we are baptized. *Onoma* is the best Greek word for person. (Aët. i. 15. Rev. xi. 13.) Many circumstances and expressions seem to entitle us to consider this divine person as the executive of the creating power. When the earth was yet without form and void, and darkness upon the face of the deep, the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters—and so, according to the will of God, for he spoke, things began to appear. (Gen. i. 2.) For this reason the new birth is ascribed to the Spirit of God, for it is a new creation. Our union with God, to which the reconciliation of Christ brings the believer, is, therefore, not a mere moral union by re-establishing an agreement in sentiment, though this cannot fail to be the certain issue of it; but it is a real one. The only reason why we do not call it physical, but rather mystical, is because it touches not at present our external senses, which would be destroying the possibility of a moral faith. The original expressions of the New Testament, wherewith it describes our participation of the Spirit of God, are much more pointed than the translations seem to indicate. The gifts of the Holy Ghost, (Ebr. ii. 4.) are called *merismoi*, particles. Hereby know we, says the Apostle John, (I. Ep. iv. 13.) that we dwell in him, and he in us, because he has given us *of his Spirit*.

This spirit is given to believers by him through whom the world was made. Was the world made through Jesus Christ, man, the master-piece of

of the world, was made by him likewise, and this is particularly asserted several times in the holy records. John i. 11. I. Cor. viii. 6. Christ, by giving his and his father's spirit to them that were dead in sin, and without God, becomes a quickening spirit, and restores mankind. That the Messiah would give and bring the Spirit of God, was the ancient idea of the Israelites, and their hope.—Hence several expressions in Talmud. Hence the tabernacles of green leaves, and the pouring of water, signifying the Holy Spirit, which they that believe on him should receive. (John vii. 39.) But the feast of the tabernacles had the clearest reference to the expected appearance of the Messiah, for which reason the 118th psalm was sung, whose 25th and 26th verse was repeated at the time when Jesus entered Jerusalem; and the people cut down branches from the trees, and strewed them in the way. Christ, therefore, is represented as a lamb with seven eyes, which are the seven Spirits of God sent forth into all the earth. (Rev. v. 6.) The number seven being only used in reference to the golden candlestick with the seven lamps in the sanctuary, this emblem of the church. Every God-thirsty soul receives a measure of this spirit; but the owner and giver of it, because as man he received every thing, receives it not by measure, (John, iii. 34.) but the whole in order, as it were, to measure it out. And now, having premised all this, I declare, that it is a mixture of absurdity and blasphemy to believe a creature capable of ever giving the Spirit of God. Could God not give to a man all that was necessary to redeem mankind? asks the author of the pamphlet. I answer, no, he could not. God cannot make another God, and God alone is the Creator, or, in another word, Almighty. Now, we are his workmanship, created in (through,

as Act. xvii. 31. *en andri.*) Jesus Christ unto good works, to which God has before ordained us, that we should walk in them. The Spirit of God, given to Adam after the creation as a guide to good works, had forsaken the human race in consequence of quenching his operation and obeying a strange voice. To the possibility of godly works we are now restored. Changing a thing entirely, is a creation as well as making what was not. Christ's making wine out of water, was not a miracle of less importance than that of making bread in the wilderness.

My idea of the redemption from sin, will be understood more fully if I yet add one remark, which concerns the death of the Redeemer, and its connection with his bestowing this vivifying gift upon the sinner. Tho' the Spirit of God abandoned mankind in consequence of the first disobedience, and we are all born in sinful depravation, yet Christ, in consideration of a covenant of grace, made immediately after the fall, restored his spirit to all that sought God before his incarnation, as well as after it. That visible effusion of the Holy Ghost, mentioned in the second chapter of the Acts, was only a general confirmation of the truth, now to be preached in the world, that Jesus, the crucified, was the giver of the Holy Ghost, or that he was Christ. It has been said above, that the participation of this spirit unites the receiver with Christ, and through him with the father. So Noah was Christ's for his spirit, or what is now the same, Christ was in him, (I. Pet. iii. 19.) and so he was in Abraham and in all the Prophets, (I. Pet. i. 11.) and men of holiness. But the God of truth, for whom it is impossible to lie, had once uttered the commination of death against transgressors. The commination sprung from love; for his will was, to avert the transgression.

gression. But since it was pronounced, it was irrevocable. I believe with all other true Christians, that it is just before God to punish sinners. Yet the necessity of Christ's death I derive rather from the principle of truth, than that of justice, and my redemption-system is not interwoven with the terms satisfaction, surety, federal head. Death is the reward of sin. The fallen creature, which we call *devil*, not only introduced this punishment, and that by deceit, but exercises actually the power of death with the sinners. He, who by his free grace, restores all the sincere and upright in the world to life, by uniting them with himself, becomes man, and is killed by the Prince of the World. This brings the heaviest of all imaginable judgments over the author of this death, Ebr. ii. 14. for Christ was without sin, iv. 15. and the Lord from Heaven. I. Cor. xv. 47. But as death, once for all, is the reward of sin, and the believers members of Christ by the spiritual union, they have died, they are crucified with Christ. Gal. ii. 19. Rom. vi. 10, 11. Col. iii. 3.

The effect every true believer has to experience from Christ's redemption, is freedom from sin, because it is the redemption from sin. Sins that are past, are forgiven, (Rom. iii. 25.) of which the perceived peace with God is a sufficient pledge, and against the future dominion of sin there is a ruling principle in the soul. Rom. viii. 14. To say only a word of the received pardon is here to the purpose. Christ not only paved us the way to this grace, but he appropriates and grants it to the sincere applicants. With the supposition that Christ was a mere man, the Pharisees were fully right when they said: Who is this which speaks blasphemies? who can forgive sins but God alone? (Luke,

v. 21.) But Christ is the exalted Prince and Saviour, to give repentance unto Israel and forgiveness of sin. No passage in the scripture occurs of men ever exercising that power. This glory, this royalty, he who is the Lord, will not, and cannot give to another. Never was to the Apostles, or to a Minister of the Gospel, this prerogative conceded. John, xx. 23. speaks of the consequences of admitting a person into the church-communion. By this trust the Ministers of Christ become men of so much consequence, that it is as if they forgave sin, because this event depends upon the reception into the church, provided the received member is sincere.

The use we have to make of the redemption of Christ, is the submission under this our Lord by faith. So we receive him as Saviour and Lord, to confirm our comfort, and to establish our obedience. John, i. 12. The nature of the thing requires this indispensable condition. Of this, perhaps, more at another time. To my present purpose belongs only this one observation—To believe a man is to trust his veracity; but to believe on a man, (eis in the Greek) is to rely on the truth of his declaration concerning his person. Can we believe in Christ without enquiring what kind of being he is? or without asking what he says of himself? No, as little as we can call on him, without having first believed in him. Rom. x. 14. Seeing from this last mentioned text, that the immediate consequence of believing in him, is the invocation of his name, belonging pursuant to the whole book of the Revelation to God alone: is it a dogmatical subtilty to discuss the question whether the object of our faith is man or God?

(To be concluded next month.)

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

J U V E N I S.—No. XII.

IT is often as useful, when our writings are intended for the public eye, to treat on subjects which commonly concern every class of people, as on such as are abstruse and out of the ordinary way. Thus it appears to me to be an eligible mode for a spectator of human manners, to censure, and studiously to correct the predominant follies and vices of the day.

It is my intention at present, to make a few observations on a vice which is too prevalent, and has been so too long. *Insincerity* in action or in expression, is the certain characteristic of a little mind. There is no better reason for avoiding a man's company, than to know that dissimulation is the prominent feature in his character. How very absurd, how base and detestable a part does he act, whose conduct declares the contrary of what he means!

It will I think be unquestionable, if insincerity be fully considered, that it deserves to be reprobated more than almost any other vice. Its influence is baneful, contemplated in any point of view whatever. As it respects the public, it is destructive; as it respects the individual by whom it is employed, it is impious. Of all characters, the impostor seems to be both the most degraded, and the most depraved. He merits the contempt of the candid and upright, and loses the confidence of all—even of those who encourage in themselves the same unhappy failing. The dissembler himself will not confide in the most solemn protestations of a person whom he suspects of insincerity.

In a public character, a want of integrity casts an impenetrable shade over every virtue which the person may possess. It seems in this case to

be calculated to do more mischief than when it exists in a private character, though in either of them it is highly reprehensible. That man ought ever to be despised, who merely to promote his own private advantage, professes an attachment to the public weal, and by an artful and hypocritical conduct, endeavours to ingratiate himself in the public mind.

In the concerns of social life, insincerity ought never to be admitted. It is directly opposed to integrity and candour, the virtues which are most favourable to friendship and to the peace of society. To make one insincere expression, or to commit one action which conscience cannot attest to be honest, is criminal; to repeat the one or the other, is heinous.

It is an adage not more common than it is true, that "habit is second nature." Cicero has made use of the following observation—"*Magna est vis vetustatis, et consuetudinis.*"*—Thus, by accustoming ourselves to act or to speak the reverse of what we mean, with an intention to impose on others, we contract a habit of dissimulation, which it will be next to impossible to subdue: and how unhappy must he be, who suffers himself to become the slave of a vice, at once so despicable, and in every respect so injurious!

Hence arises the danger of very frequently adopting the ironical mode of expression: for thus we may at length appear very differently from our true character, and our meaning be rendered ambiguous, and altogether indiscoverable: and then it can no longer strictly be accounted irony. The very design of this figure is to expose an absurdity, and to make a thing ridiculous by showing its inconsistency: and whenever the unequivocal

* *Cic. de Amic.*

equivocal meaning cannot be readily collected, the figure is either used unhappily, or with a view to deceive. We should be extremely cautious in what manner we oppose words to sentiments, lest we appear ungenerous and insincere. Perhaps there are but few occasions on which irony may, with propriety, be employed.

The great necessity of avoiding insincerity will certainly be evident, when we reflect, that the frequent repetition of a thing, however shocking at first, gradually makes it familiar to us, and removes its horror.—To an honest mind, every species of deception, in every degree, appears in the most hideous form. But let honestly yield to insincerity, and the latter will be less odious the more it is practised, until it finally becomes quite as enticing as the former.—Should a man who is accustomed to act uprightly, commit a crime, remorse at first will sting him severely. Should he repeat the act a number of times, the remorse will lessen, till he becomes hardened against it, and is habituated to the crime.

If then we despise insincerity, and are shocked at the very idea of it, let us shun every disingenuous appearance; let the danger of becoming insincere admonish us never to descend to the base wiles of deceit. Insincerity is one of the first steps towards villainy; it disqualifies a man for acting honourably in any profession, and may successfully be employed in the most horrid and dangerous intrigues; though, when long pursued, it generally terminates in its own destruction; for, like all other unlawful practices, it cannot always elude the eye of penetration, and when detected, fixes a stain on the character which can never be effaced. It seems to be no more than a just retaliation, that he who acts insincerely should lose his reputation, and forfeit forever the confidence of others.

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 1.

The insincere man is unworthy to be intrusted with the smallest trifle. Whoever commits himself into his power, or asks his counsel, is unfortunately blind to his own safety; for while he is making the fairest professions of friendship, he will betray your interests, and ruin you.

O insincerity! thou daemon of mischief, would to Heaven that you might no longer infect the human breast; that you might no more annoy the peace and happiness of society; that candour, probity and virtue might maintain their beautiful domain uninterrupted by thy infernal encroachments—No longer then should we be able to find a Joab, a Judas, or an Arnold, the base betrayer of his country's cause!—No more should we hear of any false professions of esteem, or of barbarous and unfaithful treatment of friends.

O ye noble-minded lovers of sincerity! despise, detest, avoid every thing that looks like deception and hypocrisy; reject, as you would the most deadly poison, that which would corrupt, subvert the principles of honour and sincerity, and sully the purity of your minds—Let your conduct ever manifest your true sentiments.

Flattery is also a species of insincerity which prevails especially in the fashionable world, and, I fear, too often makes up a necessary part of polite conversation. It is unjustifiable on whatever occasion it may be employed, because it declares what you do not believe to be true, and bestows more praise than is due to the merit of the object; it must be the insipid effusion either of a servile or an insincere heart, and never fails to disgust the noble mind. When it is used to gratify vanity, it is base: when it is designed to expose a weakness, it is malicious: when it is employed to impose on the understanding, it is atrocious.

G

The

The world never hear of a professed flatterer, without annexing to his character the idea of insignificance. They view him as the votary of every thing low, trifling and insincere; and, it is a fact beyond controversy, that to every person of discernment, the flatterer is one of the most disagreeable companions on earth. This should furnish us with a sufficient motive always to speak the candid truth, or not to speak at all. If you think to gain the esteem of a person of judgment by flattery and extravagant exclamations, you will surely meet with a disappointment. What is flattery but a repetition of falsehood? and who is a

flatterer but the retailer and advocate of falsehood? Beware then, ye flatterers, lest for all your palpably absurd raptures, and adulatory artifices, you should be unacceptably remunerated with contempt and ridicule. Permit me to add, that mere compliments, as they savour of insincerity, ought not to be countenanced by the friends of truth. Let truth always be held inviolably sacred and reign triumphant in our hearts; then we shall maintain an unimpeachable character before the world, and enjoy a tranquillity in our minds, which the remorse and guilt attendant on insincerity effectually ruin and destroy.

Jan. 21, 1791.

ANECDOTE of a YOUNG MUSSULMAN.

WHAT a miserable wretch am I, said Adraffan Ugli, a young Mussulman, to have such a multitude of masters? If I had as many different souls and bodies, they would be hardly sufficient to go thro' all my services. O Allah! wherefore didst thou not make me an owl? I could then have enjoyed my hollow tree and liberty: I could have eaten my mice at my leisure, without the consent of a master. The state of freedom is certainly what man was originally designed for: the introduction of masters could only be in consequence of the perversion of his nature. No one man was ever made continually to serve another. In a well-regulated society every man

would have charitably assisted his neighbour. The clear-sighted would have led the blind; the active would have supplied the cripple with crutches; this would have been Mahomet's paradise, and now it is hell itself."

Thus spoke Adraffan Ugli on receiving the strapado from one of his masters.

Some years after, this Adraffan Ugli became a bashaw of three tails, made a prodigious fortune, and firmly believed that all men, except the grand Turk and the grand Visir, were born to serve him, and all women be subject to his pleasure.

VOLTAIRE.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

Messrs. SWORDS,

THE writer of the article in your last Magazine, respecting the Charity Schools in this city, was misinformed in one particular concerning the children educated by the Dutch Congregation, which also

clothes as well as educates them. The mistake was quite involuntary, and you will be pleased to rectify it, by inserting this, and oblige

A Subscriber to your Magazine.
New-York, 24th Jan. 1791.

THE

T H E
A M E R I C A N M U S E.

O R I G I N A L P O E T R Y.

WRITTEN ON MISS ———'S DEPARTURE FROM ———.

In imitation of the Dirge in *Cymbeline*, "*To fair Fidelé's grassy Tomb.*"

TO crown our lov'd Almeria's name,
Each fond, each feeling heart shall join;
We'll weave the fairest wreaths of Fame,
And Friendship's sweetest garlands twine.

No tongue with baneful Envy fraught,
'Gainst thee shall dare to shed its harms;
But hearts by purest Friendship taught,
Shall dwell with rapture on thy charms.

No hard, unfeeling bosom here,
Shall wish that thou may'st sorrow know,
But for thy bliss, the wish sincere,
In ev'ry gentle breast shall glow.

Oft times at Eve's mild hour we'll rove
To those lov'd meads where oft we've stray'd;
There, fond esteem, and tend'rest love,
Shall join to praise thee, charming maid!

When Sorrow calls the tender tear,
Or Pleasure wakes the heart to joy,
In ev'ry scene of *Hope* and *Fear*
Thou shalt our fondest thoughts employ.

Belov'd while Worth and Virtue charm,
Thy loss, sweet maid! we will deplore,
While Love the feeling heart shall warm,
'Till Mem'ry's self shall be—no more.

IMONA.

To C Y M O N.

SO polite you request the return of a rhyme,
My civil friend Cy'— and so new is your plan,
I would thank you in form, but t'will take too much time;
I must answer your question as brief as I can.

The feeling you mention, to all men is giv'n,
I believe, in all nations and ages the same;
And so oft it appears to the age we now live in,
I wonder you never have heard of its name.

'Tis

'Tis not admiration alone, that would cease
 When the senses in Sleep's filken fetters are bound ;
 Nor can it be Friendship, that kindler of peace,
 For the soft shafts of Friendship were ne'er known to wound.

It must surely be Love, that mischievous young elf,
 Whose whimsical arrows have robb'd you of rest :
 To the passion you feel, tho' a stranger myself,
 I would fain yield a balm to relieve the distress.

But since Love was first known, no sure cure has been found,
 Except Time, ('tis a folly, my friend, to complain ;)
 E'en physicians themselves have endur'd the sad wound,
 Till Time, that great conq'ror, hath broken the chain.

Then patiently wait, till arrives the calm hour,
 (With gracefulness, Cymon, I pray act your part :)
 When vapid indiff'rence succeeds Cupid's pow'r,
 Or Maria shall deign to accept of your heart.

But excuse, if I doubt your sincerity, where
 Your " warmest affection " you tender to me ;
 For the vows pain extorts are so fragile, I fear
 You'll forget the fair promise as soon as you're free.

Jan. 10, 1791.

ELLA.

LOGAN'S TRIUMPHS.

ARGUMENT.

Night—The shrieks of the women are heard—Morning—The warriors advance—Song—*Logan leads the battle—Seizes a straggling white man—Offers his scalp to the ghosts of his murdered children—White men appear—Logan's contempt—Battle—White men fly—Death of the brave white man—Logan remembers his children—Triumph.*

W ILD rang the shrieks thro' air, Fast flew the night away ; The chiefs in arms appear, And thus salute the day.	Reeking from the white man's brain, Lo ! he lifts the scalp on high ; Logan does not wish thee pain— Fly ! to Death's dark caverns fly !
Aged Logan led the fight, Logan's fame is ever new ; Logan seiz'd a treach'rous white, His murder'd children rush'd to view.	See they come ! they come to meet us ! Give the yell that makes them quake : Say, shall puny white men beat us ? Men that ev'ry blast can shake !
Curses blast thee, pale fac'd savage ; Ruin seize thy ruthless kind ; Train'd to rapine, skill'd to ravage, Gain the God that grasps thy mind.	Men that fear the rushing rain ! Men that fear the clouded sky ! Men that shrink and howl at pain ! Nor know to triumph when they die !
Now, ye red men, take your fill ! Give the scalping-knife its due ! The red right arm is bare to kill— This, my children ! this to you !	Now ye tiger tribe be brave ! Logan looks upon the fight ; Scalps on scalps adorn my cave, To glad my airy children's sight.

Sulph'rous

Sulph'rous smokes obscure the view,
 War!—the hills and dales reply :
 Now ye red men ! now be true !
 Ye know to fight—ye dare to die.

Hand to hand the warriors rush,
 Shouts and yells in echo's die ;
 Tom'hawks cleave and bay'nets push.
 They fly !—they fly !—the white
 men fly !

One brave band alone remains ;
 One alone of all that band,
 Every shot and blow sustains,
 Red like ours his heavy hand.

See ! they sink—he's left alone ;
 Still our warriors stain the fields :
 See ! he falls—but fighting on,
 Sits, and still his sword he wields.

Logan held the brave man's arm,
 Longing look'd upon his face ;

Logan will not do thee harm,
 Tho' thou art of faithless race.

Logan's sons had been like thee !—
 —White men shot them from the
 bush :

The brave shall not be harm'd by me.
 He's dead !—he's gone !—and all
 is hush.

None thy beauteous corse shall wound,
 None thy hairy scalp shall tear ;
 Thou shalt sleep with warriors round,
 Thou the dead men's feast shall
 share.

Seize the scalps, and count the slain ;
 White men ! weep your brothers
 woes !

Ease our dying chiefs from pain !
 White men ! learn to fear your
 foes !

W. D.

*On the present Situation of France, and the Influence which the Independency
 of America had in producing the Revolution.*

WHILST crown'd with Honour's never fading bays,
 Celestial Freedom her bright form displays—
 European nations hail the lovely guest,
 And court her smiles to be completely blest—
 While in her cause unnumber'd heroes bleed,
 Death's willing victims in a time of need.
 Rous'd by the scene, my feeble muse takes fire,
 And tries again her long-neglected lyre ;
 Tho' weak her numbers, and unsmooth her lays,
 She dares, oh France ! attempt to sing thy praise.
 What a hard contest have thy sons endur'd,
 And yet their rights, as men, but half secur'd !
 But partly rescued from tyrannic pow'r,
 While clouds of darkness o'er their prospects low'r.
 Go on, brave nation ! in your bright career,
 While despots tremble, and mankind revere—
 Go on—tho' hosts of death-designing foes,
 Your glorious efforts struggle to oppose—
 Tho' Monarchy's most hideous forms contend,
 Yet Heav'n its choicest blessing will defend.
 Sweet Liberty still claims its guardian care,
 Nor need her vot'ries tremble with despair :

Tho'

Tho' clouds tempestuous ev'ry scene deform,
 She soon shall rise superior to the storm.
 Hail, happy people! blest Columbians hail!
 See o'er the world your sentiments prevail!
 See neighbouring nations kindling with desire
 To light their tapers at bright Freedom's fire;
 You are the men who taught them how to prize
 This darling offspring of benignant skies;
 Who, with resistless force, her foes subdu'd,
 And seal'd her empire with your patriots blood:
 Oh! may you ne'er (regardless of her laws)
 To vile oppression sacrifice her cause,
 Or yield those blessings which you scarce have try'd,
 To the dark schemes of anarchy or pride.
 May wisdom, France! thy counsels all direct—
 May justice ev'ry dear-bought right protect—
 And still, whilst God and men approve the choice,
 "*Dieu et mon droit*," be every Frenchman's voice.

New-York, Jan. 7, 1791.

MARCIA.

S O N G.

Parody of "*Soft flowing Avon*," &c. &c.

TO MISS E. W. SINGING—BY J. B. C.

THOU dear lov'd Eliza, by thy matchless strain,
 Forever enraptur'd, O! let me remain;
 All the graces responsive await thy soft song,
 For celestial each note is which flows from thy tongue.

The love-stricken soldier, the sighing young swain,
 Behold thee enraptur'd, the pride of the plain;
 For thy sweet buds of beauty resistless are hung,
 And celestial each note is which flows from thy tongue.

Here let me be fam'd for my love and my truth,
 'Till chearful old age sweetly terminates youth;
 In maturest affection, thy virtues among,
 For celestial thy mind is, resistless thy tongue.

Charm on, soft Eliza, in song ever charm,
 Still ravish our ears and our bosoms disarm,
 'Till Truth, Fame and Love in thy numbers have sung,
 How celestial thy mind is, and resistless thy tongue.

J. B. C.

SELECTED

SELECTED POETRY.

The WINTER'S WALK.

BY DOCTOR S. JOHNSON.

BEHLOD, my fair, where'er we rove,
What dreary prospects round us rise;
The naked hill, the leafless grove,
The hoary ground, the frowning skies!
Nor only through the wasted plain,
Stern Winter is thy force confess'd;
Still wider spreads thy horrid reign,
I feel thy power usurp my breath.
Enlivening hope, and fond desire,
Resign the heart to spleen and care;
Scarce frighted love maintains her fire,
And rapture saddens to despair.
In groundless hope, and causeless fear,
Unhappy man! behold thy doom;
Still changing with the changeable year
The slave of sunshine and of gloom.
Tir'd with vain joys, and false alarms,
With mental and corporeal strife,
Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,
And screen me from the ills of life.

SONNET TO HOPE.

BY MISS HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

OH! ever skill'd to wear the form we love!
To bid the shades of fear and grief depart,
Come gentle hope! with one gay smile remove,
The lasting sadness of an aching heart.
Thy voice, benign enchantress! let me hear;
Say that for me some pleasures yet shall bloom!
That fancy's radiance, friendship's precious tear,
Shall soften, or shall chase misfortune's gloom.
But come not glowing in the dazzling ray,
Which once with dear illusions charm'd my eye!
Oh! strew no more, sweet flatterer! on my way,
The flowers I fondly thought too bright to die;
Visions less fair will sooth my pensive breast,
That asks not happiness—but longs for rest!

Translation of a Sonnet by Camoens—on the Death of his Mistress, Donna Catalina de Ataide, who died at the Age of twenty.

GO, gentle spirit! now supremely blest,
From scenes of pain and struggling virtue go;
From thy immortal seat of heavenly rest
Behold us lingering in a world of woe!
And if beyond the grave, to saints above,
Fond memory still the transient past portrays,
Blame not the ardor of my constant love,
Which in these longing eyes was wont to blaze.

But.

But if from virtue's source my sorrows rise,
 For the sad loss I never can repair,
 Be thine to justify my endless sighs,
 And to the Throne of Grace prefer thy prayer,
 That Heaven, who made thy span of life so brief,
 May shorten mine, and give my soul relief.

SONNET TO MELISSA.

THROUGH all the woes which destiny severe,
 Has doom'd this wretched bosom to sustain,
One tender thought still moderates its pain,
 And saves my lab'ring mind from dire despair!
 —When far from thee, by hopeless sorrow led,
 O'er stormy seas, and foreign lands thy love shall stray;
 Tho' urg'd by want to ask precarious bread,
One tender thought shall cheer the toilsome way!
 And when, at last, worn out by ceaseless care,
 I seek lone melancholy's quiet cell,
 For THEE I'll breathe my latest pray'r,
 On thee my latest thought shall fondly dwell!
 'Till the last sigh, shall from my lips depart,
 I'll keep the dear idea cherish'd in my heart!

BENEDICT.

The following Lines were written by a young Lady of this City, under twelve Years of Age.

On the PRESIDENT of the UNITED STATES.

CALLIOPE,* heroic maid!
 Attend, I now implore your aid;
 Oh! lend me your poetic fire:
 Come all ye muses, O inspire!
 Come! O come! inspire my pen!
 To praise the first, the best of men!
 Simplicity! come rule my lays!
 'Tis WASHINGTON I strive to praise!
 Virtue and peace in him unite,
 Adorn'd with all that can delight;
 The love of God's his greatest gain,
 While valour glows through ev'ry vein,
 His country's rights he doth defend,
 Father—brother—hero—friend!

New-York, Dec. 5, 1790.

S. L.

* Calliope was the first of the nine muses, and presided over eloquence and heroic poetry. Her distinguished office was to record the worthy actions of the living, and was therefore represented with tablets in her hands.

INTELLIGENCE.

I N T E L L I G E N C E.

LONDON, *Dec. 3, 1790.*

INTELLIGENCE is certainly arrived in town, that Mr. McKendric, who undertook between two and three years ago to penetrate from Montreal to the Ocean, has performed his enterprize. He took a course north-westward from Montreal, and he reached the Western Ocean, according to his observation, in about the 69th degree of northern latitude. In this track he found the country very unpromising for trade, and very uninviting otherways.

The last news from Oran, on the coast of Barbary, are dated the 1st of November. It appears that 60 shocks of an earthquake have been felt in that town.

The plan of a new form of Constitution for the province of Canada, is at length to be submitted to Parliament. It is to be divided into two governments, and each is to have an Assembly. The Governor of Quebec is to have the controul.

ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

There has latterly been an alarming eruption of this volcano ; but it was considerably abated on the 2d of November. On the side *Della Torre del Greco*, the lava flowed even among the vines, and covered a considerable portion of cultivated soil.

On the side *Salvatore*, the mountain yet vomits a great mass of fire, but without any essential injury.

The explosion of cinders from the crater lasted but a little while, and the damage done was inconsiderable.

GEORGE-TOWN, Dec. 25.

On Thursday morning last, between two and three o'clock, an uncommon noise was heard in the heavens.
New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 1.

vens: From what we can learn, it was similar to heavy, distant thunder, and continued near a minute. Some reports say, that a ball of fire was seen moving, with great rapidity, from the west and easterly course, and that the bursting of this meteor occasioned the report, which was not for several minutes after the disappearing of the light. The night was remarkably serene, and not a cloud in view. The noise was heard in this town, and by numbers for ten miles in the country. We would thank any literary gentleman, who had an opportunity of witnessing this extraordinary phenomenon, for his observations and remarks relative thereto.

Richmond, Jan. 13. This morning about 5 o'clock, a very severe shock of an earthquake was felt in this city, which lasted about two minutes; it shook the houses so severely, as to occasion many of the inhabitants to get up to see what damage was done.

Albany, Dec. 30. Mr. Sheldon, an experienced distiller, in this city, has brought the distilling of gin to such perfection, that the first judges (Europeans and Americans) pronounce it equal to the best imported from Holland. Mr. Sheldon having made some experiments on the Juice of the Maple-tree, declares, that when distilled, it yields a liquor not unlike Arrac, and superior in flavour—and that, from the best computation he has been able to make, a tree will produce as many pints of this liquor, as it does pounds of sugar.

Jan. 13. By a gentleman from Vermont we are informed, that the Convention of that state, which assembled

sembled on Thursday last, for the purpose of taking into consideration the Constitution of the United States, adopted and ratified it on Monday the 10th, by an unanimous vote.

On the receipt of this pleasing intelligence in this city, a detachment of the independent artillery company met on the parade, and proceeded from thence to the Fort, where they welcomed their long lost sister, *Vermont*, by a discharge of fourteen guns; after which they returned to the Parade and were dismissed.

By the accession of Vermont another link is added to the federal chain; and, as a bill for the admission of the district of Kentucky into the union, is now pending before the senate of the United States, we may promise ourselves that we shall soon have it in our power to announce the admission of that state also, when the union will be complete and firm. Combined as one great family, enjoying such variety of healthy climate, possessing such fertile plains in which nature has been prodigal of her bounty, may we not anticipate the day that America will rival the most powerful kingdoms in the universe; nor cringe to—even Britain herself?

New-York, Jan. 7. Yesterday the German Society of the State of New-York celebrated their anniversary festival. The Society met at their Hall, in King-George-street, about 1 o'clock. P. M. from whence they proceeded in procession to the Lutheran church, where a prayer suitable to the occasion opened the solemnities of the day; after which a German Oration was delivered by Mr. Wm. Wilmerding, which was followed by one from Jacob Morton, Esq; in English: in the intervals, selected pieces of music.

The anniversary meeting of the mechanics of New-York, was held on Tuesday at Aarson's long room,

at which place they assembled at 12 o'clock.

Upon an inspection of their treasurer's accounts it was with peculiar satisfaction the society observed their funds had considerably increased during the last year, and that many seasonable aids had been afforded to some distressed brother members within the same time. We are authorized to mention, that there is now remaining in the hands of the treasurer, in bonds at interest, the sum of 208l. 16s. and in cash, 18l. 15s. 11d.—making in the whole, 227l. 11s. 11d.

New-York, Jan. 18. A London paper of the 30th November, says, "Mr. ELLIOTT, father-in-law to Admiral Digby, is to be the Ambassador to America, with a salary of 3000l. a year."

THE NEW FRENCH FLAG.

The Jack on the bowsprit:—three stripes of equal breadth, and placed vertically; that nearest the Jack-staff, red; that in the middle, white; and the other blue.

The Ensign the same as the Jack in the upper quarter, encompassed with a narrow stripe: one half the length, red, and the other white; the rest of the Ensign white.

The ships of war and merchant ships are to carry the same flag: those of the ships of war are to have in the largest part, the three stripes vertical, red, white, and blue; the rest of the flag to be white: the flag and Ensign will be hoisted on board, as soon as the orders shall be given by the King.

A convention between his Britannic Majesty and the King of Spain, was signed at the Escorial, the 28th of October, 1790.

—APPOINTMENT.—

Abraham Ogden to be Attorney for the United States, in the district of New-Jersey, vice Richard Stockton, resigned.

A CENSUS

A CENSUS of the ELECTORS and INHABITANTS in the State of New-York, taken in the Year 1790, in pursuance of a Law of the said State.

CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW-YORK.

Names of Wards.	Free-holders of 100l.	Free-holders of 20l.	Tenants of 40s.	Free men	Males.	Fe-males.	Slaves.	Total.
North Ward.	173	174	528	0	2001	2333	264	
West Ward.	152	151	479	7	2777	3089	303	
Dock Ward.	86	82	147	0	793	813	248	
East Ward.	225	200	350	1	1572	1567	488	
South Ward.	11	54	253	19	797	845	114	
Out Ward, Bowry Division.	214	215	289	63	2141	2374	304	
Out Ward, Haerlem Division.	40	41	31	0	193	193	115	13,530
Montgomery W.	308	304	584	3	3056	3215	427	14,429
Total.	1209	1221	2661	93	13,330	14,429	2263	30,022
Queen's County.	1274	1397	438	0	6025	6163	2197	
Dutchess County.	2413	2780	1115	0	20445	19919	1871	
Ulster County.	1610	1885	1096	0	12208	11306	2876	
Columbia County.	2070	2534	964	0	13257	12650	1638	
Montgomery. Cy.	1479	2069	1583	0	13850	12182	574	
Washington Cty.	799	1059	514	0	6876	6468	44	
Richmond County	298	274	169	0	1596	1531	801	
King's County.	357	376	148	0	1556	1396	1471	
Orange County.	941	1149	584	0	8119	7654	904	
Albany City and County.	3967	5122	4030	45	37310	34112	3771	152949
Suffolk County.	1511	1827	242	0	7548	7421	1127	145743
Westchester Cty.	1441	1732	1130	0	10831	10512	1398	20935
*Ontario County.								3000
*Clinton County.								1500
Total.	19369	23425	14674	138	152949	145743	20935	324127

* Taken from the returns of the Census made by the United States.

—MARRIAGES.—

In New-York, Mr. George Bor-kinbine, Printer, to Miss Betsey Ogden.—Mr. Peter Van Zandt, to Miss Sarah Janeway.—Mr. John Griggs, to Miss Maria Pell.

In New-Jersey—At New-Brunswick, Mr. John Guest, jun. to Miss Sally Williams.

At Newark, Abijah Hammond, Esq; of this city, to Miss Ogden, daughter of Abraham Ogden, Esq; District Attorney of the United States.

—DEATHS.—

In New-York—In the capital, C. P. Low, Esq—Mr. I. Pinto, aged 70. At Albany, Elardus Weiterlo, D. D. Rector of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of that city.

In South-Carolina—At his plantation, at the Round O, Col. John Sanders.

In North-Carolina—At Newbern, Rev. Dr. Patrick Cleary, a Roman Catholic Priest.

In New-Hampshire, Col. Daniel Poor.

—FOREIGN

—FOREIGN DEATHS.—

At Berlin, his Highness Prince Henry, eldest son of Prince Ferdinand of Prussia.

At the Hague, the Hon. Mr. H.

Fagel, Greffier to their Royal Highnesses the States General of the United Provinces, aged 84, and in the 60th year of his ministry.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS for December, 1790.

Days.	Degrees of Heat by Fahrenheit's Ther.			Prevailing Winds.			Change & Full of Moon.	WEATHER, &c.
	8	2	8	8	2	8		
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.		
1	27	34	31	N.W.	N.W.	N.W.	New.	Clear, clear, clear.
2	32	33	35	W.	N. E.	N. E.		Cloudy, dull, rain.
3	37	36	30	S. W.	N.W.	E.		Rain, cloudy, cloudy.
4	35	38	36	N.W.	S. W.	N.W.		Cloudy, cloudy, clear.
5	27	30	24	N.W.	N.W.	N.W.		Clear, clear, clear.
6	22	30	30	N.W.	N.W.	N.W.		Do. do. do.
7	31	25	22	N.W.	N.W.	N.W.		Cloudy, clear, clear.
8	16	20	17	N.	N.	N.		Clear, clear, clear.
9	14	22	24	N.W.	N.	E.		Clear, cloudy, cloudy.
10	28	34	35	N.	E.	S. E.		Light snow, dull, rain.
11	35	36	36	S. E.	S.	N.	Full.	Rain, rain, rain.
12	37	38	35	N.W.	N.W.	N.W.		Rain, clear, clear.
13	32	35	35	S. W.	S. W.	N.W.		Clear, clear, clear.
14	33	35	30	N.W.	N.W.	N.W.		Cloudy, clear, clear.
15	23	27	28	N.W.	N.W.	N.W.		Clear, clear, clear.
16	24	24	23	N.	N.W.	N.W.		Snow, snow, clear.
17	17	20	17	W.	W.	W.		Clear, clear, clear.
18	12	16	10	N.W.	N.W.	N.W.		Do. do. do.
19	10	16	20	W.	S.	S. W.		Clear, cloudy, cloudy.
20	24	27	28	W.	S.	S. W.		Cloudy, dull, dull.
21	29	30	24	N. E.	N. E.	N.W.		Snow, snow, snow.
22	15	20	20	W.	N.W.	N.W.		Clear, clear, clear.
23	20	29	30	W.	S. W.	S. W.		Do. do. do.
24	26	26	23	N.	N.	N. E.		Do. do. do.
25	23	26	25	N. E.	N. E.	N. E.		Dull, dull, light snow.
26	20	28	27	N.W.	S. E.	W.		Clear, clear, clear.
27	15	22	21	W.	N.W.	W.		Clear, clear, cloudy.
28	16	21	22	W.	S. W.	S. W.		Cloudy, cloudy, clear.
29	22	28	29	S. W.	S. W.	W.		Dull, dull, dull.
30	16	19	19	N.W.	N.W.	W.		Clear, clear, clear.
31	13	15	19	N.	N.	N. E.		Dull, dull, dull.

N. B. The above Observations are made from Fahrenheit's Thermometer, which is constantly in the open air, though guarded from the influence both of the sun and wind.

1522.

His high toned administration created a suspicion that he meant to rule independent of the court of Spain. A commission was sent over to America to examine into his conduct. Cortez took the wise measure of going himself to Spain, to vindicate his character in person, and Charles V. rewarded his innocence by creating him Marquis del Valle de Guaxaca, and granting him a vast territory in New Spain. Dignified with new titles, Cortez returned to Mexico with diminished authority. The military department, with powers to attempt new discoveries, were left in his hands, but the supreme direction of civil affairs was placed in a board, called the *Audience of New Spain*. At a subsequent period, when upon the increase of the colony, the exertion of authority more united and extensive became necessary, Antonio de Mendoza, a nobleman of high rank, was sent thither as *Viceroy*, to take the government into his hands.

Cortez still pursued new schemes of discovery, and in person discovered the large peninsula of California, in 1536, and surveyed the greater part of the gulph which separates it from New Spain. The discovery of a country of such extent, would have reflected credit on a common adventurer; but it could add little new honour to the name of Cortez. Disgusted with ill-success, and the opposition of jealous rivals, he once more (1540) sought redress in his native country.

But his reception there was very different from that which gratitude, and even decency, ought to have secured for him. The merit of his ancient exploits was already, in a great measure, forgotten, or eclipsed by the fame of recent and more valuable conquests in another quarter of America. No service of moment was now expected from a man of declining years, and who began to be unfortunate. The Emperor behaved to him with cold civility; his ministers treated him, sometimes with neglect, sometimes with insolence. His grievances received no redress; his claims were urged without effect; and after several years spent in fruitless application to ministers and judges, an occupation the most irksome and mortifying to a man of high spirit, who had moved in a sphere where he was more accustomed to command than to solicit, Cortez ended his days on the second of December, one thousand five hundred and forty-seven, in the sixty-second year of his age. His fate was the same with that of all the persons who distinguished themselves in the discovery or conquest of the New World. Envied by his cotemporaries, and ill-requited by the court which he served, he has been admired and celebrated by succeeding ages. Which has formed the most just estimate of his character, an impartial consideration of his actions must determine.

Two Augustine Friars, John and Henry, are burned at Brussels for declaring the scriptures to be the only rule of faith.

1523.
July 1.

Several unsuccessful attempts were made this year by the Spaniards, towards the discovery of Peru.

Francis I. King of France, sent John Verrazano, a Florentine, with four ships on discoveries, three of which he left at Madeira,

1524.

K and

1524.

and with the fourth, first landed on the coast of Florida; thence sailing to 50 degrees of north latitude, there he first gave the land the name of *New France*; but he returned home without having planted or left any colony there.

Francisco Pizarro, Diego de Almagro, and Hernando Luque, form an association for the discovery and conquest of Peru. The two former were of obscure birth, but were distinguished soldiers; the latter was an ecclesiastic, who had acted both as priest and schoolmaster at Panama, and had amassed riches which inspired him with thoughts of rising to greater eminence.

Their confederacy was authorized by Pedrarias, the Governor of Panama. Each engaged to employ his whole fortune in the adventure. Pizarro, the least wealthy of the three, as he could not throw so large a sum as his associates into the common stock, engaged to take the department of greatest fatigue and danger, and to command in person the armament which was to go first upon discovery. Almagro offered to conduct the supplies of provisions and reinforcements of troops, of which Pizarro might stand in need. Luque was to remain at Panama, to negotiate with the Governor, and superintend whatever was carrying on for the general interest. As the spirit of enthusiasm uniformly accompanied that of adventure in the New World, and by that strange union both acquired an increase of force, this confederacy, formed by ambition and avarice, was confirmed by the most solemn act of religion. Luque celebrated mass, divided a consecrated host into three, and reserving one part to himself, gave the other two to his associates, of which they partook; and thus, in the name of the Prince of Peace, ratified a contract of which plunder and bloodshed were the objects.

Nov. 14.

With a single vessel of small burden, and a hundred and twelve men Pizarro set sail from Panama. The season of the year was directly against him, a circumstance the Spaniards were yet unacquainted with, and after beating about for 70 days, Pizarro's progress towards the south-east was not greater than what a skilful navigator will now make in as many hours. He touched at several places on the coast of Terra Firma, but found the country every where uninviting. He was at length obliged to abandon that inhospitable coast, and retire to Chuchama, opposite the pearl islands, where he hoped to receive a supply of provisions and troops from Panama.

1525.

June 24.

Here he was joined by Almagro, who had sailed from Panama with a reinforcement of seventy men, in quest of his companion, and after searching the coast as far as the river St. Juan, in the province of Popayan, chance conducted him to the place of Pizarro's retreat.

Stephen Gomez sails this year from the Groyne to Cuba and Florida, and thence to Cape-Razo, in 46° north latitude, in search of a N. W. passage to the East-Indies, and returns to the Groyne in ten months, being the first Spaniard who sailed on these coasts.

Pizarro

Pizarro and Almagro resume their undertaking, the latter having returned to Panama for recruits, and, with great difficulty, obtained about eighty men. After many disasters, part of the armament reached the Bay of St. Matthew, on the coast of Quito, and landing at Tacamez, to the south of the river of Emeralds, beheld a more champaign and fertile country than any they had yet discovered in the Southern Ocean, the natives clad in garments of woollen or cotton stuff, and adorned with trinkets of gold and silver.

Unable, with their small force, to invade so populous a country, they retired to the small island of Gallo, where Pizarro remained with part of the troops, whilst his associate returned to Panama for a reinforcement. Almagro met with an unfavourable reception from Pedro de los Rios, who had succeeded Pedrarias in the government of Panama, who not only prohibited the raising of new levies, but dispatched a vessel to bring home Pizarro and his companions from the island of Gallo.

Pizarro peremptorily refused to obey the Governor's orders, and employed all his address in persuading his men not to abandon him. But the incredible calamities to which they had been exposed were still so recent in their memories, and the thoughts of revisiting their families and friends after a long absence, rushed with such joy into their minds, that when Pizarro drew a line upon the sand with his sword, permitting such as wished to return home to pass over it, only *thirteen* of all the daring veterans in his service had resolution to remain with their commander.

This small band removed to the island of *Gorgona*, as a more secure retreat than Gallo, to wait for supplies from Panama, which Pizarro still trusted his associates would be able to procure. Almagro and Luque at length succeeded by their expostulations and intreaties, and the Governor consented to send a small vessel to their relief.

By this time Pizarro had remained five months with his companions in an island, infamous for the most unhealthy climate in America, and their patience was utterly exhausted, when the arrival of the vessel from Panama revived their hopes. Pizarro easily induced not only his followers, but the crew of the vessel, to resume his former scheme with fresh ardour. On the twentieth day after their departure from Gorgona, they discovered the coast of Peru. After touching at several villages on the coast, they landed at Tumbes, a place of some note, about three degrees south of the line, distinguished for its stately temple, and a palace of *incas*, or sovereigns of the country. There the Spaniards feasted their eyes with the first view of the opulence and civilization of the Peruvian empire. They beheld a country fully peopled, and cultivated with an appearance of regular industry; the natives decently clothed, and possessed of ingenuity so far surpassing the other inhabitants of the New World, as to have the use of tame domestic animals: But what chiefly attracted their notice, was such a shew of gold and silver, not only in the ornaments of their persons and temples, but in several vessels
and

1526. and utensils for common use, formed of the same precious metals, as left no room to doubt that these abounded with profusion in the country.

1527. But with the slender force then under his command, Pizarro could only view the rich country of which he hoped hereafter to obtain possession. Having explored it as far as was requisite to ascertain the importance of the discovery, he procured from the inhabitants, who were astonished at their new visitors, some of their *llamas*, or tame cattle, to which the Spaniards gave the name of sheep, some vessels of gold and silver, as well as some specimens of their other works of ingenuity, and two young men, whom he proposed to instruct in the Castilian language, that they might serve as interpreters in the expedition which he meditated. With these he arrived at Panama, towards the close of the third year from the time of his departure thence. No adventurer of the age suffered hardships, or endured dangers, which equal those to which he was exposed during this long period. The patience with which he endured the one, and the fortitude with which he surmounted the other, exceed whatever is recorded in the history of the New World, where so many romantic displays of those virtues occur.

1528. From the coolness of the Governor of Panama, the associates found it necessary to solicit their sovereign for that assistance which they could not extort from his delegate. With this view, after adjusting among themselves that Pizarro should claim the station of Governor, Almagro that of Lieutenant-Governor, and Luque the dignity of Bishop in the country which they proposed to conquer, they sent Pizarro as their agent to Spain, though their fortunes were now so much exhausted by the repeated efforts which they had made, that they found some difficulty in borrowing the small sum requisite towards equipping him for the voyage.

Pizarro lost no time in repairing to court, where his description of his transactions in the country he had discovered, and the specimens of its productions which he exhibited, made such an impression on Charles and his ministers, that they not only approved of the intended expedition, but seemed to be interested in the success of its leader. Presuming on those dispositions in his favour, Pizarro paid but little attention to the interest of his associates. As the pretensions of Luque did not interfere with his own, he obtained for him the ecclesiastical dignity to which he aspired. For Almagro he claimed only the command of the fortress which should be erected at Tumbez. To himself he secured whatever his boundless ambition could desire. He was appointed Governor, Captain-General, and Adalantado of all the country which he had discovered, and hoped to conquer, with supreme authority, civil and military, and a full right to all the privileges and emoluments usually granted to the adventurers in the New World. His jurisdiction was declared to extend two hundred leagues along the coast to the south of the river St. Jago; to be independent of the governor of Panama;

and



*Dresses of the Women in the Isle of Nio,
one of the Grecian Archipelago.*

T H E
NEW-YORK MAGAZINE;
 O R,
 LITERARY REPOSITORY:

FOR FEBRUARY, 1791.

N U M B E R II.—V O L U M E II.

C O N T A I N I N G,

	Page.		Page.
Explanation of the Plate, &c.	63	Circumstances which attended	
The Club.—No. VIII.	64	the Death of Rousseau,	97
Reflections on the Miseries of Human Life,	67	Philobiblicus.—No. VII.	99
Remarks on the Manufacturing of Maple Sugar,	69	Anecdotes,	104
Universality of the French Language,	72	Arfaces and Ismenia. An Oriental Story,	105
The Scribbler.—No. V.	77	<i>The AMERICAN MUSE.</i>	
Diversing Distresses in a Journey from Vienna to Venice,	79	ORIGINAL.	
On Card-Playing,	82	The Vine and Oak. A Fable,	112
Affecting History of the Count de Peltzer,	83	The Frontier Song,	113
The right Constitution of a Commonwealth examined,	84	Epithalamium,	ibid
The Fiery Ordeal,	89	Elegy on Miss Cornelia Remsen,	114
Present State of the American Nation,	ibid	Address to a Miniature Profile,	115
Advice to the Fair Sex,	92	SELECTED.	
Reflections on the Velocity of the Motion of Bodies,	94	Lines on Major Wyllys,	ibid
		Intelligence,	117
		Appointments,	119
		Marriages,	ibid
		Deaths,	120
		Meteorological Observations,	ibid

To which is subjoined,

The AMERICAN CHRONOLOGY.

Ornamented with a Copper-Plate Engraving, representing the *Dresses* of the Women in the Island of *Nip*, one of the *Grecian Archipelago*.

NEW-YORK: PRINTED BY THOMAS AND JAMES SWORDS,
 N^o. 43, CROWN, NEAR SMITH STREET.
 M,DCC,XCI.

—Notes to Correspondents.—

The Editors are happy in acknowledging the receipt of a view and description of West-Point, and of a view of the seat of Henry Livingston, Esq; at Poughkeepsie. The ingenious correspondent who furnished these, is entitled to their best thanks, and his offer of further assistance in this way is gladly accepted. A description of the last mentioned view would considerably add to the favour.—The view of West-Point, coming to hand too late for this month, shall be given in our next number.

Philander, on friendship, came too late for insertion in this month's Magazine, but is reserved for publication hereafter.

Juvenis, No. XIII. also came too late. This piece shall appear in our next Magazine.

Several other communications have been received—Some are under consideration, while others, too incorrect for publication, are laid aside. Of these, the following poetical production under the signature of *Dayman*, may serve as no improper specimen.—

To Clayrender setten in a winder.

Loffy Cretur wen de Sun
Wontons oer you wid his beme,
You smile wid Joy.—my lukes alone,
Abnoxious ar—woud I war hym.

✎ Our correspondents are again solicited to be early with their favours, as on *that* depends, in a great measure, their appearance in the number for which they are sent.

T H E
NEW-YORK MAGAZINE;
O R,
LITERARY REPOSITORY:
FOR FEBRUARY, 1791.

EXPLANATION of the annexed PLATE, representing the Dress of the Grecian Women in the Island NIO, one of the Cyclades.

THE island Nio, anciently called Ios, from being first planted by a colony of Ionians, and celebrated as the burial-place of Homer, lies between Naxi to the north, Armago to the east, Santorino to the south, and Skino to the west. It is about 35 miles in circumference, and is fertile in corn, but has very little wood or oil. A few years ago, a Dutch officer in the Russian service, who had occasion to visit this island, from the finding some antique marbles, persuaded himself that he had discovered the tomb of Homer; but as we have heard no more about it, there is reason to suppose he has renounced the pretension.

The dress of the women of Nio is far from being disagreeable. They wear only a plain waistcoat, which shews their shape without any constraint; and their petticoats are short enough to bring their modesty in question, if this circumstance is not considered as an indication of the purity of their manners: but though they are not able to indulge much in the articles of dress, they nevertheless do not violate the general rules of decency.

The regular manners and behaviour of these islanders, one among another, with their kind treatment of strangers, revives an idea of the simplicity of the primitive ages. Men, women, and children appear eager to do any good offices for travellers, without permitting their servants to share in their diligence. This benevolent disposition is without any mixture of impertinent curiosity or interest, but is the genuine remains of ancient hospitality. An ingenious gentleman who was lately on the island experienced the truth of this representation. He could not prevail on any of them to accept the least pecuniary recompence for their trouble; they only required an attestation of the welcome he received, their character in this respect seeming to be what these honest people chiefly prided themselves in. It may be truly affirmed, that hospitality is the point of honour in the east; and that this virtue is constitutional in the Greeks: since we find it in modern, as well as in remote times, under their tyrannical government as well as in their republican ages; under the Christian and Mahometan faiths, as well as under Paganism. The Greeks inherit hospitality from their ancestors; the Turks derive it from their religion.

For

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

THE CLUB.—No. VIII.

"The most troublesome fools are those who are such by system."

IT is a rule of the Club to which I belong, that each member may introduce one friend who is not a member. By this regulation we become acquainted with many new characters, and diversify the scene of our amusement. The other evening TIMOTHY QUILLER was invited as a guest, and as he is not remarkable for his taciturnity, I had a fair opportunity of scrutinizing what manner of a man he is. Before I make any comments upon his qualifications, perhaps I should tell the reader that, with many people, Timothy passes for a very good sort of a man. I have even found some of his acquaintance who puff him off as a person of learning and ingenuity. It would not indeed, surprize me, if some people, congenial with himself, should confer on him the appellation of philosopher. However just any or all such encomiums may be, I must, for my part, be excused, if I say he is a very troublesome companion at a club.

TIMOTHY is one of that description of folks who pretend to do every thing by rule. There is no act so unimportant, but he will throw an air of system about it. He attempts to give a reason, scientifically, for his most trivial habits, and thinks it a great point gained, when he can move under the sanction of a proverb. I should not object to him merely on this account, but might perhaps commend him for it, if his attention to little niceties did not prevent him from maturing his reflections, on more interesting occasions. But it happens, that with a most scrupulous care to avoid mistakes, in situations where they could do no hurt, he is not more exact than men in general in per-

forming the important duties of life. With a mind eager in the pursuit of knowledge, he has not discernment to select the useful from the frivolous, or to know that there is any difference between quackery and real science. In his manners he affects a singularity, which I do not impute to pride, but to his long indulging a belief that every action should be conformable to some fixed rule of conduct. The rules he has formed are applied, in innumerable instances, where it is immaterial how a man acts. And in this manner, customs and opinions, which to other people appear indifferent, are matters which occupy many serious thoughts with Timothy.

But to come to particulars: When he entered the room, the gentleman at whose house we were, offered to take his hat and put it on the table, where the rest of our hats were lying. Our guest however refused to surrender his hat, and gazed about the room to find a nail to hang it on, alledging, *that early in life he made it a rule never to lay his hat on a table.* There being no nail to be seen, Timothy was obliged to hold his hat in his hand. In the course of the evening I observed him mixing some spirit and water in a tumbler. He had a particular mode of doing this, which drew the attention of the company upon him. I must tell the reader how it was done, and the reason Timothy gave for doing it so. He first poured water into the tumbler nearly half full, then put the spirit in it, and finally filled it up with water. After drinking he looked about, as if he had done a very discreet thing, and addressing himself to me, remarked, "that he always made it a rule,

rule, in cases where judicious men differed, to take some middle point between, as the most likely to be founded in reason. Now some of you," said he, "first pour spirit into the tumbler, and then the water, while others reverse the custom. I know not which of you take the best method, and with respect to myself I deem it the safest practice to split the difference, and therefore I mix my liquor in the manner you noticed, by putting water both below and above the spirit. The light parts of the brandy will ascend, the heavy parts descend, and the mixture be thus rendered complete."

I found Timothy so expert in the management of logic, that I was induced to touch him a little upon his notions in politics and morality. It was easy to see his views of *system-making* did not embrace any points that required depth of reflection. His long string of rules relate chiefly to those cases, where most people act without any rule, and where none can be adopted without making a man ridiculous and troublesome. I should have no occasion to decry the merit of this child of Quixotism, if the air of gravity he assumes did not beguile many of his friends into a belief, that he is a man of useful attainments. Perhaps no character could more exactly hit the idea of my motto, that *no fools are so troublesome as those which are such by system*. It can be no proof of sagacity for a man to frame maxims in matters, about which the general run of mankind are indifferent. Those frivolous philosophers, who attempt to give a rational cause for all the minute parts of their conduct, do but substitute sound for substance, and prefer the bark to the pith of virtue and science. A man of dull perception, and scanty intellects, can never maintain a station among true philosophers. He may catch some fragments of their

principles, but he will only make himself silly and vexatious, by adopting them as his own. Weak men may imitate the conduct of the wise, but they cannot breathe their spirit, or comprehend their theories.

I must not forget to tell the reader, that, while we were at supper, the master of the house civilly asked Timothy to take a glass of wine with him; but he, with a look of gravity, replied, "Sir, I make it a rule never to drink till I have done eating."—This reply led to a curious discussion of the subject; but he could neither be reasoned or ridiculed out of the whim. Many singularities of this sort distinguish Timothy from the rest of mankind, and make him alternately the wonder of fools, and the sport of wise men. He is incessantly prattling about great and learned authors, and can cite the doctrines of many illustrious sages. But all his information contributes to encrease his folly and inutility. It unfortunately happens that his memory is retentive, and that he is very diligent at his books. His attention has been employed, either in forming conjectures about things which have no real existence, or upon such minute objects and trivial occurrences as do relate to matter of fact. The multiplication of ideas, with such a man, does not increase his stock of useful science. His mind will be filled, either with the images of fiction and absurdity, or, with that inferior sort of knowledge, which cannot compensate the pains of acquiring it, and which deserves to be forgotten, as being applicable to no important purpose.

In looking over a file of newspapers, the other day, I met with an essay that contains some general remarks upon characters, something like the one I am describing. It seemed to be the object of the writer of that essay, to lament that some men will
be

be making themselves greater fools, than nature intended they should be, by endeavouring to make themselves wiser. Timothy is liable to a charge of this nature; and though he has not force of talents ever to become respectable in politics or literature, his capacity is nevertheless not so defective, but he might move in the ordinary spheres of life without ridicule or reproach. All his misfortunes seem to flow from an insatiable desire to be characterised as a philosopher. His understanding, when brought into a conspicuous view, exposes its defects. If he could content himself in an humble station, it would not be suspected that his abilities were of a slender cast, because they would not be tried by a critical standard. While men will wear away their time in trivial studies, or in those which do not assimilate with the bent of their capacity, they can never acquire any solid reputation, or make themselves useful to society, any more than if they were shackled by a natural weakness of understanding. The essay to which I have before alluded has the following remarks:—

“There are some minds that are naturally so weak or wrong-grained, that every attempt to improve them seems only to increase their inherent imperfections. When a man of this stamp is destined to a laborious occupation, his mental crookedness and defects are so concealed, that he may be a fool all his life, without giving any striking demonstrations of his folly. But should it so happen that he is born to better fortune, as he will call it, he will go on, diverging further and further from reason and propriety as long as he lives. We will suppose his time devoted to literary researches. In commencing his education, he sets out with some vulgar prejudice he had imbibed in his infancy, and the fallacy of which his mind is too weak to detect. Every

step he takes in learning is only calculated to render his folly and weakness more visible. That knowledge which is founded in the reason and nature of things, does not assimilate with his former impressions. Thro’ the whole tenor of his life, his mind seems biassed, both from nature and habit, against the reception of truth. There is a propensity in his understanding to distort or adulterate every idea upon which it is exercised. His discernment is so defective, that every error he adopts, from prejudice or caprice, becomes a perpetual one. It is incredible what a mass of incongruous opinions, and ill-formed images, can enter into a single mind, where there is not natural sagacity to correct false impressions by experience. If such men are laughed out of some follies, they are duped into many others, and every new turn becomes worse than the last. Their want of penetration unavoidably directs them to a bad choice of examples. Truth always eludes their search. As such men never judge right of any thing they observe, it is obvious, that the less they see, or the less they know, the less deformed does their understanding appear.—Where such an imbecility or obliquity of judgment is deeply rooted in nature, I question whether it admits of any remedy. Obscurity may hide it, but study and observation can never improve it to any honourable or useful purpose.”

Though I recommend it to Timothy to attend to the foregoing remarks, I do not place him among those hopeless characters who can never attain any valuable knowledge. Timothy has, in fact, acquired much important information. But his science is so alloyed with false or frivolous notions, that it seldom passes current, when brought to a true test of observation. As he loves study, and has been at the expence of purchasing

chasing a library, I should suppose he need not debar himself from reading, though he has hitherto misapplied his time in that way. All the restrictions I would impose upon him are, that he should confine his reading to plain matters of fact, and never un-

dertake to draw inferences, or make comparisons. He may safely trust to his memory, if he will cautiously avoid any flights of imagination, and confess himself incapable of forming a rational combination of ideas.

Z.

Reflections on the Miseries of Human Life: and the Virtue of Humanity inculcated by a striking Example.

AMIDST the miseries to which human life is liable, nothing is so generally dreaded as poverty, since it exposes mankind to distresses that are but little pitied, and to the contempt of those who have no natural endowments superior to our own. Every other difficulty or danger a man is enabled to encounter with courage and alacrity, because he knows that his success will meet with applause, for bravery will always find its admirers; but in poverty every virtue is obscured, and no conduct can entirely secure a man from reproach. Cheerfulness, as an admirable author observes, is here insensibility; and dejection, sullenness; its hardships are without honour, and its labours without reward. Notwithstanding this, there is perhaps no station more favourable to the growth of virtue, where the seeds of it are previously planted in the mind. The poor man is, from his situation, cut off from a thousand temptations to vice; and that levity and dissipation of thought, which are the common attendants of ease and affluence, are obliged to give way to the steady exercise of reason and cool reflection, which are as closely connected with wisdom, as vice with folly. But when poverty is felt in its utmost extreme, it then becomes excessively dangerous, and some deviations from rectitude are with difficulty avoided.

The man who can support with courage the proud man's contumely, may shrink at the prospect of a prison; and he who can cheerfully feed on the coarsest viands, will perhaps

be unable to resist the important solicitations of hunger, to deviate from the strait road of equity, where it leads through a barren waste, and where there are fruits at a distance to tempt his approach. Where this is the case, we must pity the unhappy wretch who is unable to withstand the power of such temptations—temptations that may be doubled by the multiplied distress of seeing a family ready to perish.

The learned and pious Boerhave observes, "that he never saw a criminal carried to execution without asking his own heart, who knows whether this man is not less guilty than I?" Were all mankind to ask the same question, justice would frequently be executed with less rigour, and perhaps the malefactor would be restored to virtue by the hand of mercy, stretched out to his relief, instead of being deprived of life for a crime which perhaps few would have been able in the same circumstances to withstand.

I cannot here forbear illustrating these remarks, by relating a passage in the life of Mons. de Sallo, a gentleman to whom the literary world is obliged for the invention of the journals or reviews of the works of the learned, in all parts where letters are cultivated. This passage I shall take from the lives of the eminent French writers. 'In the year 1662, when Paris was afflicted with a long and severe famine, Mons. de Sallo returning from a summer evening's walk with only a little footboy, was accosted by a man, who presented a pistol, and in a manner far.

far from the resolution of a hardened robber, asked him for his money. M. de Sallo observing that he came to the wrong man, and that he could get but little from him, added, 'I have only three pistoles about me, which are not worth a scuffle; so, much good may do you with them, but let me tell you, you are in a bad way.' The man took them, and without asking him for more, walked off with an air of dejection and terror. The fellow was no sooner gone, than Monf. de Sallo ordered his boy to follow him, to see where he went, and to give him an account of every thing. The lad obeyed, and followed him through several obscure streets, and at length saw him enter a baker's shop, where he observed him change one of the pistoles, and buy a large brown loaf. With this purchase he went a few doors further, and entering an alley, ascended a pair of stairs. The boy crept up after him to the fourth story, where he saw him go into a room that had no other light but what is received from the moon, and through a crevice perceived him throw the loaf on the floor, and burst into tears, saying, 'There, eat your fill—that's the dearest loaf I ever bought—I have robbed a gentleman of three pistoles; let us husband them well, and let me have no more teasings, for, soon or late, these doings must bring me to the gallows, and all to satisfy your clamours.' His lamentations were answered by those of the whole family; and his wife having at length calmed the agony of his mind, took up the loaf, and cutting it, gave pieces to four poor starving children.

The boy having thus happily performed his commission, returned home, and gave his master an account of every thing he had seen and heard. M. de Sallo, who was much moved, ordered the boy to call him early in the morning. This humane gentleman arose at the time appointed, and taking the boy with him to shew him the way, enquired in the neighbour-

hood the character of the man who lived in such a garret, with a wife and four children; when he was told that he was a very industrious good kind of a man; that he was a shoemaker, and a neat workman, but was overburdened with a family, and had a hard struggle to live in such bad times.

Satisfied with this account, Monf. de Sallo ascended to the shoemaker's garret, and knocking at the door, it was opened by the poor man himself, who knowing him at first sight to be the person he had robbed the evening before, fell at his feet and implored his mercy, pleading the distress of his family, and begging he would forgive his first crime. M. de Sallo desired him to make no noise, for he had not the least intention to hurt him. 'You have a good character among your neighbours,' said he, 'but must expect that your life will be soon cut short, if you are so wicked as to continue the freedom you took with me. Hold your hand—here are thirty pistoles to buy leather, husband them well, and set your children a commendable example. To put you out of farther temptation to commit such ruinous and fatal actions, I will encourage your industry; I hear you are a neat workman, and you shall take measure of me and this boy for two pair of shoes each, and he shall call upon you for them.' The whole family appeared struck with joy, amazement and gratitude, and Monf. de Sallo departed greatly moved, and with a mind filled with satisfaction at having saved a man, and perhaps a family, from an ignominious death, and perhaps eternal perdition.—Never was a day much better begun: the consciousness of having performed such an action, whenever it recurs to the mind of a reasonable being, must be attended with pleasure, and that self complacency, and secret approbation, which are more desirable than gold, and all the pleasures of the earth.

Remarks

Remarks on the Manufacturing of MAPLE SUGAR; with Directions for its further Improvement. Collected from the best Improvements, by a Society of Gentlemen in Philadelphia, and published for the Benefit and Information of the Citizens of the United States.

[Continued from page 37, and concluded.]

Process or mode of manufacturing the Sap of the Maple, which, by further experience and close observation, may probably hereafter admit of considerable improvement.

SEASON for tapping. By trials made in the month of February, it will readily be discovered when this valuable tree ought to be bored, for the purpose of extracting the sap, as in that month, either earlier or later, according to the season, it generally begins to yield a sufficient quantity for commencing the business.

Tapping or boring. Four hundred trees, each tree bored with two holes, as nearly as may be on the south side; and also with two holes on the north side of the tree, in the early part of the season, with screw augers from two to four quarters of an inch, according to the size of the tree; and toward the middle of the season, a like number of trees to be bored in the same manner, is recommended as a better mode for the management of four hands, than if the whole number of eight hundred trees were tapped at the first running of the sap. The sap of the second parcel tapped will be found richer, and more productive, than if a part had been extracted earlier. The auger should enter the tree, at first, not more than three quarters of an inch; the holes may, at several times, be deepened to the extent of two inches and an half, as the manner of the sap's running may render necessary. The hole should be made slanting or descending, so that the sap may run freely in frosty weather, and not, by a slow motion, be liable to freeze in the mouth of the orifice. In these holes, spouts should be fixed, to project from the tree, from eight to twelve inches, and not to enter the tree more than

about half inch; as the farther they enter, the more the running of the sap is obstructed: they should be prepared in readiness for the season, of elder or sumach.

Preserving the sap. It is observed, that in the early part of the season, the sap will keep two or three days without injury; but as the spring advances, and the frost becomes less intense, it will be necessary to boil the sap the day after it is collected, or it may ferment and sour.

Lime. To every half-barrel, or fifteen gallon kettle, a table spoonful of slacked lime, should be put in, while the sap is warming, and before it boils; this promotes the rising of the scum and forming of the grain.

Boiling. A smart fire should be kept up, while the sap is boiling, and the watery part evaporating. As the scum rises to the top, be careful to skim it off. When the liquor is reduced one half in quantity, lade the second kettle from the end into the end one; and when the contents of three or four kettles can be contained in one, then let the whole be laded into that, at the end, filling up the empty kettles, without delay, with fresh sap. As the liquor in the end-kettle, removed from those which have been mentioned, becomes a syrup, it should be strained through a good blanket or woollen cloth, and care must be taken not to suffer it to boil so long as to be too thick to be strained in this manner: it should, when thus cleansed from its impurities, stand in buckets or other suitable vessels, twelve hours or more,

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 2.

K that

that the particles of lime, and other remaining sediment, may settle to the bottom; after which it should be so gently poured off into a kettle or boiler, as not to carry with it any of these settlings. However, they need not be wholly lost; they will mostly contain a considerable quantity of sugar or syrup: by pouring fresh sap on them, stirring them well together, and suffering them to stand a while to settle, a great part of the valuable sweets contained in such sediment may be saved. It may be further noted, that when the sap is weak, which is generally the case towards the latter part of the season, it requires more boiling, and a higher proof than that collected earlier and of greater strength.

N. B. The method above described was pursued in the last year, and appeared to answer well; it is nevertheless believed, by a judicious sugar-boiler, that it would be best to avoid letting the syrup stand twelve hours after being strained through a blanket: When the process is begun, the sooner it is completed, in his opinion, the better; the design of its so standing, for twelve hours, being chiefly intended to give sufficient time for the particles of lime, and other sediment, to collect at the bottom of the kettle. It is proposed that lime should be mixed with a quantity of fresh sap, in the evening, and be well stirred; the large particles of lime, in this case, will be likely to subside before morning, and the clear sap so impregnated may be mixed, the next morning, in proper proportions, in the several kettles; observing, however, that in this mode, more lime will be necessary, as less of its strength will be extracted by cold than by hot water.

Graining. The syrup, having stood twelve hours or upwards, is then to be gently poured into a kettle or boiler, as above mentioned, which would

be best placed over a fire made of charcoal, as before hinted, unless the kettle is so fixed in a furnace, or in such a situation that the flame can be confined to the bottom, for if it be suffered to pass on the sides, it endangers the syrup's being burned: This operation should also be performed with a smart fire, to be uniformly and equally kept up; in which, as well as in boiling the green sap, the use of butter, hog's-lard, or other fat, is not only very useful and advantageous, but absolutely necessary. When, in the course of boiling, the sap rises towards the top, a piece of fat, equal in size to a small nutmeg, thrown in, will keep it down. Particular care should be taken to prevent, by these means, the rising of the syrup when graining, which may require a larger proportion of butter, &c. It is found that the evaporation is much more expeditious, and it is believed that the quantity of sugar made, is larger when a careful guard is kept up to prevent the sap, and particularly the syrup, when graining, from rising, by the timely introduction of a piece of fat, as above described. To form a judgment, *when* the syrup is sufficiently boiled, take out, with quickness, the stirring stick, which is constantly kept in the boiler, for the purpose of taking the proof, rub some of the syrup off the lower end of it with the thumb, and if on applying the finger thereto, it draws into a thread, it may be deemed in a proper state to be laded into a tub or cooler. Then it should be forthwith stirred, and that incessantly, with a *stirring stick*, about three inches broad, until the grain can be felt between the finger and thumb, when it is in a fit state to be poured into the moulds. The managing a sugar-works in the West-Indies, and in the refining-houses in North-America, has been found to require much judgment and experience to conduct the

the business to the best advantage; indeed, it seems hardly possible to communicate to persons who have little knowledge of the matter, and in terms clearly to be understood, full information, as to the different appearances of the syrup, in the time of boiling, and to point out the moment when some material movements or changes ought to be made; nevertheless, from the foregoing hints and directions, which are grounded on observation and experience, it is hoped much use may be derived, and that from year to year greater advances and improvements may be made in this valuable business.

Claying or exhibiting the sugar. To promote the molasses passing more freely from the sugar, when draining in the moulds, and to improve its colour, in two or three days after the moulds are unstopped at the lower end, mix white clay with water, so as to reduce it to a thin mortar; with this cover the top of the moulds one inch and a half thick; when this covering appears dry, remove it, and supply the place with a fresh covering of about two inches thick.

Although it is apprehended the use of clay, as above set forth, particularly in the latter part of the season, will be found beneficial, it may, however, be prudent to continue or decline the practice, according to the effect or use it appears to be of, on a careful trial: the quantity of clay must be proportioned to the manner in which the sugar has been boiled; if high boiled, it will require much more clay than if boiled low. It is also thought that the use of clay lessens the quantity of sugar, perhaps one fifth part, and may be more or less, according to the knowledge of the person who undertakes the business. And it may be further remarked, that if the quantity of sugar be lessened in weight, by claying, *one fifth part*, it is not to be concluded

that the whole of this fifth part will be lost; there will be more syrup than there otherwise would have been, independent of the water from the clay that passes through the sugar.

Molasses and vinegar. When the trees of the second tapping become poor, in quantity and quality, which may be about the 10th of April, or perhaps sooner, then a number of fresh tapped trees will yield a sap, of which may be made good molasses, and also excellent vinegar.

In all sugar plantations, it will be advantageous to cut out the different sorts of timber which grow intermixed with the sugar-maple, and even those of that species which are not thriving, promising trees. The timber so cut out, will serve for fuel, for the rays of the sun to enter, which will have a tendency to improve and enrich the remaining trees. The ground so cleared of all except the maple-tree, it has been observed, is particularly favourable for pasture and the growth of grass. "Whether this tree is injured or impoverished by repeated tapplings," is an enquiry to be expected, and has been frequently made of late by persons who have anxiously wished for the success of this business. It has been before observed, that it will bear much hardship and abuse, and it may be added, that there are instances, particularly among the old settlements on the North-River, of trees which have been tapped for fifty years or upwards, and continue to yield their sap in the season, equal to any brought into use of later time; indeed, it is asserted with confidence, by persons who have had some years experience, that these trees, by use, become more valuable, yielding a sap of a richer quality. How far a careful cultivation of them, the stirring and manuring the soil in which they stand; may improve their value, remains to be ascertained in future, though it may be expected that

that this, like almost all other trees and plants, may, from a natural state, be greatly and essentially improved by the hand of art. Experiments, therefore, will not be unworthy the attention of those citizens situated in the more interior parts of the states: if it shall, thereby, be found that these trees can be readily propagated; either from the seed or young plants,

and be brought to thrive, so as to be equal in their product, if not superior, to those which have been strewed over the country, without the aid of man. To what an extent of cultivation may not this lead! There will be no risk or disadvantage attending the experiment; and it certainly deserves encouragement.

Of the Universality of the FRENCH LANGUAGE. A Discourse which gained the Prize at the Academy of Berlin; with this Motto:

Tu regere eloquio populos, O Galle, memento.

By M. le Comte de RIVAROL.

"What has rendered the French language universal?"

"Does it deserve this pre-eminence?"

"Is there reason to suppose that it will preserve it?"

SUCH is the subject of the prize offered by the Academy of Berlin. It is truly new, and at the same time very glorious for the French nation. It is still more fortunate that they are strangers who institute the enquiry.

The orator sets out with the proposition, that Europe, towards the sixteenth century, having become in some degree an immense republic, had need of a common language for its different states. This idea is just; but might it not be objected, that the Latin tongue has for a long time been in possession of this kind of universality? Might it not have been necessary to show, that the discoveries of the moderns, the changes which most of them have introduced in our customs, in our arts, and above all, in our art military, have rendered this language insufficient.

In other respects, we are somewhat repaid for this neglect, by the ingenious and luminous details, into which M. le Comte de Rivarol enters with regard to the German, the Spanish, and the Italian languages. He demonstrates, that the choice of Europe could not have fallen upon

any of these three languages; and deduces, not only from their genius, but also from the fortune and character of the nations who speak them, the proofs with which he supports this assertion. Neither its emperors, nor its writers, nor even its situation, have bestowed reputation upon the language of Germany, too harsh, and too distant from the ancient languages, ever to obtain of itself the ascendant. The darkness which succeeded the passing splendour of the Spanish monarchy, the few writings that have obtained a general celebrity of which it can boast, and the pomp of its idiom, have proved fatal to this last also. In vain did Italy boast of the inheritance, and of the revival, of the arts. The name of Rome, a flourishing literature, could not triumph over the obstacles which opposed the universality of its language; on one hand, the multitude, the weakness of its governments, and the troubles of Europe; on the other, the opposing weight of the Latin, the sudden alteration which good taste there experienced, and the too great importance which twenty little states gave to their different dialects.

"In

"In fine, the very character of the Italian tongue," says the orator, "was the circumstance which removed it farthest from universality. Every body knows how great a difference there is between Italian prose and Italian poetry; but what is astonishing, is, that their verse has really more harshness, or, to express myself better, less softness and elegance, than the prose. The laws of metre and harmony have forced the poet to retrench the words; and from these frequent synopses has arisen a separate language, which, besides the harshness of its inversions, has a movement more rapid and firmer; but the prose, composed of words of which every letter is pronounced, and flowing always in full sounds, proceeds with too much slowness. Its most splendid sounds are monotonous: the ear is tired with its sweetness, the tongue palls with its softness; which may arise from this, that, every word being in itself harmonious, the harmony of the whole is of no avail. The most vigorous thought is enfeebled when expressed in the prose of Italy. It is frequently ridiculous, and almost insupportable in the mouth of a man, because it deprives him of that firmness which ought ever to be inseparable from his character. Like the German, it has forms of ceremony inimical to conversation, and which do not inspire us with a favourable enough opinion of mankind. In it, one is always reduced to the disagreeable alternative of tiring a man, or of insulting him. In a word, it seems difficult to be easy in this language, and the most simple assertion requires to be strengthened by an oath. Such are the defects of the Italian prose, otherwise so rich and so flexible. Now it is its prose which confers the empire upon a language, because it is common every where; poetry is only an object of luxury. Spite of all this, however, we easily

perceive, that the country of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Tasso, can never be without honour. It is in this fortunate climate that the most melodious of languages has been united with the music of angels, and this alliance secures them an eternal sway. Thither it is that the master-pieces of ancient and modern times, and the beauty of the climate, attract the traveller; and there that the affinity of the Tuscan and Latin tongues makes us pass with transport from the *Aeneid* to the *Gierusalemme*. Italy, surrounded with powers which humble her, has always preserved the right of charming them; and without doubt, had not the French and English literature overwhelmed her's, Europe would to this day have bestowed still more homage upon a country *which has twice been the mother of the arts.*"

Subsequent to this picture of the nations, M. de Rivarol bestows some consideration on the metaphysics of languages. Their common origin appears to him to be reduced to two principles, *sensation* and *reasoning*. The nature of the climate, that of the government, every thing which has an influence upon the people, has an influence also upon the language, and constitutes what is called its genius. This short digression joins to the merit of throwing greater light upon the work, that also of affording an agreeable relaxation to the mind of the reader from the multiplied objects which he has just surveyed. It is scarcely possible to express in a clearer manner metaphysical ideas often very subtle. We shall give as an example this little extract upon the question, "Whether thought can exist without speech?"

"Doubtless not," replies the author. "Man being a machine exceedingly harmonious, could not be thrown into the world without establishing to himself there a crowd of relations."

relations. The mere presence of objects has given him sensations, which are our most simple ideas, and which soon brought reasonings in their train. He has from the very first felt pleasure and pain, and he has given names to them; afterwards he has known truth and falsehood, and named them likewise. Now sensation and reasoning make up the composition of man. The child must feel before he speaks: but he must speak before he thinks. Had not man invented signs, his ideas simple and transient, disclosing themselves and perishing by turns, would have left no more traces in his brain, than the waters of the passing stream leave in his eyes. But the simple idea first demanded the sign, and the sign in its turn fertilized the idea; every word has fixed its own particular idea; and such is their association, that if speech is a thought which manifests itself, thought must be an internal and concealed speech. The man who speaks, then, is the man who thinks aloud; and if we can judge of him by his words, we may also judge of a nation by its language. The form and matter of the works of which each people boasts, contributes nothing to this; it is from the character and the genius of their language that we must pronounce; for almost every writer follows rules and models, but a whole nation speaks after its own genius."

What more ingenious too than the following reflections! "If languages are like nations, it is also equally true, that words are like men. Those who in a society have a family and extensive alliances, have likewise a more certain establishment, and a more fixed foundation. It is thus that words which have numerous derivations, and which hold of many others, are the principle words of a language, and will never grow obsolete; while those which stand by themselves, or without connection, fall, like men,

without recommendation and without support. To finish the parallel, we may say, that neither one nor other of them are of any consideration but while they are in their proper place."

It remained for the author to prove, that the English has not been fitter than the three languages already considered, to determine the choice of Europe. The orator institutes a comparison of great length betwixt England and France: and from this parallel it results, that as far as the character of our neighbours, their country, and their language, must, on the one hand, have offended other nations, so far on the other must we, in the same degree, have conciliated for every thing which belongs to us, the esteem and the confidence which we have inspired. One cannot read, without feeling ourselves interested, the following extract, which makes part of the comparison of which we speak.

"The Englishman, dry and silent, joins to the embarrassment and timidity of the man of the north, an impatience, a disgust at every thing which even proceeds often the length of life: the Frenchman has a salliness of gaiety which never abandons him; and under whatever different form the government of either the one or other has been administered, they have never lost their first impression. The Frenchman views the pleasantest side of this world; the Englishman seems always to assist at a drama; so that what was said of the Spartans and Athenians, may be taken here literally; it is equally idle to endeavour to tire a Frenchman, and to divert an Englishman. The latter travels in order to be seen; the Frenchman, to see and be seen. Few travelled to Lacedemon, except to study its government; but the Frenchman, visited by all nations, may believe himself dispensed from travelling among them,

them, as well as from learning their languages, since he finds his own every where. In England, the men live much among themselves: thus the women, who have not quitted the domestic tribunal, cannot enter into the picture of the nation; but it would be to draw the French only in profile, if the picture were made up without them; it is from their vices and ours, from the politeness of the men, and the coquetry of the women, that the gallantry betwixt the two sexes has arisen, which corrupts each in their turn, and which bestows upon corruption itself forms so brilliant and so amiable. Without the cunning which they reproach in the people of the south, or the excessive simplicity of those of the north, France has politeness and grace; and not only has she grace and politeness, but it is she who furnishes the models of them in manners, in fashions, and in dress. Her fickleness never gives Europe time to be tired with her. It is to please always, that the Frenchman changes always: it is in order not to displease himself too much, that the Englishman is obliged to change. The Frenchman never quits life but when he can no longer keep it; the Englishman, when he can no longer endure it. *They reproach us with impudence and folly; but we have drawn more advantage from them, than our enemies from their pblegia and their haughtiness.* Politeness reconciles those whom vanity has shocked; but no composition can be made with pride. There are many moments in which the Frenchman might pay with his society; but an Englishman must always pay with his money, or with the credit of his nation. In short, if it is possible that the Frenchman has not acquired so many graces, and so much taste, but at the expence of his morals; it is also very possible, that the English-

man may have lost his, without acquiring either taste or the graces."

We see the character of nations and the genius of their language advancing always with equal steps. The great writers of the age of Louis the Fourteenth consecrated the French language, and spread it over all Europe. The same of the English writers at this time was much inferior. With us the productions of industry were joined to those of genius. "Fashions and modes accompanied our best books into foreign nations, because they wished every where to be equally reasonable, and at the same time equally frivolous as the French. It happened thus that our neighbours, receiving constantly furniture, stuffs, and fashions, which were constantly changing, wanted terms to express them, they were as if overwhelmed with the exuberance of French industry; so much that a kind of general impatience seized upon Europe; and to be no longer separated from us, they studied our language on all sides." Since that time, France has continued to give a theatre, dress, taste, manners, language, a new art of life, and enjoyments unknown to the states which surround it. A species of sovereignty which no people has hitherto exercised. The superior power of Louis the Fourteenth contributed much to this. Our language reigned, like him, in every treaty; and when he ceased to dictate laws, it preserved so completely the supremacy he had acquired, that it was in that same language, the organ of his former despotism, that this prince was humbled towards the end of his days. His prosperity, his faults, and his misfortunes, were of equal service to the language: it enriched itself, at the revocation of the edict of Nantz, with all which the state had lost. The refugees carried into the north their

their hatred to the prince, and their sentiments of regret for their country; and these sentiments of regret, and this hatred, vented themselves in French." Towards the end of the reign, the English seemed to obtain great success in different kinds. Pope, Addison, Dryden, enriched their language and their literature; the enthusiasm for Milton and Shakespeare revived; Locke and Newton reigned over philosophers. But the choice of a language was already made; and though it had not, it is probable the English would not have been adopted. The situation of England does not allure travellers; besides the language has most of the faults of the German.

M. de Rivarol, we see, takes advantage, in the most happy manner, of all the means which the age of Louis the Fourteenth presented to him, with regard to politics and the arts; but he has neglected one feature of the difference which exists betwixt the English literature and ours: he does not say a single word of the influence which their tumults, the interest of the moment, and their popular divisions, have had upon the first; while the second, moulded constantly upon the master-pieces of antiquity, and generalizing its productions, has merited by this to become the literature of mankind. It depends, indeed, upon other differences no less essential.

"I confess," says he, "that the English literature presents monuments of depth and elevation which will be the eternal honour of human genius; and yet their books are not become the books of all mankind. They have not quitted certain hands; and efforts and precautions have been necessary to prevent us from being deterred by their very appearance and foreign taste. Accustomed to the immense credit he possesses in affairs, the Englishman wishes to carry this

fictitious power into learning, and his literature has thence contracted a character of exaggeration opposite to good taste; we perceive in it too much of the insulated situation of the people and of the writer. It is with one or two sensations that some Englishmen have written a book. Disorder has pleased them, as if order had appeared too much to resemble a kind of slavery: thus, their works, which give the labour and the advantage, by no means afford the charms of reading. But the Frenchman, having received impressions from every corner of Europe, has placed taste in moderate opinions. Like the Greeks, we have had always in the temple of Glory an altar for the Graces; and our rivals have neglected it. One might suppose, that if the world were suddenly to perish, in order to give place to a new world, it would not be an excellent English book, but an excellent French book, which should be bequeathed, in order to give the most favourable idea of our species. Even with equal richness, dry reason must yield to ornamented reason."

By a very exact analysis of the genius of our language, which follows immediately the history of its revolutions, the orator resolves the second problem of the academy. We have been forced to be perspicuous, because our final letters being mutes, and not varying, we would not have been understood had we permitted inversions: thus this perspicuity is the first quality of our language, (*whatever is not clear is not French;*) and to this, above every thing, is it indebted for its success.

"If we do not find in it the diminutives and the delicacies of the Italian, it is adorned with attractions more manly. Destitute of all the ceremonious expressions which meaness has invented for vanity, it is better adapted for conversation, the bond of men, and the charm of every

age;

age; and since we must say it, of all languages it is the only one which has probity attached to its genius. Social, copious, and expressive, it is no more the language of France, it is the language of mankind, and for this reason have sovereign powers called it into their treaties; in them it has reigned since the conferences at Nimeguen, and from this the interests of nations and the wills of kings will rest upon a surer basis. We will no longer sow wars in the words of peace.

M. de Rivarol does not insist much upon the third point of discussion. He observes, that a moment arrives in which languages must be corrupt-

ed; and this moment, he observes, is that in which the limits which separate a natural from a figured style being confounded, an affectation takes place in overcharging style with figures, and in retrenching the natural, *which is the basis*, to load with superfluous ornaments the edifice of the imagination. But at this inevitable period, a language, such as ours, must preserve still for a long time its empire by the assistance of good books, in which it is, as it were, in deposit. Strangers will still wish to learn the language of Racine, when the French shall speak it no more.

[*L'Esprit des Journaux.*]

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

THE SCRIBBLER.—No. V.

SO much has already been said on the follies of youth, that it would seem unnecessary for me to take up the subject; but as an attempt to do good to mankind cannot be too often repeated, I conceive a few observations may not be unprofitably made.

The unhappy state of youth, in general, has been matter of regret to all good citizens, and has attracted the notice of men of learning and piety, who have generally studied means to guard their morals from corruption. While some have felt the good effects of this, the far greater part have unhappily failed, and fell from a state of innocence and virtue, to that of vice and licentiousness.

The various companies to which young persons are subject, are extremely pernicious to their morals. To see a youth of reputable connections, and with the fairest prospects, engaged with those who pursue a course of dissipation, must be hurtful to any one who feels for the dignity of human nature; but to behold him following the daily vices of the

most profligate and despicable mortal, is painful indeed, and to a parent it is shocking in the extreme.

How numberless are the living instances of utter ruin attendant on vice and dissipation! and yet, how few take warning from these sad—these melancholy examples!—To bring into view all within my knowledge, would be a task as endless as it would be lamentable; but as an instance may perhaps serve some beneficial purpose, I shall briefly relate the unhappy fate of one who was the companion of part of my juvenile years, and for whom, while I thus refresh my memory with the many delightful scenes I enjoyed with him, a copious stream of sympathy and affection flows from my soul, and the big tear of pity rolls from my eye in commiseration of the frailty of human nature.

Valerio was a youth of an amiable disposition, of good parts, and tolerable prospects. When I first knew him, he was in all the charms of innocence and virtue; nor had the idea

L

of

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 2.

of vice once entered his heart. He rose like the morning sun, and as unpolliuted he retired to rest. When he spoke his companions smiled, and his presence never failed to diffuse joy and gladness all around. Thus was *Valerio*, and would to heaven that he were so now!

A most unfortunate circumstance which I never could learn, introduced him to the acquaintance of a young man much given to revelry and dissipation; and this, O deplorable event! was the beginning of his ruin. In the course of inebriating revels he was brought to the gaming table, which led him into every species of licentiousness; and in a very few years his ruin was complete. Pale and emaciated, he stalked about almost unknown to all his former acquaintance; and being at length neglected by these, he gave himself up entirely to a licentious prostituted life.

His fortune was now exhausted, and meeting with ill success at the die, he committed—shall I name it?—alas! let me first blot out the word, and with a tear wash the remembrance of it from my soul.

It will suffice to say, that *Valerio*, once the pride and joy of all who knew him, is now an abject, miserable wanderer—the pity of those who knew his unhappy fate, and a living instance of the influence of vice over the human mind.

O youth! ye who possess tender and flexible minds, beware of the snares cast for your destruction, and in time “learn to be wise from others’ harms,” that “ye may do full well.”

The example I have here given is not the offspring of a fanciful brain, but a melancholy scene in real life—a truth known to many, and that by many could be testified. It furnishes a sad proof of the weakness and degeneracy of mankind, and of the effects of a loose and dissipated life.

From the fate of *Valerio*, conviction must flow upon the thinking mind, of the necessity existing of the caution that ought to be used in respect to the company we commit ourselves to, especially at an age when, from want of experience, we are most subject to be led away through flattery and falsehood. These are the means which subtle, designing persons use, and therefore should be particularly guarded against. And tho’ they are always employed when opportunity offers, yet it is visible, that many of our young persons live extremely loose lives, without having this to attribute as the cause—and their folly in this respect is certainly much aggravated.

To “shoot folly as it flies,” is the province of a noble soul; and that man has most merit who renders to the community the greatest share of good. Humanity takes pride in exerting itself for this purpose, and he who pursues it, never fails reaping his reward in proportion as his heart is susceptible of that divine principle.

The depraved morals of the present rising generation of our city, call loudly for the means of amendment. Who can behold the course of dissipation they follow, and not lament the want of restriction? Ye parents, and guardians of the public welfare, it behoves you to be diligent, and ere it is too late, shew yourselves interested, and devise some proper regulation to snatch your charge from the gulph of destruction, which is ready to inhale them in its bottomless abyss!

Ye ill-fated youth, who wantonly glide down the stream of dissipation, refrain your pernicious practices—consult your own good, and let conviction stare you in the face. Remember that the company of prostitutes, gamblers, and night-walkers, was the ruin of *Valerio*—and that these will bring the fairest face to a
sable

fable hue; that though their courses may seem agreeable to your present moments, yet, when age has palled your appetite, and your enjoyments no longer have the same relish, you will infallibly inherit their effects, and be tormented with pain, disease,

and disquietude, beyond comprehension. In this life, these will not leave you, and the contemplation of what will follow in the next, in amazement we must stare at, and turn from with horror?

S.

DIVERTING DISTRESSES in a Journey from *Vienna to Venice.*

From Dr. Moore's Travels into Italy.

HAVING left Vienna, we proceeded through the Duchies of Stiria, Carinthia, and Carniola, to Venice. Notwithstanding the mountainous nature of those countries, the roads are remarkably good. They were formed originally at a vast expence of labour to the inhabitants, but in such a durable manner, that it requires no great trouble to keep them in repair, to which all necessary attention seems to be paid. We passed through those Duchies with a rapidity which baffles all description.

The inns are as bad as the roads are good; for which reason we chose to sleep on the latter rather than in the former, and actually travelled five days and nights, without stopping any longer than was necessary to change horses.

Among other curiosities which our expeditious movement prevented us from observing with due attention, was the town of Gratz, the capital of Stiria, through which we unfortunately passed in the middle of the night.

I did not regret this on account of the regularity of the streets, the venerable aspect of the churches, the sublime sight of the castle, and other things which we had heard extolled; but solely because we had not an opportunity of visiting the shrine of St. Allan, a native of England, who formerly was a Dominican Monk of a Convent in this town, and in high favour with the Virgin Mary, of which she gave him some proofs as

strong as they were extraordinary. Amongst other marks of her regard, she used to comfort him with milk from her breasts. This, to be sure, is a mark of affection seldom bestowed upon favourites above a year old, and will, I dare say, surprise you a good deal. There is no great danger, however, that an example of this kind should spread among virgins. Of the fact in the present instance there can be no doubt; for it is recorded in an inscription underneath a portrait of the Saint, which is carefully preserved in the Dominican Convent of this city. We continued our journey in the full resolution of reaching Venice before we indulged in any other bed than the post-chaise; but were obliged to stop short on a sudden for want of horses, at the small town of Wipach, bordering on the county of Gorizia, in Carniola.

Before setting out from Vienna, we had been informed, that the Archduke and his Princess were about to return to Milan; for which reason we thought it advisable to remain at Vienna eight days after their departure, to avoid the inconveniencies which might arise from a deficiency of post-horses on such an unfrequented road.

The Archduke and his Duchess, however, had thought proper to go out of the direct road as far as Trieste, to view the late improvements of that town; and remaining there a few days, all the post-horses which had been assembled to carry them to Trieste,

80 *Diverting Distresses in a Journey from Vienna to Venice.*

Trieste, were kept in the post-houses for their use, consequently we found none at Wipach. It began to grow dark when we arrived; the Post-master was smoking his pipe at the door. As soon as the chaise stopped, we called to him to get ready the horses without loss of time; for, I added, with a tone of importance, that we could not possibly stay a moment. To this he replied coolly, that, since we were in so very great a hurry, he should not attempt to detain us, but that he had no horses to carry us on. I asked, how soon they could be got. He answered, when they returned from attending the Archduke; but whether that would be next day, the following, or a day or two after, he could not tell.

It appeared a great hardship to be stopped short, so unexpectedly, at a little paltry inn, and we agreed that nothing could have happened more unfortunately. After a few hasty ejaculations, which regarded the posting establishment, and the Lords of Police of this country, we resolved to make a virtue of necessity, and bear our misfortunes with firmness and equanimity.

As we stepped out of the chaise, I ordered the Post-master, therefore, to get ready beds, a good supper, and some of his best wine. Instead of receiving these injunctions with marks of satisfaction, as I expected, he answered without emotion, that he had no wine but for his own drinking; that he never gave suppers to any but his own family; and that he had no bed, except that which he himself, his wife, and his child occupied, which could not easily hold any more than them three at a time.

I had not hitherto perceived that this man's house was not an inn; as soon as I was undeceived, I begged he would inform us where the inn was. He pointed with his pipe to a small house on the opposite side of the street.

There, we were told, that all the victuals in the house were already devoured—three or four guests were in every spare room—the family going to bed—and they could not possibly receive any more company. We had nearly the same account at another little inn, and an absolute refusal at every house where we sued for admittance.

The town of Wipach is so near Gorizia, that no travellers, except those of the meanest kind, ever think of stopping at the former; and therefore the inhabitants have no idea of making preparations for other guests.

In this dilemma I returned to our Post-master, who was still smoking his pipe before the door. I informed him of our bad success, and, in a more soothing tone of voice than that in which I had before addressed him, begged to know how we were to dispose of ourselves that night. He replied with admirable composure, that was more than he could tell: but, as the horses were expected in a few days, if I should send him word where we were to be found, he would take care to let us know the moment they should be ready; in the mean time, as it began to rain, and the evening was exceedingly cold, he wished us a very good night. So saying, he went into the house, bolting the door very carefully after him.

No philosopher, ancient or modern, ever supported the distresses of others with more equanimity than this man.

We were now fully convinced, that to be under the necessity of remaining all night at an inn, when they incline to proceed on their journey, is not the most unfortunate thing that can befall travellers, and would have now been happy in that situation which we had considered with horror an hour or two before.

In this forlorn condition I turned to an Italian servant of the Duke of
H———'s

H——'s, a shrewd fellow, who seldom wanted a resource in times of difficulty. He seemed, however, a little nonplussed on the present emergency; he stood shrugging his shoulders, with his eyes fixed on the ground. At length, starting as if he had that instant awaked, he muttered, "Cent ore di maniconia non pagano un quattrino di debito*," and then walked away with an air not totally devoid of hope.

I attended him without knowing upon what his expectations were founded. We came to a Convent of Monks, and got admittance; the Italian called for the Superior, and told him, in a few words, our condition. The venerable old man heard him with an air of benevolence: he expressed sorrow at the treatment we had received, and desiring me to accompany him, said he would endeavour to find us lodgings. He conducted us to a poor-looking house, occupied by a widow and her children. As soon as the good Monk had mentioned our case, she said we should be most welcome to such entertainment as she could afford. We had an excellent supper of sour-kROUT and sallad. I shall never forget it. I found her wine excellent, and her beds delightful: the good Monk seemed to enjoy the satisfaction we expressed, and positively refused to accept of any other recompence for his trouble.

Had we found the most elegant inn, and the most luxurious supper at our arrival, we might possibly have spent the evening in repining at being disappointed in post-horses; but the dread of so small a misfortune, as passing the night supperless in the streets, reconciled us at once to the widow's hovel, and made us happy with our homely fare; so necessary is a certain portion of hardships or difficulties for giving a zest to enjoy-

ment. Without them the comforts of life are apt to become insipid; and we see that the people who, independent of any efforts of their own, have every enjoyment at their command, are, perhaps, of all mankind, those who have the least enjoyment.

The widow, as we understood in the morning, had sat up all night with her family, that we might be accommodated with beds. She had no reason to repent of her hospitality. The poor woman's gratitude made her talk loudly of the Duke of H——'s generosity; which, coming to the ears of the Post-master, induced him to make an effort to get the chaises dragged on to Goritia, without waiting the return of the post-horses.

This was performed by three cart-horses and two oxen, which were re-lieved in the most mountainous part of the road by buffaloes. There is a breed of these animals in this country. They are strong, hardy, and docile, and found preferable to either horses or oxen, for ploughing in a rough and hilly country.

When we arrived at Goritia, we found the inhabitants in their holiday dresses, at the windows, and in the streets, waiting with impatience for a sight of the Grand Duke and Duchels. Having applied at the post-house for horses, we were informed that none could be granted, all being retained for the accommodation of his Highness. I could not help remarking to the Duke of H——, that Dukes seemed to be in a very different predicament from "Prophets in their own countries."

Things turned out better than we had reason to expect. Their Highnesses arrived in the evening, and, as they did not propose to leave Goritia till next morning, the Archduke had the politeness to give orders that the Duke of H—— should have what

* *A hundred hours of melancholy will not pay one farthing of debt.*

what horses he wanted from the post-houses.

We set out immediately, and arrived at the next stage between one and two in the morning. In that part of the world, raising the people at midnight, and harnessing the horses for two carriages, takes up, at least, as much time as driving two stages in some parts of England. Just as we were going out of the post-house court, the Archduke's butler and cook arrived; they were going forward, as usual, to prepare supper, &c. at the inn where their Highnesses intended to lie. They knew that the horses were all retained for their master, but had not heard of the particular order in favour of the Duke of H——. Seeing ten horses going to set out, they exclaimed against the Post-master, and threatened him with the vengeance of the whole House of Austria, if he should permit a single horse to leave the post-house till the Archduke and his suit had passed.

The man, terrified with these threats, ordered the postilions to dismount and put up the horses. This mandate was by no means agreeable to the Duke of H——; and the Post-master's fear of the indignation of the Imperial family was that instant lost in a danger which was presented to his face, and more immediately threatened his person—he ordered the postilions to drive on.

The next post was at a small town in the Venetian State, where we found that orders had come from Venice to the same effect with those received at the different stages we had already passed. The Duke of H——'s Italian servant thought it would save time to make us pass for part of the company to which these orders related—he ordered horses in the name of the Grand Duke, and was instantly obeyed—but the butler and cook, arriving soon after, told a different tale. Couriers were dispatched, one of whom overtook us, and, in the name of the Magistrates, ordered the postilions to drive back, for we were a gang of impostors, who had no connection with the Grand Duke. The same arguments, however, which had so good an effect on the German Post-master, prevailed also on the courier to be silent, and the postilions to proceed.

It was midnight before we arrived at Mestre, a small town on the banks of the Lagune, five miles from Venice, where we remained all night. Next morning we hired a boat, and in two hours were landed in the middle of this city.

A few days after our arrival, we met the Archduke and Duchess, at the house of the Imperial Ambassador. They were highly entertained with the history of their cook and butler, which I gave them at full length.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

C A R D - P L A Y I N G.

TO a person possessing the small est degree of reflection, the rapid progress which gaming of every species is making in this city, is at once astonishing and distressing: But as *card-playing* appears to be most generally adopted in the fashionable circles, and especially among our ladies, these observations shall be confined to that branch in particular.

When this subject is first held up to our view, its absurdity and pernicious tendency are so conspicuous, that we would be inclined, from a favourable opinion of human nature, to suppose it would be rejected, with abhorrence, by every person of an enlightened mind; but fatal experience proves the case to be otherwise. We daily find people sacrificing their time,

time, fortune, and credit, by indulging a propensity to gaming, which, if it does not end in their final destruction, at least prepares the mind for the reception of fraud, chagrin, and avarice, with all their disgraceful attendants.

I scarcely know a vice, for the practice of which, less plausible reasons can be given, than for the one under consideration. Ask the drunkard, for what purpose he disguises each trait of humanity in his character, and allies himself as nearly as he can to the brute creation? He will tell you, it is in order to drown his care, and that he forgets his misery when in a state of intoxication.—

Demand of the swearer the meaning or propriety of his oaths? He will reply, they tend to strengthen his assertions.—But enquire of a devotee to cards, what sense, what pleasure is there in spending so many hours in shuffling a parcel of painted paper? You will receive no better satisfaction than this, *That they help to kill time, and that without them conversation flags*, especially in large companies. A pretty compliment truly paid to their understanding! that they have such a scarcity of ideas—such poor imaginations—or such poverty of expression, as to be unable, for the space of an evening, to support a rational conversation. Were ladies alone to make this complaint, it might be less exceptionable.—As our minds are generally thought to be uncultivated, and our attention entirely taken up with dress, equipage and finery, no wonder if our conversible talents are so slender as to need some auxi-

laries, however despicable: But that gentlemen, who pique themselves so much on their *superiority* of understanding, should have recourse to such pitiful expedients, to supply an unaccountable deficiency, is really surprising. Independent of every religious or moral obligation, gaming is utterly inconsistent with feminine delicacy. What ought to be the principal traits in a female character? Ought not refinement of manners—gentleness of disposition—and a sweet pliability of temper? And should not every thing which tends to awaken the rougher passions of the soul be avoided? Undoubtedly. And I apprehend not even the most strenuous advocate of cards will venture to assert, that they are formed either to soften the heart, meliorate the affections, or encourage the domestic virtues.

Let then our ladies abandon so disgraceful an employment, and convince the other sex, that while gentlemen are in pursuit of vice, to supply an inanity of mind, they are in full possession of a delightful source of mental entertainment. This would effectually deter them (though contrary to the inclination of many) from ever having occasion to boast either of a higher degree of knowledge, or a richer store of sentiment.

I shall close these remarks with an observation of Lavater's, which is equally applicable to both sexes—“That though a wife and good man may be *tempted* to game, it is impossible that a professed gamester can be a wife and good man.”

Feb. 8, 1791.

AURELIA.

Affecting HISTORY of the Count de PELTZER.

[From *New Letters by an English Traveller*, by the Rev. M. Sherlock, A. M.]

THE Count de Peltzer, an Officer in the Prussian service, was the only son of a widow near sixty years old. He was handsome,

brave to an excess, and deeply in love with Mademoiselle de Bendkow. She was in her eighteenth year, gentle, pretty and born with an extreme sensibility:

ability. Her lover, just turned of twenty, was loved with a passion equal to his own, and the day was fixed to make them happy. It was the 20th of June, 1778.

The Prussian troops are always ready to take the field; and the 17th of June at ten o'clock at night, the Count's regiment received orders to march at midnight for Silesia. He was at Berlin, and his Mistress at a country-house four leagues from the town. He set off consequently without seeing her; and he wrote to her from the first place where he stopped, that it was impossible for him to live without her; that it was essential to his happiness that she should follow him immediately, and that they should be married in Silesia. He wrote at the same time to her brother, who was his most intimate friend, to plead his cause with her parents. She set out then accompanied by this brother, and by her lover's mother. Never did the sands of Brandenburg appear so heavy as to this charming girl; but at length the journey ended, and she arrived at the town of Herstadt; it was in the morning, and "Never," said her brother to me, "did my eyes see a woman lovelier than my sister: the exercise of the journey had added to her bloom, and her eyes painted what passed in her heart." But, O human prospects! how deceitful

are you! How near often is the moment of wretchedness to the moment of felicity! The carriage is stopped to let pass some soldiers, who, advancing with slow steps, bore in their arms a wounded Officer. The tender heart of the young Lady was affected at the sight: she little suspected that it was her lover.

Some Austrian foragers had approached this town, and the young Count went out to repulse them. Burning to distinguish himself, he rushed with ardour before his troops, and fell the victim of his unhappy impetuosity.

To describe to you the situation of this unfortunate young woman would be to insult at once your heart and your imagination. Her lover is placed in his bed; the mother at his foot, and his Mistress holds his hand.—"O Charlotte!" cried he, opening a dying eye—he wanted to speak; but his voice broke, and he melted into tears. His tone had pierced the soul of his Mistress; she lost her reason, and, "No, I will not survive you!" cried she, quite frantic, and seizing a sword. They disarmed her; and he made a sign with his hand that they should bring her to his bed side. She came; he grasped her arm; and, after two painful efforts to speak, he says with a sob, "Live my Charlotte to comfort my mother!" and expires.

The right CONSTITUTION of a COMMONWEALTH examined.—Extracted from Dr. ADAMS's (Vice-President of the United States) Defence of the Constitutions of Government of the United States of America.

[Continued from page 25.]

Eighth } THE eighth reason
Arg. } why the people, in their assemblies, are the best keepers of their liberty, is, "because it is they only that are concerned in the point of liberty." It is agreed that the people, in their assemblies, tem-

pered by another coequal assembly, and an executive coequal with either, are the best keepers of their liberties. But it is denied that in one assembly, collective or representative, they are the best keepers: it may be reasonably questioned, whether they are
not

not the worst; because they are as sure to throw away their liberties, as a monarch or a senate untempered are to take them; with this additional evil, that they throw away their morals at the same time; whereas monarchs and senates some times by severity preserve them in some degree. In a simple democracy, the first citizen, and the better sort of citizens, are part of the people, and are equally "concerned" with any others "in the point of liberty." But is it clear that in other forms of government "the main interest and concernment, both of kings and grandees, lies either in keeping the people in utter ignorance what liberty is, or else in allowing and pleasing them only with the name and shadow of liberty instead of the substance?" It is very true that knowledge is very apt to make people uneasy under an arbitrary and oppressive government: but a simple monarch, or a sovereign senate, which is not arbitrary and oppressive though absolute, if such cases can exist, would be interested to promote the knowledge of the nation. It must, however, be admitted, that simple governments will rarely if ever favour the dispersion of knowledge among the middle and lower ranks of people. But this is equally true of simple democracy: the people themselves, if uncontrouled, will never long tolerate a freedom of inquiry, debate, or writing; their idols must not be reflected on, nor their schemes and actions scanned, upon pain of popular vengeance, which is not less terrible than that of despots or sovereign senators.

"In free states, the people being sensible of their past condition in former times under the power of great ones, and comparing it with the possibilities and enjoyments of the present, become immediately instructed, that their main interest and concernment consists in liberty; and are

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 2.

taught by common sense, that the only way to secure it from the reach of great ones, is to place it in the people's hands, adorned with all the prerogatives and rights of supremacy." It is very true that the main interest and concernment of the people is liberty. If their liberties are well secured, they may be happy if they will; and they generally, perhaps always are so. The way to secure liberty is to place it in the people's hands, that is, to give them a power at all times to defend it in the legislature, and in the courts of justice: but to give the people, uncontrouled, all the prerogatives and rights of supremacy, meaning the whole executive and judicial power, or even the whole undivided legislative, is not the way to preserve liberty. In such a government it is often as great a crime to oppose or decry a popular demagogue, or any of his principal friends, as in a simple monarchy to oppose a king, or in a simple aristocracy the senators: the people will not bear a contemptuous look or disrespectful word; nay, if the style of your homage, flattery, and adoration, is not as hyperbolical as the popular enthusiasm dictates, it is construed into disaffection; the popular cry of envy, jealousy, suspicious temper, vanity, arrogance, pride, ambition, impatience of a superior, is set up against a man, and the rage and fury of an ungoverned rabble, stimulated underhand by the demagogick despots, breaks out into every kind of insult, obloquy, and outrage, often ending in murders and massacres, like those of the De Witts, more horrible than any that the annals of despotism can produce.

It is indeed true, that "the interest of freedom is a virgin that every one seeks to deflower; and like a virgin it must be kept, or else (so great is the lust of mankind after dominion) there follows a rape upon the first opportunity."

M

opportunity." From this it follows, that liberty in the legislative is "more secure in the people's hands than in any other, because they are most concerned in it:" provided you keep the executive power out of their hands entirely, and give the property and liberty of the rich a security in a senate, against the encroachments of the poor in a popular assembly. Without this the rich will never enjoy any liberty, property, reputation, or life, in security. The rich have as clear a right to their liberty and property as the poor: it is essential to liberty that the rights of the rich be secured; if they are not, they will soon be robbed and become poor, and in their turn rob their robbers, and thus neither the liberty or property of any will be regarded.

"The careful attention to liberty makes the people both jealous and zealous, keeping a constant guard against the attempts and encroachments of any powerful or crafty underminers." But this is true only while they are made a distinct body from the executive power, and the most conspicuous citizens mingle all together, and a scramble instantly commences for the loaves and fishes, abolition of debts, shutting up courts of justice, divisions of property, &c. Is it not an insult to common sense, for a people with the same breath to cry *liberty*, an *abolition of debts*, and *division of goods*? If debts are once abolished, and goods are divided, there will be the same reason for a fresh abolition and division every month and every day; and thus the idle, vicious, and abandoned, will live in constant riot on the spoils of the industrious, virtuous, and deserving. "Powerful and crafty underminers have no where such rare sport" as in a simple democracy, or single popular assembly. No where, not in the completest despotisms, does human nature show itself so com-

pletely depraved, so nearly approaching an equal mixture of brutality and devilism, as in the last stages of such a democracy, and in the beginning of that despotism that always succeeds it.

"A people having once tasted the sweets of freedom, are so affected with it, that if they discover or suspect the least design to encroach upon it, they count it a crime never to be forgiven." Strange perversion of truth and fact! This is so far from the truth, that our author himself is not able to produce a single instance of it as a proof or illustration. Instead of adducing an example of it from a simple democracy, he is obliged to have recourse to an example that operates strongly against him, because taken from an aristocracy. In the Roman state, one gave up his children, another his brother, to death, to revenge an attempt against common liberty. Was Brutus a man of the people? Was Brutus for a government of the people in their sovereign assemblies? Was not Brutus a patrician? Did he not think patricians a different order of beings from plebeians? Did he not erect a simple aristocracy? Did he not sacrifice his sons to preserve that aristocracy? Is it not equally probable that he would have sacrificed them to preserve his aristocracy from any attempt to set up such a government as our author contends for, or even against any attempt to have given the plebeians a share in the government; nay, against any attempt to erect the office of tribunes at that time?—"Divers sacrificed their lives to preserve it." To preserve what? The standing government of grandes, against which our author's whole book is written. "Some sacrificed their best friends to vindicate it, upon bare suspicion, as in the case of Melius and Manlius." To vindicate what? Liberty? popular liberty? plebeian liberty?

liberty? Precisely the contrary.—These characters were murdered for daring to be friends to popular liberty; for daring to think of limiting the power of the grandees, by introducing a share of popular authority, and a mixed constitution; and the people themselves were so far from the zeal, jealousy, and love of liberty, that our author ascribes to them, that they suffered their own authority to be prostituted before their eyes, to the destruction of the only friends they had, and to the establishment of their enemies, and a form of government by grandees, under which they had no liberty, and in which they had no share.—Our author then cites examples of revenge in Greece. 1656 was a late age in the history of philosophy, as well as morality and religion, for any writer to preach revenge as a duty and a virtue: reason and philosophy, as well as religion, pronounce it a weakness and a vice in all possible cases. Examples enough of it, however, may be found in all revolutions; but monarchies and aristocracies have practised it, and therefore the virtue of revenge is not peculiar to our author's plan. In Corcyra itself the people were massacred by the grandees as often as they massacred the grandees; and of all kinds of spirits that we read of, out of hell, this is the last that an enlightened friend of liberty would philosophically inculcate. Let legal liberty vindicate itself by legal punishments and moral measures; but mobs and massacres are the disgrace of her sacred cause still more than of that of humanity.

Florence too, and Cosmus*, are quoted, and the alternatives of treachery, revenge, and cruelty; all arising, as they did in Greece, from the want of a proper division of authority and an equal balance. Let any one read the history of the first Cosi-

mo, his wisdom, virtues, and unbounded popularity, and then consider what would have been the consequence if Florence, at that period, had been governed by our author's plan of successive single assemblies, chosen by the people annually. It is plain that the people would have chosen such, and such only, for representatives as Cosimo and his friends would have recommended; at least a vast majority of them would have been his followers, and he would have been absolute. It was the aristocracy and the forms of the old constitution that alone served as a check upon him. The speech of Uzzano must convince you, that the people were more ready to make him absolute than ever the Romans were to make Cæsar a perpetual dictator. He confesses that Cosimo was followed by the whole body of the plebeians, and by one half the nobles: that if Cosimo was not made master of the commonwealth, Rinaldo would be, whom he dreaded much more. In truth, the government at this time was in reality become monarchical, and that ill-digested aristocracy, which they called a popular state, existed only in form; and the persecution of Cosimo only served to explain the secret. Will it be denied that a nation has a right to choose a government for themselves? The question really was no more than this, whether Rinaldo or Cosimo should be master. The nation declared for Cosimo, reversed that banishment into which he had been very unjustly sent by Rinaldo, demanded his return, and voted him the father of his country. This alone is full proof, that if the people had been the keepers of their own liberties, in their successive assemblies, they would have given them all to Cosimo; whereas had there been an equal mixture of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, in that constitution,

* See vol. ii. p. 94.

constitution, the nobles and commons would have united against Cosimo the moment he attempted to overleap the boundaries of his legal authority. Uzzano confesses, that unless charity, liberality, and beneficence, were crimes, Cosimo was guilty of no offence, and that there was as much to apprehend from his own party as from the other, in the point of liberty. All the subsequent attempts of Rinaldo to put Cosimo to death and to banish him were unqualified tyranny. He saved his life, it is true, by a bribe, but what kind of patrons of liberty were these who would betray it for a bribe? His recall and return from banishment seems to have been the general voice of the nation, expressed, according to the forms and spirit of the present constitution, without any appearance of such treachery as our author suggests. Whether Nedham knew the real history of Florence is very problematical; all his examples from it are so unfortunate as to be conclusive against his project of a government*. The real essence of the government in Florence had been, for the greatest part of fifty years, a monarchy, in the hands of Uzzano and Naso, according to Machiavel's own account; its form an aristocracy, and its name a popular state: nothing of the essence was changed by the restoration of Cosimo; the form and name only underwent an alteration.—Holstein too is introduced, merely to make a story for the amusement of a drunken mob. "Here is a health to the remembrance of our liberty," said the "boorish, poor, silly generation," seventy years after they were made a duchy. Many hog'sheads of ale and porter, I doubt not, were drank in England in consequence of this Holstein story; and that was all the effect it could have towards supporting our author's argument.

"How deep soever the impression may be, that is made by the love of liberty upon the minds of the people, it will not follow that they alone are the best keepers of their own liberties, being more tender and more concerned in their security than any powerful pretenders whatsoever."—Are not the senators, whether they be hereditary or elective, under the influence of powerful motives to be tender and concerned for the security of liberty? Every senator, who consults his reason, knows that his own liberty, and that of his posterity, must depend upon the constitution which preserves it to others. What greater refuge can a nation have, than in a council, in which the national maxims, and the spirit and genius of the state, are preserved by a living tradition? What stronger motive to virtue, and to the preservation of liberty, can the human mind perceive, next to those of rewards and punishments in a future life, than the recollection of a long line of ancestors who have sat within the walls of the senate, and guided the councils, led the armies, commanded the fleets, and fought the battles of the people, by which the nation has been sustained in its infant years, defended from dangers, and carried through calamities, to wealth, grandeur, prosperity, and glory? What institution more useful can possibly exist, than a living repertory of all the history, knowledge, interests, and wisdom of the commonwealth, and a living representative of all the great characters whose prudence, wisdom, and valour, are registered in the history and recorded in the archives of the country? If the people have the periodical choice of these, we may hope they will generally select those, among the most conspicuous for fortune, family, and wealth, who are most signalized for virtue and wisdom, which

* See vol. ii. p. 96, 97, 98, 99.

which is more advantageous than to be confined to the eldest son, however defective, to the exclusion of younger sons, however excellent, and to one family, though decayed and depraved, to another more deserving, as in hereditary senates: but that a senate guarded from ambition, should be objected to, by a friend of liberty and republican government, is very extraordinary. Let the people have a full share, and a decisive

negative; and, with this impregnable barrier against the ambition of the senate on one side, and the executive power with an equal negative on the other, such a council will be found the patron and guardian of liberty on many occasions, when the giddy, thoughtless multitude, and even their representatives, would neglect, forget, or even despise and insult it; instances of all which are not difficult to find. *(To be continued.)*

The FIERY ORDEAL; a Judicial Anecdote.

TOWARDS the end of the Greek Empire at Constantinople, a general, who was an object of suspicion to his master, was urged to undergo the fiery proof of the Ordeal by an archbishop, a subtle courtier. The ceremony was this; three days before the trial the patient's arm was inclosed in a bag, and secured by the royal signet; he was expected to bear a red hot ball of iron three times, from the altar to the rails of the sanctuary, without artifice and

injury. The general eluded the experiment with pleasantry. "I am a soldier," said he, "and will boldly enter the lists with my accusers; but a layman, a sinner like myself, is not endowed with the gift of miracles. Your piety, holly prelate, may deserve the interposition of Heaven, and from your hands I will receive the fiery globe, the test of my innocence." The archbishop stared, the emperor smiled, and the general was pardoned.

The PRESENT STATE of the AMERICAN NATION.

P OPULATION of the United States,		Whites, 3,300,000
*Representatives to the general government,		Blacks, 700,000
Number of souls to each representative,		65
Number of males between 16 and 60,		61,538
		Whites, 825,000
		Blacks, 175,000
Number of persons exempted from militia service, about		100,000
Number of fighting men from 18 to 45, about		600,000
<i>Gross amount of duties, impost and taxes, collected in the year 1790.</i>		
For support of the general government, payment of foreign interest, and to create a sinking fund,		— 2,500,000
For support of the state governments,		— 1,500,000
		4,000,000

Each soul pays 1 dollar—Each male between 16 and 60, pays 4 dollars.

The amount to be collected in the present year will be greater, because provision must be made for paying the interest on the national debt. The whole

* This number, in all probability, at the next general election, will be increased to one hundred.

whole gross amount that will be necessary, may be computed at 6,000,000 dollars†—out of which the United States may have a sinking fund, which, in addition to the western lands, may reduce the debt, in a period of time not very long, to a trifle: each soul will then pay $1\frac{1}{2}$ dollar: each man, between 16 and 60, would pay 6 dollars; but when it is considered that the revenue of the United States is chiefly collected by duties on consumption, and that the rich consume more than the poor, it is probable that the poorer class of citizens will not pay half a dollar a year.

The debt of the United States divides itself into foreign and domestic. The foreign debt, the interest of which is payable in Europe,

including the last 2,000,000 loan, may be computed at 12,000,000

This part of the debt is liable to augmentation, as there is power to borrow 12,000,000 to discharge arrearages of interest, and to effect some changes in the debt, beneficial to the Union.

The

† Formed as follows, viz.

For the general government.

<i>Annual expences of government, about</i>	800,000
<i>To pay foreign and domestic interest, about</i>	3,000,000
<i>For a sinking fund, about</i>	200,000
	4,000,000

For the state governments.

<i>Annual expence of civil list in each state; interest on debt not assumed; improvements in inland navigation and roads; poor rates; city taxes; contributions to clergy, and public buildings,</i>	2,000,000
	6,000,000

Which may be raised in the following manner, viz.

For the general government.

<i>Impost, including the additional duties and tonnage,</i>	3,200,000
<i>Excise, or duty on rum and other spirits imported, or distilled within the United States,</i>	800,000
	4,000,000

For the state governments.

- Tax on carriages,*
- Tax on slaves,*
- Tax on horses, cattle, sheep, and other animals,*
- Tax on monies at interest,*
- Tax on professions and stock in trade,*
- Tax on houses and town lots,*
- Tax on land,*
- Tax on law proceedings,*
- Tax on collateral legacies.*

And the states may devise many others, if some one or other of these do not suit their purpose. One advantage may arise from this divided mode of taxation, viz. an equalizing of the burthens of all the people of the state; for if the system of taxation adopted by the general government should fall partially on any description of persons, the state legislature may collect the necessary revenue for state purposes, from those on whom the general revenue does not fall.

The domestic debt may be as follows—on the idea of the whole being subscribed—

6 per cents. bearing interest from 1st January, 1791, about	19,000,000
6 per cents. bearing interest from 1st January, 1792,	10,000,000
	29,000,000
6 per cents. bearing interest from 1st January, 1801,	13,000,000
3 per cents. bearing interest from 1st January, 1791,	14,000,000
3 per cents. bearing interest from 1st January, 1792,	7,000,000
	21,000,000

Interest to be provided in 1791.

On foreign debt, with necessary charges,	600,000
Domestic debt,	
19,000,000 6 per cents.	— — — 1,140,000
14,000,000 3 per cents.	— — — 420,000
	2,160,000

For 1792,

Foreign debt,	— — — — 600,000
29,000,000 6 per cents.	— — — — 1,740,000
21,000,000 3 per cents.	— — — — 630,000

Total annual interest until 1801, — — — — 2,970,000

Some part of the domestic debt has been discharged in the course of the last year, perhaps as much as 300,000 dollars, the annual interest of which, and the interest on all other sums which may be hereafter discharged, becomes an augmentation to the sinking fund.

The whole debt of the United States is about — 75,000,000

What the debts due by the several states will be after the assumption, is difficult to say, but at most cannot exceed 10,000,000

85,000,000

The whole territory of the United States is 1,000,000 square miles.

That part which is granted to individuals, or which the United States, or particular states, have a right to grant, may be computed at five hundred thousand square miles, or three hundred and twenty million of acres—which is 80 acres to each soul.

On the idea that the land is bound to pay the whole debt, every square acre is mortgaged for about 14 cents; but if only that part which is already in possession of the United States, and several states, be taken into view, then every square acre will be mortgaged for about 28 cents; and admitting that every acre of land, on an average, is worth five dollars, it will then be pledged for only one eighteenth part of its value.

If we look among the European governments for such as are nearest in extent to our own, we shall find France and Germany, together with Spain, nearly equal to our present territory in possession; but when we contemplate the whole extent of our territory, we shall find it nearly equal to France,

France, the Netherlands, Germany, Poland, Switzerland, Spain, Great-Britain and Ireland, Italy, Portugal, and Turkey in Europe.

It is said that the debt of Great-Britain is nearly equal to one half the value of the whole property of the people—whether in land, cash, ships, stock on lands, produce, manufactures, plate, jewels, furniture, or the royal navy and implements of war.

If we compute the value of the several heads as they respect the United States, perhaps the following may be nearly the truth, viz. *Dollars.*

300,000,000 acres land, at 5 dollars on an average (including all the cities)	—	—	1,500,000,000
Cash of the United States,	—	—	10,000,000
Merchant ships of the United States, including coasters,	—	—	20,000,000
Stock on the lands, and necessary implements of husbandry, boats, waggons and geers,	—	—	5,000,000
Value of produce and manufactures exported and for home consumption,	—	—	65,000,000
Plate, jewels and furniture,	—	—	5,000,000
700,000 slaves may be valued at	—	—	75,000,000
			1,680,000,000

Beside which is the right of pre-emption to the land in possession of the Indians, and the vessels and warlike stores belonging to the United States and the several states.

Say the debt of the United States and the several states, foreign and domestic, is 85,000,000, then the proportion between the value of the whole property and the debt will be about twenty to one, and the ability of the people of the United States to pay their debt, is ten times greater than that of the people of Great-Britain. [United States Gaz.]

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

Messrs. SWORDS,

The following ADDRESS was delivered at a late Public Examination, by Miss ————. As it contains much good Advice, a number of your Subscribers request the indulgence of its appearance in your Magazine.

AWED by the presence of so respectable an audience, it is with diffidence I appear before you, and never could I have done it unless it had been in compliance with my duty. Permit me, therefore, without farther spending your time, in apologizing for inaccuracies, to offer for your entertainment a few observations on the difference between that accomplishment which is most universally desired, and that which should be most sought for by our sex. You may easily perceive that I allude to beauty contrasted with learning.

It is with reluctance I make the assertion, that the desire of beauty is the general characteristic of our sex. Regardless of the qualifications of the mind, which are beauty in reality, many are continually employing themselves in that which they suppose will contribute to the beauty of their persons, but which, in effect, for the most part hath a contrary tendency.

View one of our sex when she begins to make her appearance in the world, and what are her principle employments? Do we find her engaged

gaged in qualifying her mind for a lasting fund of happiness? or is she not rather employed in adorning her external appearance? The latter, my friends, is too commonly the case.

True it is that she who is in possession of beauty gains respect, and ever will while people are guided by external appearances: But when they reflect on the propriety or impropriety of their estimations, how soon do they alter their opinions! How soon are they convinced that there is no more of a comparison between beauty and understanding, than there is between a shadow and the substance! Many of our sex pride themselves so much on their superiority in this respect, as to think all others below them. But how degrading such a thought is to human nature, that beings of a similar kind are not deemed worthy their notice, I leave you, my friends to determine.

Happiness is the general pursuit of all the human race; and must not happiness originate from the pleasures of reflection? Now, which contributes most thereto, beauty or learning? Can beauty, with all her gaudy shews, contribute to our content, when it is of no longer continuance than a day, and when it leaves the possessor entirely destitute of those means which she supposed would render her happy? How feeling—how transitory, must be the happiness which is founded on such an object, which is nothing more than an empty appellation! But learning, on the contrary, is an inexhaustible source of entertainment. The more progress we make towards its summit, the greater is the extent of happiness yet before us; and it is by the extent of the field for meditation that we experience a greater or less degree of pleasure. How far more perfect then must the happiness of those be who have their minds well cultivated by the refinements of learning, than

those who have not received the advantages of a liberal education! Who then would not wish the possession of learning, when it is so fruitful a source of pleasure and happiness to mankind!

And here, my fellow pupils, let us consider the period of life we now enjoy as the period in which we should begin to lay our foundation for happiness, that as we are making our advancements into the world, we may be continually employed in completing the superstructure. Let us consider the possession of beauty without the refinements of education, entirely beneath our esteem. How pleasing then must be our thoughts on reflection, that now, while under the direction of our worthy tutor, we are engaged in instituting our lasting fund of happiness! Let us cherish among ourselves a friendly emulation of excelling each other in our literary pursuits! Let us reflect on our past application to study! Let us consider the proficiency we have made, and be convinced whether our attainments of knowledge are such as are pleasing to our parents! for great must be our satisfaction when we see them pleased with our diligence. Happy must we be that we can infuse happiness in those who are thus at so much pains in their endeavours to promote our welfare. It is learning that enables us to withstand the various misfortunes incident to us in this life. Let us now, therefore, while we have an opportunity for the attainment of knowledge, be careful that we exert our utmost endeavours to improve it; for as the affairs of human life are in a continual fluctuation, we know not how soon we shall be under the necessity of calling to our assistance the various acquisitions we have obtained. Let us not pay attention to those who endeavour to persuade us that learning will not contribute to our utility;

but let us rest assured, since experience verifies the assertion, that it is by the acquirements of study alone we are capable of enjoying comfort in the more advanced periods of our lives. By engaging ourselves in this manner during the younger part of our days, we may, with the most heartfelt pleasure, when age has made her advances on us, meditate on our past conduct, and enjoy the pleasing reflection, that we have performed the part that will bear examination; and this reflection will constitute our greatest happiness.

Parents and guardians of those who are here for their instruction, observe the advancements which we may have made at this early period of our lives; treasure them up in your minds, that you may, at the conclusion of

every revolving year, compare our future advancements with what you now observe; and that you may, at every examination, still find our proficiency encreasing, is the most ardent wish of our worthy instructor, whose endeavours we find continually exerted for the fulfilment of such a laudable undertaking. Here have we, in a public manner, made our appearance to convince you of his endeavours to improve us; and when revolving time shall produce the period in which we must again appear before you in this manner, my most sincere, and the most sincere wish of all my fellow pupils is, that you may be convinced that we are continually advancing and improving in our literary pursuits.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

Reflections on the Velocity of the Motion of Bodies.

WE admire at the swiftness of a horse that could run a mile in less than two minutes. Childers, an English horse, ran four miles in $7\frac{1}{2}$ minutes. The swiftness of his motion is the more astonishing when we come to compare it to that of other animals. The ox can move but slow in comparison to the horse. There is an animal called the sloth, of so slow a motion, that it will be three or four days, at least, in climbing up and coming down a tree.

The motion of the horse, and indeed of all animals, is beyond our comprehension, when we reflect upon the nature of it. Whence has the horse obtained the power of setting those secret springs agoing at pleasure, and of accelerating, retarding or stopping their action? Voluntary and involuntary motion can therefore only proceed from a power communicated to animals when the breath of life was infused into them, or the power

of bestowing of it implanted in the nature of the different species when at first created by the Almighty Creator of the Universe; and this power depends alone on that life, for when life ends, motion ceases.

By the ingenuity of man, vessels, bearing amazing burthens, are made to glide through the water, with a motion both advantageous and speedy, but not equal to the velocity of a horse, or that of the generality of fish: few vessels, with the advantage of wind and tide, sail above 15 or 18 miles in an hour, while the horse, could he continue his course for any length of time, would move at the rate of 30 miles an hour; and fish at a much greater rate. Rockets may be made to ascend to the height of many feet in a few minutes of time: and man can also, by his ingenuity, cause an iron ball to fly with the swiftness of above a mile in nine seconds of time; but this motion can be

be continued only for a short space of time, and to no great length. What is this to the flight of birds continued? The eagle mounts out of sight in air in a little time. The wild pigeon must fly with an amazing velocity, since it is asserted that although their digestive faculties are so very extraordinary, that their food in their craws remain but few hours undigested; yet some have been taken in this state with rice in their craws, unimpaired, which they must have eat at least 600 miles off, not many hours before; their flight must be at least 100 miles in one hour.

Man has lately discovered another astonishing invention of making large bodies ascend or pass through the air with amazing swiftness, and for some continuance of time—I mean the balloons, some of which have been made of the diameter of 50 feet, and to weigh above a ton, yet, when filled with inflammable air, have mounted up towards the sky with such surprising swiftness, as to be, in a few minutes, out of sight, and to move, in a horizontal direction, above 30 miles in an hour, while the person or persons who are carried along with it, in a gallery or carr, hanging to it, are not sensible of the motion, nor can I learn that in their progress through the air, balloons occasion any noise. Balloons of much larger dimensions might be constructed, and sent up when filled with inflammable air. Yet, what is the motion of all these bodies mentioned compared to that of the heavenly orbs, or of light or fire? They are more tardy than the sluggard's motion is to that of the horse. It is said that such is the amazing swiftness of the electric fluid or fire, that if a number of men were to join hands together for the length of a mile, and the first received a shock from the charged phial, the last would feel it at the same instant of time.

The sun is said to be about 80 million of miles distant from the earth, yet its light is judged to flow from it to the earth in about $7\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, or near two million of miles in a second of time.

A large balloon compared to the earth, would not be larger than a single drop to the ocean. The earth's diameter is computed to be six million five hundred and eighty-three thousand five hundred and ninety-four fathoms, and its circumference about twenty-three million five hundred thousand fathoms, and revolves round its axes once in 24 hours, therefore, a person placed at the equator moves near 240 fathoms in a second of time, about twice as fast as a cannon ball.

If the sun moved round the earth once in 24 hours, instead of the earth's turning, the rapidity of its motion could not be well calculated by numbers.

If the sun is the center of the universe, and the other planets revolve round it, then Mercury will move at the rate of 100,000 miles in one hour.

It is judged that Saturn and its ring moves about its axes 20 times as fast as a cannon ball.

Our ideas are lost in endeavouring to comprehend the amazing silent, rapid motion of the heavenly bodies, when we add to it their stupendous bulk, their surprising suspension in liquid air or clear ether, their constant, regular and invariable course, without flying out of their tract into boundless space, or jussling one another; when we come to consider seriously those matters, we must cry out with the Prophet Jeremiah; *God established the world by his wisdom, and stretched out the heavens by his understanding*; and agree with Tully, that whoever imagines that the wonderful order, and incredible constancy of the

the heavenly bodies and their motions, whereupon the preservation and welfare of all things do depend, is not governed by an intellectual Being himself, is destitute of understanding.

*The soul of man was made to walk the
skies,
Delightful outlet of her prison here!*

Let us then carry our reflections a little farther on those subjects.—If man, with the utmost knowledge he has been able to acquire in above six thousand years, cannot account for the spontaneous motion of animals, and has now only the power of giving a short motion to a globe which, compared to this, our earth would be no more than a dust floating in the air is to that balloon, while the earth, in magnitude to some of the other planets, is a mere speck; and those immensely large bodies, perhaps countless in number, and incomprehensible in swiftness of motion, are yet immensely distant from each other: How amazing their motion, and the space they must have to move in!

Mr. Herschel, who by his glasses has discovered volcanoes in the moon, has also enumerated 44,000 stars in the space of a few degrees, and by analogy, there appears to be no less than 75,000,000 in the whole heavens. If they fill infinite space, their number must of consequence be infinite too.

What unlimited power; what consummate knowledge must not that Being possess, who first gave, and still continues motion to all those amazing orbs! But who can put bounds to his might? Our limited understanding can have but a faint idea of it, even when we let our thoughts run on that amazing exertion of power in communicating motion to the heavenly bodies we daily behold, and whose courses, distance and magnitude, man's knowledge has taken in. Let us extend our ideas to the acce-

lerated motion of a comet in its approach, or peregrination to the sun; the surprising different manner of its motion, from that of other heavenly bodies we are acquainted with; while those bodies move in circular orbits, comets revolve round the sun in elliptical orbits, nay, almost in right lines, yet, after passing the sun, they change their motion, and return again from whence they came, to wander in boundless space, for ages out of the sight of man, and then return again, as it is conjectured that some are above 500 years in making one revolution round the sun. If so, how incomprehensibly large the orbits they move in, and the expanse they move through! Must we not cry out, Oh, how wonderful and incomprehensible are thy works Almighty Jehovah!

Let us go a little farther. May there not be bodies or globes in the wide expanse, who, in their revolution, have not yet appeared visible to mortal sight, although moving still swifter than comets, and being larger than any of the heavenly bodies visible? I cannot agree with the harmonious Thompson, in his Seasons, in calling space an illimitable void. There can be no void where there is a Supreme Being, that fills and pervades the universe with himself and his works. Although even some of those works are invisible to our mental eyes, can we behold air, and yet we must be convinced of its existence, and that it has fluidity, gravity and elasticity? Can we conceive that more subtle fluid, the elementary fire, unless put in motion? Yet there is no doubt but there exists such an element. The invention of the electrical machines fully prove it. By them this element or subtle elastic fluid can be collected and put in motion, so as to produce actual fire, by which gun-powder may be fired, and surprising and dreadful experiments performed. Revolving in my mind
the

the nature of this fire, and the method of rendering it obvious to the senses, by means of motion, I came to differ in opinion to the generality of philosophers, who judge the sun to be a globe of consuming fire, and that comets or other bodies supply its continual waste. I would rather suppose the sun to be a solid body, spacious in its nature, but rendered luminous by its surprising rapid motion round its axes, which acting on the particles of elective fire contained in the expanse, cause light, while a combination of the rays of light falling on the innumerable particles in the air ready to reflect them, cause heat in the lower regions, where those particles abound, while the upper regions are cold, as is now fully proved by the balloons and travellers who have ascended high mountains. Those particles may be various such as nitrous salts, &c. but I believe them to be chiefly of the aquæ kind, or vapours,

which are globules of water, with varified air enclosed, which extending their surface, renders them specifically lighter than the air near the earth; and although the sun, by its rays, causes the ascent of those vapours, yet by those very vapours, affords a greater or lesser degree of heat to this earth. By this hypothesis, many things in nature may be accounted for, viz. The cause of the northern lights, different degrees of heat and cold, &c. And may not the appearance of comets be accounted for in the following manner? Comets are vast solid bodies moving round the sun with an inconceivable rapid motion, which motion, by electrifying the air or atmosphere round about them, causes first the appearance of light, and the electric sparks being left behind by their rapid progress we mention, causes the appearance of what we call tails.

G. A.

An Account of the Circumstances which attended the Death of ROUSSEAU.

IN the afternoon of Wednesday July 1, 1778, ROUSSEAU took his usual walk with his *little governor*, as he called him: the weather was very warm, and he several times stopped and desired his little companion to rest himself (a circumstance not usual with him), and complained, as the child afterwards related, of an attack of the colick; which, however, was entirely removed when he returned to supper, so that even his wife had no suspicion of his being out of order. The next day he arose at his usual hour; went to contemplate the rising sun in his morning walk, and returned to breakfast with his wife.

Some time after, at the hour she generally went out about her family business, he desired her to call and pay a smith that had done some work for him; and charged her particularly

to make no deduction from his bill, as he appeared to be an honest man; preserving to the last moments of his life, those sentiments of probity and justice which he enforced by his example, no less persuasively than by his writings. His wife had been out but a few minutes, when returning she found him sitting in a straw chair, and leaning with his elbow on a nest of drawers.

"What is the matter with you, my dear? says she: do you find yourself ill?"

"I feel, replies he, a strange uneasiness and oppression, besides a severe attack of the colick."

Madame Rousseau, upon this, in order to have assistance without alarming him, begged the porter's wife to go to the chateau, and tell that her husband was taken ill. Madame de Girardin, being the first whom
the

the news reached, hurried there instantly, and as that was with her a very unusual hour of visiting Rousseau, she, as a pretext for her coming, asked him and his wife, whether they had not been disturbed in the night by the noise made in the village.

"Ah! madam," (answered Rousseau, in a tone of voice that declared the feeling he had of her condescension) "I am perfectly sensible of your goodness but you see I am in pain, and to have you a witness of my sufferings, is an addition to them; and both your own delicate state of health, and the natural tenderness of your heart, unfit you for the sight of other people's sufferings. You will do me a kindness, and yourself too, Madam, by retiring and leaving me alone with my wife for sometime."

She returned therefore to the chateau, to leave him at liberty to receive without interruption such assistance as his colick required, the only assistance, in appearance, which he stood in need of.

As soon as he was alone with his wife, he desired her to sit down beside him.

"Here I am, my dear; how do you find yourself?"

The colick tortures me severely, but I intreat you to open the window; let me once more see the face of nature: how beautiful it is!"

"My dear husband what do you mean by saying so?"

"It has always been my prayer to God, (replied he with the most perfect tranquillity,) to die without doctor or disease, and that you may close my eyes: my prayers are on the point of being heard. If I have ever been the cause of any affliction to you; if by being united to me, you have met with any misfortune, that you would have otherwise avoided, I intreat your pardon for it."

"Ah, it is my duty (cried she all in tears,) it is my duty, and not yours,

to ask forgiveness for all the trouble and uneasiness I have occasioned to you! But what can you mean by talking in this manner?"

"Listen to me, my dear wife. I feel that I am dying, but I die in perfect tranquillity: I never meant ill to any one, and I have a right to reckon upon the mercy of God. My friends have promised me never to dispose, without your consent, of the papers I have put into their hands; the Marquis de Girardin will have the humanity to claim the performance of their promise. Thank the Marquis and his lady on my part; I leave you in their hands, and I have a sufficient reliance on their friendship, to carry along with me the satisfactory certainty that they will be a father and mother to you. Tell them I request their permission to be buried in their garden, and that I have no choice as to the particular spot. Give my *souvenir* to my little Governor, and my botany to Mademoiselle Girardin. Give the poor of the village something to pray for me, and let the honest couple whose marriage I had settled, have the present I intended to make them. I charge you besides, particularly to have my body opened after my death, by proper persons, and that an exact account of the appearances and dissection be committed to writing."

In the mean time the pains he felt increased; he complained of shooting pains in the breast and head. His wife being no longer able to conceal her affliction, he forgot his own sufferings to console her.

"What, (said he) have I lost all your affection already; and do you lament my happiness, happiness never to have an end, and which it will not be in the power of men to alter or interrupt? See how clear the Heavens look, (pointing to the sky, in a kind of transport that seemed to collect all the energy of his soul) there

there is not a single cloud. How pure and serene is this day! O how grand is nature! See that sun, whose smiling aspect calls me; behold yourself that immense light. There is God; yes, God himself who opens for me his bosom, and invites me at last to taste that eternal and unalterable peace which I had so eagerly desired."

At these words he fell forwards, dragging his wife down along with him. Attempting to raise him, she found him speechless and without motion. Her cries brought all within hearing to her assistance; the body was taken up and laid on the bed. At that moment I entered, and taking his hand, I found it still a little

warm, and even imagined his pulse beat; the shortness of the time in which the fatal event had taken place, the whole having passed in less than a quarter of an hour, left me a ray of hope. I sent for the neighbouring surgeon, and dispatched a person to Paris for a Physician, a friend of Rousseau's, charging him to come without a moment's delay. I called for some *alkali volatile suer*, and made him smell to, and swallow it repeatedly, all to no effect. The consummation so delightful to him, and so fatal to us, was already completed, and if his example taught me how to die, it could not teach me to bear his loss without regret.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

PHILOBIBLICUS.—No. VII.

[Continued from page 47, and concluded.]

THAT many of the Christian teachers, in order to signalize this article of faith, as the most important, and to remove all suspicion of heterodoxy, have been used to multiply the arguments for Christ's divine nature beyond necessity, and have consequently misapplied many scripture-places for the purpose, is not to be denied. No thinking divine in our days sacrifices connection, or grammar, or history, to this or any tenet of the creed, and many such texts, as were formerly stiled classical, are, without hesitation, struck out. To such belong, Gen. iv. 1. 2d Sam. vii. 19. Prov. viii. 22. 30. though it is to be confessed, that Christian teachers, so early as in the first century, have made use of this place in proof of the point in question, Isa. ix. 6. Mich. v. 1. where clearly enough Christ's birth-place is pointed out, but not his eternal power and godhead, Act. xx. 28. 1st John, v. 20. and some others.

To such superfluous and ineffectual ingredients in discussing this truth, I

would reckon all arguments called *a priori*, as long as there is such a variety of systems in explaining the nature of the redemption of Christ. God alone, there is no doubt, could redeem mankind, because he alone did it; but I fear either the imbecility of our understanding will prevent us from giving the just reasons for it, or the want of an humble mind and mutual love, from agreeing with each other. So much, however, is certain, that after having derived full information on this head from other sources, the knowledge of Christ's person must materially affect the idea we form of the nature of his redemption, for it ought to appear becoming him, through whom all things are. The Socinians are not chargeable of having overlooked this connection, for seeing no reconciling God, they saw no reconciliation. Against the common explanations, that God only could redeem mankind, I have hinted already my doubts; yet I differ immensely from this apodictical assertion in the pamphlet before

fore me: "The common explanation of the matter, that only God could redeem mankind, should, with the most simple expressions, be found in the Bible." The works of the creation had, after they were made, the approbation of the divine judgment, Gen. i. 4.* That this could not be otherwise, is no where, "with the most simple expressions," said, yet it is as true as the creation.

The proofs *from the divine attributes*, discernible in the human conversation of the Son of God, I dislike also. A sound explanation of the words, Phil. ii. 6. he thought it not robbery to be equal with God, are against it. As there is no passage in all the scripture more expressive and convincing of the pre-existence and divinity of Christ, than this, there is likewise none that could be more adequate for reconciling the phenomena of frail human nature, and seeming restraints in his terrestrial period, with this confession of the church. The word, or the divine agent in the world, was not only eternal in the communion with God and himself God, but was in the fulness of time really made flesh, John, i. 1. 14. made of a woman, made under the law, Gal. iv. 4. Astonishing as it is, incredible as it seems, it is scripture and gospel, and the incomprehensible, but at the same time incontrovertible mystery of our religion, that God was manifest in the flesh, 1st Tim. iii. 16. and though it is added, that he who appeared in the flesh, was justified in the spirit; that is, as it is expressed elsewhere, (Rom. i. 4.) declared to be the Son of God, with power according to the spirit of holiness, or glorified, John, vii. 39. glorified with the glory, which he had with the Father, before the world

was, John, xvii. 5. which is nothing else, but made known in the world as to his person and dignity; yet this spiritual justification, or glorification before all the world, took place *since his resurrection from the dead*, Rom i. 4. by the visible effusion of his spirit, John, vii. 39. He, in his earthly conversation, revealed himself, and God as his father, to many who believed and were sure, that he was Christ, the Son of the living God, Matth. xi. 27. John, vi. 69. yet even this was not the consummate glorification of his person, which, on this side of eternity, was incompatible with his visible presence on earth, with the divine system of faith by not seeing and obedience, and with the decease which he should accomplish yet at Jerusalem. For this reason the promulgation of many of his deeds was suppressed, to the holy mountain only three of the Disciples admitted, and the Apostles, after they had made the profession to him, that they acknowledged him as Christ, expressly charged with secrecy on this head. He always knowing, that he came from God and went to God, knew likewise that and for what purpose he had taken upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of man; and though it was requisite to gain the confidence of the well-disposed, by manifesting forth his glory, yet did he not snatch at the opportunities to do so. This *begeistet harpagon* signifies, as the phrase occurs in Heliodorus, (chap. 7.) *Isa Theotainai*, is what the Hebrews would express by "to be *Caël*," *Isa* occurring for the *Caph similitudinis* every where in the Septuagint, and as *morphe Theou*, the form of God, is nothing else but the brightness of God's glory; so being *Isa Theos* is being the express

* God found them fit for the intended purpose. I make no doubt there is yet another mystery enveloped in this expression. The Son and the Spirit of God co-operating in the creation of the universe, agreed with the will of the Father.

express image of his person. He, instead of shewing any kind of eagerness, to be generally known as God, humbled himself in such a manner as to appear in all things, sin only excepted, like unto his brethren. Whenever any sparks of his original majesty were glittering through the vail of his flesh, it was for the benefit of the body or soul of some suffering brethren. The place, Phil. ii. 6. therefore proves the pre-existence and divinity of Christ, as Whitby likewise observes, to a demonstration, but intimates at the same time the impropriety of drawing an argument for it from the divine attributes, discoverable in his earthly life. It is true, his knowledge penetrated the inward recesses of the human heart, John, i. 47. 48. xxi. 17. Matth. ix. 4. and hidden things, xvii. 27. but of this very knowledge he discovers limitations, Luke, ii. 52. Mark, xi. 13. xiii. 32. which he voluntarily had connected with his earthly course. To doubt the possibility of such a submission, is doubting the omnipotence of the Supreme Being. It is true, that we exclude all moral as well as physical imperfection, when we explain the omnipotence, by saying, She can do all things. But a voluntary and temporal renunciation of prerogative and power does, as much as we know, neither belong to the former nor to the latter, and our philosophy, if it pronounces such a dispensation unbecoming the supreme power of the universe, may be rectified by the fact. What we, who were created in the image of God, are able to do, may, by our own direction, be rendered impossible, by various means. Things, we see, we may hide from our faces by vails; yea, things, we know, we may extinguish from our memory by withdrawing the attention. I am far from attempting to explain the mode of the exinanition of our Lord; but the absurdity of dictatorial declara-

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 2

tions against it may easily be shewn by instances.

If Christ was not fond of publishing his true godhead in the world at large, his *works and miracles* could likewise not have that immediate intention. He indeed did works, which no other man had done, John, xv. 24. and they are written unto us, consequently done by the author, that we might believe that he is the Christ, the Son of God, John, xx. 31. Yet others had done similar, though not as great works, and to his followers were promised greater, John, xiv. 12. The immediate effect, expected from his works, was, that the world should believe God had sent him, and turn their attention to him. To such, that thus love him, he will, not by visible miracles, but undoubtedly by internal operation, come and manifest himself, John, xiv. 21. It is a fixed principle in the kingdom of God, that to him who has, shall be given. The first profession of the blind born, John, ix. 17. was: He is a prophet. A nearer manifestation taught him, that he was his Lord, whom he should worship, v. 35. 38. Things are in a good train in the religion of Jesus, if the heart is disposed to believe him. It will soon perceive the excellency of the knowledge of Christ. The congregation in the house of Cornelius was fit to receive the spirit of God, because they were ready, before God, to hear all things that were commanded. Neither the works of Christ, nor his preaching, nor the works and ministerial functions of his Apostles, had any other view, than to make such an impression into the hearts of the eye or ear witnesses, as to procreate confidence. All they that believed were baptised, and then, with all diligence, instructed in the way of the Lord. In later times baptism, this public profession of the adopted faith, was preceded by the

O instruction,

instruction, except in the case of such as were born in the church.

How the church of God has been instructed by the first teachers, whom the first fruits of the spirit must have had rendered infallible in point of doctrine, because the author of the religion had said to them: He that hears you, hears me, Luke, x. 16. we are only to judge from some remnants of those primitive instructions, and from the history of the church and its doctrine, collected from the writings of the first centuries. From these sources, should I ever treat of this subject more largely, (for this present performance contains only some observations on the matter) I would derive all my arguments and place them in the following order:

1. The Apostles clearly distinguish two natures in Christ, Rom. i. 3. viii.

3. ix. 5.

2. They call Christ God, Rom. ix. 5. Tit. ii. 13. 1st Tim. iii. 16. To make a difference between the highest and a lower God, is a contradiction, and intolerable absurdity, for under the term, "*God*," we mean the highest. The Hebrew word *Elohim* construed with the verb in the singular, should always be rendered the *most high*. If applied to men, or an order of men, the context shews that it is not absolutely, but relatively spoken. Immense is the difference, whether I say, I am the king of my house, or I am the king. The Angels are called *Elohim*, Highnesses, but no single Angel is called *Elohim*, for this plural, construed with the verb in the singular, gives the idea of the *Supreme Being*. Christ is the Supreme God, on account of his eternal, mysterious, but at the same time real union with the father. His subordination to the father is as little a difficulty in admitting his supremacy, as there is in ascribing the sovereignty to the son of a king, who became the partner of the father during his life-time.

3. The incommunicable name of God, Jehovah, is ascribed to him. See Exod. vi. 3. coll. Isa. xl. 3. Jer. xxiii. 6. That the ark of the covenant, or any other thing or person should bear that name sometimes, is a Socinian comment, the futility of which is easily felt.

4. Expressions are used of him, paraphrasing the purport of that incommunicable name, Rev. i. 8. Ebr. xiii. 8. and undeniable divine attributes, Rev. i. 17. ii. 23. Col. ii. 9.

5. He is adored by his churches, 1st Cor. i. 2. Rom. x. 14. and its single members, Acts, vii. 58. This is the strongest of all arguments, and should quench all doubts and disputes in the matter. God alone is to be worshipped, and the aim of the gospel was to vindicate that honour to him alone. Some adherents of Sozin dropped this worship in consequence of his doctrine. But he travelled from Italy to Hungary and Poland, to re-inflate it to his congregations. This was nothing more and nothing less than idolatry. Dr. Priestly, at present, acts more consistently with himself; but at the same time, if the Apostles and Prophets are the foundation of the church, more unscripturally. Christ's worship is to be general, Phil. ii. 10. John, v. 23.

6. Passages of the Old Testament are applied to him by the Apostles, which confessedly are to be referred to God. Two of the most remarkable instances, see John, xii. 41. coll. Isa. vi. 1—10. Rom. xiv. 10. 11. coll. Isa. xlv. 23.

7. Creation and preservation are ascribed to him, Ps. cii. 26. coll. Ebr. i. 10. Col. i. 16. Ebr. i. 23. 1st Cor. viii. 6. John, i. 3.

8. The Apostles profess him to be the face of God, which led the Children of Israel through the wilderness, Exod. xxxiii. 14. xxiii. 21. coll. 1st Cor. x. 9. and Num. xxi. 5. 6.

9. This

9. This doctrine is confirmed by Jewish writers. Against the assertion of Dr. Priestly, that no Jew had originally any idea of their Messiah being more than a man, read *Whitby* on Phil. ii. 6. read *Cartwright's Works*; read *Philo*, (de Migratione Abrah. where he calls the Angels of the Covenant, in who the name of God was, and whom other Jewish writers call the Redeemer, *logon theion*, the divine word;) read *Rittangelius Cabbola denudata*, where it is proved that the ancient Jews believed the pre-existence of the Messiah. Add to these *R. Isaac Aramaei*, in *Perusch super libr. numeri*, where are these words: "R. Samuel Levita said, the word of God is his messenger, his orator, (agent.) Add R. Simeon, son of Johai, in the Book *Zohar*, where the words, *hear, O Israel! the Lord our God is one Lord*, are thus explained: "The ancient Jehovah is God, the beginning of all things, &c. and he is called father, and the son is called Jehovah, that is to say, God. And here is the holy spirit, who proceeds from the two, and is called the Mensuration of the voice. This mystery of the Son is not revealed to every body, till Messiah comes, and then, as the prophet says, the earth will be replenished with science as the sea with waters." The words, Ps. cx. 1. the Lord said to my Lord, &c. the thargum of Jonathan renders, "the Lord said to his word, &c."

10. This doctrine is confirmed by all the writers of the primitive and antenicaean church. Dr. Priestly proves nothing to the contrary from history. The following words, I suppose, no authority, even not that of a very eminent philosopher, will metamorphize into a proof: "It may be presumed, that as the Unitarian doctrine was held up by the common people in the time of Tertulian, it had been more general still before that

time, and probably universal in the apostolical age." The learned Doctor grants, that Justin Martyr maintains the pre-existence of Christ. How Irenaeus does it, who wrote before him, read, if you please, a whole book about that matter: *John Alexander's Essay on Irenaeus*, or still to more satisfaction: *J. Bull's Defensio antenicaenae fidei*. This book I still admire as the ornament of the British theological literature, although I find in *Semler's Life* the most disrespectful expressions against it, and see that even the great Ernesti is not much pleased with it. *Ignatius* speaks, in all his epistles, of the absolute godhead of Christ; and though I have and can read *Dallacus' Work* against the authenticity of these letters, yet I am and remain convinced of the originality of six of them. Concerning the Ebeonites, it is still very doubtful whether they ever denied the divinity of Christ. Dr. Christian Alb. Doederlin wrote a very learned work against this supposition. (Buzow, 1769.)

11. This doctrine of the primitive church is confirmed by Heathen testimonies. See *Pliny's famous Epistle: Christo quasi Deo carmen dicunt*.

12. Arianism was of no stability, Acts, v. 38. nor was true piety on their but on the side of the Catholics, which even Julian, the emperor, confirms. Such capital errors, as afterwards defiled the church at large, are predicted, but this kind of idolatry is not among them, 1st Tim. iv. 1. 2. 3. 2d Thess. ii. 3. 4. &c.

These twelve propositions I deem defensible against all speculations of the philosopher, or stratagems of such as declaim against speculation.

I conclude with five observations.

1. If our Lord and Saviour is really a creature of God, we are not responsible for our ignorance of it. Not one passage is to be found in all the Bible of his origin as to the spirit, except

except what we read of his generation.

2. It is as much our interest to know that he is the son of, and subordinate to the father, as that he is the eternal God with the father. Consubstantiality, and equal glory and power with the father is not incompatible with this subordination. The father is in nature, not in time, the first.

3. The ordinary name of Christ is not God, though he is God. His mediatorial function is what interests mankind. The emperors ordinary name is not king, though he is king. Christ is only occasionally called God in the Bible.

4. The author of the pamphlet, against which these observations are directed, asks, To what virtue will the absolute godhead of Christ lead? This question deserves yet an answer, and I answer it with the greatest delight—To all, *because God has not spared his own Son*. From this follows, that now the love of God is poured out into our heart through the Holy Ghost, Rom. v. 5. True vir-

tue is only deducible from this principle.

5. The same author signifies a great desire to see a new argument for the deity of Christ. A new inspired one, I suppose, he means not. He must wish for a passage, not applied yet for this purpose. I will gratify him in this respect. May be this piece finds a way to him. If Deut. xviii. 18. does not prove the deity of Christ, in my opinion no living soul can find a sense in the place. God spake to the people; but the trembling people declined the immediate voice of God. The Lord acquiesced in this refusal, but added, (if I shall give the sense of the words quoted,) at this time it should be lawful to decline hearing the immediate voice of God. Yet a time would come when such refusal would not be lawful, and this would be when he, God himself, would appear in the shape of a man, of a prophet, as Moses. I do not know that this place has been used as an argument for the point in question, yet I believe that Ebr. xii. 25. is an invincible support of this application.

A N E C D O T E S.

MR. ADDISON was subject to a native timidity, which nothing could surmount. Upon a very interesting debate in the house of commons, he essayed to speak, and began with, "*Mr. Speaker I humbly conceive*." This he repeated thrice.—A gentleman in opposition replied, "The worthy member has conceived thrice and brought forth nothing;" which so effectually dashed Addison, that he was unable to proceed.

WHEN Ganganelli ascended the papal chair, he bowed to the foreign ambassadors as they were introduced. His master of ceremonies told him it was against all etiquette. No matter, replies Clement, it is not against good manners.

A GENTLEMAN ridiculing the American flag, observed that it was different from those of all other nations. That may be, said a by-stander; but at least it is divine—*stripes shall be for the back of fools*.

AN Irish gentleman being taken ill of a yellow fever at Jamaica, a lady who had married in that island, indirectly hinted to him, in the presence of an Irish physician, who attended him, the propriety of making a will in a country where people were so apt to die; the physician, thinking his judgment called in question, tartly replied, "By St. Patrick, madam, I wish you would tell me where people do not die, and I will go and *end my days* there."

ARSACES

ARSACES AND ISMENIA. AN ORIENTAL STORY.

By M. de MONTESQUIEU.

Advertisement by the French Editor.

M. de Montesquieu had taken great pains to fix the limits which separate despotism from pure monarchy, which appeared to him the natural government of the French: But as monarchy is always in danger of degenerating into despotism, he wished, if it were possible, to render despotism itself useful. For this purpose he has given us the most delightful picture of a Despot who makes his people happy: He perhaps flattered himself, that some time or other, while reading his work, a prince, a queen, or a minister, might wish to resemble Arfaces, Ismenia, or Aspar; or to be themselves the models of a picture still more beautiful.

Besides, a number of men may be either despots or kings in their families, in their societies, in their different employments: we may all profit by a perusal of the Spirit of Laws and of this work.

The author saw the power which the ladies now possess over the thoughts of men: to secure himself disciples, he has endeavoured to render the masters favourable: he has spoken the language which is most agreeable to them and most familiar: he has written a romance: he has described love such as he felt it; impetuous, seldom melancholy, often sportful.

ABOUT the end of the reign of Artamenes, Bactria was agitated by civil discords. This prince died overwhelmed with vexation, and left his throne to his daughter Ismenia. Aspar, the first eunuch of the palace, had the chief direction of affairs. He had the interest of the state much at heart, and he was regardless of power. He knew mankind, and was an excellent judge of events. His genius was formed by nature for conciliation, and his mind seemed to court an alliance with every other mind. Peace, of which they had despaired, was re-established. Such was the ascendant of Aspar, every one returned to his duty, and scarcely knew he had violated it. Without labour and without noise he could execute great schemes.

The peace was disturbed by the King of Hyrcania. He sent Ambassadors to ask Ismenia in marriage; and being refused, invaded Bactria. This invasion was singular. Sometimes he appeared in complete armour, and ready to combat his enemies; at other times he was seen dressed like a lover ready to wait up-

on his mistress. He brought with him every thing proper for a wedding; dancers, musicians, players, cooks, eunuchs, women; and he brought with him a formidable army. He wrote the most tender letters to the Queen; and on the other hand he ravaged her whole country: One day was employed in feasts, another in military expeditions. Never before had so complete an image of war and peace at the same time been displayed; never so much dissipation and so much discipline. One village was flying from the cruelty of the conqueror; another was full of joy, banquetings, and dances: And, by a strange caprice, he sought for two things that are incompatible; to make himself feared, and to make himself loved. He was neither feared nor loved. An army was opposed to him; and a single battle decided the war. A soldier newly arrived in the army of the Bactrians performed prodigies of valour; he pierced to the very spot where the King of Hyrcania was fighting bravely, and took him prisoner. He delivered him over to an officer, and, without

without telling his name, was going to retire into the ranks ; but, followed with acclamations, he was conducted as in triumph to the general's tent. He appeared before him with an noble assurance ; he spoke modestly of the exploit he had performed. The general offered him rewards ; he was insensible to them : He wished to load him with honours ; he appeared accustomed to them.

Aspar judged that such a man could not be of ordinary birth. He made him be brought to court ; and when he saw him there, he was still more confirmed in his opinion. His presence struck him with admiration ; the very sadness which appeared in his countenance inspired him with respect ; he praised his valour, and addressed him in the most flattering terms. " My Lord," says the stranger to him, " pardon a wretch, whom the horror of his situation renders almost incapable of feeling your goodness, still more of answering it." His eyes were filled with tears, and the eunuch was moved at it. " Be my friend," says he to him. " since you are unfortunate. There was a time in which I admired you, now I love you. I would wish to console you ; I would wish you to make use of my reason and of your own. Accept of an apartment in my palace ; he who inhabits it loves virtue, and you will not be a stranger there."

The next day was a festival over all Bactria. The Queen issued from her palace followed by all her court. She appeared seated on her chariot in the midst of an immense multitude of her people. A vail covered her face, but allowed her charming shape to be seen ; and her features though concealed, appeared as if displayed to the love of her people.

She descended from her chariot, and entered the temple. The nobles of Bactria surrounded her. She knelt, and adored the gods in si-

lence ; then she raised her vail, composed herself, and pronounced aloud.

" Immortal gods, the Queen of Bactria comes to thank you for the victory you have granted her. Crown your favours by not permitting her to abuse it ; cause her to have neither passions, nor weaknesses, nor caprice ; let all her fears be to commit evil, all her hope to do good. And since she cannot be happy,"—said she, with a voice which seemed interrupted with tears, " at least bestow happiness upon her people."

The priests ended the ceremonies prescribed for the worship of the gods ; the Queen went out of the temple, mounted her chariot, and the people followed her even to the palace.

A little after Aspar went home, he asked for the stranger, and found him buried in the deepest melancholy. He seated himself beside him, and having made every body withdraw, " I conjure you," says he, " to open yourself to me : Do you think that a distressed heart feels no pleasure in intrusting another with its woes ? It is as if we reposed ourselves in a place more tranquil." " It would be necessary," says the stranger, " to relate to you all the events of my life."—" 'Tis what I ask of you," replied Aspar ; you will speak to a man not devoid of sensibility : Conceal nothing from me ; every thing is important in the eyes of friendship."

It was not tenderness alone and a sentiment of pity which excited the curiosity of Aspar ; he wished to attach this extraordinary man to the court of Bactria ; he wished to know thoroughly a man whom he already found fitted to accomplish his designs, and whom he destined in his mind for the greatest affairs.

The stranger recollected himself for a moment, and began thus :

" Love has made all the happiness and all the misery of my life. In the beginning it was strewed with mingled

gled pains and pleasures ; it has left in the end only tears, complaints, and despair. I was born in Media, and I can number a long train of illustrious ancestors. My father gained great victories at the head of the Median armies. I lost him in my infancy, and those who had the care of my education made me regard his virtues as the best part of my inheritance.

“ At the age of fifteen my establishment was formed. They did not give me that prodigious number of women, with which people of my birth are commonly loaded in Media ; they wished to follow nature, and to teach me, that, if the wants of the senses were bounded, those of the heart were still more.

“ *Ardasire* was not more distinguished from my other women by her rank than by her love. She had a haughtiness mingled with something so tender ; her sentiments were so noble, so different from those which an eternal complaisance inspires into the hearts of the women of Asia ; she possessed besides, such ravishing beauty, that my eyes never saw any but her, and my heart was a stranger to all others.

“ Her looks were enchanting ; her shape, her air, her graces, the tone of her voice, the charms of her conversation, every thing captivated me : I wished always to hear her ; I was never tired of seeing her. For me there was nothing so perfect in nature ; my imagination could paint nothing which I did not find in her ; and when I thought upon the highest pitch of human felicity, I always beheld my own.

“ My birth, my riches, my age, and some personal advantages, determined the King to give me his daughter. It is an inviolable custom among the Medes, that those who receive an honour of this kind must send away all their women. I saw nothing in this great alliance but the loss of what

I reckoned most dear ; but it was necessary for me to devour my tears and display gaiety. While all the court congratulated me on a favour, which it prized as the highest. *Ardasire* never asked to see me ; and I, for my part, both dreaded her presence and sought for it. I went into her apartment ; I was in despair. *Ardasire*, said I, I love you. But without either caresses or reproaches, without lifting her eyes, without dropping a tear, she preserved a profound silence ; a deadly paleness overspread her countenance, and I perceived a kind of indignation mingled with despair.

“ I wished to embrace her ; she seemed insensible ; and I could perceive no other emotion in her than a wish to escape from my arms.

“ It was not the fear of death which made me accept the Princess ; and, had I not trembled for *Ardasire*, I would doubtless have exposed myself to the most dreadful vengeance. But when I represented to myself, that my refusal would be infallibly followed by her death, my mind was confounded, and I abandoned myself to my misfortune.

“ I was conducted into the King's palace, and was no longer allowed to go out of it. I beheld that place formed for the humiliation of numbers, and the pleasures of only one ; that place where, in spite of silence, the sighs of love are scarcely ever heard ; that place where melancholy and magnificence reign together ; where every thing inanimate assumes a smile, and every thing which lives is gloomy ; where every thing moves along with the master, and every thing is dull with him.

“ I was presented the same day to the Princess ; her eyes might wander over my whole person, while I was not allowed to lift up mine. Strange effect of grandeur ! If her eyes spoke, mine could not answer. Two eunuchs attended, with
each

each a poinard in his hand, prepared to expiate with my blood the audacity of looking at her.

"How severe for a heart like mine, to carry to my bed the slavery of the court suspended betwixt contemptuous pride and caprice; to indulge no other sentiment but that of reverence, and to lose even the consolation of servitude, the pleasure of loving and being loved!

"But what was my situation, when one of the eunuchs of the Princess came to make me sign the order which dismissed all my women from the palace! Sign, said he to me; feel all the graciousness of this order: I will inform the Princess how ready you were to obey her. My face was covered with tears; I had begun to write, and I stopped. In the name of the gods, said I to the eunuch, grant me a moment's delay, or I die!—My Lord, said he, your head must answer for it as well as mine. Sign! We begin already to be guilty; they are counting the moments; already should I be on my return.—My trembling or rapid hand (for my senses had abandoned me) traced the most fatal characters which I could form. My women were carried off the evening of my marriage: But Ardasire, who had gained over one of my eunuchs, concealed a slave of her own figure and appearance beneath her veils and clothes, and hid herself in secret. She had told the eunuch that she wished to retire among the priestesses of the gods.

"The spirit of Ardasire was too high to allow her to think that a law which, without any reason, robbed lawful wives of their state in society, was ever made for her: The abuse of power could never make her reverence power: She appealed from this tyranny to nature; from her weakness she appealed to her despair.

"The marriage was celebrated in the palace. I carried the Princess

home with me. There concerts, dances, feasts, every thing seemed to express a joy, which my heart was far from feeling.

"Night being come, all the court left us. The eunuchs led the Princess to her chamber.—Alas! it was that where I had so often poured forth my soul to Ardasire. I retired to mine full of rage and despair.

"The moment fixed for my attending the Princess arrived. I entered into that gallery, almost unknown in my own house, through which love had so often conducted me. I walked in the dark alone, melancholy, pensive, when all at once I discovered a light: Ardasire, with a poinard in her hand, stood before me. Arfaces, said she, go tell your new spouse that I die here; tell her that I have disputed your heart even to the last sigh. She was going to strike; I held her hand. Ardasire, exclaimed I, what a dreadful spectacle were you about to exhibit! And spreading my arms, Begin by striking him who has first yielded to a barbarous law! I saw her grow pale, and the poinard dropped from her hands. I embraced her, and I do not know by what charm my mind seemed to grow calm. I held this dear object in my arms! I gave myself up entirely to the pleasure of loving! I forgot every thing, even my misfortunes! I was now possessed of Ardasire, and I thought I never again could lose her. Strange effect of love! My heart warmed, and my mind became tranquil.

"The words of Ardasire recalled me to myself. Arfaces, said she, let us quit this fatal spot! let us fly! What do we fear? We know how to love and how to die!—Ardasire, said I, I swear that you shall ever be mine; you shall be as if you had never been torn from my arms; I will never leave you. I call the gods to witness, that you alone shall form the happiness

ness of my life. The design you propose is generous; love had inspired me with it; it again inspires me with it through you; you shall now see whether I love you.

"I left her; and full of impatience and love, I went every where to give my orders. The door of the Princess's apartment was shut. I took all the gold and jewels I could carry off. I made my slaves take different roads, and departed alone with Ardashir in the horrors of the night; hoping every thing, dreading every thing; sometimes losing my natural boldness, a prey to every passion in its turn, sometimes even to remorse, ignorant whether I followed my duty, or love which made me forget it.

"I will not detain you with the many dangers to which we were exposed. Ardashir, spite of the weakness of her sex, encouraged me; she was fatigued to death, and continued to follow me. I shunned the presence of men; for every man was now become my enemy: I sought only the deserts. I arrived among those mountains, the range of lions and tigers. The presence of these animals restored my courage. It is not here, said I to Ardashir, that the eunuchs of the Princess, and the guards of the King of Media, will come to seek us.—But the wild beasts soon multiplied to such a degree, that I began to be afraid. I shot dead with my arrows those which approached too near: For instead of burdening myself with the necessities of life, I had provided arms which could supply me with them every where. Pressed on all sides, I struck fire with flints; I kindled dry wood; I passed the night near these fires, and made a noise with my arms. Sometimes I set fire to the forests, and drove the terrified animals before me. I entered into a more open country, and admired the vast silence of nature. It recalled to my imagination that period

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 2.

in which the gods were born, and beauty first appeared; in which love cherished it, and all nature became animated.

"At length we passed the confines of Media. It was amid the tents of shepherds that I thought myself the master of the world: There I could say that Ardashir was really mine, and that I was hers.

"We arrived in Margiana; our slaves there rejoined us. There we lived in the fields, far from the world and its bustle. Charmed with one another, we discoursed of our present pleasures, and of our past pains.

"Ardashir related to me what had been her sentiments during the time we had been torn from each other: her jealousy, when she thought I loved her no more; her grief, when she saw that I loved her still; her fury against a barbarous law; her resentment at me for submitting to it. She had at first conceived the design of sacrificing the Princess to her vengeance; she had rejected this idea. She would have been pleased in dying before my eyes; and she did not doubt but I would be moved. When she was in my arms, she said, when she proposed to me to leave my native country, she was already sure of me.

"Ardashir had never been so happy; she was charmed. We did not live in the pomp of Media; but our life was far sweeter. She saw in all that we had lost the great sacrifices I had made her. She was now alone with me. In our harams, in those abodes of delight, the idea of a rival is always present; and while we enjoy what we love, the more we love, the more we are alarmed.

"But Ardashir had now no distrust; heart was here linked to heart. A love of this kind gives an air of pleasure to every thing that surrounds us; and because an object pleases us, it commands all nature to please us too. A love of this kind seems to be that

P

amiable

amiable infancy before which every thing is sportful and gay, and which wears a constant smile.

"I feel a sweet emotion of pleasure in recounting to you this happy period of our lives. Sometimes I lost Ardasire in the woods, and found her again by the accents of her charming voice. She decked herself with flowers which I gathered; I adorned myself with those which she had culled. The singing of the birds, the murmurs of the fountains, the dances and concerts of our young slaves, a mildness which spread itself every where, were perpetual testimonies of our happiness.

"Sometimes Ardasire was a shepherdess, who, without dress and without ornaments, showed herself in all the charms of her native simplicity: At other times I beheld her such as she was when I was enchanted with her beauty in my Median haram.

"Ardasire employed her woman in works of elegance: They spun the wool of Hyrcania; they wrought the purple of Tyre. The whole house tasted the purest joy; we descended with pleasure to the equality of nature; we were happy, and we wished to live with people who were happy too. False happiness renders men rigid and haughty; and this happiness has nothing social. True happiness makes them mild, and endues them with sensibility; and this happiness is always shared.

"I remember Ardasire married one of her favourite maids to one of my freed men. Love and youth had formed this union. The favourite said to Ardasire, This is also the first day of your marriage.—All the days of my life, replied she, will be that first day.

"You will perhaps be surprised that, exiled and proscribed from Media, having had only a moment to prepare for my departure, being able only to carry away the money and

jewels which presented themselves to my hands, I could have enough of riches in Margiana to have a palace there, a great number of domestics, and all the conveniencies of life. I was surprised at it myself, and am so still. By a fatality, which I could not explain, I saw no where a resource, and found it every where. Gold, jewels, precious stones, seemed to present themselves to me. It was accident, you will tell me. But accidents so reiterated, and constantly the same, could scarcely be accidents. Ardasire thought at first that I wished to surprise her, and that I had brought wealth with me, of which she was ignorant. I thought, in my turn, that she had riches unknown to me. But we soon saw, both of us, that we were mistaken. I frequently found in my chamber, packets containing many hundreds of *Darics*; Ardasire found in hers boxes full of jewels. One day, while I was walking in my garden, a little coffer full of pieces of gold appeared before my eyes, and I perceived another in the hollow of an oak under which I used to repose. I pass over the rest. I was sure there was not a man in Media who had any knowledge of the place to which I had retired; and, besides, I knew that I had no assistance to expect from that quarter. I tortured my imagination to discover whence these succours came; but every conjecture I made destroyed another."

"They tell us wonderful stories," says Aspar, interrupting Arfaces, "of certain powerful genii who attach themselves to men, and heap benefits upon them. Nothing of this kind I ever heard before had made any impression on my mind: but what you say astonishes me still more: you tell what you have experienced, not what you have heard related."

"Whether this assistance," says Arfaces, "was human or supernatural, it is certain that it never failed; and

and that in the same way as a great number of men find want every where, I every where found riches. And, what will surprise you, they came always at the most seasonable moment: I never saw my treasure near spent, when a new one did not appear; so attentive was the intelligence who watched over us. Nor was this all; it was not our necessities only which were prevented, but often our caprices. I am not fond," added he, "of the marvellous; I tell you what I am obliged myself to believe, and not what you are obliged to believe also.

"On the evening of the favourite's marriage, a young man, beautiful as Love, brought me a basket of excellent fruit. I gave him some pieces of silver; he took them, left the basket, and disappeared. I carried the basket to Ardasire; I found it heavier than I thought. We ate the fruit, and we found the bottom full of *Darics*. It is the genie, said the whole house, who has brought a treasure here for the marriage expences.

"I am convinced, said Ardasire, that it is a genie who performs these prodigies in our favour. To those intelligences who are above us, nothing can be more agreeable than love. Love alone has a perfection which may elevate us even to them. It is a genie, Arfaces, who knows my heart, and who sees to what a degree I love you. I would wish to see him, and that he could tell me to what a degree you love me.

"I resume my narrative.

"The passion of Ardasire and mine took their impressions from our different educations and character. Ardasire lived only to love; her passion was her existence; her whole soul was love. It was not in her power to love me less; nor could she love me more.—I seemed to love with

more enthusiasm, because I did not always appear to love in the same way. Ardasire alone was capable of occupying mind; and yet there were things which seemed to distract it. I chased the stag in the forest, and went to combat the wild beasts.

"I began soon to imagine that I led a life too obscure. I am now, said I, in the territories of the King of Margiana; why should I not go to his court? My father's glory presented itself to my mind. A great name is a heavy load to support, when the virtues of ordinary men are not so much the goal at which you are to stop, as the point from which you must start. It appears as if we were more strongly bound by what others promise for us, than what we engage for ourselves. When I was in Media, said I, it was necessary to humble myself, to conceal my virtues more anxiously than my vices. If I was not the slave of the court, I was the slave of its jealousy; but now that I am my own master—now that I am independent, because I am without a country, free in the midst of the forest as the lions that inhabit it, I shall begin to have an ordinary mind if I remain an ordinary man.

I grew accustomed by degrees to these ideas. It is the lot of human nature that the happier we are, the more happy we wish to be. There is a sort of impatience even of felicity. It is because our heart is a series of desires, as our mind is a series of ideas. When we find that our happiness cannot be augmented, we wish to give it a new modification. My ambition sometimes was irritated even by my love. I hoped to become more worthy of Ardasire; and, spite of her prayers, spite of her tears, I quitted her."

(To be continued.)

T H E
A M E R I C A N M U S E.

O R I G I N A L P O E T R Y.

The VINE and OAK: A Fable.

A VINE from noblest lineage sprung,
And with the choicest clusters hung,
In purple rob'd, reclining lay,
And catch'd the fervid noon-tide ray :
The num'rous plants that deck the field
Did all the palm of beauty yield,
Pronounc'd her fairest of their train,
And hail'd her Empress of the Plain.

A neigh'ring Oak, whose spiry height
In low-hung clouds was hid from sight,
Who dar'd the winds in all their forms,
And brav'd a thousand howling storms ;
Conscious of worth, sublimely stood
The pride and glory of the wood.

He saw the Vine defenceless lay,
To each invading foe a prey,
And wish'd to clasp her in his arms,
And bear her far away from harms.
'Twas love—'twas tenderness—'twas all
That men the *thrilling passion* call.

He urg'd his suit, but urg'd in vain ;
The Vine, regardless of his pain,
Still flirted with each flippant green,
With seeing pleas'd and being seen ;
And as the syren Flattery sang,
Would o'er the strain extatic hang,
Enjoy'd the minutes as they rose,
Nor fears her bosom discompose.

But now the boding clouds arise,
And scowling darkness veils the skies :
Harsh thunders roar—red lightnings gleam,
And rushing torrents close the scene.

The fawning adulating crowd,
Who late in thronged circles bow'd,
Now left their mistress of a day
To the o'erwhelming flood a prey ;
Which, swell'd a deluge, pour'd around,
And tore her helpless from the ground :
Her riss'd foliage floated wide,
And ruby Nectar ting'd the tide.

With

With eager eyes, and heart dismay'd,
 She look'd, but look'd in vain for aid :
 " And are my lovers fled," she cry'd,
 " Who at my feet this morning sigh'd,
 " And swore my reign would never end,
 " While youth and beauty had a friend ?
 " I am unhappy, who believ'd !
 " And they detested, who deceiv'd !
 " Curse on that whim call'd *maiden pride*,
 " Which made me shun the name of *bride*,
 " When yonder Oak confess'd his flame,
 " And woo'd me in fair Honour's name.
 " —But now repentance comes too late,
 " And all forlorn I meet my fate."

The Oak, who safely wav'd above,
 Look'd down once more with eyes of love ;
 Declar'd her coldness might suspend,
 But not his gen'rous passion end :
 Begg'd to renew his am'rous plea—
 —As warm for union now as he,
 To his embraces quick she flew,
 And felt and gave sensations new.

Enrich'd and grac'd by the sweet prize,
 He lifts her tendrils to the skies ;
 Whilst she, protected and caress'd,
 Sinks in his arms, completely blest.

Banks of the Hudson, Feb. 8, 1791.

THE FRONTIER SONG.

LET statesmen tread their giddy round, Undoing and undone ; I hug my cot, where still is found My wife, my dog, and gun. Let the gay beau and tinsel'd belle In Pleasure's circle run ; My happiness their joys excell, My wife, my dog, and gun.	Where forests nod, and lakes expand, And foaming cat'raets stun ; I've fix'd my home, on either hand, My wife, my dog, and gun. Ambition's path, the miser's road, The legal maze I shun, But cling to my belov'd abode, My wife, my dog, and gun.
---	--

EPI THALAMIUM.

TWAS summer, when softly the zephyrs were blowing,
 And Hudson majestic so sweetly was flowing ;
 The groves rang with music and accents of pleasure,
 And nature in rapture beat time to the measure :
 When *Strephon* and *Phyllis*, so true and so loving,
 Along the green lawn were seen arm in arm moving ;
 Sweet daffodils, violets, and roses spontaneous,
 Wherever they rambled sprang up instantaneous.

The

The ascent the lovers at length were seen climbing;
 Whose summit is grac'd by the temple of Hymen :
 The Genius presiding, no sooner perceiv'd them,
 But spreading his pinions, he flew to receive them ;
 With kindest of greetings pronounced them welcome,
 While holliday's clangour rang loud to the welkin.

*An Elegy on Miss CORNELIA REMSEN, a young Lady of this City, who
 died in May, 1790.*

[WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR OF JUVENIS.]

O Holy shade! shall not some friend in verse,
 Your shining virtues to the world rehearse?
 Come plaintive muse, inspire my throbbing breast,
 And hush these sighs with which I am oppress'd ;
 While I my simple sorrowing tale relate,
 Submissive to the hand of ruling fate,
 An early victim to relentless death,
 In calm composure she resign'd her breath.
 Possess'd of ev'ry virtue to endear,
 And make her real worth to all appear ;
 To give sweet peace, diffuse a social joy,
 Mark'd out her pleasures, and sublime employ ;
 Improv'd by learning, with a taste correct,
 She gain'd affection, and ensur'd respect.
 No boist'rous passions sway'd her gentle mind,
 But all her nature was serene and kind.
 For other's woes in sympathy she groan'd,
 And all their sorrows feelingly bemoan'd.
 Her manners uniform, her heart sincere,
 Her grieving friends must feel the loss severe ;
 Her parents too must mourn the long farewell,
 And weep in anguish o'er the noisome dell,
 That hides forever from the longing sight
 The once-lov'd object in the shades of night.
 Forever did I say? The time shall be
 When we again the lovely fair shall see
 Array'd in robes celestial, still more bright,
 Still more engaging to th' enraptur'd sight.
 O cruel death! the grief-expressing cries,
 Of those related by the nearest ties ;
 The friendly tear, the dismal plaints of love,
 Do not avail, nor thee to pity move :
 Nor youth, nor beauty, can avert the dart
 Aim'd by the tyrant at the destin'd heart.
 The good, the wise, the harmless and the brave,
 Alike are hast'ning to the silent grave.
 Four lustra's scarce had pass'd, she bid adieu
 To things terrestrial, and to Heav'n flew ;
 Forever to rejoice in Angel praise,
 And in adoring hymns her voice to raise ;

To bask forever in the rays of light,
Which are too dazzling for a mortal's sight ;
Which beam incessant from the source divine,
Where truth and glory infinite combine.

New-York, Jan. 29, 1791.

ADDRESS to a MINIATURE PROFILE.

BEAUTIFUL profile—much, too much belov'd,
By her whose artless heart dictates this lay,
Why is thy dear original remov'd

From my impatient eyes so far away ?

Thou dear resemblance of that noble youth,

Why art thou all that I can call my own
Of him ? why not his heart, that seat of truth ?

Why are my tender cares to him *unknown* ?

Ah ! rather why did I my heart permit

Fondly to roam o'er Hope's illusive plain ?

Why for a stranger did its pulses beat,

While flut'ring passions throb'd through ev'ry vein ?

While I complain, perhaps he gaily roves,

Front cruel doubts and disappointments free ;

And (sick'ning thought) perhaps he fondly loves,

Nor knows there lives a hapless maid like me !

Deceitful Hope ! thy flow'ry courts I'll quit,

Nor more present my off'rings at thy shrine,

But scorning censure—weep my wayward fate,

For L**** never—never can be mine.

New-York, Jan. 1791.

JULIA.

SELECTED POETRY.

LINES on Major WYLLYS, of the Federal Troops, who fell in a late Engagement with the Savages, at the River St. Joseph, in the Western Territory of the United States.—By a Friend.

WHERE the sack'd hamlet darts expiring gleams,
Thro' mould'ring clouds, and thy encrimson'd streams
Wabash! flow rolling to the western bourne,
Thy slaughter'd sons in sullen murmur mourn.
There, if e'er chance the traveller shall lead,
The blood-drench'd shore with reverence let him tread,
And mark the spot where oft', at eve unseen,
The weeping Genii plant the laurel green,
And fancy bid her choicest flow'rets rise,
To deck the lonely grave where WYLLYS lies !

If polish'd manners, undisguis'd by art,
 The tenderest passions, and the firmest heart ;
 Where lavish Heaven united every grace,
 To the mild virtues of the WYLLYS race :
 If worth, long tried, distinguish'd and approv'd,
 Could move the tyrant Death, or e'er had mov'd,
 Thy valu'd life had known a longer date,
 Nor savage yells announc'd thy hapless fate.

A bard, the meanest of the tuneful throng,
 Whose idle lyre, has long remain'd unstrung,
 Who lov'd thee living, and regrets thee dead,
 Pays this last tribute to thy gentle shade.
 Th' historic muse, in more exalted verse,
 May thus to future times thy fate rehearse.
 From England's gentlest blood, an honour'd name,
 In virtues, arts and arms, long known to fame,
 He sprung :—Where Hartford crowns with spiry pride,
 Her high romantic banks and chrystal tide,
 His infant sports and happier hours were led,
 Till *Yale's* fair laurels grac'd his youthful head.
 What time the Briton, to our guiltless shore,
 In proud array, his thund'ring legions bore,
 When erst Columbia's starry flag unfurl'd,
 Show'd a new eagle to the wond'ring world,
 The gallant youth appear'd at Freedom's shrine,
 Drew his yet unstain'd steel, and join'd the embattl'd line ;
 There in long toils, and dangers tried, he won
 Th' approving smiles of god-like WASHINGTON !
 With tarnish'd arms the Britons fought the main,
 And Heav'n-born Peace, resum'd her golden reign.
 The patriot bands, reliev'd from martial toil,
 Return and court the long-neglected soil :
 Severer cares his warrior arms engage,
 To guard the western realm, and quell barbarian rage,
 And lo ! on wild *Miami's* dusky plain,
 O'er slaughter'd heaps he leads his victor train,
 There as the foe in trembling haste retires,
 In Glory's arms the hapless chief expires.

Columbians rise ! no more inactive lie,
 Your slaughter'd friends for speedy vengeance cry :
 Their mangled-corpses and yet teeming blood,
 Their groans yet echoing in the western wood ;
 The matron's piercing shriek, the infant's cries,
 And yon brown cloud slow rising to the skies,
 Call to revenge—to arms ! to arms repair !
 Urge home the ruthless brood, and wage eternal war,
 On those curst miscreants whom no faith can bind,
 The scourge of *God* ! the terror of mankind !
 Then let the vengeful bolts of war be hurl'd,
 And with black myriads crowd the infernal world !

INTELLIGENCE.

RICHMOND, (Virginia,) Jan. 20.

ON Thursday last arrived in this city, the much talked of, and famous foot traveller, Mr. Ignatius Speiller, who has, within these few years past, travelled through most parts of Europe, Asia and Africa, and is now on his way to explore the extensive regions of the interior parts of North and South America.

George-Town, Jan. 26.

Extract of a letter from a correspondent at Louisville, Kentucky, dated 10th December, 1790.

"You will, before this reaches you, hear of the dreadful slaughter made by the Indians. I have lost 15 men out of my company, all of which were heads of families, five have left eight or ten children behind. The loss fell heavy on the militia of Kentucky; the disharmony which existed between the federal troops and the militia, contributed much to this unfortunate campaign."

Portsmouth, Feb. 2. The Rev. Dr. Peters, formerly of Hebron in Connecticut, is expected shortly to take charge of the province of Quebec, as Bishop.

The Rev. Dr. Bais, having resigned his election as Bishop, that office will probably be given to the Rev. Dr. Parker, of Boston, in testimony of the affection and esteem of the Church, and in gratitude for his many important services to her in days of distress.

The Rev. Uzal Ogden, of Newark, in New-Jersey, is also a candidate for consecration as Bishop of the Churches in that state.

Portland, Jan. 13. Last Monday evening the Light-House on Portland-Head, at the entrance of this

New-York Mag. Vol. 1K No. 2.

harbour, was lighted. The building is built with stone and lime, is 72 feet high, exclusive of the lanthorn. The following directions are given for coming into this harbour:—

Bring the light to bear N. N. W. then run for it, allowing a small distance on the larboard hand; and when a-breast of the same, then run N. by W. This course will give good anchorage from half a mile to one and an half.

Boston, Feb. 12. Yesterday being the anniversary of the birth-day of our beloved President, the same was celebrated by a great number of respectable characters in this and the adjacent towns. A federal discharge of cannon saluted the morn, and a display of flags, &c. distinguished the day. A large number of gentlemen dined at Concert-Hall: after dinner a number of federal toasts were drank, and the close of the day demonstrated that genuine festivity is not incompatible with strict decorum and true republicanism.

Albany, Feb. 7. We are informed that a mercantile house in Lansingburgh, has, this season, purchased and taken in to store, upwards of 39,000 bushels of wheat—and that Messrs. John Kane and Brothers, have purchased, and in store at Fort-Edward, between 22 and 26,000 bushels.

In this city wheat is on the fall; as an instance of which we mention one of our merchants having offered all he has in store (being no inconsiderable quantity) at 6s. per bushel, in cash, half in hand, and the remainder at four months credit.

New-Jersey, Feb. 5. This day Messrs. Neilson, Tuthill, Kemble.

Q

Maxwell

Maxwell and Pintard, Commissioners appointed by the Legislature of this state to erect bridges over the Hackinsack and Passaic Rivers, met at Newark, and having ordered the necessary surveys of the adjacent roads and country to be made, and appointed managers to conduct the lottery for raising a sum of money to be applied to the improvement of the roads and country, that may be connected with the bridges when erected, adjourned on the 9th.

The erection of bridges over the above rivers is an object of considerable importance to the communication between the two cities of New-York and Philadelphia. The intention, we understand, is to have them constructed on a plan similar to the bridges in the state of Massachusetts, which are so justly admired, and do so much honour to the skill of the architects. It is earnestly hoped that this desirable improvement will meet with no impediment in the execution.

New-York, Feb. 10. The weather was so severely cold at Bennington, Vermont, on the 19th of December last, that the mercury in Fahrenheit's scale, stood at 27 degrees below 0. It is remarked by the observer, that 20 degrees has generally marked the severest cold at Quebec, and 23 at Petersburg, in Russia, in the month of December, which places are esteemed severe climates. The temperature was marked by 17, 18, 21, and 24 degrees below 0, at several different periods in December at Bennington. The severest cold in this city, on that month, was 9 degrees below 0.

We hear that the amount of the value of the exports from the United States, for thirteen months, agreeable to an estimate made at the office of the Secretary of the Treasury, is *twenty millions and two hundred thousand dollars.*

Extract of a letter from Joseph Fenwick, Esq; Consul of the United States at the port of Bourdeaux, dated Nov. 8, 1790, addressed to his friend in Providence, (R. I.)

"There is a usage at this port, which allows on all bills of lading, filled with primage and average accustomed, ten per cent. on the freight, say five to the Captain for primage, and five to the ship for average. As this occasions frequent and disagreeable disputes here, between the Captains and Consignees, and often subjects the freighter to a charge he is not aware of, I beg leave to suggest, that it would be well to stipulate on the bill of lading what is to be allowed to either the Captain or Ship, over and above the freight."

Feb. 22. This day being the anniversary of the birth of our illustrious President (new stile,) the Society of the Cincinnati met at Corre's Hotel, to commemorate that auspicious day. The cheerfulness which beamed in every countenance, evinced their happiness in paying this tribute of respect to the father of their country, and felicitating each other on the festive occasion. Before they rose from table, they received a polite message from the Society of St. Tammany, by the father of the council of Sachems, and brothers Melancton Smith, and John Pintard, congratulating them in behalf of the Society, on the return of this anniversary; to which the President made a handsome complimentary answer.

The business of the day was conducted with the utmost order and satisfaction to the company, and which was considerably heightened by the exhibition of an elegant transparent portrait of the President General, erected in front of the building by Col. Bauman.

The day was also celebrated by the Society of St. Tammany, in this city, who assembled in their Wigwam, at the

the Exchange (which was elegantly illuminated on the occasion) to pay that tribute of gratitude which is due from every true American to the noble defender of our liberties.

At six o'clock, the Society being met, received the report of a committee which had been appointed the preceding night to congratulate the Society of the Cincinnati on the happy return of the day. The committee reported, "that they had waited on the Society of the Cincinnati for that purpose, and were received by the President and members with every mark of friendly regard and attachment." A deputation from the Cincinnati was then introduced, who, in a short, but elegant address, congratulated the Society on the return of the day, and expressed their wishes, that as the institutions were founded on similar principles, the most perfect union might subsist between them, and that the chain of their friendship might be brightened by mutual endeavours to serve their country.

Alexander Robertson, Esq; merchant in this city, has made a donation to the Scotch Presbyterian church of New-York (under the charge of the Rev. Dr. John Mason) of two lots of ground in King street, for the noble purpose of *charity*; on which is to be erected a free school for the poor children of that congregation; all at his own private expence, estimated in the whole to be in value 2000l. It is hoped that so benevolent an example will be followed by many of the liberal and rich citizens of New-York, who have been, on all occasions, so remarkable for their open-heartedness, and generosity in helping the distressed and poor, when called upon.

Mr. George Lindsey, stone-cutter, has also given a sufficiency of hewn stone to decorate the building, estimated worth 100l.

A negro man was lately tried at the Court-House in Fairfax county,

Virginia, for killing an overseer. It appearing on the trial, that the overseer had been guilty of many barbarous acts towards the negro, and that the negro's life was in danger when he committed the fact, he was acquitted. This decision has given great satisfaction to the friends of justice and humanity in that quarter.

—APPOINTMENTS.—

The President of the United States has appointed, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, David Humphreys, Minister Resident from the United States to her Most Faithful Majesty the Queen of Portugal.

The Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, on the 1st inst. made the following appointments:—

The Hon. Edward Shippen, Esq; one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, in the room of the Hon. George Bryan, Esq; deceased—the Hon. James Biddle, Esq; Judge of the Court of Common Pleas—and Charles Biddle, Esq; Prothonotary of said Court.

—MARRIAGES.—

In *Pennsylvania*.—At Bedford, J. Rofs, Esq; to Miss Nancy Woods.

In *New-Jersey*.—At Burlington, Mr. William Cummings, to Miss Sarah Wardell.—T. Little, Esq; to Miss Lydia Drummond.—Mr. John Holme, to Miss Sarah Hendrickson.

At Trenton, Mr. Pearson Hunt, to Miss Rachel Higbee.

In *New-York*.—In the capital, Mr. Samuel Goldsmith, to Miss Ruth Lockwood.—Rev. Mr. Cooper, to Miss Elizabeth Schuyler.—Mr. Isaac T. Stagg, to Miss Ann Davenport.—Mr. William A. Hardenbrook, to Miss Margaret Somerindyke.

In Albany, Killian K. Van Ransselaer, Esq; of Claverack, to Miss Sanders, of Schenectady.—Richard Edwards, Esq; of Albany, to Miss Griffin, of Hampton, Connecticut.

—DEATHS.—

—DEATHS.—

In *North-Carolina*.—At Wilmington, Archibald Maclaine, Esq.

In *Pennsylvania*.—At East-Pennsborough, Mrs. Isabel Hoge, aged 64.

In the capital, the Hon. George Bryan, Esq; one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Theophilus Coffart, Printer, in an advanced age.

In *New-Jersey*.—At Allen-Town, Doctor James Newell, in the 67th year of his age.

In *Massachusetts*.—In the capital,

Mr. Samuel Gilman, merchant.—

Mrs. Mary Hogdon.

In *New-York*.—At Albany, the aged and much respected Col. John Lanfing.

—FOREIGN DEATHS.—

At Dublin, in November last; Mansergh St. George, Esq; of a wound which he received in his Britannic Majesty's service in America.

At Port-au-Prince, in December last, Major John Porter.

In *Nova-Scotia*.—In the capital, Mrs. Martha Howe, aged 31.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS for *January*, 1791.

Days.	Degrees of Heat by Fahrenheit's Ther.			Prevailing Winds.			Change & Fullof Moon.	WEATHER, &c.
	8.	2	8	8	2	8		
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.		
1	13	14	18	N. E.	N.	N. W.	New.	Snow, snow, clear.
2	15	24	24	W.	S. W.	S. W.		Clear, clear, clear.
3	20	28	28	S. W.	S. W.	S. W.		Do. do. do.
4	31	35	35	S.	S.	S.		Dull, dull, dull.
5	33	37	37	S. W.	S.	S.		Do. do. do.
6	35	42	40	S. W.	S. W.	S. W.		Clear, clear, clear.
7	37	43	41	S.	S.	S.		Dull, cloudy, dull.
8	34	33	32	N. W.	N.	N. W.		Cloudy, cloudy, clear.
9	26	31	31	N. E.	N. E.	N. E.		Dull, clear, rain.
10	34	38	35	W.	W.	W.		Cloudy, cloudy, clear.
11	27	27	25	N. W.	N. W.	N. W.		Clear, clear, clear.
12	23	28	29	S. W.	S. W.	W.		Cloudy, clear, clear.
13	32	36	36	S. W.	S. W.	W.		Dull, cloudy, cloudy.
14	35	39	37	W.	S.	S. W.		Cloudy, clear, clear.
15	37	38	38	S. W.	S. W.	S. W.	Full.	Cloudy, rain, cloudy.
16	35	39	37	W.	N. W.	N. E.		Dull, dull, dull.
17	31	30	32	N. E.	N. W.	W.		Snow, clear, clear.
18	31	32	28	S. W.	S. W.	W.		Clear, clear, clear.
19	22	27	24	N. W.	N. W.	W.		Cloudy, clear, clear.
20	22	30	29	W.	S. W.	S. W.		Clear, cloudy, clear.
21	30	39	36	S.	S.	S.		Clear, clear, clear.
22	27	21	18	N. W.	N. W.	N. W.		Do. do. do.
23	16	24	23	E.	E.	N. W.		Dull, clear, clear.
24	22	31	32	N. E.	N. E.	S.		Clear, clear, clear.
25	34	38	37	S. E.	N. E.	N. E.		Cloudy, dull, rain.
26	35	37	35	N. E.	N. E.	N. E.		Foggy, dull, thick fog.
27	38	37	35	S.	W.	W.		Foggy, cloudy, clear.
28	28	30	23	N. W.	N. W.	N. W.		Clear, clear, clear.
29	19	27	28	N. W.	S. W.	S. W.		Clear, clear, cloudy.
30	32	34	28	S.	S.	N. W.		Dull, dull, high wind.
31	20	26	22	N. W.	N. W.	N. W.		Clear, clear, clear.

1528.

and he had power to nominate all the officers who were to serve under him. In return, he engaged to raise two hundred and fifty men, and to provide the ships, arms, and warlike stores requisite towards subjecting, to the crown of Castile, the country of which the government was allotted him.

In the month of March of this year, *Pamfilo de Narvaez* sails from Cuba, with 400 men, for the conquest of Florida. He arrives there the 12th of April, and marches to *Apelachen*; thence coming down to the sea, and coasting westward, is lost with many others in a storm, about the middle of November, somewhere probably about the mouth of the *Mississippi*, which put an end to the enterprize.

Pizarro, with great difficulty, completed one half the complement of men he had undertaken to raise, but effected his escape from the port of *Seville*, with his patents from the crown, and eluded the scrutiny of the officers appointed to examine whether he had fulfilled his stipulations. He was indebted to *Cortez* for some pecuniary aid on this occasion. Landing at *Nombre de Dios*, he crossed the isthmus of *Darien*, accompanied by his three brothers, *Ferdinand*, *Juan* and *Gonzalo*, the first born in lawful wedlock, the two last, like himself, were of illegitimate birth.

During this period, the Reformation made great progress throughout Europe. The Diet of the Empire at *Spire*, passing a decree against the principles of the Reformation; the *Electors of Saxony*, *George Marquis of Brandenburg*; *Ernest* and *Francis, Dukes of Lunenburg*; the *Landgrave of Hesse*, and *Count of Anhalt*, publicly read the *PROTEST* against it, in which they were joined by several cities; from whence the famous name and distinction of *PROTESTANT* has arisen.

Anderson, in his History of Commerce, remarks, that *Cortez*, when in Mexico, having sent *Saavedra* with three ships from *New-Spain*, in order to discover a passage from thence to the *Moluccos* or *Spice Isles*; one of the said ships got safe thither, and returned the same way back to *Panama* this year, laden with spices. And this voyage led the way for the Spaniards' conquest of the *Philippine Islands*, which they hold to this day.

Pizarro, on his arrival, found *Almagro* much exasperated at his conduct. He mitigated his resentment, however, by relinquishing to him the office of *Adelantado*, and promising to solicit the title with an independent government for him. A reconciliation was by this means effected, and the confederacy renewed on its original terms.

After their utmost efforts, the whole force they could collect for the new expedition, consisted of only three small vessels, with 180 soldiers, 36 of whom were horsemen, with which small armament *Pizarro* did not hesitate to sail, to invade a great empire. *Almagro* continued at *Panama*, to follow him with what further reinforcement of men he should be able to muster. *Pizarro* completed his voyage to *Peru* this time, as it was better known, in 13 days. He was carried by the current considerably to the

1529.

1530.

1531.

Feb.

1531. northward of Tumbes, and was obliged to land his troops in the Bay of St. Matthew. He advanced towards the south without loss of time, and after encountering a variety of distressing difficulties in this march, he at length reached the province of *Coaque*; and having surprised the principal settlement of the natives, his troops acquired a very considerable booty in gold and silver, which tended to dispel all their doubts, and inspired the most desponding with sanguine hopes.
- April 24. Pizarro instantly dispatched one of his ships with a remittance to Almagro, and sent another, with a considerable sum of money, to some persons of influence at Nicaragua, in order to allure adventurers, which had the desired effect, for shortly after he received a reinforcement from thence, which, though consisting of only *thirty* men, he considered of great consequence to his feeble band, especially as one was under the command of *Sebastian Benalcazar*, and the other of *Hernando Soto*, officers not inferior to any who had served in America. In the meantime Pizarro had advanced with little opposition, until he attacked the island of *Puna*, in the bay of Guayquil, which he spent six months in reducing. From thence he proceeded to Tumbes, where the sickness of his men detained him three months.

1532. Pizarro had advanced with little opposition, until he attacked the island of *Puna*, in the bay of Guayquil, which he spent six months in reducing. From thence he proceeded to Tumbes, where the sickness of his men detained him three months. From Tumbes he proceeded to the river Piura, and in an advantageous station near the mouth of it, he established the first Spanish colony in Peru; to which he gave the name of St. Michael.
- May 16. Pizarro invaded Peru at a time when a dispute existed relative to the succession to the throne. The empire of Peru was governed by *Lucas*, descendants of *Manco Capac*, and *Mama Ocollo*, the first sovereigns, reputed children of the Sun, the object of Peruvian adoration, and founders of *Cuzco*. The government was perfectly despotic, but the unbounded power of the monarch seems to have been universally accompanied with attention to the good of their subjects. The blood of the royal family was held to be sacred, and by prohibiting intermarriages with the people, was never contaminated by mixing with that of any other race.

When the Spaniards first visited the coast of Peru, in the year 1526, Huana Capac, the twelfth monarch from the founder of the state, was seated on the throne. He is represented as a prince not only distinguished for the pacific virtues peculiar to his race, but eminent for his martial talents. By his victorious arms he subdued the kingdom of Quito, a conquest of such extent and importance, as almost doubled the power of the Peruvian empire. He was fond of residing in the capital of that province, and notwithstanding the ancient and fundamental law of the monarchy against polluting the royal blood by any foreign alliance, he married the daughter of the vanquished monarch of Quito. She bore him a son named Atahualpa, whom, on his death at Quito, which happened about the year 1529, he appointed his successor in that kingdom, leaving the rest of his dominions to Huascar, his eldest son, by a mother of the royal race. This circumstance occasioned a civil war, in which the

fortune

fortune of Atahualpa prevailed, in the course of which he made Huascar, his rival, a prisoner.

This event proved favourable to the progress of Pizarro, who received messengers from Huascar, soliciting his aid against Atahualpa. Pizarro at once determined to avail himself of these intestine discords, that by taking part, as circumstances should incline him, with one of the competitors, he might be enabled, with greater ease, to crush both.

For this purpose, having a garrison at St. Michael sufficient for the defence of so important a station, he began his march with a very slender and ill-accounted train of followers. They consisted of 62 horsemen, and 102 foot soldiers, of whom 20 were armed with cross-bows, and three with muskets. He directed his course to Caxamalca, a small town at the distance of twelve days march from St. Michael, where Atahualpa was encamped with a considerable body of troops. After entering Caxamalca, Pizarro dispatched Hernando Soto, and his brother Ferdinand, to the camp of Atahualpa, which was a league distant from the town, where they were treated with all the respectful hospitality usual among the Peruvians in the reception of their most cordial friends, and Atahualpa promised to visit the Spanish commander next day in his quarters.

After the example of Cortez, Pizarro formed the daring and perfidious plan to seize the Inca, and detain him prisoner. Early in the morning the Peruvian camp was all in motion. But as Atahualpa was solicitous to appear with the greatest splendor and magnificence in his first interview with the strangers, the preparations for this were so tedious that the day was far advanced before he began his march. On his approach to the Spanish camp, father Vincent Valverde, chaplain to the expedition, advanced with a crucifix in one hand, and a breviary in the other, and in a strange harangue, informed the Inca of the mysteries of the Christian Religion, the Apostolic succession, and the grant made by Pope Alexander of all the regions in the New World to the King of Castile. In consequence of all this, he required Atahualpa to embrace the Christian Faith, to acknowledge the supreme jurisdiction of the Pope, and to submit to the King of Castile as his lawful sovereign; and in case of his refusal threatened him with the most exemplary vengeance. Nov. 16.

This strange harangue was incomprehensible to Atahualpa, who could not conceive how a foreign priest should pretend to dispose of territories which did not belong to him; that if such a preposterous grant had been made, he, who was the rightful possessor, refused to confirm it; and that he had no intention to renounce the religious institutions established by his ancestors. On desiring to know where the priest had learned things so extraordinary, "In this book," answered Valverde, reaching out to him his breviary. The Inca opened it eagerly, and turning over the leaves, lifted it to his ear: "This," says he, "is silent, it tells me nothing," and threw it with disdain to the ground. The enraged monk, running towards his countrymen, cried out, "To

1532.

"To arms! Christians, to arms! the word of God is insulted; avenge this profanation on those impious dogs."

Pizarro immediately attacked the Peruvians, and, at the head of a chosen band, advanced directly towards the Inca, who was in vain defended by his nobles. The Spaniards soon penetrated to the royal seat, and Pizarro seizing the Inca by the arm, dragged him to the ground, and carried him as a prisoner to his quarters. The carnage of the Peruvians did not cease until the close of the day, and their loss amounted to upwards of 4000. Not a single Spaniard fell, nor was one wounded but Pizarro himself, whose hand was slightly hurt by one of his own soldiers, while struggling to lay hold of the Inca.

The captive monarch was at first much dejected at his fate. He soon, however, discovered the ruling passion of the Spaniards, and in order to obtain his liberty, offered as a ransom what astonished the Spaniards, even after all they now knew concerning the opulence of his kingdom. The apartment in which he was confined was twenty-two feet in length, and sixteen in breadth; he undertook to fill it with vessels of gold as high as he could reach. Pizarro eagerly closed with the tempting proposal, and a line was drawn upon the walls of the chamber, to mark the stipulated height to which the treasure was to rise.

Dec.

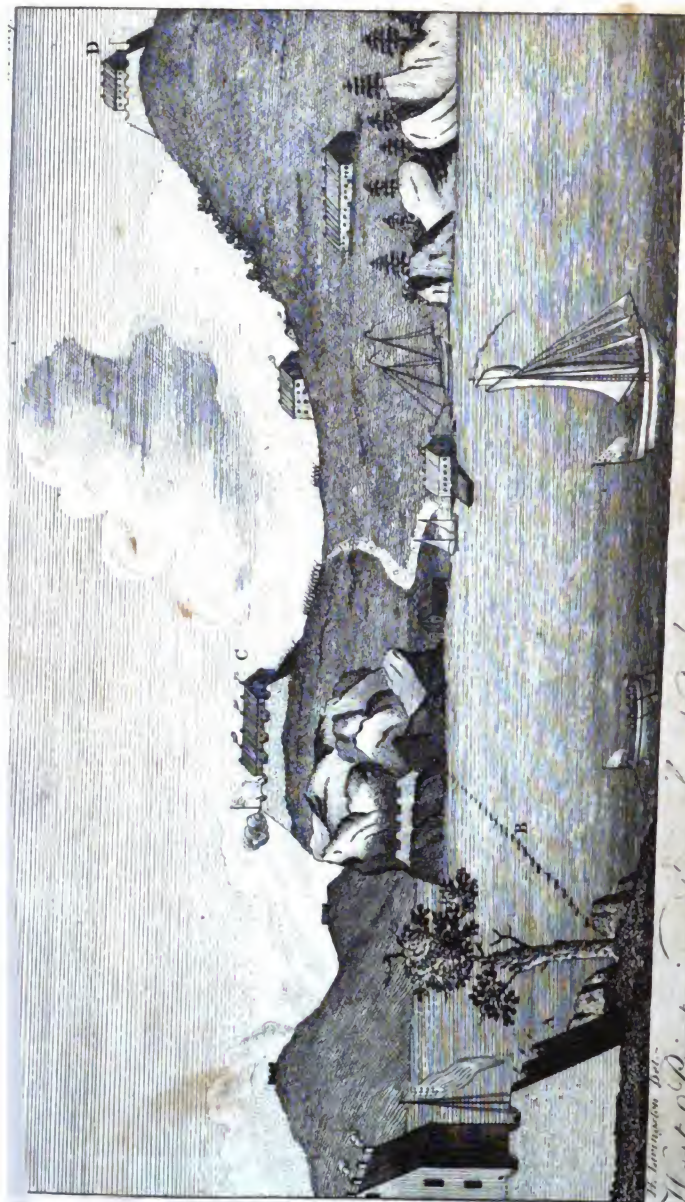
Almagro arrives at St. Michael with a reinforcement as almost doubled the number of Pizarro's followers. Atahualpa was much alarmed at this intelligence, and apprehensive lest the Spaniards might be induced to release his brother Huascar, he determined to sacrifice him, and his orders to that purpose were punctually obeyed.

1535.

A great proportion of the ransom which Atahualpa had stipulated being arrived, the Spaniards could no longer restrain their patience to share it. Orders were accordingly given for melting down the whole, except some pieces of curious fabric, reserved as a present for the Emperor. After setting apart the fifth due to the crown, and 100,000 dollars as a donative to the soldiers who had arrived with Almagro, there remained 1,528,500

July 25.

dollars to Pizarro and his followers. The festival of St. James, the patron saint of Spain, was the day chosen for the partition of this vast sum, and the manner of conducting it strongly marks that strange alliance of fanaticism with avarice, which, as before observed, is so striking a feature in the character of the conquerors of the New World. Though assembled to divide the spoils of an innocent people, procured by deceit, extortion, and cruelty, the transaction began with a solemn invocation of the name of God, as if they could have expected the guidance of Heaven, in distributing those wages of iniquity. In this division above 8000 dollars, at that time not inferior in effective value to 35,553 dollars in the present century, fell to the share of each horseman, and half that sum to each foot soldier. Pizarro himself, and his officers received dividends in proportion to the dignity of their rank. There is no example in history of such a sudden acquisition



J. H. Thompson del.

West Point, viewed from the North as it appeared at the Close of the War.

T H E
NEW-YORK MAGAZINE;
 O R,
LITERARY REPOSITORY:
 FOR MARCH, 1791.

NUMBER III.—VOLUME II.

C O N T A I N I N G,

	Page.		Page.
Of West-Point,	123	Extraordinary Petition addressed	
The Club.—No. IX.	124	to the Queen of Portugal,	158
Transfusion of Blood,	125	Philobiblicus.—No. VIII.	162
Rules and Regulations of the		Remarkable Anecdote of the	
Agricultural Society,	126	Power of Music,	164
Conjugal Prudence,	127	Bon Mots at a Masquerade,	ibid
Account of the Execution of the		Arfaces and Ismenia. An Ori-	
Maid of Orleans,	129	ental Story,	165
On Friendship,	130	Anecdote of Charles the Fifth,	170
Speech to King Henry IV.	133	<i>The AMERICAN MUSE.</i>	
Isaac's Discovery of extracting		ORIGINAL.	
fresh Water from Ocean-		To the Memory of Aleon, who	
Water,	134	died at Sea in the Year 1790,	171
Account of a Plague,	135	Elegy on a broken Flute,	ibid
A Journey through the Frontiers		A Rebus,	173
of the State of New-York,	136	Song,	ibid
Reflections on Dust floating in		Upon Miranda's Birth-Day,	174
the Air,	140	SELECTED.	
Height of the principal Moun-		Lines addressed to Della Crusca,	176
tains in the World,	141	Ode on the celebration of St. An-	
Juvenis.—No. XIII.	142	drew's Day, 1790,	ibid
Nature of a Compact with the		Intelligence,	177
Devil,	143	Promotions,	179
The right Constitution of a Com-		Marriages,	ibid
monwealth examined,	147	Deaths,	ibid
The Scribbler.—No. VI.	154	Meteorological Observations for	
Account of a Mummy,	156	February, 1791,	180
Remarks on Cock-fighting,	157		

To which is subjoined,

The AMERICAN CHRONOLOGY.

Ornamented with a well engraved *View* of the Fortrefs of WEST-POINT.

NEW-YORK: PRINTED BY THOMAS AND JAMES SWORDS,
 N^o. 43, CROWN, NEAR SMITH STREET.
 M,DCC,XCI.

—Notes to Correspondents.—

In answer to R. H. we acknowledge to have received the piece he alludes to, and have judged it to possess considerable merit: but we could not consistently with the attention we owed our other correspondents, insert it, on account of its great length. To have printed it in detached pieces, would have been unsatisfactory to the reader, and injurious to the reputation of the author.

Ella—a Norwegian Tale, by W. D. came too late for this month; it shall appear in our next.

Strephon is received, as is also *Alcea*, and are under consideration.

The *Epigram* is received—but on account of its personality is inadmissible.

T H E
NEW-YORK MAGAZINE;
O R,
LITERARY REPOSITORY:
FOR MARCH, 1791.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

WEST-POINT.

[With a well engraved View of that Fortress.]

THIS formidable spot of ground is on the west side of Hudson's River, sixty miles north of the city of New-York; and at this day, altho' its former defences are many of them entirely obliterated, and the rest mouldering into ruin, exhibits marks of surprising strength. It stood, during most part of the late war, the bulwark of the confederated states, and the terror of the British arms. It is said, that the very common soldiers of the English army, however prone to ridicule the American fortifications, never mentioned this in a ludicrous manner.

Once indeed, the idea of its subjugation was cherished; but then it was to be effected by treachery: yet, still it stood, and mocked the wiles as well as the force of its enemies.

EXPLANATION of the PLATE.

- A. Constitution Island, on the east side of the river.
- B. A chain, suspended on pontoons, reaching quite across Hudson's River, there about 450 yards wide.
- C. Fort Clinton, the principal work, intended to annoy any naval force that might attempt the passage.
- D. Fort Putnam, a very strong fortress on the summit of a mountain, about half a mile from the point, and which commanded all the plain beneath.

Besides these, there were a chain of forts reaching far west of Putnam; two considerable redoubts on mountains on the east side of the river; and a number of batteries nearly level with the river.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

THE CLUB.—No. IX.

AMONG the various productions which have appeared in the literary world, there is perhaps none which has more excited attention than the Poems of Ossian, said to have been translated by Mr. M'Pherson. Written at a period when the country of that bard was in a rude and uncultivated state, yet abounding with the most sublime and beautiful ideas, and expressed in a style of correctness and elegance which charms readers of every taste, it was not to be wondered at, that criticism should have questioned the antiquity of them, and that many should have supposed them to have been the productions of a period much later than the one assigned to them by the translator. At a former meeting of our Club, the authenticity of these poems, as ascribed to Ossian, became the subject of discourse. To detail the arguments advanced in a desultory conversation, on a subject which has employed the pens of the most celebrated writers in Europe, and on which criticism has almost exhausted itself, would certainly be useless, and very probably unentertaining.

The reason for mentioning this conversation, was to account for the appearance of an *imitation* of those poems, which forms a part of this paper. A gentleman who had taken a part in the argument, observed, that he had lately seen an imitation of the poems of Ossian, which had been written by a person in this city, with which he had been pleased; that he had been informed that it was the "*jeu d'esprit*" of a moment, and had been written with a view to palm it on a friend of the writer's, who was an enthusiastic admirer of Ossian, as a fragment of that bard's, written in his youth; that under those circumstances, he thought it had

merit, and he added, that he would endeavour to procure a copy of it for our perusal. Accordingly, at our last meeting, he produced a copy of it. As we do not pretend to be critics, we shall not offer our sentiments respecting its merit; but as so many imitations of that bard have so frequently appeared in other magazines, we presumed it would not be unacceptable to our readers that the "*Sorrows of Lathmar*" should find a place in this.

The SORROWS of LATHMAR :

A Fragment of ancient Poetry.

[From several circumstances the translator is induced to believe, that this was one of the earliest productions of the bard in his youth.]

THE blast had died on the plain ;
the sun had sunk beneath the western
waves ; and from the gloom of the
forests eve' drew her grey mantle o'er
the world—At the foot of a tree, by
the side of the gently winding Stru-
mon sat Lathmar, the youth of early
years ; the spring of beauty had been
on his cheek, but the winter of sor-
row had chased it away ; his face was
the faded loveliness of the drooping
flower, but the sun of virtue shone
bright in his soul ; the aged branches
of a willow mourned round his head,
while he thus grieved for the maid
of his love—

Nerina, thou wert fairer than the
white clouds on the hills, thou wert
more blooming than the morn when
she first blushes in the east ; thy yel-
low tresses floated on the breeze like
the sun-beams when they tremble in
the west ; thy looks were the looks
of love, and thy heart was the habi-
tation of mildness ; thy blue eye was
the

the eye of pity ; at the tale of woe, the tear of sorrow stood on thy cheek like the early dew-drop on the blushing rose—

“ Lathmar,” said the maid of beauty, “ let us rouse the deer of the hills.”—I strung the bow of my strength ; we bounded o’er the mountains with feet of wind, our dogs panting behind : quickly a son of the mountain appeared ; his branches were like the oaks of the forest which wave their heads in the clouds of the storm ; his feet smiled at the wind in their course : She pierced him with an arrow ; his red eyes flashed like the lightning in the gloom of the woods ; he rushed towards her like the roaring stream of the mountain when swelled by the storm ; nearly had he reached the maid of my soul ; I trembled ; I sounded my bow of yew ; the arrow glanced from his horn ; it reached the breast of Nerina ; its feather was died with the rich stream of her veins ; she fell like the sweet flower of the vale before the blast of the north ; I raised her to my bosom ; “ Lathmar,” she cried, “ renowned is my end, thine arrow “ has saved me from the death of “ shame* : youth of my soul, I must “ leave thee ; in the halls of eternity “ we shall meet ; I will prepare for “ thee the shell of triumph ; and in “ the songs of bards shall our loves “ be remembered.” The arrow drank up her life as the sun-beams the dews of the morning ; she drop-

ped her head on my breast ; she breathed her soul in my bosom as gently, as the wearied winds of the spring which die in sighs on the plain—

I raised her grave in the valley ; I planted it with the fairest flowers of the grove : Twice has spring renewed them : Again she comes on the gales of the south, to breathe on it with her breath of fragrance, to dress it with her hands of flowers : But vain is thy power, O spring ! lovely maid of sweets ! for thou canst not revive the fairest of flowers : In the cold bed of the grave she cannot feel thy influence, for she hears not the call of her Lathmar. To thy mild rule, sweet spring, and winter’s rigid sway, creation bends : Not so the grief of Lathmar ; it knows not the change of seasons ; whether the cold blasts of the north howls on the hills, or the mild gale of the south breathes on the plains, the big tear of sorrow trembles on his cheek, and the sad sigh of anguish swells in his breast.

Lovely maid of the affections of Lathmar, the foundations of his love for thee, are deeper than the grave, thy prison ; they are stronger than thy keeper, death ; for it shall live beyond them both. When the day shall break in the grave, it will shine in the world of spirits like the bright star of the morning.

M.

* It was held by the ancient Highlanders, to be highly conducive to their future happiness, to die by the hand of some person worthy or renowned.

TRANSFUSION of BLOOD.

IN the month of March last, when Dr. Harwood was giving his lectures on *comparative anatomy*, in England, and comparing the human blood with that of other animals, he took occasion to observe the very small

difference which appeared in the constituent parts of the blood of animals of different genera and species, and that whether they were fed upon animal or vegetable food ; and hence he naturally concluded that one animal might

might live with the blood of another of a different kind, provided the blood could, without danger, be introduced into his system: this observation led him to give the history of several incomplete experiments in *transfusion*, which were made about the middle of the last century, by Dr. Lower, of Oxford, and others, which were suddenly put a stop to by the superstitious prejudices of the multitude. The professor concluded the lecture with a relation of the improvements which himself had made in transfusion, and a number of curious experiments which he had performed with success upon a great variety of animals, the most opposite to each other with respect to food and manner of life that could be procured. From all which he inferred, that in cases where death must otherwise be the inevitable consequence of a sudden effusion of blood, that in such cases *transfusion* ought at least to be attempted on the human subject, when the blood of a calf, a sheep, a deer, or any of the more perfect animals, might serve to replenish the exhaust-

ed system, and prevent that dissolution which must otherwise have been the consequence of the hæmorrhage. In order to enforce the probability of this doctrine, a sheep and a pointer dog were brought into the lecture room, and after the blood of the dog was so far evacuated as to leave him without motion, except some convulsive twitches, which were evidently such as immediately precede death, at this instant the tube, which had been prepared and inserted into the jugular of the sheep, was introduced with the blood flowing through, into the jugular vein of the dog, pointing towards the heart. In a very few seconds the dog gave unequivocal symptoms of recovery, and the sheep was evidently faint for the loss of blood. The operation was now concluded, and the vein in the dog's neck secured. Immediately afterwards he followed a servant home, eat heartily the same day, and has continued in the possession of Dr. Harwood, without change either in manners or constitution to the present time. •

NEW-YORK AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

At a meeting of a respectable number of citizens in the Senate chamber of the Legislature, in the city of New-York, for the purpose of instituting a Society for the promotion of agriculture and manufactures—

—The Hon. EZRA L'HOMMEDIEU in the chair—

Resolved, That Mr. Chancellor Livingston, Mr. Simeon De Witt, and Mr. Samuel L. Mitchell, be a committee to draw up rules and regulations for the government of the Society, and report thereupon.—These, as agreed to by the Society, are as follow, viz.

RULES and REGULATIONS of the Society for the advancement of Agriculture, Manufactures and Arts.

I. **T**HE officers of the Society shall consist of a President, Vice-President, two Secretaries, and a Treasurer.

II. The Society shall meet annually, at the place where the Legislature meets, on the Tuesday next after the convening of both houses; and

continue by adjournments during the session of the Legislature.

III. The stated officers shall be elected on the first day of each annual meeting of the Society.

IV. No person shall be admitted as a member, unless he shall have been nominated at least seven days previous

to

to his election, and be elected by a majority of the members convened.

V. Every member, on his admission, shall pay to the Treasurer two dollars; and likewise, one half of a dollar per annum, during his continuance as a member, to support the funds of the Society.

VI. The objects of investigation for the Society, shall be *Agriculture, Manufactures, and Arts*, with such subjects of enquiry as may tend to explain or elucidate their principles.

VII. The Society shall parcel the state into districts, and elect, at the annual election of officers, a Secretary for each district, to reside within the same, whose duty it shall be to convene the members of his district, to enquire into the state of agriculture and manufactures within the same, to receive communications relative to the objects of the institution, and to correct, arrange, and transmit them to the President, to be laid before the Society.

VIII. The Society shall, once in every year, elect a committee, to be called, *The Committee of Publications*; whose business it shall be to select such of the transactions of the Society as may merit publication, prepare them for the press, and from time to time publish the same.

IX. The elections of officers, members, and committees, shall be by ballot, and a majority of the members present at a meeting shall determine all questions.

X. Public notice shall be previously given (by the President, or in his absence, by the next succeeding officer) of the chamber and hour appointed for each annual meeting.

XI. If the presiding officer, or Secretaries, be absent from any meet-

ing, the Society shall elect one to serve, *pro hac vice*.

XII. The funds of the Society shall be appropriated by a majority of the members present, at regular meetings, to the objects of the institution, in such a manner as shall be deemed most beneficial, and to no other purpose whatever.

XIII. Honorary members may be admitted in the manner prescribed for the election of ordinary members, from among persons not residing within this state, whose talents and characters may add to the respectability and usefulness of the Society.

XIV. No person elected as an ordinary member, shall be entitled to the privileges of the Society, unless he shall have subscribed these rules and regulations, and paid his arrears, if any are due to the Society.

XV. Donations may be received by the Treasurer, to be added to the funds of the Society.

XVI. In order to prevent imposition, the Secretaries shall reject all doubtful and suspicious facts, and to each article of intelligence transmitted to the Society, annex the name of the person offering it.

XVII. The Society shall be kept in order, by the rules which are observed for that purpose by the Assembly of this state.

After establishing the foregoing rules, the Society proceeded to the choice of officers for the present year, when, on counting the ballots, it was found that the following gentlemen were elected.—Hon. Robert R. Livingston, President; Hon. John Sloss Hobart, Vice-President; J. McKeisson and Samuel L. Mitchell, Esquires, Secretaries; Alexander Macomb, Esquire, Treasurer.

CONJUGAL PRUDENCE.—(From Letters to Honoria and Mariana.)

HEAVEN forbid that my beloved young friends should ever meet (if they ever enter the marriage

state) with a husband like Sir William S.—; or, if they unfortunately should do so, may they be enabled to imitate

imitate the transcendent goodness of his admirable wife. I found her yesterday weeping over a letter which lay before her, and which, from the long intimacy she had been pleased to honour me with, she said I was entitled to read. I hastily ran over the contents; and could not help dropping a tear of compassion for the unhappy writer, who, I found, was an unfortunate young woman, who had been seduced by Sir William S— some years since; by whom he had two children; and now was so inhuman as to abandon both her and her little innocents to want.— I was particularly struck with this affecting letter, in which there was an air of plaintive tenderness, not usually met with from the unhappy wretches, *cast out* to infamy; as they too frequently acquire the most hardened degree of guilt. I could not help feeling much when I came to this line of the poor young woman's letter:—"Little Billy is now standing by me, crying for bread; alas! I have not a morsel either for him or for myself."—The postscript, too, greatly affected me, in which were only the following words:—"You promised to pay for Tommy's schooling."

I asked Lady S— what she intended to do? 'It requires (said this excellent woman) not the least consideration: I shall order an handsome annuity to be settled on this unhappy object for life; and I will send immediately for the poor boys, and provide every necessary comfort for their relief; the children of my husband shall not perish whilst I have the means to'—A tear here forced its way. She that moment sent a bank-bill to the distressed mother, and ordered the children to be brought back by the bearer of her bounty. They were two fine boys; their apparel shabby beyond description. Lady S— with her own hands began dressing them with some suits she had procured for that

purpose; and they were expressing their joy and innocent surprise at what they called their finery: 'Look, brother Billy, at my coat.'—'And see (said Tommy) what fine stockings the kind lady has given me!'—'Poor babes!' (said Lady S—, her fine eyes suffused with tender emotion, whilst with an angel's sweetness she continued:) 'Alas! ye guilty parents of a neglected offspring, what a refined pleasure do you lose by your shameful treatment of such engaging little prattlers!'—At that moment the door opened, and Sir William entered—he started. 'See here, my dear,' said she. 'Whose brats are these?' interrupted he.—'Alas!' replied this amiable woman, 'why do you neglect, and why have you left to perish, these lovely boys and their unhappy mother? Why, my dear, would you not inform me of these unfortunate little pledges? I have a heart, I hope, enlarged enough to receive them as my own; for are they not my husband's?'—'Thou heavenly woman!' returned he, lost in astonishment at her unequalled generosity, 'is it *thus* thou upbraidest me for my infidelity to the most amiable woman that ever existed! O, my love, forgive!—but that's impossible! I am, I will be only yours. But where is the unhappy woman which'—'I have taken care of every thing,' replied the angelic Lady S—; 'I shall remit her a very sufficient sum yearly for her support. As to these children, these lovely little ones, their education shall be my care.'—'Good God!' exclaimed Sir William, 'this is too much. O, my Harriet, what a generous triumph have you gained!' He fondly clasped her to his breast, whilst a silent tear stole down her cheek.

I was too much affected with this interesting scene not to take the first opportunity of retiring, lost in admiration of a woman who does honour to her sex.

ACCOUNT of the EXECUTION of the MAID of ORLEANS.

[From the History of Great-Britain, by Robert Henry, D. D.]

SOON after the arrival of King Henry in France, an event happened which filled the English with the most lively transports of joy. This was the capture of the Maid of Orleans, who for some time past had been the great object of their dread and hatred. That intrepid heroine had sought her way into the town of Compeigne, which was besieged by the English and Burgundians; and on the very next day, May 25, she headed a sally, which at first was successful, but at last repulsed. The Maid, as usual, placed herself in the rear of her troops, and frequently faced about on the pursuers, and put them to a stand. At length being surrounded, and pulled from her horse, finding it impossible to escape, she surrendered herself a prisoner to the Bastard of Vendome, who delivered her to John de Luxembourg Earl of Ligny, commander of the Burgundian army. The joy of the English and Burgundians on this occasion was excessive; and the whole camp resounded with loud and reiterated acclamations. There were as great rejoicings at Paris, and other places in possession of the English, as if they had obtained the most decisive victory.

The unhappy Maid, from the first moment of her captivity, was ungratefully neglected by her friends, and cruelly treated by her enemies. —The Duke of Bedford, having bought her from the Earl of Ligny for the enormous sum of 10,000*l.* and an annuity of 300*l.* to the Bastard of Vendome, she was conducted to Rouen, thrown into a dungeon, and loaded with irons. In this deplorable state she languished many months, while her enemies were contriving the mode of proceeding against her, in order to secure her

condemnation. Messengers were sent to the place of her nativity, to investigate the actions of her youth; but the reports they brought back were not unfavourable. As a prisoner of war, she was intitled to be treated with civility, and either to be exchanged or ransomed. At length a commission was granted to the Bishop of Beauvois, brother Martin vicar-general of the inquisition, and certain doctors of the cannon law, to try her for heresy, forcery, and witchcraft. All her judges were zealous in the English interest, and determined, if possible, to find her guilty. These judges held their first session Feb. 13. A. D. 1431, when their forlorn prisoner was brought before them loaded with irons; from which she earnestly intreated them to relieve her, but in vain. In that, and fifteen succeeding sessions, they asked her a prodigious number of questions, many of them very artful and ensnaring; but though she was quite illiterate, and was not allowed the assistance of any council, she answered all their questions in a manner so acute and guarded, that they gained no advantage. In a word, they could discover nothing on which to found a sentence of condemnation, except—that she had worn man's clothes and arms, and engaged in war—and that she persisted in declaring, that she believed the visions she had seen were real visions. Her prosecutors then laboured to work upon the two powerful passions of the love of life and fear of death—by painting, in the strongest colours, the horrors of that sentence which was to be pronounced upon her—and by persuading her to make a recantation, in order to save both her body and her soul from torment. At length she consented to subscribe,

S

with

with the sign of the cross, a solemn promise never more to bear arms, or wear man's apparel, to which, it is said, several other articles unknown to her were added. She was then furnished with the dress of her own sex; but it was taken away in the night by her guards, and a man's dress put in its place; of which she complained bitterly in the morning, and continued in bed as long as nature would permit. When constrained to rise, she covered herself with some part of the man's apparel; on which her keepers, who had an opportunity of observing all her actions, rushed into the room. Her judges were assembled; the keepers swore they had seen her in man's clothes; a sentence of death was pronounced upon her as a relapsed heretic; and she was delivered to the secular arm to put that sentence in execution.

This was accordingly done in the market-place of Rouen, May 30, in the presence of the Cardinal of Winchester, several other bishops, all her judges, and an amazing multitude of spectators. On the front of the pile of wood on which she was to be burnt, a tablet was suspended with this inscription, "Joan, who made herself be called the Maid, a pernicious liar, a deceiver of the people, a sorceress, superstitious, presump-

tuous, cruel, a blasphemer, an infidel, a murderer, an idolater, a worshipper of the devil, an apostate schismatic, and heretic." When the Maid appeared, still loaded with chains, emaciated, dejected, and bathed in tears, a priest mounted a pulpit and pronounced a most virulent invective against the unhappy victim about to be sacrificed; concluding with this hypocritical declaration,— "Joan, the church can protect you no longer, and now gives you up to secular Justice." The secular magistrates were so much affected, that they could pronounce only the single word, Proceed. She was then placed on the pile and reduced to ashes, embracing a cross and calling on the name of Jesus to her last moment. Thus perished in the midst of flames, and under a load of calumny, the virtuous, heroic Maid of Orleans, whose only crime seems to have been an ardent enthusiastic love of her country, which she preserved from a foreign yoke. The best apology that can be made for her prosecutors is—that their resentment was inflamed beyond measure by the losses they had sustained—that they really believed her to be an agent of the devil—and that they hoped, by her disgrace and death, to recover their former ascendancy over their enemies; in which they were disappointed.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.
On FRIENDSHIP.

Nor hope to find

*A friend, but what has found a friend in thee;
All like the purchase, few the price will pay,
And this makes friends such miracles below.*

YOUNG.

AMIDST all the varying and tumultuous scenes of this life, *friendship* is as an healing balm, the harbinger of peace, joy and satisfaction; but without this comforting principle what would life be? Nothing but a dreary waste, full of mi-

sery, woe and wretchedness. Much certainly has been said on this subject, but still a little more perhaps may be said. So beautiful is it in contemplation, that its votaries are many, its professors numerous; but experience testifies, that with many it

it is a bare profession, without one sincere sentiment in the heart. Many come forward under the specious mask of appearance only. The ties of nature and consanguinity cannot create it; neither do riches nor honours. Certain it is that the world will ever profess *friendship* for those whom providence favours: But where is the man who, in the dark night of affliction, distress and poverty, will stretch forth the sympathising hand of *friendship* and *pity*, will assist, comfort and relieve? This is the test, this the criterion by which we may judge. *Friendship* implies not only a principle, but an act; not merely profession, but performance. Solomon tells us, that wealth maketh many friends, but the poor is separated from his neighbour.

It is a maxim with many, that as it is an honour to know and be known by persons of fortune, fame and grandeur, so it is a disgrace to acknowledge an acquaintance with such as do not possess these very necessary qualifications. No arts, no assiduities are neglected to obtain the favour and countenance of the great: to be introduced to families of opulence and distinction, is too flattering to the pride and vanity of such to be by them neglected. Certain it is riches may purchase a *spurious friendship*, but *genuine friendship* cannot be sold. The mercenary friend is an enemy in disguise. Disinterested motives are a necessary evidence of *real friendship*. *Friendship*, when sincere, and divested of all those false ornaments which characterize the dissembler, is a principle engrafted, and takes root in the heart, and branches out in the actions; and although, by an adverse and unpropitious providence, the boughs are lopped off, yet the root still remains as a living principle, daily springing up into action.

But let us now enquire what it is that constitutes a *true and genuine*

friendship. The person who would judiciously form a connection of this kind, ought to be guided in his choice by reason and experience. To form a *true and lasting friendship* cannot be the work of one day, but with many it appears as though one moment was sufficient, at least by their words; but the established language of *friendship* is but a mere system of words, without any meaning. *Friendship*, when once formed, if sincere, will be ripened by time. In choosing a friend, personal merit and approved character present themselves first; he should possess a generous openness, and an unsuspecting confidence; these he must possess, as they are the chief attributes and preservatives of *friendship*. Rectitude of heart is of the greatest importance in *friendship*, and is its firmest foundation. He must possess benevolence, fidelity, candor, good sense, virtue and discretion. *Friendship* that is not connected with virtuous principles, is very improperly honoured with so sacred a name. *Friendship* should be founded on mutual esteem, and a knowledge of the dispositions and qualities of the mind. A studiousness to oblige is the offspring of *true friendship*, as likewise an endeavour to promote the welfare and happiness of each other. To these may be added an even temper, a refinement of manners, fortitude, prudence and sincerity. He must possess a compassionate and a generous heart. From the heart alone proceed the purest comforts which *friendship* can receive or bestow. To partake of or communicate griefs with which we have been intrusted or are afflicted, is the surest means to soften and diminish them. A friend should be ignorant of flattery and intrigue, or at least he must not put them in practice. A friend should not be obstinately tenacious of his own opinions, for this alone may break the sacred tie. But where is the man in whom

all this assemblage of beauties centre, whole generous heart is filled with the soft, the tender emotions of *heaven born friendship*? This *friendship* is one of the most endearing and sacred ties of human nature.

Where friendship full exerts her softest powers,

Perfect esteem enliven'd by desire,

Ineffably, and sympathy of soul,

Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,

With boundless confidence.

THOMSON.

But the man, I fear, we cannot find. Shall we seek him among the vain and self-conceited, wrapt up in their own imaginary knowledge and greatness? they cast off its shackles. Shall we seek him in the circle of the gay, the giddy and the thoughtless? Shall we seek him among the sons of dissipation and riot? Shall we seek him with the churl, or among the incredulous, the ungrateful, the jealous, or the cruel? But alas! all these reply, he is not with us. But I believe we may give over the search, and proceed. The wise son of David tells us that a friend loveth at all times; he likewise exhorts, thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not. Notwithstanding this, daily experience teaches us that *human friendship* is precarious and uncertain, and one cause of its being so is, because man is a mutable creature, subject to various tempers and dispositions, prejudices and antipathies; and it is often seen, that those from whom we expect most *friendship*; evidence the least; which disappointment in us arises from a groundless apprehension of their sincerity, when perhaps their *friendship* is stronger and more sincere than our own.

Felicity,

The smoothest course of nature has its pains,

And truest friends thro' error wound our rest.

YOUNG.

When the selfishness, the vanity, and the pride of some are detected and reprov'd, straightway they are offended, and reserve and distrust are the immediate consequence, which are the bane of *friendship*. A mutual confidence is absolutely necessary in the formation and for the preservation of *friendship*: As I said before, without this it is impossible it can exist. In order to preserve *friendship*, the wise King tells us, a man that hath a friend must shew himself friendly; *friendship*, like love, is mutual, and if well formed it indulges not false delicacies, but as it practises, so it demands those that are real. I would ask, is the unfaithful, the censorious man capable of feeling this dignified principle in his breast? By no means. He that can hear his professed friend ridiculed or censured in his absence, and does not defend him, as far as reason and prudence will permit, is a coward; but should he be perfidious enough to join in it, he is a traitor; for he wounds his friend in the tenderest and most sensible part, to wit, his character and reputation: like the midnight assassin, he robs you of that which is more precious than gold, at the time when you are incapable of justifying or defending yourself. This conduct may likewise be compared to that of the madman, who casts about firebrands; arrows and death, and cries out, *am I not in sport!* This indeed may be sport to him, but alas! it is fatal to his friend. But I hope human nature is not so far depraved as to produce many of this character; but some there certainly are who endeavour to support their own reputation by sacrificing that of their friend. All those whose hearts are callous to all the amiable calls and offices of *friendship*, are unworthy to bear the sacred name; but let all those who wish peace on earth, and good-will towards man, encourage this generous principle

principle in their own breasts, and act like men; let them divest themselves of vulgar prejudices and errors, and of self-interested and self-conceited motives, and indulge all the generous

emotions of a feeling, a gentle, and a friendly heart!

PHILANDOR.

New-York, Feb. 13, 1791.

SPEECH to KING HENRY IV.

WHEN King Henry IV. had left Poitou, and came up to the little bridge of Montecontour, he found there, waiting to address him, the petty justice of the peace, a tall, withered old man, with a long visage full of deep wrinkles, his eyes sunk in his head, his beard long and white, and his habit very rough and slovenly.

This man presenting himself to make his harangue to the King, gathered all the courtiers about him, rather for a share in the laugh which they fall into on such occasions, than expecting to hear any thing worth their attention.

The orator immediately, with a grave and sad composure, spake as follows:

“Sire, some of the ancients, adorers of their Kings, called them gods; others, more modestly, styled them images of the supreme Being; now, it is agreeable to reason, that the image should resemble the original; we are pleased with pictures that represent us truly, and preserve them carefully; but such as disfigure us, and have no right to the name they bear, we throw into the fire, and destroy.

“The features of the face of God are justice and mercy—Princes who are just and merciful are kept in the bosom of the Most High, as his well-beloved portraits; but unjust and unmerciful Kings are images of him who, being a murderer from the beginning, spirits up the hearts of the great to command murders, and of nobles and armies to execute them;

and to despoil the face of the earth of its native beauty, by covering it over with hideous spectacles, such as we have lately seen on the plain you have now passed over; which our eyes beheld one morning enlivened with the appearance of the most gallant nobility of France; under the same sun, covered with their blood; and within two days after, stinking with the putrid smell of ten thousand most excellent warriors; we now see it at last whitening with their bones. Our very dogs are turned wolves by overgorging themselves with blood, the blood of those who had themselves been for some time before employed in slaughtering a whole country; leaving behind them dead bones in the place of living men, and causing helpless infants to perish, while sucking at the half-starved breasts of their famished mothers.

“Death now paid them in gross what they had lent him by retail; but the reckoning is not so to end—for God will require the lives of thousands at the hands of those by whose commands they have fallen; and besides this, few of those grantees escape unslaughtered to their graves, because the great Judge of all, even in this world, executes judgment.

“Sire, your port and countenance promise nothing but high and generous designs; if these depart from justice, which is the only thing indispensibly necessary to pursue, they very seldom produce the happy births we wish for; but, in their stead, abortions of monstrous accidents, sup-
posed

posed to be only owing to cross and unlucky fortune, when thoughtless gaiety speaks its opinion.

"But, Sir, be you instructed, that when we go beyond the bounds that God has prescribed us, he fattens us up for the slaughter; he raises us beyond all measure, to increase beyond measure our fall from the precipice, thereby to signalize the strokes of his judgment."

"Suffer, Sir, those mouths to utter their sorrowful grievances which are daily employed in praying for you against all sinister accidents: our harangue is rough; you have furnished the matter. Taste the fruit of what your hands have sown; and do not let our discourse only produce horror in you, without producing a

change. God mixes his notices in the complaints he sends beforehand, as if he were willing to justify himself: It was thus, when he ordained his thunder to strike the head of Dioclesian, he first directed a thunderbolt to fall at his feet.

"May the King of Kings inspire you with salutary thoughts, and direct your actions to what is good; teaching your hands, able as they have been in combat, to manage the sword gloriously, so to wield happily the sceptre of peace."

The King stood astonished; and after a long pause gave this answer:

"I take your speech in good part; I thank you for it, and shall never forget it."

D——E.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

ISAACS'S DISCOVERY of extracting FRESH WATER from OCEAN WATER.

*Extract of a Letter from S. L. M*****, Esq; to the Hon. Mr. J*****n, dated New-York, Feb. 12, 1791.*

"THE project which promises to be more beneficial to mankind than any talked of at this time, is the new-discovered mode of distilling or extracting fresh drinkable water from ocean-water. This, you know, has been long ago attempted with a view of being serviceable in the British navy, and Captain Cook, in one of his voyages round the world, was, if I remember right, furnished with an apparatus for the purpose, though, on account of the great quantities of fresh ice floating in the high southern latitudes, he had no great need of using it; yet, as Sir John Pringle observes, his process was defective, and the quantity of fresh water procured was too scanty for supplying the ship's crew.

"I had been for some time in the habit of thinking that the failure of this experiment arose rather from our ignorance of the right mode of operating, than from a physical impossi-

bility of the thing, when I was invited to attend an experiment of Mr. Jacob Isaacs upon sea-water, from which he said he could procure, by distillation, a quantity of fresh water, equal to that of sea-water employed. He had a very simple apparatus, consisting only of an iron pot fixed in brick-work, covered with a tin head: six quarts of water, taken up near the battery in New-York Bay, were poured into the pot, the head was fitted on and luted, and the fire was kindled under the bottom. In the course of about two hours I measured more than five quarts of fresh water, fairly drawn off, and on trial with nitrated silver, it appeared to be less impregnated with saline matter than the common pump-water, or even the sea-water of New-York.

"The experiment, however, differs from mere distillation in this, that the discoverer puts in the ocean-water, in the beginning of the operation,

ration, a "CERTAIN POWDERY SOMEWHAT," capable, as he supposes, to precipitate the salts, and render easy the ascent of the fresh water in steam, which may be illustrated thus:—Suppose the attraction of cohesion between the water and the salts dissolved in it to be 10; and suppose the attraction of gravitation whereby the fluid tends downward to be 6, then the sum of the powers to be overcome by the operation of heat in the distillation will be $10 + 6 = 16$; but in case a precipitant be added, which shall disengage the salts from their union with the water, and carry them to the bottom, then the force of fire requisite to convert the water into vapours will be diminished

ed thus, $16 - 10 = 6$; whence it can be readily explained why so little fuel is necessary, wherefore the experiment can be made in so short a time, and how the water is so little charged with saline particles.

"He says further, that as water is capable of dissolving a considerable parcel of salt, with an addition to its weight only, without an enlargement of its bulk, so can the water be again deprived of its salt, with a subtraction from its weight simply, without a diminution of its volume; and thus he assigns a reason why a given quantity of pure ocean-water affords an equal measure of the fresh potable fluid."

ACCOUNT of a PLAGUE.

STORIES which describe misfortune and distress engage the attention of the reader far more than descriptions of happiness and mirth. Even descriptions of the most dreadful calamities which can befall mankind bear a certain value upon this account. In this way, histories of plagues, of famines, and of massacres, are at all times read with avidity, and have often been the subjects upon which men of the first eminence in writing have chosen to exert their talents. The description of the memorable plague at Athens, given by Thucydides the historian, is universally admired as one of the most elegant compositions transmitted from antiquity. Such indeed we might expect from the pen of the first historian of Greece: but little should we expect to find a set of Russian nobles at Moscow write an account of a plague to their sovereign before the middle of the last century in language almost equally affecting: yet the truth seems to be, that great afflictions bring all men to a level; the prince and the peasant, the scholar and the

barbarian, feel nearly alike; and provided they express their feelings in a simple manner, the distress of the sufferer never fails to reach the heart with force.

A letter from the principal Lords at Moscow, to the Ozar Alexis Michaelewitz, describing the first Plague in Russia, in 1637.

"At different dates, in the months of July and August of the last year, we have had the honour to acquaint your Majesty, that in punishment of our sins the people have died suddenly, and in great numbers, in this capital and in all the environs. The same misfortune has at length reached our own families, so that your subjects have been obliged to quit the capital, and to retire into the country. And in the current year, since the feast of St. Simeon, this dreadful pestilence has increased from day to day with still more cruel ravages; inso-much that, through the whole of this city and suburbs, only a very small number of Christians now remain. Of the whole six regiments of Strelitz, not a single person is now alive,

alive. No divine service is performed in the cathedral churches, nor even in the lesser parochial ones, from the want of priests, as almost all the priests have died; so that we who are good Christians breathe our last without confession, as well as without receiving the eucharist. Our bodies are interred without the assistance of priests, and without the observance of the funeral ceremonies common at all Christian burials. And in this city and suburbs a vast quantity of dead bodies lie unburied in the streets, and have become the food of dogs; for we have no people left to dig graves and to inter them, as all those who should discharge this last office to the dead have died themselves; and persons of all ranks, who yet live overwhelmed with this terrible scourge of heaven, dare not approach the bodies of their deceased friends. Our houses, please your Majesty, are rendered desolate, almost all our domestics having been swept away; and we, your Majesty's most faithful subjects, every moment expect the same lot to befall ourselves."

Such is the faithful picture of distress which those illiterate men give to the depth of their affliction. They never attempt to move the compassion of their prince. What they feel, they describe with all the energy of men impressed with a deep sense of their own forlorn disconsolate condition.

The introduction of religious sentiments throws an awful melancholy gloom over the whole description.

Religion is always serious; and mankind more readily acknowledge their dependence upon the will of the supreme Being in the time of a general calamity, when misfortune makes them more sensible of their own weakness. And to be deprived of the benefit of death-bed repentance, of the comfort of auricular confession, and of the blessings of the holy sacrament, at the very moment of approaching dissolution, must in reality be the most grievous of all misfortunes.

The pathetic effect of this letter is also much increased by the suspense in which the reader is left at the end of it. For the sufferers do not write in a state of tranquility after the danger is past, to say with the indifference of Thucydides,—“This is a true account of the plague.” But those unhappy men paint their own dreary situation under all the pressure of immediate calamity, with the recollection of past distress fresh in memory, and the anticipation of expected evils hanging over them in future. They tell us how deplorable the fate of their companions has been, and how much more deplorable their own fate will be when the hour of sickness arrives. And thus sympathy for their real causes of grief, and anxiety for the event of their impending fate, interest the feelings of the reader, while the mournful detail of all the particulars of the tragical scene enables his imagination to conceive something still more tragical to conclude the catastrophe of the survivors.

OBSERVATIONS *on the* STATE of NEW-YORK.

PERHAPS no State in the Union has done such ample justice to the brave men (to whom we are indebted for the blessings of liberty and independence) as this: One million and a half acres of land, most agreeably and advantageously situated, is

devoted as a gratuity to the officers and soldiers of the line of this State.

As I have lately explored the principal part of this tract, the intention of this letter is to give you the general outlines of its situation; and then a more circumstantial detail for the particular

particular information of our eastern friends, who are swarming annually to more southern and distant regions, when they have now a glorious field opened in their native latitude, and within a convenient distance of their friends.

This tract is bounded west by the east shore of the Seneca Lake, and the Massachusetts lands in the county of Ontario; north by part of Lake Ontario, near Fort Oswego; south by a ridge of mountains laying on the north of the Pennsylvania line; and east by the Tuscoraro Creek (which falls nearly into the middle of the Oneida Lake) and that part of Montgomery which has been settling by the New-England people very rapidly since the peace.

This pleasant country is divided into twenty-five townships of 60,000 acres each, which are again subdivided into 100 convenient farms, of 600 acres, making in the whole 2,500 farms, which may be now obtained on easy terms at the low price of $1\frac{1}{3}$ lawful money an acre.

What a glorious opening for emigrants and population!

Having given you the outlines, I shall descend to particulars.

Our party, consisting of six, arrived at Fort Schuyler, formerly Fort Stanwix, 105 miles west of Albany, the 1st of September: Here we divided into two parties (having previously agreed to rendezvous at the Old Ford, north of the Cayuga Lake) one party by land, the other by water: I joined the water party, and commenced our expedition by having our batteaux carried across a plain of one mile from Fort Schuyler into Wood Creek, and for the first time I sailed on a river in America running west. We found Wood Creek so shallow, for six or seven miles, as not to admit of batteaux navigation, without the assistance of sluices, which are made at convenient dis-

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 3.

tances. From thence to the old Block-House, at the east end of the Oneida Lake, about eleven miles more, the creek is bolder and convenient navigation, except some obstructions by the falling of trees in the late war, which are not yet entirely removed. We traversed the whole length of the Oneida, thirty miles, keeping the south shore aboard: the batteau-men commonly keep the north shore, but we preferred the south for the benefit of viewing the army lands, beginning at the Tuscoraro already mentioned. The Oneida Lake and creeks emptying into it, are well stored with all kinds of fresh water fish, particularly salmon and bass—ells, in the Tuscoraro, are incredibly large and fine. The next day we reached Fort Brewerton, at the west end of the Oneida; near the fort we entered the Onondago River, continuing a serpentine course west about twenty miles (aided by a brisk current, having the army lands on our left, and vacant lands on our right) till we reached the Three Rivers; at this confluence we left the Onondago, which took its course N. W. emptying into Lake Ontario at Fort Oswego, about twenty-five miles distant: we then ascended the Cayuga stream, stemming against an easy current and a few gentle rapids.

We passed through the Cross Lake, and on our left by the mouths of the Salt Lake, the Owaseo and another small lake, having the rich army lands on both sides of us. The day following we reached the Old Ford, where we found our land party, who agreed to proceed on to the south end of the Cayuga by land, while we continued our course the whole length of this charming lake by water, which we found nearly 40 miles in length, running about S. E. and from 2 to 4 wide. The first 16 miles on each side lay the Cayuga land, or a tract reserved to them, which is the place

T of

of residence of that nation; all the rest, on both sides, is a fine body of army lands, the banks are rather high, but the country is generally very level except in the south, where it swells into hills and mountains. The land in many places where we stopped appeared of a rich dark loom; the lands along the streams are generally low and a rich soil, and some sunken lands. On the lakes the shores are rather higher, and generally what is called *upland*, but equal if not superior to the other. Along the streams the timber runs mostly on button wood, beech and maple; the upland is generally maple, oak, beech and hickory; some of the button wood in particular are of an incredible magnitude. The water in the Cayuga is clear, but shallow; and nothing could exceed the beauty of the country laying in a state of wild nature, except here and there a new settlement, and several old Indian fields and some orchards. At the southward of the Cayuga, we exchanged our batteaux for the horses of our land party, having agreed to fix our next rendezvous at the town of Geneva, at the north end of the Seneca Lake. We traversed the country in a south-west course, about 15 miles to the south extremity of the Seneca Lake, where we entered Catherine's-Town, formerly an Indian settlement, and all were cleared. Peach trees flourish here—we found them scattered in most of the Indian settlements.

Not far from this place a ridge of the Allegany mountains stretch themselves along, nearly in a north-east course, at the foot of which the lands are generally exceedingly luxuriant. About nine miles from Catherine's-Town there is a branch of the Susquehannah called Tyoga River, to which there is a communication, by an excellent level road, between a gap of the mountains.

The Tyoga branch is navigable for batteaux down the Susquehannah, quite into the Chesapeake. From Catherine's-Town we directed our route north, travelling along the pleasant banks on the east side of the Seneca Lake; which runs nearly parallel with the Cayuga (from eight to ten miles distant) and about 36 miles long. Nothing in America, and I presume in no other country, can exceed the beauty and pleasantness of this happy combination: The country between these lakes is the most enviable that can be conceived; there are no high hills to be seen, but the country is agreeably diversified, swelling into gentle risings and fallings. We found the best of timber and lofty trees, and not much underwood: The uplands are generally exceeding good, but we found no large streams, but many small runs of water, owing to the contiguity of the two lakes. About half way down the lake, we came to an old Indian settlement, called Appletown, where we saw the remains of many Indian fields and old orchards, along the lake, destroyed by General Sullivan in 1779; we then crossed a ferry at the outlet of the Seneca, about 12 miles south-west of the Cayuga, and then entered the town of Geneva, formerly known by the name of Canadefago, which, from its convenient situation, is already become a considerable village; and about 16 miles south of this place, and on the west side of the same lake, is also a considerable settlement of an apparent religious sect of people, the followers of Jemima Wilkinson; and many other scattering settlements, as well as between the Cayuga and Seneca Lakes, and along the east shore of the former; besides which, from the most authentic information, there is already a comfortable barrier against the Indians, of upwards of 3000 New-England

land people, in Ontario county, on the west of this tract.

The waters of the Seneca are deep, and as clear and pure as spring water, with a clear bottom. One remarkable circumstance deserves notice, which is, that the Seneca Lake never freezes over, though the Cayuga does: this may be partly owing to its greater depth, and perhaps its being supplied altogether with spring water.

The decisive enterprise of the Genesee company, has furnished the whole of this tract with a good waggon road, running through the very heart of it, with good bridges and ferries, from the Mohawk River to Geneva: besides which, the state of New-York is also laying out and opening two other waggon roads, which will be compleated in the course of next summer, from the south-eastern part of those lands, to cross the Susquehannah river, near the Great Bend, and extending across the peninsula, between the said river and the Delaware, and to continue into the well improved country in the vicinity of New-Windfor, on the Hudson's River; from the army lands to the navigation on the Hudson, by this rout, will not exceed 150 miles: The other road, leading from Cat's-Kill landing on the Hudson's River, heading the said Delaware River, and crossing the Susquehannah at the Olehout, will pass through the middle of those lands to the Cayuga-Ferry, or Old-Ford, at the north end of Cayuga Lake. This last road is nearly finished, and will not exceed 120 miles to the aforesaid tract.

Much has been said about the Ohio country, and its noble rivers—doubtless with much justice—but when we consider the immense distance from the eastern states to the Ohio, and from thence to the sea, we shall find the convenience and practicability of water communication both

by the way of Oswego to Montreal, and by Fort Schuyler to Albany, as well as by the Susquehannah into the Chesapeak, vastly in favour of the country I have been describing, especially as the whole tract is interspersed by narrow and long lakes, as conveniently disposed as so many canals: From Muskingum on the Ohio (the present settlement of the New-England people) to the sea it is at least 1900 miles; whereas, from the beginning of this tract to Albany, it is only 140 miles, including 17 miles land carriage—1 mile at Fort Schuyler, and 16 from Schenectady to Albany. In addition to which every farm is capable of being converted into a small Jamaica plantation by making the most of their maple trees; besides which, from the Onondago and Cayuga salt springs, a great necessary in life is here obtained in such quantities, that it is judged will be sufficient for the western part of the United States: The salt is of a superior quality, and has hitherto been made in great quantities, from the spring waters only; but recently the salt rock has been discovered near the surface of the earth, on the bank of the Onondago Lake, from which it can be taken, and by an easy water transportation, conveyed almost in every direction and distance; this will and must be considered as a particular advantage to this desirable country; its inhabitants will not be subjected to the trouble and expence in carrying that bulky and necessary article from the Atlantic shore.

The ensuing season I propose to take a more particular view of the described lands, and proceed westward to Canadague, the county town of Ontario, and from thence to Buffalo Creek; and on my return shall endeavour to give a particular description of the latter extent of country, being the Genesee purchase, as of the former. [*Gaz. Unit. States.*

For

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

REFLECTIONS, *setting in a Room in which, through a part of the Window, the Rays of the Sun came in, by which I was enabled to see the innumerable Particles of Dust continually floating in the Air.*

THESE particles of dust may represent to us the picture of human life, or the actions and fate of the innumerable human beings that inhabit this earth, and afford us matter for serious reflection and meditation.

We behold those particles continually in motion, and changing situations, now rising and then falling. Just so it is with us mortals, we are for ever restless, we cannot abide long in one situation, each strives to better his circumstances. This causes a continual hurry and bustle, especially in a busy town, where we see in the streets people continually passing and repassing. Some of those particles appear more conspicuous than others, while the sun's rays are full on them, then sink out of those rays and become dark; so some mortals raised to conspicuous places by the sun-shine of prosperity, by a reverse of fortune sink into obscurity. Some of those particles, no longer kept up by the air, sink down to the earth, especially the largest: So mortals, after all the hurry and bustle they have occasioned in the world, sink, as it were by their own weight, into the silent grave. Those particles, by the least breath of air, are put into violent motion and appear greatly agitated, and while many are driven by the blast out of the sun's rays, and out of sight, others are brought in from the other side: Thus mortals, upon the least dissension, are hurried into violent passions; a blast of anger sets every nerve in motion. In nations or states, a small commotion often is productive of dreadful effects, occasioning horrid wars; then every thing appears in a hurry and confusion, mortals clashing against one another

as those particles, while by the blast of war millions are hurried into endless darkness as to this world; others are coming into the world to supply their places. The particles appear so numerous that one or a few settled to the earth, or drove into the shadow, cannot be missed: So with mortals, one or a few being no more in comparison to the whole human race, than one particle is to those that remain or come into the rays of the sun; yet, while in sight of the sun, these partake of its rays. God lets his sun shine on all, and while in this world they partake of his common bounty, and are all under his eye—even the least particle enjoys its proportion of light. The smallest mortals, while the breath is in their nostrils, enjoy life in the same manner with the largest.—We observed that some particles fly upward, while others sink downward: So mortals, some have their thoughts and affections placed on high, and are soaring towards heaven, leaving earthly attractions behind; others are drawn down by their lusts and the love of the world: its vanities weigh so heavy in their estimation, that they cannot rise, but continually descend to the earth, and at last forget, or can rise no more.—Shut out the sun's rays, and we no longer behold those particles. Should God withhold his supporting hand, his sun and all we behold would be seen no more: or, let our eyes be closed by death, and every transaction here below is shut from our sight, and our bodies return to dust.

Meditate, oh my soul! on these reflections, both thou and the body thou inhabitest have often been put into violent motion, tossed about and agitated by perplexing and distressing thoughts,

thoughts, about the things of this world as well as of those of eternity. Hast thou not and thy body experienced many ups and downs of fortune in this world, now rising with the gale of prosperity, and now sinking under the pressure of adversity? thou hast had reason to be convinced of the instability of all earthly things. Hast thou not enjoyed titles of honour, and been raised to places of eminence both in church and state? What real pleasure or satisfaction have they yielded you? Was not that pleasure and the respect it gained you often embittered by the impossibility of pleasing every one, and the necessity thou wert under of preferring the fulfilment of your duty to your regard for your friends, or other considerations? Yes, you must now be convinced that even the favour of kings cannot confer any stable honours: that the honour of being protected, befriended, and admitted freely in

the presence of God, and of being allowed to address him as your father in heaven, is true honour indeed. Thy weight of age is weighing you fast down to the grave, when, after a little time, your name may not be mentioned, or you missed; for what art thou to the innumerable beings that inhabit this earth! not as one of those particles of dust to the remaining multitude, or as a point on the earth to its surface. Yet rest assured, oh my soul! if God is your friend you are under his care; not a hair shall fall from your head without his will, and every thing that befalls you here below, shall work for your eternal real happiness. Let then your thoughts and affections be raised on high, begin by times to soar upwards, the higher thou risest the brighter every thing shall grow, until by death thou arrivest into light to mortals inaccessible, but full of glory to immortals.

G. A.

The Height of the principal Mountains in the World, brought into one View, as taken from the Level of the Mediterranean Sea and Ocean.

	Toises.		Toises.
T HE highest mountain which bounds the Lake of Geneva is - -	188	The summit of the <i>Pic de Raco</i> in the Island of Madeira -	795
That of Neufchatel -	214	Summit of Teneriffe -	194
From the valley of Chamouny	526	Summit of <i>Catapoxi</i> in the province of Quito -	3126
From the valley of the Green Mountain -	877	The highest part of the Cordilleras - - -	3220
The summit of the Breven	1387	The above heights were ascertained by Messrs Condamine, De Luc, Needham, La Lande, and Saussure; by whose measurements it appears, that all the mountains on this side of the Atlantic Ocean are mere <i>monticules</i> , or mole-hills, when compared with those of the southern parts of the globe; and perhaps there are, in unknown regions, mountains still more lofty.	
The Capuchin's convent on Mount St. Gothard -	1061		
The Platter of Mount <i>Cenis</i>	1000		
The summit above the Platter	1490		
The summit of Vesuvius	300		
The summit of Mount <i>Ætna</i>	1672		
The summit of <i>Canigon</i> , the highest of the <i>Pyrenees</i> -	1441		
The highest part of Snowdon	576		
The summit of the Table of the Cape of Good Hope	542		

For

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

J U V E N I S.—No. XIII.

——— "*Video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor* ———."

I Could not have chosen a motto more universally applicable than the one which is prefixed to my present essay. There is no person on earth who can with truth affirm, I see what is right, and I invariably pursue it. We are all unhappily the subjects of error, and though we may be convinced of it, yet it is our misery that we persist. The human will is perversely bent on doing wrong, and too often is ineffectually counteracted by the motives which the understanding suggests. The instances are innumerable in the world, where people are acting in direct contrariety to the enforcements of duty. We are so strangely infatuated, that evident error often attracts us more powerfully than right; and we often follow the course of iniquity in the very sunshine of conviction. Wretched man! to know and yet not be able to walk in the path of duty: to see his folly, and yet not have power to free himself from its tyranny. How often do we commit things, the sting of which is more severe than that of the adder, and yet, soon as the pain is removed, we repeat our folly! Thus we continue throughout the whole of life to do wrong, however the understanding may remonstrate against it, or however the peace of our minds may be disturbed. Every person in the retrospective contemplation of his life, may discover that he has frequently acted unjustifiably, and formed the most positive resolutions to do so no more, and yet that these resolutions have failed him at the very time when there was the greatest necessity to adhere to them.

Among all those who are convinced of wrong practices, perhaps not one can be found who does not en-

tertain a hope, that a conviction of his fault will, at some future time, lead him on to an entire reformation; and how multiplied are the examples where such a hope has proved fatally delusive!

The operation of the will to embrace misery in preference to happiness, cannot be accounted for, but on the principles of human depravity. The impotency of our nature is such, that it seems incapable of diverting itself from any one single practice, however detrimental, to which it has become habituated. See the wretch who is addicted to inebriation, often admonished of the consequences which must inevitably ensue, and himself in the moments of reflection, shrinking back with horror under the apprehension of them; and as if instantaneously deprived of thought, see him repeatedly complying with his detestable inclination: and should he even be capable of reflection at the time when he is about to commit his accustomed folly, yet reflection cannot afford a sufficient number of motives to restrain him. Almost every person, in the calm and tranquil moments of serious thought, can discover wherein he deviates from virtue and his own best interests; but the enchantments of vice are so strong, that previous reflection, and knowledge of better things, cannot prevent us from actions which are destructive to our happiness and virtue. There are perhaps no persons, except such as have grown callous to the feelings of delicacy and propriety, who do not see and lament the impropriety and criminality of some particular habits adopted through imprudence or real weakness. All of us are guilty of some things which require

require repentance, and which sometimes do really cause us to grieve, and it were happy for us if the pain with which they are accompanied would operate as an effectual remedy against the commission of them in future. But unfortunately nothing of this kind will answer the purpose. It seems as if mankind are goaded on by some irresistible secret impulse, or by some evil destiny, to continue a course which must end in ruin and misery. It is the universal and reiterated cry of mankind, "We see the good, and we approve it, but we follow the evil." And this is in fact the real situation of the world. How variously are they engaged, and how infinitely various are the objects of their vicious pursuits! Some are employed in the prosecution of wicked designs, and others in planning intrigues pregnant with destruction. Some live in the open violation of duty, and others spend their time in amusements rendered criminal by excess. Every different species of vice is practised among men, and though they may see the wickedness of their proceedings, and feel the keen remorse of conscience, they however continue to act in the same way.

To some it might at first seem incredible that a man should clearly perceive a mode of conduct better, and more salutary than the one which he at present pursues, and yet not adopt the best. But it is certain that many such cases exist; and to what can it be owing but to a depraved, perverse and obstinate propensity of

our nature? Is it possible that any person can feel the wretchedness of an evil practice and still be deaf to the inviting, peaceful voice of duty? Yes, it is both possible and true, and to every earnest enquirer the world will afford an immense variety of instances. The proposition demands nothing more to prove it true than the attestation of every man's conscience. Where is the person who never repeats an action which he knows to be wrong, or the consequences of which, from its very nature, he is sure must be distressing? None can be found among the imbecile race of man. Why will the gambler persevere in a practice which it is more than probable will end in poverty and despair? Because his misguided understanding presents to him some false motives, which unhappily supersede those just principles by which he ought to be governed. Why will the luxurious continue to indulge in criminal gratifications? To include every thing in one general question, Why will men commit any action which they know to be criminal, or fall into any practices which they are convinced must be injurious? There is but one way fully to answer this question. The depravity of human nature is the great cause of all the error and wretchedness which ruin and torment mankind. And however we may ridicule their follies, or bewail their errors, yet they never can correct the one nor turn from the other, unless aided by a supernatural power. Feb. 26, 1791.

NATURE of a COMPACT with the DEVIL.

THIS compact or agreement, as grave and learned authors inform us, is sometimes made expressly with the great devil himself in person, corporally present before witnesses, who takes an oath of homage and allegiance from his vassal, and then en-

dows him with the powers of magic: This was the case with a certain Aragonese nobleman, which Heisterback in his treatise upon miracles tells us he was a witness to; also of the Vidame Theophylus in the year 537. as related by Sigisbert. Sometimes it is

is done by memorial or address in writing, in the manner of certain Norman heretics who wrote a petition to the Sybils, as chief of the necromancers. This petition sets forth that, "Whereas the parties undersigning had entered into certain articles and conditions, and by solemn engagement bound themselves faithfully to perform the same; they now pray, in the first place, the ratifications of those articles and conditions on the part of the Sybils; and that they would be pleased in conformity thereunto to order and direct their under-agents and familiars to do suit and service to the contracting parties agreeable to condition; and that when they were summoned and invoked to appear, they would be promptly forthcoming, not in their own shapes, to the annoyance and offence of the contracting parties; but sprucely and handsomely, like personable gentlemen: Also, That the petitioners might be discharged from the ceremony of compelling them by the drawing of a circle, or of confining themselves or their familiars within the same.

"Secondly, that the Sybils would be pleased to affix some seal or signature to the convention, by which its power and efficacy with their subservient familiars might be rendered more secure and permanent.

"Thirdly, that the petitioners may be exempted from all danger, which might otherwise accrue to them, from the civil authority of magistrates, or the inquisitorial power of the church.

"Fourthly, That all the temporal undertakings and pursuits of the petitioners in the courts and councils of princes may prosper and succeed; and that good luck may attend them in all kinds of gaming to their suitable profit and advantage.

"Lastly, That their enemies of all sorts may have no power over them to do them hurt.

"That these conditions being granted and performed, the petitioners on their part solemnly promise and vow perpetual fealty and allegiance to their sovereigns the Sybils, as in the convention itself is more fully set forth; and that they will faithfully, and so long as they shall live, make a sacrifice and oblation of one human soul every year, to be offered up on the day and hour of the day in which this convention shall be ratified and confirmed by the Sybilline powers; provided always, That the said high and mighty powers shall fully and *bona fide* perform what is therein stipulated and agreed to on their parts in the premises."

This document is faithfully translated from Father Delrius's Latin Treatise, *Disquisitionum Magicarum*, lib. 2. quest. 4.

In both these cases, whether the parties contract *vi-væ-vocæ*, or proceed by petition, the conditions are the same, and consist, as we are told, in an express renunciation of the Christian creed; the baptismal rites are reversed; and the devil, or his representative, scratches out the cross from the forehead with his nails, and re-baptises his vassal by a name of his own devising: these are indispensable conditions. The devil also exacts some rag or remnant of his vassal's garment as a badge of allegiance, and compels him to make the oath within a circle drawn upon the ground, (which being a figure without beginning or end, is a symbol of divinity); in this circle the figure of a cross is to be traced out, on which the magician elect tramples and kicks with disdain. He then requests the devil to strike his name out of the Book of Life, and inscribe it in the Book of Death. He next promises to make monthly or quarterly sacrifices to the devil, which female magicians or witches perform by sucking out the breath of a new-born male infant;

infant: he proceeds to put some secret mark upon himself with the point of a needle, as the sign of the Beast or Antichrist; in which mark there is great potency; and in some cases, according to Irenæus, it appears, that the devil insists upon cauterizing his disciples in the upper membrane of the right ear; in others, according to Tertullian, in the forehead. This being done, the magician elect vows eternal enmity against the Eucharist, the Blessed Virgin, the Saints, the Holy Relicks and Images, and forswears confession for ever; upon which the devil ratifies his part of the compact, and the magic ceremony is complete.

On these occasions, the devil seldom, if ever, takes a terrific form, for fear of deterring his votaries; and oftentimes appears in great beauty, and with a very winning address, as he did to Theodore Maillot, Deputy Governor of Lorraine, visiting him in the shape of a very pretty girl, (*lepida et liberali forma puella*)—and promising him a certain great Lady in marriage, with whom Maillot was distractedly in love. The conditions stipulated by the devil on this visit were of a piece with the lovely form he assumed; for they consisted in injunctions only to perform all the Christian and moral duties, to observe his meagre days, to say his masses, and be regular in his confessions. These unexpected stipulations threw Maillot into so deep a melancholy, that his domestic chaplain, observing it, extorted from him a confession of all that had passed; and piously dissuaded him from any further interviews of that sort.

As to the magic powers which the devil imparts in return for these concessions of his votaries, theologians have different opinions; some giving more and some less credit to the miracle: but the general opinion amongst them is, that they are per-

U

formed by the devil and his demons by the celerity of art and motion with which one thing is substituted for another, but that there is no new creation in the case.

It is acknowledged, that sorcerers and magicians can blight the grain, destroy the fruits of the earth, and make a bad harvest; which Remeglus assures us is done by sprinkling certain dust in the air, which the demon makes up and supplies them with for the purpose.—He also says, the demons do not only make up this powder or dust for the witches, but are particularly indulgent to them in the article of ground mice, with which they devour all the roots of the grass and grain: that the gad-fly is always within call; and that they have plenty of wolves at command to send into any fold or flock they think proper to destroy. The learned author doubts if the devil actually makes these wolves *de novo*; but rather thinks that he hunts them up together, and drives the country. If this sport does not succeed to his wish, he thinks it probable the demons themselves execute the mischief in the shapes of wolves—(*verisimile videtur dæmones esse, qui specie lupina talem perperiem faciunt.*)—He tells us, that he has brought many witches to confess these things; and though he acknowledges the power of their spells for producing meats and viands, that have the appearance of a sumptuous feast, which the devil furnishes, still he gives a bad account of his cookery; for that Divine Providence seldom permits the meat to be good, but that it has generally some bad taste or smell, mostly wants salt, and the feast is often without bread.

Though heretics have obstinately denied the copulation of wizards with the female demons called Succubæ; and of witches with the males or Incubi: yet the whole authority of the Catholic Church with the Bull

of Pope Innocent VIII. expressly affirms it for a fact—(*Communis tamen hæc est sententia Patrum, Theologorum et Philosophorum doctorum—et pro eadem pugnat Bullæ Innocentii VIII. Pontificis contra maleficos.*)—It is also an orthodox opinion, that children may be begotten by this diabolical commerce; and there is little doubt but that Luther was the son of an Incubus. That witches are carried through the air by certain spells, is confirmed by a host of witnesses; and the operation is generally performed by smearing the body with a certain ointment prepared by the dæmons: This ointment several people have innocently made use of, particularly husbands of ladies using witchcraft; and have found themselves waisted up chimneys and through windows at a furious rate, and transported sometimes an hundred miles from their own homes. Many curious instances of magic powers might be enumerated; but I shall mention only the following:

The first is the case of an heretical woman in the town of Paderborn, who brought forth a male infant in a parson's gown and beaver—*palliatum et pileatum, modo ecclesiasticorum*—who, from his natural antipathy to Papists, always reviled them wherever he met them. This Father Delrius assures us, was a fact of general notoriety, and a just judgment from God on the heresy of the mother. Niderius, in the chapter upon witches in *Formicario*, says, That an heretical young witch at Colygn, by the help of a dæmon, took a handkerchief, and in presence of a great company of noble spectators tore it into pieces, and immediately afterwards produced it whole and entire. This wicked jade then took up a glass, threw it against the wall, broke it into a thousand fragments, and instantly shewed it to the company as whole as at first. Niderius concludes, with just indignation

against such diabolical practices; that this girl was well handled by the Fathers of the Inquisition, where her tricks could stand her in no stead; which indeed is not to be wondered at, as the devil himself would not choose to venture before that tribunal.

There was one Zedekiah, a Jew physician, who, in presence of the Emperor Lodowich the Pious, in the year 876 swallowed a prize-fighter on horseback, horse and all, (*Hoplomachum equitem devoravit.*) Nay, he did more, he swallowed a cart loaded with hay, horses, and driver, (*currum quoque onustum sæno cum equis et auriga:*) he cut off people's heads, hands and feet, which he fastened on again in the eyes of all the court, whilst the blood was running from them; and in a moment the man so maimed appeared whole and unhurt: he caused the Emperor to hear the sound of hounds in full chase, with shouts of huntsmen and many other noises in the air; and in the midst of winter showed him a garden in full bloom with flowers and fruits, and birds singing in the trees; a most detestable piece of magic, and very unworthy of an emperor to pass over with impunity; for he suffered the Jew doctor to escape.—As it is always right, when a man deals in the marvellous, to quote his authority, I beg leave to inform the incredulous reader (if any there be), that I take these facts upon the credit of the learned Joannes Trithemius, a very serious and respectable author.—One more case in point occurs to me, which I shall state, and then release my readers from the conjurors circle, and this is the case of one Diodorus, vulgarly called *Liodorus*, a Sicilian conjuror, who by spells and enchantments turned men into brute animals, and metamorphosed almost every thing he laid his hands on. This fellow, when the inhabitants of Catania

tenia would have persuaded him to let them hang him quietly and contentedly, as a conjurer and heretic ought, took counsel of the devil, and cowardly flew away to Byzantium, by the shortest passage through the air, to the great disappointment of the spectators: being pursued by the officers of justice, not indeed through the air, but as justice is accustomed to travel *pede claudo*, he took a second flight, and alighting in the city of Catania, was providentially caught by Leo the good bishop of that city; who throwing him into a fiery furnace, roasted this strange bird to the great edification of all beholders (*sed tandem a Leone Catanensi Episcopo, divina virtute ex improvise captus, frequenti in media urbe populo, in for-*

nacem igneam injectus, ignis incendio consumptus est)—This anecdote is to be found in Thomas Fazellus, (*lib. 5. c. 2. and again lib. 3. deca. 1. rerum ficularum*) who closes his account with the following pious remark, naturally arising from his subject, and which I shall set down in his own words:—*Sic divina justitia prevaluit, et qui se judicibus forte minus justo zelo motis eripuerat, e sancti viri manibus elabi non potuit.*—“Thus,” says he, “divine justice prevailed; and he, who had snatched himself out of the hands of judges, who perhaps were actuated by a zeal not so just as it should be, could not escape from this holy person.”

OBSERVER.

The right CONSTITUTION of a COMMONWEALTH examined.—Extracted from Dr. ADAMS's (*Vice-President of the United States*) Defence of the Constitutions of Government of the United States of America.

[Continued from page 89.]

Ninth } THE ninth reason is,
Arg. } “because the people are less luxurious than kings or grandees.” That may well be denied. Kings, nobles, and people, are all alike in this respect, and in general know no other bounds of indulgence than the capacity of enjoyment, and the power to gratify it. The problem ought to be to find a form of government best calculated to prevent the bad effects and corruption of luxury, when, in the ordinary course of things, it must be expected to come in. Kings and nobles, if they are confessed to enjoy or indulge in luxury more than the commons, it is merely because they have more means and opportunities; not because they have stronger appetites, passions, and fancies, or, in other words, a stronger propensity to luxury than the plebeians. If it should be conceded, that the passions

and appetites strengthen by indulgence, it must be confessed too, that they have more motives to restrain them; but in regard to mere animal gratification, it may well be denied that they indulge or enjoy more than the common people on an average. Eating and drinking surely is practised with as much satisfaction by the footman as his lord; and as much pleasure may be tasted in gin, brandy, ale, and porter, as in Burgundy or Tokay; in beef and pudding, as in ortolans and jellies. If we consider nations together, we shall find that intemperance and excess is more indulged in the lowest ranks than in the highest. The luxury of dress, beyond the defence from the weather, is a mere matter of politics and etiquette throughout all the ranks of life; and, in the higher ranks, rises only in proportion as it rises in the middle and the lowest. The same

is

is true of fortune and equipage, after the ordinary conveniences and accommodations of life. Those who claim or aspire to the highest ranks of life, will eternally go a certain degree above those below them in these particulars, if their incomes will allow it. Consideration is attainable by appearance, and ever will be; and it may be depended on, that rich men in general will not suffer others to be considered more than themselves, or as much, if they can prevent it by their riches. The poor and the middle ranks, then, have it in their power to diminish luxury as much as the great and rich have. Let the middle and lower ranks lessen their style of living, and they may depend upon it the higher ranks will lessen theirs. It is commonly said every thing is regis ad exemplum; that the lower ranks imitate the higher; and it is true: but it is equally true that the higher imitate the lower. The higher ranks will never exceed their inferiors but in a certain proportion; but *the distinction* they are absolutely obliged to keep up, or fall into contempt and ridicule. It may gratify vulgar malignity and popular envy, to declaim eternally against the rich and the great, the noble and high; but generally and philosophically speaking, the manners and characters in a nation are all alike: the lowest and the middling people, in general, grow vicious, vain, and luxurious, exactly in proportion. As to appearance, the highest sort are obliged to raise theirs in proportion as the stories below ascend. A free people are the most addicted to luxury of any: that equality which they enjoy, and in which they glory, inspires them with sentiments which hurry them into luxury. A citizen perceives his fellow-citizen, whom he holds his equal, have a better coat or hat, a better house or horse, than himself, and sees his neighbours are struck with it,

talk of it, and respect him for it: he cannot bear it; he must and will be upon a level with him. Such an emulation as this takes place in every neighbourhood, in every family; among artificers, husbandmen, labourers, as much as between dukes and marquises, and more—these are all nearly equal in dress, and are now distinguished by other marks. Declamations, oratory, poetry, sermons, against luxury, riches, and commerce, will never have much effect: the most rigorous sumptuary laws will have little more.—“*Discordia et avaritia, atque ambitio, et cetera secundis rebus oriri sueta mala, post Carthaginis excidium maxumè aucta sunt. Ex quo tempore majorum mores, non paulatim ut antea, sed torrentis modo præcipitati.*” Sallust. in Frag.—In the late war, the Americans found an unusual quantity of money flow in upon them, and, without the least degree of prudence, foresight, consideration, or measure, rushed headlong into a greater degree of luxury than ought to have crept in in a hundred years. The Romans charged the ruin of their commonwealth to luxury: they might have charged it to the want of a balance in their constitution. In a country like America, where the means and opportunities for luxury are so easy and so plenty, it would be madness not to expect it, be prepared for it, and provide against the dangers of it in the constitution. The balance, in a triple-headed legislature, is the best and the only remedy. If we will not adopt that, we must suffer the punishment of our temerity. The supereminence of a threefold balance, above all the imperfect balances that were attempted in the ancient republics of Greece and Italy, and the modern ones of Switzerland and Holland, whether aristocratical or mixed, lies in this, that as it is capable of governing a great nation and large

large territory, whereas the others can only exist in small ones, so it is capable of preserving liberty among great degrees of wealth, luxury, dissipation, and even profligacy of manners: whereas the others require the utmost frugality, simplicity, and moderation, to make human life tolerable under them.

“Where luxury takes place, there is a natural tendency to tyranny.” There is a natural tendency to tyranny every where, in the simplest manners as well as the most luxurious, which nothing but force can stop. And why should this tendency be taken from human nature, where it grows as in its native soil, and attributed to luxury? “The nature of luxury lies altogether in excess. It is an universal depravation of manners, without reason, without moderation: it is the canine appetite of a corrupt will and phantasy, which nothing can satisfy; but in every action, in every imagination, it flies beyond the bounds of honesty, just and good, into all extremity.” This is declamation and rant that it is not easy to comprehend. There are all possible degrees of luxury which appear in society, with every degree of virtue, from the first dawning of civilization to the last stage of improvement and refinement; and civility, humanity, and benevolence, increase commonly as fast as ambition of conquest, the pride of war, cruelty, and bloody rage, diminishes. Luxury, to certain degrees of excess, is an evil; but it is not at all times, and in all circumstances, an absolute evil. It should be restrained by morality and by law, by prohibitions and discouragements. But the evil does not lie here only; it lies in human nature: and that must be restrained by a mixed form of government, which is the best in the world to manage luxury. Our author’s government would never make, or, if

it made, it never would execute laws to restrain luxury.

“That form of government,” says our author, must needs be the most excellent, and the people’s liberty most secured, where governors are least exposed to the baits and snares of luxury.” That is to say, that form of government is the best, and the people’s liberty most secure, where the people are poorest: this will never recommend a government to mankind. But what has poverty or riches to do with the form of government? If mankind must be voluntarily poor in order to be free, it is too late in the age of the world to preach liberty. Whatever Nedham might think, mankind in general had rather be rich under a simple monarchy, than poor under a democracy. But if that is the best form of government, where governors are least exposed to the baits and snares of luxury, the government our author contends for is the worst of all possible forms. There is, there can be no form in which the governors are so much exposed to the baits and snares of luxury as in a simple democracy. In proportion as a government is democratical, in a degree beyond a proportional prevalence of monarchy and aristocracy, the wealth, means, and opportunities being the same, does luxury prevail. Its progress is instantaneous. There can be no subordination. One citizen cannot bear that another should live better than himself; a universal emulation in luxury instantly commences; and the governors, that is, those who aspire at elections, are obliged to take the lead in this silly contention: they must not be behind the foremost in dress, equipage, furniture, entertainments, games, races, spectacles; they must feast and gratify the luxury of electors to obtain their votes; and the whole executive authority must be prostituted, and the legislative too, to encourage luxury. The Athenians made

made it death for any one to propose the appropriation of money devoted to the support of the theatre to any the most necessary purposes of the state. In monarchies and aristocracies much may be done, both by precept and example, by laws and manners, to diminish luxury and restrain its growth; in a mixed government more still may be done for this salutary end; but in a simple democracy, nothing: every man will do as he pleases—no sumptuary law will be obeyed—every prohibition or impost will be eluded; no man will dare to propose a law by which the pleasures or the liberty of the citizen shall be restrained. A more unfortunate argument for a simple democracy could not have been thought of: it is, however, a very good one in favour of a mixed government.

Our author is no where so weak as in this reason, or under this head. He attempts to prove his point by reason and examples, but is equally unfortunate in both. First, by reason. "The people," says he, "must be less luxurious than kings, or great ones, because they are bounded within a more lowly pitch of desire and imagination: give them but panem et circenses, bread, sport, and ease, and they are abundantly satisfied." It is to be feared that this is too good a character for any people living, or that have lived. The disposition to luxury is the same, though the habit is not, both in plebeians, patricians, and kings. When we say their desires are bounded, we admit the desires to exist. Imagination is as quick in one as in the other. It is demanding a great deal, to demand "bread, and sports, and ease." No one can tell how far these terms may extend. If by bread is meant a subsistence, a maintenance in food and cloathing, it will mount up very high; if by sports be meant cock-fighting, horseracing, theatrical representations, and

all the species of cards, dice, and gambling, no mortal philosopher can fathom the depth of this article; and if with "bread" and "sport" they are to have "ease" too, and by ease be meant idleness, an exemption from care and labour, all three together will amount to as much as ever was demanded for nobles or kings, and more than ought ever to be granted to either. But let us grant all this for a moment; we should be disappointed; the promised "abundant satisfaction" would not be found. The bread must soon be of the finest wheat; poultry and gibbier must be added to beef and mutton; the entertainments would not be elegant enough after a time; more expence must be added:—in short, contentment is not in human nature; there is no passion, appetite, or affection for contentment. To amuse and flatter the people with compliments of qualities that never existed in them, is not the duty nor the right of a philosopher or legislator; he must form a true idea and judgment of mankind, and adapt his institutions to facts, not compliments.

"The people have less means and opportunities for luxury than those pompous standing powers, whether in the hands of one or many." But if the sovereignty were exercised wholly by one popular assembly, they would then have the means and opportunities in their hands as much as the king has in a monarchy, or the senate in an aristocracy or oligarchy; and much more than either king or nobles have in the tripartite composition we contend for; because in this the king and nobles have really no means or opportunities of luxury but what are freely given them by the people, whose representatives hold the purse. Accordingly, in the simple democracy, or representative democracy, which our author contends for, it would be found, that

the

the great leaders in the assembly would soon be as luxurious as ever kings or hereditary nobles were, and they would make partisans by admitting associates in a luxury, which they would support at the expence of the minority; and every particle of the executive power would be prostituted, new lucrative offices daily created, and larger appointments annexed to support it; nay, the power of judging would be prostituted to determine causes in favour of friends and against enemies, and the plunder devoted to the luxury. The people would be found as much inclined to vice and vanity as kings or grandees, and would run on to still greater excess and riot: for kings and nobles are always restrained, in some degree, by fear of the people, and their censures; whereas the people themselves, in the case we put, are not restrained by fear or shame, having all honour and applause at their disposal, as well as force. It does not appear, then, that they are less luxurious; on the contrary, they are more luxurious, and necessarily become so, in a simple democracy.

Our author triumphantly concludes, "it is clear the people, that is, their successive representatives" (all authority in one centre, and that centre the nation) "must be the best governors, "because the current of succession keeps them the less corrupt and presumptuous." He must have forgot that these successive representatives have all the executive power, and will use it at once for the express purpose of corruption among their constituents, to obtain votes at the next election. Every commission will be given, and new offices created, and fresh fees, salaries, perquisites, and emoluments added, on purpose to corrupt more voters. He must have forgot that the judicial power is in the hands of these representatives, by his own suppositions, and that

false accusations of crimes will be sustained to ruin enemies, disputes in civil causes will be decided in favour of friends; in short, the whole criminal law, and the whole civil law concerning lands, houses, goods, and money, will be made subservient to the covetousness, pride, ambition, and ostentation of the dominant party and their chiefs. "The current of succession," instead of keeping them "less corrupt and presumptuous," is the very thing that annually makes them more corrupt and shameless. Instead of being more "free from luxurious courses," they are more irresistibly drawn into them; instead of being "free from oppressive and injurious practices," their parties at elections will force them into them: and all these things they must do to hold up the port and splendor of their tyranny; and if any of them hesitates at any imprudence that his party demands, he alone will be rejected, and another found whose conscience and whose shame are sufficiently subdued.

Unfortunate in his arguments from reason, to shew that the people, qualified with the supreme authority, are less devoted to luxury than the grandee or kingly powers, our author is still more unhappy in those drawn from example.

The first example is Athens.—"While Athens remained free, in the people's hands, it was adorned with such governors as gave themselves up to a *serious, abstemious, and severe* course of life." *Sobriety, abstinence, and severity*, were never remarkable characteristics of democracy or the democratical branch or mixture, in any constitution; they have oftener been the attributes of aristocracy and oligarchy. Athens, in particular, was never conspicuous for these qualities; but, on the contrary, from the first to the last moment of her democratical constitution, *levity, gaiety,*

gaiety, inconstancy, dissipation, intemperance, debauchery, and a dissolution of manners, were the prevailing character of the whole nation. At what period will it be pretended that they were adorned with these serious, abstemious and severe governors? and what were their names? Was Pisistratus so serious when he drove his chariot into the Agora, wounded by himself, and duped the people to give him his guard? or when he dressed the girl like Minerva? Was Hipparchus or Hippias, Cleisthenes or Isagoras, so abstemious? Was there so much abstinence and severity of public virtue in applying first to Sparta, and then to Persia, against their country, as the leaders alternately did? Miltiades indeed was serious, abstemious, and severe; but Xanthippus, who was more popular, and who conducted a capital accusation against him, and got him fined fifty talents, was not. Themistocles! was he the severe character? A great statesman and soldier, to be sure; but very ambitious, and not very honest. Pericles sacrificed all things to his ambition; Cleon and Alcibiades were the very reverse of sobriety, moderation, and modesty. Miltiades, Aristides, Socrates, and Phocion, are all the characters in the Athenian story who had this kind of merit; and to shew how little the Athenians themselves deserved this praise, or esteemed it in others, the first was condemned by the people in an immense fine, the second to banishment, and the third and fourth to death. Aristides had

Themistocles, a more popular man, constantly to oppose him. He was, indeed, made financier of all Greece; but what other arbitration had Athens? And Aristides himself, though a professed imitator of Lycurgus, and a favourer of aristocracy, was obliged to overturn the constitution, by giving way to the furious ambition of the people, and by letting every citizen into the competition for the archonship*. "Being at the height, they began to decline;" that is, almost in the instant when they had expelled the Pisistratidæ, and acquired a democratical ascendancy, though checked by the areopagus and many other institutions of Solon, they declined. The good conduct of the democracy began and ended with Aristides. "Permitting some men to greatness themselves by continuing long in power and authority, they soon lost their pure principles of severity and liberty." In truth, nobody yet had such principles but Miltiades and Aristides. As soon as the people got unlimited power, they did as the people always do, give it to their flatterers, like Themistocles, and continued it in him. To what purpose is it to talk of the rules of a free state, when you are sure those rules will be violated? The people unbalanced never will observe them.

"The thirty" were appointed by Lysander, after the conquest of Athens by Sparta: yet it was not the continuance, but the illimitation, of their power that corrupted them. These, indeed, behaved like all other unchecked

* When the city of Athens was rebuilt, the people finding themselves in a state of tranquility, endeavoured by every means to get the whole government into their own hands. Aristides perceiving that it would be no easy matter to restrain a people with arms in their hands, and grown insolent with victory, studied methods to appease them. He passed a decree, that the government should be common to all the citizens; and that the archons, who were the chief magistrates, and used to be chosen only out of those who received at least five hundred medimnis of grain from the product of their lands, should for the future be elected from among all the Athenians without distinction. *Plut. Arist.*

unchecked assemblies: the majority destroyed Theramenes, and the few virtuous members who happened to be among them and were a reproach to them, and then ruled with a rod of iron. Nothing was heard of but murders and imprisonments. Riches were a crime that never failed to be punished with confiscation and death. More people were put to death in eight months of peace than had been slain by the enemy in a war of thirty years. In short, every body of men, every unchecked assembly in Athens, had invariably behaved in this manner: the four hundred formerly chosen; now the thirty; and afterwards the ten. Such universal, tenacious, and uniform conspiracies against liberty, justice, and the public good; such a never failing passion for tyranny possessing republicans born in the air of liberty, nurtured in her bosom, accustomed to that equality on which it is founded, and principled by their education from their earliest infancy in an abhorrence of all servitude, have astonished the generality of historians. There must be in power, say they, some violent impulse to actuate so many persons in this manner, who had no doubt sentiments of virtue and honour, and make them forget all laws of nature and religion. But there is really no room for all this surprise: it is the form of government that naturally and necessarily produces the effect. The astonishment really is, and ought to be only, that there is one sensible man left in the world who can still entertain an esteem, or any other sentiment than abhorrence, for a government in a single assembly.

"Such also was the condition of Athens when Pisistratus usurped the tyranny." But who was it that continued the power of Pisistratus and his sons? The people. And if this example shows, like all others, that the people are always disposed to

continue and increase the power of their favourites against all maxims and rules of freedom, this also is an argument for placing balances in the constitution, even against the power of the people.

From Athens our author comes to Rome. "Under Tarquin it was dissolved in debauchery."—"Upon the change of government their manners were somewhat mended."—This difference does not appear: on the contrary, the Roman manners were under the kings as pure, as under the aristocracy that followed.—"The senate being a standing power, soon grew corrupt, and first let in luxury, then tyranny; till the people being interested in the government, established a good discipline and freedom both together, which was upheld with all severity till the grandees came in play." When an author writes from imagination only, he may say what he pleases; but it would be trifling to adduce proofs in detail of what every one knows. The whole history of Rome shows that corruption began with the people sooner than in the senate; that it increased faster; that it produced the characters he calls grandees, as the Gracchi, Marius, Sylla, and Cæsar; and that the senate was for centuries the check that preserved any degree of virtue, moderation, or modesty.

Our author's conclusion is, that "grandee and kingly powers are ever more luxurious than the popular are or can be; that luxury ever brings on tyranny as the bane of liberty; and therefore that the rights of the people, in a due and orderly succession of their supreme assemblies, are more secure in their own hands than any others."

But if the fact is otherwise, and the people are equally luxurious in a simple democracy as in a simple aristocracy or monarchy; but more especially if it be true, as it undoubtedly

is, that they are more so—then the contrary conclusion will follow, that their rights are more secure when their own power is tempered by a separate executive and an aristocratic senate.

The truth relating to this subject is very obvious, and lies in a narrow compass. The disposition to luxury is so strong in all men, and in all nations, that it can be restrained, where it has the means of gratification, only by education, discipline, or law. Education and discipline soon lose their force when unsupported by law: simple democracies, therefore, have occasion for the strictest laws to preserve the force of education, discipline, and severity of manners. This is the reason why examples of the most rigorous, the most tyrannical sumptuary laws, are found in governments the most popular: but such sumptuary laws are found always ineffectual; they are always hated by the people, and violated continually; and those who approve them neither dare repeal them, nor attempt to carry them into execution. In a simple aristocracy the disposition to luxury shews itself in the utmost extravagance, as in Po-

land: but it is confined to the gentlemen; the common people are forbidden it; and such sumptuary laws are executed severely enough. In simple monarchies sumptuary laws are made under the guise of prohibitions or imposts; and luxury is generally no otherwise restrained than by the ability to gratify it: but as the difference of ranks is established by laws and customs universally known, there is no temptation for people in the lower ranks to imitate the splendor of those in the higher. But in the mixed government we contend for, the distinction of ranks is also generally known, or ought to be: it has therefore all the advantage against general luxury which arises from subordination; and it has the further advantage of being able to execute prudent and reasonable sumptuary laws, whenever the circumstances of affairs require them. It is, therefore, safe to affirm, that luxury is less dangerous in such a mixed government than any other; has less tendency to prevail; and is much more easily restrained to such persons and objects as will be least detrimental to the public good.

(To be continued.)

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

The SCRIBBLER.—No. VI.

MY last number contained some remarks on the follies of youth; and in the character of *Valerio* instanced the fatal consequences which proceed from their mixing in bad companies, and running into habits of dissipation and vice. As a counterpart to that piece, I shall now give an instance of the good effects resulting from a virtuous disposition, and will strikingly exemplify the advantages which an early attention to industry has with regard to our advancement in this life.

Industry may be considered in the

same point of view with idleness, as virtue to vice; and they may be equally viewed with respect to their votaries. While industry advances our situation in life, and benignly smiles on all our actions, idleness brings us to poverty, want, and loss of reputation. With industry we can always procure the comforts of existence; but idleness is the enemy of its necessities, and “will clothe a man in rags.”—

Virtue is the most shining characteristic of the human mind. It is the peculiar attribute of the deity; and,

and, as we possess it in a greater or less degree, so far we advance to the divine perfection. Vice, of all things, is the most obnoxious to human nature. It degrades and villifies it, renders it bestial, and in every respect unworthy the appellation.

But, when we see principles of virtue and piety centered in the mind of an individual, though he be ever so poor, and in ever so subordinate a situation, we cannot but admire him, and think him truly great among his fellow creatures: and if he possess a becoming industry, we must estimate his worth still the more.

For the illustration of this subject I have a character in view that merits every encomium. Perhaps his example may excite others to laudable pursuits, and be the means of inducing those who have already entered the gates of dissipation, to return and follow the more profitable footsteps of prudence and economy.

Eubulus was the son of a poor, but venerable and industrious farmer in one of the southern counties of this state. The ravages of the late war laid waste his little plantation, and with it his all was lost. The poor old man fell a victim to want, and left *Eubulus*, then but twelve years of age, to procure for himself a subsistence. From having been trained to hardship, *Eubulus* was at no loss to determine the course he should take; and the constant examples of virtue and reverence for the deity which had been set him by his sire, taught him, young as he was, to consider human nature as formed to adore, and gave to his soul a calmness and serenity which but few, even at an advanced period of life, attain.

At this age *Eubulus* set out in the world, without a friend or a guardian to protect his tender years. He was poor, had no knowledge of trade, nor could he have an experimental acquaintance with man: but he was

virtuous, prudent, industrious, and skillful. He knew the consequences of idleness, and his heart spurned the idea. Dissipation he knew not from observation, but its pernicious effects were strongly imprinted on his mind by the faithful narrations which his father had given him. Vice of every kind to him was odious: he disdained dissimulation and discord, and only gloried in doing good offices to man, and in faithfully serving his maker in the way he had been instructed.

Eubulus resolved to learn some business by which he might earn a tolerable livelihood. He pitched upon a respectable profession, to which his mind was happily turned; and he was fortunate enough to meet with a gentleman of eminence and worth, with whom he immediately engaged.

It is not my intention to lead the reader into all the circumstances which attended *Eubulus* in his studies. It will only be necessary to observe, that, with a quick and penetrating apprehension, his advancements were great and rapid. His genius soon discovered itself. He was noticed by the skillful: their endeavours were added; and his application became greater as his knowledge increased.

With these advantages he entered into business for himself, through the assistance of his preceptor and other friends, who had witnessed his industry and virtuous disposition. His eminence in the line of his profession soon made him known, and accelerated his fortune in an amazing manner. In two years he realized, as the reward of virtue and early industry, a sum which was every way sufficient to place him in an independent situation, besides making payment for his stock, and adding to it one third of its original value.

Eubulus lived beloved and respected: he has lately taken to wife the amiable

amiable daughter of his preceptor, with whom he is now connected in business, and from whom he will inherit, as the portion of his spouse, a very ample fortune.—*Eubulus* and *Amelia* live in the utmost bliss of connubial felicity, and have the delightful prospect of a beautiful and promising progeny.

In the character of *Eubulus*, we have a pleasing view of the dispensations of providence to the virtuous and the wise. He, from being a friendless orphan, destitute of money or property, has, through virtue and industry, risen to opulence and respectability. He it is, who never has contaminated human nature by one base or weak action; but it is he who has dignified it, and in his youthful days taught even the venerable to live, and not to live in vain.

How pleasing are the reflections which flow from viewing this character! What sensations do they give to the virtuous mind! and with what joy is the susceptible and benevolent heart animated!—Let the gay fopling boast of the magic of the charms which his artful inventions produce; or, let the dissipated mortal glory in his licentiousness; but to what does

the sum of their great boastings amount? Weak and vain mortal, one moment of real joy is worth a thousand years of dissipated pleasure, and adds more to our happiness than an eternity of revelry.

Happy will it be for my young readers if they imitate the virtues of *Eubulus*. To attain to such perfection cannot be expected from every one, but surely all may avoid the devouring jaws of vice. I would wish them to guard against idleness in an especial manner. There is no better way to avoid vicious or licentious habits, than by keeping the mental faculties employed; and if we can bring ourselves to the performance of benevolent actions, the more we practise such, the farther will we be from temptation. By a steady and strict application to our studies, or profession, we free ourselves from loose thoughts; but no sooner do we give ourselves an unnecessary relax, than we are liable to be taken up by frivolous notions, and subject to be dragged away to scenes which at first may appear very unimportant, but whose pernicious consequences we may ever after have occasion to lament. S.

Account of a new kind of MUMMY, discovered in France.

SOME labouring men working in a field in the neighbourhood of the village of Martres d'Arrierres, near Riom, in Auvergne, found a kind of trough, about seven feet long, three feet broad, and eighteen inches deep. It was formed of a stone that appeared to be of a granite kind, and was covered by a piece of the kind of the stone, cut with a ridge on the upper side. This trough contained a leaden coffin, in which was the corpse of a youth about twelve or thirteen years of age, so perfectly embalmed, that the flesh was yet elastic and supple. The arms were wrapped

round with bandages from the hand to the shoulder, and the legs from the feet to the top of the thighs; his breast and belly were concealed by a kind of shirt, and his whole body by a winding-sheet.

The linen was impregnated with a balsam of so strong a smell, that it has sunk deep into the stone, which even communicated it to those that came near the place, long after this kind of mummy was removed. It was first carried to the house of the parson of the village; it had then on its head a kind of wooden skull cap, lined with an aromatic paste of the same

same smell as the balsam, in which the linen had been dipped: it had also in its hands balls of the same kind of paste, secured in a proper position, by little bags tied round the hands; and the arms, thighs and legs, were covered with it. But being in a small space of time afterwards removed to Riom, in pursuance of an order of the ecclesiastical court, and by the direction of M. de la Michaudiere, intendant of the place, the bandages were all taken away, and the colour of the body, which at first was natural, became now a deep brown.

The drug which was used in embalming it, had very sensibly diminished the quantity of the flesh, but had preserved its natural suppleness so well, that a surgeon having made an incision in the belly, one of the assistants introduced his finger, could very readily distinguish the diaphragm, the great lobe of the spleen, and the liver, though the two last mentioned parts of the viscera had lost much of their proper size. Through this orifice was extracted a part of the epiploon, about three inches in length,

which was as supple as in its natural state, and carried no marks of decay. In like manner, about twelve inches of the jejunum was extracted, and being tied in one part, it was as easily inflated by blowing, as could have been the intestine of an animal newly killed.

Upon the whole, the body seemed to have been embalmed in a manner quite different from that used amongst the Egyptians, whose mummies are dry and brittle. It is much to be lamented, that there was not some inscription, medal, or other symbol, by which it might have been known how long it had been here deposited; but no writing was found, either on the stone or on the linen, and the labourers on their oath declared, they had not embezzled any thing contained in this wonderful monument of antiquity. These particulars are extracted from a letter of M. du Tour, correspondent of the Academy, to M. L'Abbe Nollet, and from an account sent to M. Morand, who communicated it to the Academy.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

Messrs. EDITORS,

THE many declamations against vice of different kinds, which have been from time to time exhibited to the world through the channel of your useful Magazine, might incline one to consider any more attempts of this nature as altogether superfluous; yet, a conviction that our endeavours to do good cannot be too frequent, nor our efforts too vigorous, has induced me to request a place for the following observations.

As a friend to virtue and humanity, I would remonstrate against a species of vice which has lately invaded our city; I mean the disgraceful practice of *cock-fighting*. Every appearance of vice ought to be banished

as repugnant to the prosperity and happiness of our country; but as none seems more replete with bad effects than the one under consideration, to discountenance it must be an object of the first importance. This practice will immediately appear to every dispassionate mind to be ridiculous in itself, and inevitably productive of the most pernicious effects. It is ridiculous, that beings of superior faculties, and who are susceptible of refined pleasures, should derive the least satisfaction from such wanton amusements, and in the issue so fatal: for these insensibly steal away many precious hours, lead us gradually into habits of intemperance, and reduce us

us

us in the end to poverty and disgrace. By being spectators of these scenes of cruelty, the mind is imperceptibly hardened, and prepared for beholding, without disgust, scenes at which humanity must recoil. Thus we discover this course to be most baneful in the event. It enervates the noblest faculties of the soul—it renders even humanity inhuman.—What are the essential ingredients to form an amiable and excellent character? Are not simplicity in conversation, regularity and temperance in our living, and a tender sympathy with the distresses of our fellow creatures? Therefore, to act inconsistent with these duties, is to act inconsistent with ourselves; and to fail in the performance of these, is derogatory to the dignity of man.

As rational creatures, we should certainly engage in nothing for which we have not a sufficient reason: now, let the insatuated votaries of this vice examine what valuable purposes it can possibly effect. Does it promote the interest of society? Does it render their families happy, or exhibit an example which may tend to make their children useful to the community? May I not rather ask, Has it not directly a contrary tendency? I will venture to affirm, that the person who in the vigour of his days is abandoned to this infernal practice, will

be afterwards gnawed with the keenest remorse. He will not only be tormented with a consciousness of his own misconduct, but the groans of a family reduced to distress, and the reflection of nourishing up children to be mere pests of society, will strike horror into his very soul.

It is an observation founded on experience, that in proportion as governments become independent, and the manners of the people refined, vice of different kinds creeps in, and particularly luxury. Since our country is now increasing in opulence, and our citizens in refinement, let us guard against these enemies to our best interests—enemies which, if not repelled in season, will undoubtedly prove fatal to the public weal. When our country was formerly invaded by a foreign power, we considered it inglorious to make no opposition, but with a spirit worthy of Americans, arose and blasted their intentions.—We are again assaulted—the enemy is within the walls of our city: let us, with a spirit equally becoming, make immediate resistance. If we do not, the honour which we formerly acquired, and which elevated us in the eyes of nations, will only tend to magnify our disgrace, and perpetuate our infamy.

ATTICUS.

19th March, 1791.

Extraordinary PETITION addressed to the QUEEN of PORTUGAL, by the CHEVALIER BRUNZI D'ENTRECASTEAUX, formerly President of the Parliament of Provence.

YOUR Majesty beholds at your feet a criminal imploring from your justice a punishment which to him will be a favour: he trembles while he lifts his mournful voice to your Majesty: his crime would even render him unworthy of such honour, did not his remorse efface what he must call the indignity he offers to you: this reflection alone induces him

to request of your Majesty a death, which, while it punishes his crime, will put an end to his misery.

I am the Frenchman who came into your dominions under the borrowed name of the Chevalier De Barral, and was taken into custody by your orders.—I will conceal nothing from your Majesty. My name is Brunzi D'Entrecasteaux, of a noble family
in

in Provence, born with a disposition inclined to virtue and honour; but the too great impetuosity of my temper has made me guilty of assassination.

Hurried away by a violent passion, and (may I add) by a sentiment of honour carried to excess, I found myself criminal at the moment I thought myself only virtuous. At the time when, with blushes, I make this humiliating confession to your Majesty, the stings of remorse grow sharper, the wounds of my heart bleed afresh, and the pain of them becomes more excruciating. I am sensible that this chastisement is not adequate to the enormity of my crime; all I request is, to obtain one capable of expiating it.

My father and mother married me when I was very young, being only 18 years of age. I made one of those advantageous matches which parents inconsiderately accept, without advertent to what ought to be the first object of their attention, viz. whether there does not exist a natural aversion between the parties who are to be united for life! Another reason determined them to oblige me to contract this marriage: it was done (they said) in order to secure me against the ill effects of the passions incident to youth. But they did not consider that mine were not yet awakened; this precaution, therefore, rather served to chain them down for a time, than free me from their dominion. Restraint made them break out with greater violence, and the consequences were more fatal. The time soon came which gave birth to the strongest passion; a seducing object made me forget what I owed to my spouse; my heart, naturally sensible and hitherto unaccustomed to love, fell a prey to it in all its violence. The excellence of the object which inspired it, appeared to me a sufficient justification: she could not resist the vehemence

with which I expressed my sentiments; the flame which consumed me soon penetrated to her heart: this was the epocha of all her misfortunes, and consequently of mine.

So powerful a passion fostered by four years of the most familiar intercourse, had come to its greatest height when my family discovered its object. This accident deprived my mistress of every hope of that happiness which she had a right to expect; and, in addition to her distress, she found herself on the point of losing her reputation, in consequence of the noise such an event would make. Filled with despair for having reduced her to a situation so dreadful, I resolved, if I could not extricate her, to share her misery. I proposed to her to elope with me, that being the more easy, as I was of an age which enabled me to dispose of my property, and it would have been no difficult matter to raise a sufficiency for our subsistence in some corner of the world where we should have found an asylum.—But though she had ruined herself for me, she would not consent that I should ruin myself for her.—My tears, my entreaties, were fruitless—She remained inflexible—Her refusal, while it heightened my admiration, threw me into despair. I saw no remedy for her misfortune, but what I could have given her had I been single. This idea caused my ruin. The phrenzy of my passion having reduced me to the dreadful alternative of sacrificing the honour of the woman whom I adored, or the life of her who had been given me for a companion, I grew desperate, my reason abandoned me, and my hand became guilty.—My strength fails me at the dreadful recollection, which oppresses and harrows up my soul. It is necessary (for I must give to truth the authenticity it requires) that I should still add to my shame, by confessing that I was the sole author of the

the atrocious crime; I was not seduced to the commission of it by the person for the love of whom it was perpetrated. Had she thought me capable of such a design, her virtue would have prevented my guilt.

This is the crime I confess to your Majesty: I demand vengeance against myself: you will satisfy your justice by punishing me; and I shall bless your clemency, which will free me from the tortures of my remorse. The moment that I committed the crime, I was struck with its enormity, without thinking on any measures proper to be taken. My family, dreading the disgrace affixed to the punishment which I have but too well deserved, obliged me to abscond. I took flight, without knowing whither I should go, to drag out the remainder of so guilty a life. Scarcely had my mind recovered its powers, when it became its own tormentor. Every day presented to me stronger pictures of horror. The calm which sometimes succeeded those violent emotions, gave me pains of a different kind. My passion was not extinguished by the crime it had caused: on the contrary, it seemed to have acquired new strength, and filled up the intervals of my despair.

In this excruciating situation, I was several times tempted to put an end to my life; but (can your Majesty believe it?) judge from this of the violence of my phrenzy. The love which had made me guilty—which doubled my misery, was the only obstacle which prevented me from suicide. The hope of once more seeing the object of my passion did not extinguish my remorse, which I still felt in all its horror.

Such was the state of my mind on my arrival in your Majesty's dominions, where being taken into custody by your orders, I could not be ignorant of the cause of my detention. I am now deprived of the only hope

which supported me; I have nothing left but remorse and despair. The justice of France claims me. My family has had interest to obtain the commutation of my punishment into perpetual imprisonment: my mind cannot bear either of those prospects. Certainly I dread not death, for I request it of your Majesty as a favour. But ignominy is to me intolerable, and that would attend me from the moment of my arrival in my own country; that would incessantly haunt me, and poison the last moments of my life. Alas! if I must die, let it not be in my own country. The second prospect suggests ideas still more dreadful. What can be worse than to live in perpetual imprisonment, a prey to my remorse, the stings of which become still more severe by the want of any object to dissipate my thoughts? and those torments, tho' long and horrible, would never efface my crime either in the sight of justice or of men: death, therefore, in whatever shape it may come, is a thousand times preferable. In this sentiment I cast myself at your Majesty's feet, humbly supplicating that you will be pleased to make me undergo, in your dominions, the punishment I have but too well deserved.

My heart was not naturally vicious, a moment of phrenzy plunged it into the abyss where it is now sunk; yet, though not less guilty nor less worthy of chastisement, if it cannot obtain pardon, it may deserve some pity. May your Majesty, then, deign to listen to the voice of that pity, and spare me the shame of an execution in France, by putting me to death in Portugal. I know well, that the prejudices of the French, even if I pay to justice the punishment to which I shall be condemned, will affix perpetual infamy to my memory. But surely, when justice is once satisfied, no trace of the crime remains, and prejudice ought to rest contented. I dare

date to hope, therefore, that by petitioning for, and voluntarily offering myself to the death I have deserved, I may deliver my soul from an ignominy for which I was not formed, but which it has notwithstanding incurred.

In my last moments I shall have the consolation of thinking, that my name will no longer be held in horror : and when I bid a final adieu to the authors of my life, I shall be enabled to say to them, " Your son is still worthy of you ; he has wiped off the shame with which he covered you ; he has expiated the crime which he committed, and has regained a title to your compassion."

Should I have the good fortune to excite your Majesty's pity, and your clemency induce you to grant such a petition, your Majesty cannot apprehend that your justice, which interests itself for every object, will be liable to the least impeachment of violating the rights of nations, by punishing, in your own dominions, the subject of another monarchy, for a crime committed in his native country. On the contrary, I flatter myself I shall be able to demonstrate to your Majesty, that justice even requires my punishment at your hands. I am not guilty as a Frenchman ; it is not that nation I have offended ; I am guilty as a man, and owe to all mankind an expiation of my crime. Wherever there are men, and laws to govern them, I bear about the mark of disapprobation with which I am stigmatized : wherever my crime is known, my blood may be lawfully shed ; and in this country it is known by my confession to your Majesty. I am at once the accuser, the witness, and the criminal ; what more is wanting but the sentence of condemna-

tion which I supplicate your Majesty to pronounce ?

I venture to entertain the greatest hopes of obtaining a request which enables your Majesty to unite justice with mercy. If the torments of a soul distracted by the most violent emotions on the recollection of a crime repugnant to its very essence, can deserve any pity, it is a favour I intreat from your Majesty's clemency, when I ask for death to put an end to my miseries, and expiate a crime at which human nature shudders. If on the contrary, my guilt be too atrocious for any favour to be shown, I call upon your justice, I inform against a criminal, and petition for his execution.

Had your Majesty been engaged in war, before expiating my crime by the proper punishment, I would have petitioned for liberty to shed my guilty blood in your service, that my death might not be entirely useless ; but your Majesty having the happiness to enjoy profound peace, every drop of my blood is due to justice. If I obtain that favour, I shall be indebted to your Majesty for the recovery of my virtue, the preservation of my honour, and the end of my miseries. If, on the contrary, you judge that, considering the enormity of my crime, my blood ought not to pollute your dominions, nothing remains for me but despair. In either case, I shall with my last breath offer up my prayers for the prosperity of your Majesty's reign.

Waiting the decision which is to fix my fate, I am, with hope and fear, and with the most profound respect, your Majesty's most humble and most obedient servant,

BRUNZI D'ENTRECASTEAUX.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

PHILOBIBLICUS.—No. VIII.

SEEING accidentally at a friend's house the 1888th number of the Daily Advertiser, I found that an able pen had answered the difficulties in one of the preceding numbers of the same paper, laid before the public by P. Schenck, respecting some events in the gospel-history. The solution of these started difficulties is satisfactory and judicious; the style, conformably to the subject, serious, and the expressions elegant: The whole piece breaths true theological learning, wisdom and piety. I cannot doubt the propensity of such an author to give an hearing and trial to some objections.

I subscribe every solution the author has given to clear up the difficulties of P. Schenck, with my full assent, except two, viz. that which concerns the behaviour of the thieves who were crucified with our Lord, and that of the hour of crucifixion.

Though it would involve no absurdity to believe, that at first both the malefactors reviled Christ, yet, in my opinion, it would be somewhat perplexing. A transition so sudden from malice to piety, from darkness to light, is not confirmed by many instances to the observer of the ways of God, and I, for my part, doubt whether by any. Paul's conversion was sudden and powerful; but this man, though before his conversion a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious, did nevertheless what he did ignorantly, and according to the law, his life was unblameable. He therefore, wanting only a clearer light for his understanding, and having his will always ready to follow the footsteps the divine light would point out to him, was never far from the kingdom of God. He never was one of those who, knowing the judgment of God,

do sin, and delight in those that do it. We have full right to suppose, that all such ever came, and will come to Christ, as before their conversion were in a similar situation with Paul, because God will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth. Besides this, we are not to suppose Paul's reformation perfect, when he said trembling and astonished, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? For in the house of Judas, at Damascus, it pleased the Lord to crown his work, of which the account we have is but short, but sufficient to point out the working hand of him who performs a good work which he began, for it is only said, *Behold, he prays.*

I know of no other instance of a very sudden change of the heart recorded in the Bible, and the history of the converted malefactor in the place alluded to, though very frequently alledged in favour of a late conversion, in my opinion deserves a more cautious scrutiny. Persons destined for execution, were by the Romans as well as the Jews, often kept for a considerable time in prison. This may have been the case with the present reformed malefactor. A knowledge of Christ, as the king of the future world, he had, and he knew that Jesus professed himself to be Christ. There is no impossibility nor impropriety that I can see in the supposition, that he heard many of Christ's sermons, that he once believed, but at the time of tribulation fell off; that he then, by the wisdom of God, was suffered to fall deep, in order to recover himself out of the snare of the devil, and awake to righteousness. By free grace we are saved, but by that grace which works righteousness. Conversions on the death-bed are seldom genuine, and though

though it is proper for us not to anticipate the sentence of the judge of all on his appointed day, but to observe the rule, *De mortuis nil nisi bene*; yet, we have reason to believe, that confessions and expressions extorted by fear, will not appear with the same degree of validity in the divine as in man's judgment, and the history of the favoured malefactor proves nothing to the contrary. This man may have enjoyed full peace with God in his prison, and as he spoke well of Christ, according to the historian Luke, so he may not have uttered an offending syllable according to the historian Matthew. It is a *known figure in rhetoric*, to use the plural sometimes in stead of the singular. Even the thieves, says Matthew, which were crucified with him, grieved him, (xxvii. 44.) just as we would express the misery of a man formerly in honour, but after having experienced a degradation, scorned by many, and even by one of his servants, by saying, even his servants rail on him. That of the two thieves, one was received and the other rejected, is, in my opinion, not a proof of the divinity of our truly divine Saviour, or of the sovereignty of free grace displayed in choosing one of the criminals to eternal life, but of the truth, which at this very convenient time should receive a remarkable illustration, that *not one of the human race is excluded from the possibility of finding his saving interest in Christ's death.*

My second observation concerns the solution of the difficulty with respect to the hour, and the seeming disagreement of Mark and John. There is no such thing as a distinction between Roman and Jewish hours. The Jews knew only of twelve hours in a day, John, xi. 29. Neither the four parts of a nycthemeron, nor a quadrant of a day, had ever the name of an hour; and though

we might call it so, yet it would be improper to call it a Jewish hour. In the numbers there are now and then various readings, occasioned by the custom to express them by the single letters. Mark, xv. 25. where we read the *third hour*, the Æthiopian translation reads the sixth, and John, xix. 14. where (undoubtedly by the fault of some transcriber) the sixth is mentioned, Nonnus has read the third, and the Gothic, certainly made from the original Greek, expresses no number. Many manuscripts, produced by Beza and Camerarius, read the third, one particularly, which is in the Cantuarian library, with a Latin translation, which translation has the sixth hour, but the Greek the third. Whitby mentions the author of the Constantinopolitan Chronicle, (not, as Reland says, Peter from Alexandria,) who says, that the exact copies of John's gospel had the third hour. The difference between the two numbers in the original, requires a good eye to distinguish, as they look very like to each other, T and ɣ.

It is, however, to be confessed, that men of great authority have tried to reconcile the seeming disharmony of the Evangelists in the manner the author of the piece alluded to does, as Thom. Goodwin in Mos. et Aaron, iii. 1. John Gerhard in harmon. Evang. Mich. Walter in harmon. biblic. Alexander Morus in causa dei, and that the arguments produced by them deserve all due attention. Hadrian Reland, who was of the opposite sentiment, denied that any mention is made of such larger hours in all the writings of the Jews. (Quod horarum illarum majorum nulla plane in Scriptis Judaicis fiat mentio, Antiq. Sacr. iv. 1. 17.) But here it was easy for his opponents to shew the contrary. Such larger hours are mentioned in Gemara Babylonica codicis Avoda Sara f. 3. and in others, only not with the

the name hour, not as Jewish in contradistinction from Roman, and always in reference to the service of God in the temple. When they add Maimonides as a witness, it is in regard to the following place, ad Bera-choth, c. 1. Mischna, 11. "Of the day know, that all those hours mentioned in the Mischna, are time-hours, of which a day has twelve; and when we read in the Mischna during three hours, it is the same as if it was said until the first quadrant of the day be ended." This place, it is easy to be seen, is more against the asserters of the Jewish hours, than for them. In all the rest four parts of the days are mentioned, and we may, according to the genius of the Greek language, apply the word *hora* very well to such parts. But Mark certainly had

not such larger hours in view, for in the same chapter, v. 33 and 34. he mentions common hours, as we find mentioned every where where human actions and affairs are measured by time.

A greater degree of probability, in my opinion, has another solution, was there any necessity to resort to it. Many who take the reading in John to be genuine, translate the 25th verse of the fifteenth chapter in Mark thus: and what was mentioned v. 24. of casting lots and parting his garments, *was done in the third hour since they had crucified him.* But this explication does not well agree with that space of time we are to place between the ceasing of the darkness and the blessed Redeemer's yielding up his ghost.

Remarkable Anecdote of the Power of Music.

SULTAN Amurath, that cruel Prince, having laid siege to Bagdad and taken it, gave orders for putting thirty thousand Persians to death, notwithstanding they submitted, and laid down their arms. Among the number of these unfortunate victims, was a musician. He besought the officer, who had the command to see the Sultan's orders executed, to spare him but for a moment, while he might be permitted to speak to the Emperor. The officer indulged him in his intreaty; and being brought before the Sultan, he was permitted to exhibit a specimen of his art. Like the musician in Homer, he took up a kind of psaltry, which resembles a lyre, and has six strings on each side;

and accompanied it with his voice. He sung the *taking of Bagdad, and the triumph of Amurath.* The pathetic tones and exulting sounds, which he drew from the instrument, joined to the alternate plaintiveness and boldness of his strains, rendered the Prince unable to restrain the softer emotions of his soul. He even suffered him to proceed, until, overpowered with harmony, he melted into tears of pity, and relented of his cruel intention. In consideration of the musician's abilities, he not only directed his people to spare those among the prisoners who yet remained alive, but also to give them instant liberty.

BON MOTS *at a Masquerade.*

A Gentleman in an Hussar habit, being very dull, and unable to answer his antagonist, showed a very handsome leg, when the wag archly replied (at the same time clapping him on the head) *'tis the best part of your understanding, Sir!*

A Gentleman going to Adam and Eve, abruptly asked them, "since you are so fair, how came it that your son Cain was so very black?" When Adam most pertinently whispered him, "*Don't you know that the Devil cuckolded me?*"

ARSACES

ARSACES AND ISMENIA. AN ORIENTAL STORY.

[Continued from page 111.]

I WILL not tell you the dreadful violence which I offered to myself. I was a hundred times upon the point of returning to throw myself at the feet of Ardasire : but the shame of appearing irresolute, the certainty that I could not force myself from her again, the habit I had formed of imposing obedience upon my heart even in the most difficult affairs ; all determined me to continue my journey.

“ I was received by the King with every mark of distinction. I was hardly allowed time to perceive I was a stranger. I made one in every party of pleasure. I was preferred to all those of my age ; and there was no rank nor dignity in Margiana to which I might not aspire.

“ I soon found an opportunity of showing myself worthy of this favourable reception. The court of Margiana had long enjoyed a profound peace. Information arrived that an infinite multitude of Barbarians had appeared upon the frontiers, that they had cut in pieces the army which opposed them, and were advancing in full march to the capital. Had the city been taken by storm, the court could not have been more alarmed. These people had never known any thing but prosperity : they could not distinguish the degrees of misfortune, nor what can be retrieved from what is irretrievable. They assembled a council in haste ; and as I was near the King, I was summoned to it likewise. The King was distracted ; nor were his counsellors less so. It was clear, that to save them was impossible, except by restoring their courage. The Prime Minister spoke first : He proposed to send the King to a place of safety, and then deliver up the keys of the city to the general of the ene-

my. He began to assign his reasons ; and all the council was about to follow them, I rose while he was speaking, and addressed him thus : ‘ If you speak one word more, that word shall be your last. A high-spirited Prince, and all these brave men here, must not lose time so precious in listening to your dastardly counsels.’ And turning to the King : ‘ A great state, my Lord, does not fall at one blow. You possess numberless resources ; and though you had not one left, would you deliberate with this man, whether you ought to die, or follow mean and disgraceful counsels ? My friends, I swear with you, to defend the King to my latest breath. Let us follow him ; let us arm the people ; and impart to them that courage with which we are inspired ourselves.’

“ The city was put in a posture of defence ; and I seized upon an outpost with a troop of chosen men, composed partly of natives, and partly of my own brave followers. We defeated several of the enemy’s parties. A body of cavalry intercepted their convoys. They had no engines with them for besieging the city. Our army increased every day. They retired ; and Margiana was delivered.

“ In the noise and tumult of this court, I tasted only false joys. Wherever I cast my eyes, Ardasire was wanting, and my heart turned constantly towards her. I had known my happiness, and I had fled from it ; I had abandoned real pleasures in pursuit of delusive enjoyments.

“ Ardasire, since my departure, had never felt a sentiment which was not combated at first with by another. Every passion seized her in its turn ; not one of them could satisfy her. She wished to be silent ; she wished

to

to complain: she took up her pen to write to me; she laid it aside through chagrin; she could not submit to express any marks of sensibility, still less could she display those of indifference. She was determined, however, at last, by her grief, and wrote me the following letter:

"Had your heart retained the least sentiment of pity, you could never have abandoned me; you would have requited a love so tender, and respected our misfortunes; you would have sacrificed to me your vain ideas. Cruel that you are! you might have thought it something to lose a heart which burns only for you. How can you know whether, seeing you no longer, I have fortitude sufficient to support my life? And if I die, barbarous man! can you doubt that it is for you? ye Gods! for you, Arfaces! My love, so ingenious in tormenting itself, never dreamed of a punishment like this. I thought I should never weep but for your misfortunes, and that I should be all my life insensible to my own."

"I could not read this letter without shedding tears. My heart was oppressed with grief; and to the sentiment of pity was joined a cruel pang of remorse at causing the unhappiness of her whom I loved more than my life.

"A thought struck me of engaging Ardasire to come to the court: I dwelt upon this idea but for a moment.

"The court of Margiana is almost the only one in Asia in which the women are not separated from the men. The King was young: his power, I saw, could do every thing; and I thought that he could love*. Ardasire might have pleased him; and this idea was to me more dreadful than a thousand deaths.

"I had no other course then left me but to return to her. You will be astonished when you know what prevented me.

"I expected every moment the most distinguishing marks of favour from the King. I imagined, that appearing in the eyes of Ardasire with new splendour, I could more easily justify myself to her. I thought she would love me the more for it; and I tasted, by anticipation, the pleasure of laying my fortune at her feet.

"I informed her of the reason which prolonged my departure; and it was this very thing which overwhelmed her with despair.

"My favour with the King had been so rapid, that they attributed it to a passion which the Princess, sister to the King, had seemed to conceive for me. This is one of those things which are believed as soon as they have once been told. A slave, whom Ardasire had placed near me, wrote her an account of what he had heard reported. The idea of a rival was insupportable to her. It was worse still, when she was informed of the exploits I had performed. She did not doubt that so much glory must prove an additional incentive to love. I am not a Princess, said she, in her indignation; but I feel that there is not a Princess upon earth to whom I should yield a heart that of right is mine; and if I made him see this in Media, I will make him see it in Margiana too.

"After a thousand thoughts, she became at last fixed, and formed this resolution:

"She dismissed most of her slaves, chose new ones, sent them to fit up a palace in the country of the Sogdians, disguised herself, took eunuchs with her who were not known to me, and came secretly to the court. She had an interview with the slave who

was

* *The concise elegance of the original cannot be transfused into any translation.*
— "*Je pensai qu'il pouvoit tout, & je pensai qu'il pouvoit aimer.*"

was her confident, and took measures with him to carry me off next day. I went to bathe in the river. The slave conducted me to a place on the shore where Ardashir was waiting for me. Scarcely was I undressed, when I was seized; a women's robe thrown over me, and forced into a close litter. We travelled day and night; we soon passed the boundaries of Margiana, and arrived in the country of the Sogdians. I was shut up in a vast palace; and was told that the Princess, who, they said, had conceived a passion for me, had made me be carried off, and conducted secretly into a territory which formed one of her dependencies.

"Ardashir did not wish to be known, nor that I should be known: she wished to enjoy my error. All those that were not in the secret, took her for the Princess. But a man shut up in her palace would have belied her character. They left me, therefore, my woman's clothes; and I was thought to be a girl newly purchased, and destined to serve her.

"I was now in the 17th year of my age*. They said I had all the freshness of youth; and they praised me for my beauty as if I had been a girl of the palace.

"Ardashir, who knew that the passion for glory had determined me to leave her, endeavoured by every method to enervate my courage. I was consigned over to two eunuchs. They spent whole days in dressing me; they poured upon me the most delicious essence. I never went out of the house: they taught me to labour myself at my dress; and above all, they wished to accustom me to that obedience to which women are

subjected in the great harems of the East.

"I was enraged at seeing myself thus treated. There is nothing which I would not have attempted to break my chains; but seeing myself without arms, surrounded by people who had their eyes constantly upon me, I was not afraid of attempting, but of failing in my attempt. I hoped that in time I should be less carefully guarded, that I might corrupt some slave, escape from this abode, or perish.

"I will even confess it; a kind of curiosity to see the end of all this seemed to calm my mind. In the midst of my shame, my sorrow, and confusion, I wondered at myself for having no more. My mind was continually forming projects; they all ended in a sort of trouble: a secret charm, an unknown force, detained me in this palace.

"The feigned Princess was always veiled, and I never heard her voice. She passed almost the whole day in looking at me through a grate contrived in my chamber. Sometimes she made me come to her apartment. There her women sung the most plaintive airs: every thing seemed to me to express her love. I never could be too near her: she was busied only with me; there was always something to set right about my dress: she took down my hair to put it up again; she was never satisfied with what she had done.

"One day they told me that she permitted me to come to see her. I found her seated on a purple sofa: her veil still covered her; her head was inclined gently, and she seemed to be in a sweet languor. I approached,

* Those unacquainted with Eastern history may consider it as an impropriety in Montesquieu to have made his hero so young. But nature there, cherished by the warmth of the climate, shoots up with amazing celerity; and the records of Hindustan inform us, that the sons of Shah Jehan, one of the Mogul sovereigns, commanded armies at twelve years of age.

ed, and one of her women addressed me thus : Love favours you ; it is he who, under this disguise, has brought you hither. The Princess loves you. All hearts would submit to her ; and she wishes only yours.

" How, said I, sighing, can I give a heart which is not mine ? My loved Ardashir is the mistress of it ; she will be so for ever.

" I did not perceive that these words excited any emotion in Ardashir ; but she told me afterwards, that she never felt so great joy.

" Rash man, said this woman to me, the Princess cannot but be offended, like the Gods, when we are so unhappy as not to love them.

" I will pay her, replied I, every kind of homage ; my respect, my gratitude, shall never end : but destiny, cruel destiny, does not permit me to love her. Great Princess, added I, falling at her knees, I conjure you by your glory to forget a man who, by the eternal love he bears another, can never be worthy of you.

" I heard her heave a deep sigh : I thought I perceived that her face was covered with tears. I reproached myself for my insensibility ; I would have wished, what I found impossible, to be faithful to my own love, without reducing hers to despair.

" I was conducted back to my apartment ; and some days after, I received this billet, written by a hand which was unknown to me.

" The love of the Princess is violent, but it is not tyrannical : She will not even complain of your refusals, if you can make her see that they are just. Come then to tell her the reasons which induce you to be so faithful to Ardashir."

" I was brought into her presence again : I related to her the story of my life. While I spoke of my love, I heard her sigh. She held my hand in hers, and in these affecting moments pressed it in spite of herself.

" Begin again, said one of her women to me, at the place where you were reduced to such despair, when the King of Media gave you his daughter. Repeat the fears you had for Ardashir during your flight :— Speak to the Princess of the pleasures which you tasted when you lived in solitude in Margiana.

" I had not yet told all the circumstances. I repeated my story ; and she listened as if she had still to learn it. I finished ; and she imagined that I was going to begin.

" Next day I received this billet.

" I see your love, and I do not demand that you should sacrifice it to me. But are you sure that this Ardashir still loves you ? Perhaps you refuse for an ungrateful woman, the heart of a Princess who adores you."

" I wrote this answer.

" Ardashir loves me to such a degree, that I cannot demand of the Gods to increase her love. Alas ! perhaps she has loved me too much. I remember a letter which she wrote me some time after I had left her. Had you seen the dreadful, the tender expressions of her love, you must have been moved by them. I am afraid, that while I am detained here, the despair of having lost me, and her disgust at life, may have made her form a resolution which would send me to my grave."

" I received this answer.

" Be happy, Arfaces, and give all your love to the beauty who adores you : for me, I desire only your friendship."

" Next day I was again conducted to her apartment. There I felt every thing that inspires voluptuousness. The chamber was filled with the most delicious perfumes : she was reclining on a bed, which was shut only by garlands of flowers : there she appeared in a languishing posture.

She

She held out her hand, and made me sit near her. Every thing, even the veil which covered her face, was graceful. I beheld the beauties of her form, which a simple linen robe that fell in waving folds discovered and hid by turns. At this moment, she grasped my hand; my eyes wandered over her whole person. None, I exclaimed, but my loved Ardasire can be so beautiful: but I call the gods to witness that my faith—She threw herself on my neck, and locked me in her arms. All at once the chamber was darkened, her veil was thrown aside; she imprinted a kiss upon my lips. I was quite beside myself: A sudden flame darted through my veins, and warmed all my senses. I began to forget the idea of Ardasire. A moment of recollection—but it appeared to me only a dream—I was going—I was going to prefer her to herself. A moment longer, and the efforts of Ardasire to defend herself had been vain; when all of a sudden she made an effort; was assisted; escaped from my arms; and I lost her.

“I returned into my apartment, surprised myself at my inconstancy. Next day they entered my apartment, restored me the habit of my sex; and in the evening conducted me to her, whose idea still enchanted me. I approached her; I fell on my knees; and, transported with love, accused myself for my own refusals. I demanded, I promised, I exacted, I dared to say every thing; I was ready to undertake every thing. But I found a strange change: she seemed all coldness; and when she had sufficiently discouraged me, and enjoyed completely my embarrassment, she spoke at length to me, and I heard her voice for the first time: Do you not wish to see the face of her you love?—The sound of her voice struck me; I remained motionless; I hoped that it was Ardasire, and I feared

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 3.

it. Untie this veil, said she to me. I did so; and saw the face of Ardasire. I wished to speak, and my voice was choaked. Love, surprise, joy, shame, all the passions seized me in their turn. You are, Ardasire, said I. Yes, false man, replied she, I am Ardasire. Ardasire, said I, in a broken tone, why do you thus sport with an unhappy love? I wished to embrace her. My Lord, said she, I am yours. Alas! I had hoped to find you more faithful. Be satisfied with commanding here. Punish me, if you please, for what I have done.—Arfaces, added she, weeping, you do not deserve it.

“My lovely Ardasire, said I, why do you drive me to despair? Could you have wished that I should be insensible to charms which I have always adored? Consider that you are not consistent with yourself. Was it not you that I adored? Are not these the beauties which have always charmed me? Ah! said she, you would have loved another than me. I would not, said I to her, have loved another than you. Every thing that was not you, would have displeased me. What could it have been, when I did not see that adorable face, when I did not hear that voice, and find these eyes? But, for pity, do not drive me to despair; think, that of all the infidelities which can be committed, I have, without doubt, committed the least.

“I knew by the languishment of her eyes that she was no longer angry; I knew it by her faltering voice. I held her in my arms. How happy when we hold in our arms what we love! How express that happiness, whose excess is known only to true lovers, when love springs up from love itself, when all is promises, all is demands, all compliance; when we feel that we have every thing, and feel that we have not enough; when the mind seems to be lost and

Z

transported

transported beyond the bounds even of nature !

" Ardashir, restored to herself, said to me : My dear Arfaces, my love for you has made me do very extraordinary things : but a violent love has no rule nor law. They know it little, who do not rank its caprices among its greatest pleasures. In the name of the gods, leave me not again. What is it you can want ? You are happy if you love me. You are sure that never mortal has been so loved. Say to me, promise to me, swear to me, that you will stay here.

" I swore fidelity a thousand times : my oaths were only interrupted by my embraces ; and she believed them.

" Happy love, even then when it begins to calm, when after having sought to make itself felt, it loves to make itself known ; when after having solaced itself with beauties, it is only touched by the graces.

" We lived in Sogdiana in happiness beyond expression. I had been only some months at the court of Margianna, and this had cured me of my ambition. I had enjoyed the favour of the King ; but I soon perceived that he could not forgive me my courage and his terror. My presence embarrassed him ; it was impossible, therefore, that he could love me. His courtiers perceived it ; and from that time were careful not to over-rate my merit : and in order to prove that I did not save the state from danger, every person at court agreed that there never was any danger.

" Thus equally disgusted with slavery and slaves, I knew now no other passion but my love for Ardashir ; and I esteemed myself a hundred times

more happy to remain in that sole dependence which I loved, than to enter again into another which I could not but hate.

" It appeared that the genie had followed us. We found ourselves in the same abundance, and we every day witnessed new prodigies.

" A fisherman came to sell us a fish : a very rich ring was brought to me which they had found in its mouth.

" One day, wanting money, I sent some jewels to be sold at the next town : they brought me the price of them ; and a few days afterwards I saw the jewels upon my table.

" Good God ! said I to myself, it is then impossible for me to become poor.

" We wished to tempt the genie ; and we asked of him an immense sum. He soon made us see that our wishes were foolish. We found some days afterwards upon the table the smallest sum we had ever received. We could not help laughing when we looked at it. The genie mocks us, says Ardashir. Ah ! cried I, the gods are excellent dispensers : the mediocrity which they grant us is far preferable to the treasures which they refuse.

" We were disturbed by none of the malignant passions. Blind ambition, the thirst of riches, the love of dominion, were far distant from us, and seemed to be the passions of another universe. This sort of good is only made to fill up the void in those souls in which nature has left a blank. These pleasures are conceived only in the imaginations which are incapable of tasting any other.

(*To be concluded next month.*)

A N E C D O T E.

CHARLES the Fifth having one day approached very near to a battery of cannon, one of his officers begged him not to expose his person in that manner ; upon which the Emperor smiling, said, " Did you ever see a bullet hit an Emperor ? "

T H E
A M E R I C A N M U S E.

O R I G I N A L P O E T R Y.

To the Memory of ALEON, who died at Sea in the Year 1790.

A LEON is dead!—The fullen trump of fame
Blew the sad tidings to the western shore:
The scythe of time—the wasting hand of pain,
Hath lodg'd him with the myriads gone before.

How late he wept his brother-warriors dead!

Cut off untimely in life's early day:

Alas! the kindred spirit too is fled;

We now to him the same sad tribute pay.

He, like themselves, 'the creature of a day,'

Beneath the frigid arm of death hath bow'd:

Yes, Aleon lies—the valiant and the gay,

Deep in the bosom of the stormy flood.

Thus courage, beauty, sentiment, and wit,

Bloom in an hour, and bloom but to decay:

Life quits its suppliants, as the airy sprite

Before the morning gale fleets fast away.

Yet to his mem'ry shall a pile be rear'd,

And each past service meet a kind return;

Still shall his name by freemen be rever'd,

And laurels spring and blossom round his urn.

"But pensive poets," some one may say,

"When these memorials of the good shall fade,

"Will not his worth to time become a prey,

"And sink into oblivion's darkest shade?"

Ah! surely no—the triumph ends not here,

Beyond the tomb his brightest prospects rise;

Sublime he soars above this vale of tears—

He gains a life eternal when he dies.

New-York, Feb. 22, 1791.

ELLA.

E L E G Y *on a* BROKEN FLUTE.

T HE sun, departing, sheds his latest ray,
And gleams o'er Hudson's wave a short adieu;
Sweet ev'ning now begins her milder sway—

The distant landscape slowly sinks from view.

From yonder barque, that gently moves along,

With sails scarce trembling from the dying gale,

Th' echoing instrument and sprightly song,

With sweetest sounds the raptur'd ear assail.

There

There join a social band, the gay, the fair,
 Who leave the pleasures of the verdant fields,
 With looks of joy and hearts devoid of care,
 To taste the varied pleasures Neptune yields.

Fain would I too the happy concert join,
 But cruel fate to me this bliss denies,
 Forbids to taste those joys which once were mine—
 My flute, my fav'rite flure in ruins lies.

The gay companion of my happier hours,
 The sweetly-soothing partner of my pain,
 Lies shatter'd now—lost are its tuneful pow'rs—
 Gone—never to delight the heart again.

Sweet instrument! long to thy master dear,
 And long delightful, till this luckless day;
 From him thy fate demands the grateful tear,
 And to thy worth he owes the votive lay.

In vain with anxious breath I fondly strive
 Thy once delightful warblings to restore;
 Th' imperfect sounds the painful thought revive,
 Of what thou wast, but what thou art no more.

No iv'ry tips thy slender form adorn'd,
 No silver key with pompous lustre shone;
 All dazzling, useless ornaments were scorn'd—
 Thy merit center'd in thyself alone.

What, tho' no skillful hand, with perfect art,
 Rais'd high thy pow'rs, while list'ning crowds admir'd,
 'Twas thine with simple notes to cheer my heart,
 Or tell the passions which that heart inspir'd.

With care bewilder'd, or oppress'd with grief,
 Oft have I felt thy soul-enliv'ning pow'rs;
 Thy gentle notes could bring me sweet relief,
 And cast a radiance o'er my gloomiest hours:

Or, when with gayer thoughts my bosom glow'd,
 When fortune favour'd, or when Emma smil'd,
 Thy notes, responsive to my feelings, flow'd,
 With joy exalted, or with rapture wild.

But when requir'd to join the tender song,
 Thy softer strains were call'd the fair to please,
 Sweet as my Emma's voice they flow'd along,
 And gentle as the summer-evening's breeze.

No more thy soothing notes shall lull my pains,
 No more thy cheartful airs my joys increase,
 No more shall Emma praise thy tender strains,
 For now thy music must forever cease.

Ah! whither is thy gentle spirit fled?
 (For spirit sure thou hast, tho' now 'tis gone,
 Thy body lifeless like the human dead)—

Say, where transported—to what world unknown?

Perhaps

Perhaps some envious dæmon, music's foe,
By malice strengthen'd, and by hell employ'd,
Urg'd the unlucky hand that laid thee low,
And thus, at once thy tuneful soul destroy'd.

Or else, 'tis gone to those bright worlds of air,
(In Indian fables sung) where souls assume
The shadowy forms of what on earth they were,
And shine forever in Elysian bloom.

Wherever gone, destruction shall not give
Thy much-lov'd mem'ry to oblivion's pow'r:
Thy master has a heart—there shalt thou live,
There shalt thou flourish till his latest hour.

Perhaps, ev'n then, when call'd to worlds of joy,
He'll meet thee there; again his numbers raise,
And 'midst seraphic hosts thy sounds employ,
In heav'n-taught accents of eternal praise.

D.

A R E B U S.

THE wond'rous wife of whom the poets tell
Her husband fought her in the courts of hell;
The birds whose notes the rising day proclaim;
The glorious charter of Columbia's fame;
The circling belt which binds the welkin round;
The Grecian chief in epic song renown'd;
The female charm that captivates the eye;
The ambient stream that wasts a lover's sigh;
The prime of life, to future evils blind;
The tender offspring of the fleecy kind;
The precious gem of ever varying green;
The bard whose numbers sing the ebony queen:—
Th' initials join, a beauteous maid you'll find,
Whose form's excell'd by nothing but her mind.

CORYDON.

S O N G.—Tune, *German Sp.*

SHREW'D remarkers often say
Men were formed to betray;
Form'd to fascinate the fair,
Then to plunge them in despair:
Tyrants of creation made,
Prone like tyrants to invade!
Wasting what they can't enjoy,
And to love unknowing.

Feigning rapture when we're by,
Willing at our feet to die:
Vow, the smiles or frowns of fate
On important females wait.

If, unversed in their arts,
We surrender up our hearts;
Cool, they view the sacrifice,
And the maid expiring.

While my heart is yet my own,
Nor my soft affections flown;
Ev'ry passion at command—
Free my heart as free my hand;
Cool, I'll hear the tale of love,
'Till convinc'd, I may approve:
Then I'll fly to meet my swain,
Nor disguise my rapture.

R.

Upon

Upon MIRANDA'S Birth-Day.

WHILE laurel'd bards their venal tribute bring
 To royal splendour, destitute of worth,
 Shall not the muse in willing numbers sing
 The happier day that gave Miranda birth?

Miranda! loveliest of the virgin train,
 A muse unknown presents the feeble lay;
 A muse that turns from monarchs with disdain,
 To hail the glories of thy natal day.

The muse, that oft with artless lays has strove,
 In happier days, thy partial smile to gain,
 Though now condemn'd in solitude to rove,
 She hopes no more thy favour to obtain.

Yet, should one smile from thy enchanting brow
 Approve the tuneless accents of the bard,
 Not all the splendour monarchs could bestow,
 The muse's toils so amply could reward.

Admir'd Miranda! thine is ev'ry charm
 That adds new lustre to the bloom of youth;
 Thy face is beauty, elegance thy form,
 Thy soul is virtue, and thy heart is truth.

Yes, lovely maid, the golden prize is thine—
 The golden prize to blooming beauty due;
 And thou, Miranda, thou alone canst join
 The prize of beauty and of wisdom too.

A form like thine was surely never made,
 A trifling, weak, or thoughtless mind to hold;
 As well might worthless pebbles be inlaid
 In all the pomp of diamond-clasping gold.

Yet, were there aught in beauty's boasted charm,
 Unless expressive of the mind within,
 The lifeless marble, moulded into form,
 Might vie for whiteness with Miranda's skin.

The fragrant flow'r that decks the vernal mead
 Might boast a bloom almost as fair as thine;
 Nor would those eyes in lustre far exceed
 The polish'd product of Golconda's mine.

But who would seek among the works of art,
 Among the works of nature, who could find
 A gem so precious as Miranda's heart,
 A flow'r so beauteous as her lovely mind?

Let not the cold, unfeeling critic blame
 The verse that sings the beauty of the plain;
 Nor let the voice of apathy exclaim,
 That adulation animates the strain.

Severest

Severest justice in the soul-taught lays
 Perhaps may deem the plausible accents warm,
 And well she knows the poet's partial praise
 Oft times converts a failing to a charm :—

Yet, should stern justice, with her balance pois'd,
 Miranda's merits with her failings weigh,
 She scarce would deem her charms too highly priz'd—
 She scarce could censure the admiring lay.

Envy herself, with fault-inventing tongue,
 Reluctant owns that thou art heavenly fair;
 Nor can she find among the virgin throng,
 One form with thine, Miranda, to compare.

But though compell'd thy beauties to allow,
 She sees with transport they shall quickly fade;
 Thine is the praise in envy's spite to show,
 That thou canst please without their trifling aid.

Preserve the charm of conscious virtue's pride,
 Nor heed detraction's unavailing lies;
 With truth, with heavenly wisdom for thy guide,
 The sneer of envy, pity and despise.

The damask roses blooming in thy face,
 Alas! too soon shall wither and decay;
 And nature's hand, that gave the glowing grace,
 That very hand shall take it soon away.

Yet while he plants the wrinkle on thy brow,
 And plucks the flowing auburn from thy head,
 Superior beauties shall old time bestow,
 And give thee virtues in the graces stead.

Whene'er the circle of revolving days
 Shall bring around the day that gave thee birth,
 Each added year shall bring new themes for praise,
 And add new virtues to thy matchless worth.

And oh! Miranda, may indulgent fate
 On thee profusely every blessing shower,
 Reward that worth with happiness as great,
 And with new pleasures vary every hour.

May some fond youth, with fortune's favours blest,
 Possess those charms which never must be mine;
 With truth as constant as this faithful breast,
 With worth approaching nearer far to thine.

May scenes of joy in bright succession rise,
 And bliss be yours untemper'd with alloy,
 'Till kindred spirits call you to the skies,
 And hail you welcome to the realms of joy.

FERDINAND.

SELECTED.

SELECTED POETRY.

LINES *addressed to DELLA CRUSCA, supposed to be written by Mrs. M---N, of Boston.*

A CROSS the vast Atlantic tide,
Down *Apalachia's* grassy side,
What echoing sounds the soul beguile
And lend *the lip of grief* a smile!
'Tis *DELLA CRUSCA's* heav'nly song
Which floats the western shores along,
Breathing as sweet, as soft a strain,
As kindness to the ear of pain,
Splendid as noon, as morning clear,
And chaste as ev'ning's pearly tear;
Where *cold despair* in music flows,
While all the *FIRE OF GENIUS* glows.
Still thy enchanting pow'rs display,
Still charm me with the magic lay!
The *Muses* all thy soul inspire,
APOLLO tunes the matchless lyre!

O strike the lustral string again,
And o'er *Columbia* waft the strain.
Ah! would to light my clouded days,
One ray from thy unequal'd blaze,
Might thro' my dark'ning fortunes
shine,
And grace me with a note like thine!
But no, *BRIGHT BARD*, for thee alone
The *Muses* weave the *LAUREL*
CROWN:
Ne'er can the *timid, plaintive dove*,
Soar with the *DAUNTLESS BIRD OF*
JOVE;
Nor *filw'ry Hesper's* dewy ray
Beam like the *GOLDEN ORB OF DAY*.
PHILENIA.

*An ODE on the Celebration of the Anniversary of ST. ANDREW'S DAY, 1790,
at Pittsburgh, supposed to be written by Mr. Brackenridge:*

IF gude St. Andrew's faul, a wee
Bit could be spar'd frae he'ven,
It wa'd delight his spirit, tae see
How ye did spend the even.

For weel a wat, the sangs aboon
The list are scarce as gude,
And Scots faul, even in the moon,
Tae hear them wa'd rin wid.

Wa'd put them in the mind o' braes,
And knows were they were born,
The springs they play'd and bony
heas,

The danc'd amang the corn.

Ah! had I but the faul o' sang,
My kintra kens fou' weel
The pleasing melody ere lang,
Should sound o'er dale and hill.

My name be heard on Allegane,
And ilk a neighbouring bourn,
When I am laid beneath a stane,
And marrows left tae mourn.

But a' my wish, and a' my vows,
Will ne'r gie scke a strain,
As is the broom o' cow den knows,
Or tae the green wood gane.

For spirit o' scke sang is gane,
Simplicity sac sweet,
And artificial airs ha taen
Its place, which gars me greet.

But blessing on the kindly barnes,
'That keep it up a wee,
By chanting here, among the kernes,
A wee thing o't tae me.

For ay my heart e'en on these braes,
Clings tae the pleasing thought,
Remembrance o' the sweet strath
speys,
My native music taught.

As when the love-sick faul o' aye,
Has lost his dearest mate,
It hankers still about the stane,
And winna gae its gate.

INTELLIGENCE.

I N T E L L I G E N C E.

WINDSOR (Vermont) Feb. 1.

LATELY died at Montreal, Capt. James Munroe, of Connecticut. His death was occasioned by a wound in his right breast, which had been improperly treated, or rather wholly neglected for several months. He had constantly refused to inform his surgeon how he received his wound; on being informed by him that he was dying, and again desired to tell how he was wounded, he replied—"Although I was villain enough to deserve it, I am not so destitute of honour as to betray the man who gave it."

Albany, Feb. 28. A gentleman who left Ontario last week, passed on the road, on the north side of the Mohawk river, 97 families, emigrating into the Genesee country; besides many other families, as he was informed, were travelling westward, on the south side of the river. He adds further, that all the settlers, who emigrated a few years since from the United States, into Canada, are returning from those inhospitable regions into the Genesee country.

A gentleman in this city has counted, within six weeks, 400 families from the eastern hive, swarming into our western regions. The present interruption of the settlements on the Ohio, will necessarily turn the current of the eastern people into our vacant lands; it is therefore probable, from present appearances, that within a few years the balance of our population will preponderate in favour of New-England people, or their immediate descendants.

Arthur Noble, Esq; a gentleman from Ireland, is now on his way to Lake Orisko, for the purpose of establishing a distillery of spirits from the juice of the maple.

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 3.

Judge Cooper is now erecting a large sugar-boiling-house at the same place, in which several merchants of Philadelphia are concerned. It is probable we shall in future import our loaf-sugar from the westward; a circumstance, we presume, that never entered the heads of our predecessors. It is indeed worthy of notice, that almost every enterprise of public utility established within this state since the peace, such as new roads, bridges, manufactories, &c. &c. have been executed by people who are not natives of the state.

George-Town, Feb. 26. On Tuesday the 1st inst. died, near the North Mountain, Frederick county, — ZOLL, aged 19 years. His death was occasioned by a slight cut in one of his feet with an axe. From the time of his receiving the wound until he expired, no method could be devised to stop the bleeding: if the wound was bound up, the blood gushed out at his mouth or nostrils.—Five brothers to the above person have bled to death, at different periods, from the following simple accidents:—One received a prick with a thorn; another, a scratch with a comb; a third, with the prick of a needle; a fourth bruised his cheek against a stone; and a fifth received a cut in one of his thumbs.—The father of the above persons has had two wives, and by each of them several children; those who died in this singular manner, were all by the first wife. It should be noted, that when they arrived at a certain age, several black spots were discernible upon their bodies. However marvellous this account may appear, our readers may rely upon its authenticity.

George-Town, March 12. Some time last month arrived in this town

A a

Mr.

Mr. Andrew Ellicot, a gentleman of superior astronomical abilities. He was employed by the President of the United States of America to lay off a tract of land, ten miles square, on the Patowmack, for the use of Congress—is now engaged in this business, and hopes soon to accomplish the object of his mission. He is attended by Benj. Binniker, an Ethiopian, whose abilities as a surveyor and an astronomer, clearly prove, that Mr. Jefferson's concluding that race of men were void of mental endowments, was without foundation.

Wednesday evening arrived in this town, Major L'Enfant, a French gentleman, employed by the President of the United States to survey the lands contiguous to Georgetown, where the federal city is to be built. His skill in matters of this nature is justly extolled by all disposed to give merit its proper tribute of praise. He is earnest in the business, and hopes to be able to lay a plat of that parcel of land before the President upon his arrival in this town.

Philadelphia, Mar. 3. On Tuesday last, pursuant to a vote of the American philosophical society, an eulogium to the memory of Dr. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, was delivered in the German Lutheran Church, in Fourth-street, by the Rev. Dr. Wm. Smith, one of their vice-presidents and Provost of the University of Pennsylvania.

New-York, March 19. Thursday being the 17th of March, the festival of St. Patrick was celebrated in this city, by a numerous assemblage of the true and respectable sons of that honest patron of Hibernia's Isle. The utmost harmony, decent mirth, social glee, and jovial good humour, were, as usual, observed on this occasion; and the company broke up in due season, after enjoying, with great and general satisfaction,

—“*The friendly bowl,
The feast of reason, and the flow of
soul.*”

At a meeting of the Manufacturing Society on Wednesday evening last, the following gentlemen were chosen Directors:—J. Nicholson, W. Maxwell, J. Renwick, W. W. Gilbert, J. Hallet, W. Matlack, A. Hosack, J. Dickson, M. Clarkson, P. Elting, F. Jay, G. Bancker.

Henry Ten Brook, Treasurer.

The Directors of the Bank of North-America, at Philadelphia, have agreed to receive at the Bank, the “interest on the funded debt of the U. States, which is payable in the state of Pennsylvania, for the use of all such persons as may think proper to lodge the necessary powers for that purpose.”

A letter from Madrid, of Dec. 5, 1790, says, “This day his Catholic Majesty was pleased to honour his Excellency James De Gardoqui, Esq; late Plenipotentiary to the U. States, with the *Cross of St. Charles*, approving at the same time his administration during his residence in America.”

Letter from Mr. Pintard, Consul for the United States at Madeira.

SIR, *Madeira, Jan. 23, 1791.*

I beg leave to inform you, that the government of this island has prohibited the importation of train-oil from America—which has hitherto been an article of some considerable import, particularly from the eastern states. I thought it proper to give you this information, that the merchants throughout the United States might be informed of it.—I have the honour to be, &c. J. M. PINTARD.

MARCH 28.

Extract of a letter from Dr. Harris, to Dr. S. L. M. dated Edinburgh, August 5, 1790.

“A new theory has been broached in the Medical Society of Edinburgh, founded on some experiments of the Abbé Fontana, relating to the irritability of the muscular fibre. I am informed this new theory is a strong confirmation of the *Brunonian Doctrine*.

“Chemistry

“Chemistry has undergone a great change from the unwearied labours of *Mons. Lavoisier*. The advocates for *Phlogiston* are daily vanishing before their more persuasive as well as more philosophical opponents. Even *Dr. Black*, who for some time hesitated, in his last course of lectures acknowledged himself a convert to the *Antiphlogistian System*.

“A professorship of *Agriculture* is established in the University here, to which chair *Dr. Coventry*, of London, has been appointed.”

—PROMOTIONS.—

The President of the United States has appointed, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, Thomas Auldjo to be Vice Consul for the United States at the port of Poole, in Great-Britain; and James Yard, of Pennsylvania, to be Consul for the United States at the island of Santa Cruz.

The following persons to be supervisors of excise and impost:—New-Hampshire, J. Wentworth; Massachusetts, Nathaniel Gorham; Rhode-Island and Providence Plantations, J. S. Dexter; Connecticut, J. Chester; Vermont, Noah Smith; New-York, Wm. S. Smith; New-Jersey, Aaron Dunham; Pennsylvania, G. Clymer; Delaware, H. Latimer; Maryland, George Gale; Virginia, Edw. Carrington; North-Carolina, Wm. Polk; South Carolina, D. Stevens; Georgia, John Mathews.

Nathaniel Chipman, judge of the district of Vermont.

Stephen Jacobs, attorney of the U. States in the district of Vermont.

Lewis R. Morris, marshal of the district of Vermont.

Stephen Keyes, collector of the port of Alburgh, in Vermont.

John Anderson, of the state of Delaware, to be one of the judges of the territory south-west of the river Ohio, vice Wm. Perry, resigned; and Wm.

Murray, of Kentucky, attorney for the United States in said district, vice James Brown, declined.

—MARRIAGES.—

In New-York.—In the capital, Mr. Elias Sickles, to Miss Sally Thurston.

At Salem, Mr. Samuel Lawrence, to Miss Prudence Meed.

In Massachusetts.—At Brooklyn, near the capital, Mr. T. C. Cushing, printer, to Miss Sally Dean.

In New-Jersey.—At Elizabeth-Town, Dr. Paul Micheau, to Miss Maria Vergereau.

In Pennsylvania.—In the capital, Mr. Mathew Carey, printer, to Miss Biddy Flahaven.

—FOREIGN MARRIAGE.—

At Shelburne, Nova-Scotia, Mr. Lynde Walter, eldest son of the Rev. Dr. William Walter, to Miss Maria Van Buskirk, daughter of Col. Abraham Van Buskirk.

—DEATHS.—

In New-York.—In the capital, Mr. Samuel Kempton, aged 65.—Jacobus Bleecker, Esq; aged 75, an ancient and much respected citizen.—Miss Elizabeth Benson, in the bloom of life.—Accidentally, Capt. Bartholomew Barnewell.—Mr. James Barclay, after a lingering illness, in the 42d year of his age.—After a long and tedious illness, Capt. J. Prince, for many years master of a vessel from this port.—Mrs. S. Livingston, relict of the late Robert J. Livingston, after a long and severe illness.—Miss Sarah Van Dam, in her 62d year.

On his return home from this city, Robert G. Livingston, Esq; eldest son of R. G. Livingston, deceased, after an illness of but five days.

In Massachusetts.—At Roxbury, the widow Judith Blancy, in the 81st year of her age. She was mother of 9 children, 46 grand-children, and 24 great-grand-children—in all 79; 63 are now living.

In

In Connecticut.—At East-Guildford, the Rev. Jonathan Todd, in the 78th year of his age, and 58th of his ministry.

At Danbury, Mr. Benjamin Sperry, in the 88th year of his age.

In New-Jersey.—At Allen-Town, Mrs. Newel, relict of the late Doctor Newel.—Mr. Grandine, and Mrs. Grandine his wife, and daughter of Dr. Newel.—Mr. Lawrence, father of Mrs. Newel.—These persons afford a melancholy instance of mortality, as, including the time of Dr. Newel's decease, they all, together

with three negroes belonging to the two families, died within five days of each other.

In Pennsylvania.—In the capital, Mr. John Hall, in his 74th year.

In Delaware.—At Dover, the Hon. John Banning, Esq; a gentleman distinguished for his many exalted virtues.

—FOREIGN DEATH.—

At Maugerville, province of New-Brunswick, very suddenly, Colonel Richard Floyd, formerly a wealthy and respectable inhabitant of Smith-Town, Long-Island.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS for February, 1791.

Days.	Degrees of Heat by Fahrenheit's Ther.			Prevailing Winds.			Change & Fullof Moon.	WEATHER, &c.
	8	2	8	8	2	8		
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.		
1	17	27	26	N.W.	N.W.	N.W.	New.	Clear, clear, clear.
2	27	21	23	N.W.	N.W.	N.W.		Do. do. do.
3	19	28	26	N.W.	S.W.	S.		Do. do. do.
4	31	36	34	S.W.	S.W.	S.W.		Snow, drizzling, drizzling.
5	33	32	33	N.	N.E.	N.E.		Drizzling, drizzling, dull.
6	32	39	39	S.W.	S.W.	S.W.		Dull, clear, dull.
7	37	41	37	N.E.	N.E.	N.E.		Dull, cloudy, rain.
8	35	36	32	N.E.	N.E.	N.E.		Rain, rain, hail.
9	26	26	26	N.E.	N.E.	N.E.		Hail, snow, light snow.
10	23	30	26	N.	N.W.	N.W.		Snow, cloudy, clear.
11	19	27	23	N.W.	S.W.	N.W.	Full.	Clear, clear, clear.
12	28	34	33	N.W.	N.W.	N.W.		Do. do. do.
13	30	34	33	N.E.	N.E.	N.E.		Cloudy, dull, wet.
14	33	42	30	N.W.	W.	N.W.		Clear, clear, clear.
15	20	28	30	N.	S.	S.E.		Do. do. do.
16	37	33	19	W.	N.W.	N.W.		Rain, cloudy clear.
17	7	12	12	W.	W.	N.W.		Clear, clear, clear.
18	15	26	26	W.	W.	S.W.		Do. do. cloudy.
19	26	28	27	N.E.	N.E.	N.E.		Deep snow.
20	26	28	27	N.	N.W.	N.W.		Dull, dull, dull.
21	20	21	24	N.	N.	N.		Cloudy, cloudy, cloudy.
22	17	27	26	W.	S.	S.		Clear, clear, clear.
23	27	37	32	S.W.	S.W.	S.W.		Cloudy, clear, clear.
24	21	27	27	N.W.	W.	W.		Clear, clear, clear.
25	23	26	29	N.W.	S.	S.E.		Cloudy, cloudy, dull.
26	35	36	33	N.W.	N.W.	N.W.		Cloudy, clear, clear.
27	30	40	36	S.	S.	S.		Clear, clear, dull.
28	45	41	37	S.	S.	N.W.		Rain, rain, dull.

sition of wealth by military service, nor was ever a sum so great divided among so small a number of soldiers.

1533.

Notwithstanding the wealth obtained by the above stipulation, Almagro and Pizarro resolved on the death of Atahualpa. To save appearances, a mock trial was instituted. The unfortunate Inca was found guilty of the charges alledged against him, and condemned to be burnt alive. Friar Valverde prostituted the authority of his sacred function to confirm this sentence, and by his signature warranted it to be just. The dread of a cruel death, prevailed with him to embrace the Christian faith: in order to obtain a mitigation, the trembling victim expressed his desire of receiving baptism. The ceremony was performed, and Atahualpa, instead of being burnt, was strangled at the stake.

The dissolution of government and order in Peru, ensued on the death of Atahualpa. The Spanish arms proved every where superior, and Pizarro took possession of Cuzco, the capital of the empire, with all its riches. Benalcazar, who had been left governor of St. Michael, ashamed of remaining inactive, and impatient to have his name distinguished among the discoverers and conquerors of the New World, proceeded with the recruits he received from Panama and Nicaragua, to attempt the reduction of Quito, in which he proved successful.

Ferdinand Pizarro having gone to Spain, arrived there with immense quantities of gold and silver, which filled the kingdom with amazing astonishment. Fresh honours were conferred on Pizarro and Almagro, between whom dissensions, which in the sequel proved fatal, began to arise. A temporary reconciliation however took place.

1534.

Pizarro conceiving the imperial city of Cuzco too inland for a capital, and having been struck with the beauty of the valley of Rimac, one of the most extensive and best cultivated in Peru, resolved to found a city there, which, at the distance of six miles from Callao, the most commodious harbour in the Pacific Ocean, he destined to be the capital of his government. He gave it the name of Ciudad de los Reyes, either from the circumstance of having laid the first stone, at that season when the church celebrates the festival of the Three Kings, or, as is more probable, in honour of Juana and Charles, the sovereigns of Castile. This name it still retains among the Spaniards, in all legal and formal deeds; but it is better known to foreigners by that of *Lima*, a corruption of the ancient appellation of the valley in which it is situated.

1535.
Jan. 18.

Various expeditions were undertaken by the Spaniards to extend their conquests in South-America. In consequence of an agreement with Pizarro, Almagro invades Chili, where, after encountering extreme difficulties in his march, he found a race of men very different from the people of Peru, intrepid, hardy, independent, and in their bodily constitution, as well as vigour of spirit, nearly resembling the warlike tribes in North-America. The Spaniards collected some considerable quantities of gold, notwithstanding the opposition they met with from the natives; but

M

were

1535. were so far from thinking of making any settlement amidst such formidable neighbours, that, in spite of all the experience and valour of their leader, the final issue of the expedition still remained extremely dubious, when they were recalled from it by an unexpected revolution in Peru.
1536. The unfortunate natives observing the dispersed situation of the Spaniards, resolved to make one bold effort for the recovery of their liberty. Their measures, which were concerted with the secrecy peculiar to Americans, though at first attended with success, in the event were forced to yield to the superiority of Spanish discipline. After this insurrection was quelled, the conquerors revived their disputes about the boundaries of their jurisdictions, and a civil war broke out between Pizarro and Almagro.
1537. Almagro was at first successful, and took Ferdinand Pizarro prisoner, whom he afterwards released as a preliminary to a settlement of disputes. In this he was deceived, and the Pizarros collected all their forces, marched towards Cuzco, where, in a large plain, the contending parties met to bring this long protracted contest to an issue. The mountains which surrounded the plain were covered with a vast multitude of Indians, assembled to enjoy the spectacle of their mutual carnage, and prepared to attack whatever party remained master of the field. After a fierce
- April 26. conflict, Almagro was defeated and taken prisoner. The Indians, instead of executing the resolution which they had formed, retired quietly after the battle was over; a striking proof of the wonderful ascendant which the Spaniards had acquired over them. After being detained a prisoner for several months, Almagro was tried, condemned, and strangled in prison, and afterwards publicly beheaded. He suffered in the 75th year of his age, and left one son by an Indian woman of Panama, whom, though at that time a prisoner in Lima, he named as successor to his government, pursuant to a power which the Emperor had granted him.
1540. Gonzalo Pizarro performed a remarkable expedition across the Andes, and after encountering innumerable hardships, arrived on the banks of the Coca or Napo, one of the large rivers whose waters pour into the Maragnon. Here he built a bark to explore the country and procure provisions, and gave the command of it to Francis Orellana, the officer next in rank to himself.
1541. Orellana treacherously deserted, and sailing down the Maragnon, after a long series of dangers reached the ocean in a voyage of Feb. about seven months, and got safe at last to the Spanish settlements Aug. 26 in the island of Cubagua. He pretended to have discovered nations so rich, that the roofs of their temples were covered with plates of gold; and described a republic of women so warlike and powerful, as to have extended their dominions over a considerable tract of the fertile plain which he had visited. Extravagant as those tales were, they gave rise to an opinion, that a region abounding with gold, distinguished by the name of *El Dorado*, and a community of Amazons, were to be found in this part of the New World; and such is the propensity of mankind to be- lieve

lieve what is wonderful, that it has been slowly and with difficulty that reason and observation have exploded those fables.

By means of an officer whom Orellana had left to perish in the desert, because he had the courage to remonstrate against his perfidy, Pizarro discovered the extremity of his distress. At the distance of 1200 miles from Quito, he had to encounter with his troops greater hardships on their return home, than those they had experienced in their progress out. Hunger compelled them to feed on roots and berries, to eat all their dogs and horses, to devour the most loathsome reptiles, and even to gnaw the leather of their saddles and sword-belts. 4000 Indians and 210 Spaniards perished in this disastrous expedition, which continued near two years; and as 50 men were aboard the bark with Orellana, only fourscore got back to Quito. They were naked like savages, and so emaciated with famine, or worn out with fatigue, that they had more the appearance of spectres than of men.

At his return, Gonzalo received accounts of a fatal event that threatened him with greater calamities than those through which he had passed. A partial division which his brother the Governor had made of his conquests, had created numbers of malcontents in Peru, who all looked up to young Almagro as their leader, and conspired against the life of Pizarro, and finally killed him. Almagro was acknowledged as his successor by the greater part of the Spaniards, whilst others considered him as an usurper.

Sunday,
June 26.

At this time Vaca de Castro arrived at Popayan, and from thence proceeded to Quito, from Spain, with a royal commission, appointing him Governor of Peru. His jurisdiction was acknowledged by Benalcazar, Adelantado, or Lieutenant-General for the Emperor in Popayan, and by Pedro de Puelles, who, in the absence of Gonzalo Pizarro, had the command of the troops left in Quito.

Almagro determined to oppose him, in consequence of which an action ensued at Chupas, about 200 miles from Cuzco, in which he was defeated. Having made his escape from the battle, he was betrayed by some of his officers, and publicly beheaded in Cuzco; and in him the name of Almagro, and the spirit of the party became extinct.

1542.
Sept. 16.

During these convulsions in Peru, the Emperor and his ministers held various consultations concerning his dominions in America. Solicitous to prevent the extinction of the Indian race, he advised not only with his ministers and the members of the council of the Indies, but called upon several persons who had resided long in the New World, to aid them with the result of their experience and observation. Fortunately for the people of America, among these was Bartholomew de las Casas, who happened to be then at Madrid, on a mission from a chapter of his order at Chiapa. New regulations in every respect were adopted, against which their ministers remonstrated, but Charles tenaciously adhered to his plan, and authorised Francisco Tello de Sandoval to repair to Mexico as *Visitor*, or Superintendent of that country, and to co-operate with Antonio de Mendoza, the Viceroy, in carrying

1542. forcing it. He appointed Blasco Nunez Vela to be Governor of Peru, with the title of Viceroy; and in order to strengthen his administration, he established a Court of Royal Audience in Lima, in which four lawyers of eminence were to preside as judges.

The account of the new regulations reached America before the arrival of the Viceroy and Superintendent, and occasioned great murmurings. The prudent conduct of Castro prevented any insurrection during his administration; but the Viceroy, whose manners were very harsh and uncomplying, immediately raised a spirit of disaffection on his arrival at Tumbez. He arrested Vaca de Castro, and notwithstanding his former conduct and merit in preventing a general insurrection in the colony, loaded him with chains, and shut him up in a common jail.

- March 4. 1544. Gonzalo Pizarro now openly headed the malcontents. Disputes having arisen between the Viceroy and the Court of Audience, he was seized in his palace and carried to a desert island on the coast, to be kept there until he could be sent home to Spain. The judges now suspended the execution of the obnoxious laws. Pizarro assumes the government, enters Lima, and receives a commission from the Court of Audience, in the Emperor's name, appointing him Governor of Peru.

The Viceroy having been put on board a vessel, in order to be carried to Spain under custody of Juan Alvarez, one of the judges. Oct. 28. He liberates him, and re-lands him at Tumbez, where erecting the royal standard, he is joined by all whom the violence of Pizarro's government had displeased.

1545. Pizarro resolved to oppose him, and collecting his forces accordingly, encountered the Viceroy near Quito, and defeated and killed him. His head was cut off, and placed on the public gibbet in Quito, which Pizarro entered in triumph. Carvajal, the friend and adviser of his former measures, now strongly advised Pizarro to assume the sovereignty of Peru. He chose however to negotiate with the Court of Spain, which, alarmed at the intelligence it had received, and at a loss how to apply a remedy, resolved to send Pedro de la Gasca, a Priest, to America, with unlimited powers, as President of the Court of Audience in Lima. Gasca hastened his departure from Spain, without either money or troops, relying solely on his own skill and abilities to quell a formidable rebellion.

- May 26. Gasca arrives at Nombre de Dios, and from thence proceeds to Panama. Pizarro, exasperated on finding that he was not to be continued in his station as Governor of the country, instead of the general amnesty proposed by Gasca, resolves to oppose him, and prepares for war. After trying every expedient to avoid bloodshed, and having artfully gained over a large part of the Spaniards, Gasca lands at Peru and advances towards Cuzco, at the head of 1600 men. After approaching within four leagues of that capital, an action was about to take place, when Cepeda, hitherto the confidential counsellor of Pizarro, and formerly President of the Court of Audience, set spurs to his horse, galloped off,

N. York Mao.



Anderson Del.

Webster Sculp.

T H E NEW-YORK MAGAZINE;

O R,

LITERARY REPOSITORY:

FOR A P R I L, 1791.

N U M B E R I V. — V O L U M E I I.

C O N T A I N I N G,

	Page.		Page.
Story of Henry and Anne, . . .	183	Discovery of America by Co-	
Juvenis.—No. XIV.	187	lumbus,	218
Astronomical Intelligence, . .	189	Universal Hospital,	222
Comparison of the Modern and		The Murder of Othello, a Tra-	
Ancient Orators,	191	gedy,	223
The Great Dismal,	193	Arfaces and Ismenia. An Ori-	
The Scribbler.—No. VII. . .	195	ental Story,	227
Description of a new-invented		Anecdotes,	234
Electrical Machine,	197		
A Vision,	198	<i>The AMERICAN MUSE.</i>	
History of the Honey-Guide, or		ORIGINAL.	
Cuculus Indicator,	202	Song,	235
Description of a surprising Ca-		ella. A Norwegian Tale, . .	ibid
teract,	203	To Miss Anna D-and-s, . . .	238
Picture of a Battle,	ibid	Answer to the Rebus, page 173,	239
Reflections on the Creation, . .	205	A Rebus,	ibid
A remarkable Incident, . . .	207	SELECTED.	
An Account of John Baskerville,		Sonnet to the setting Sun, . .	240
Printer,	209	Intelligence,	241
Parisian Intelligence,	210	Marriages,	243
The right Constitution of a Com-		Deaths,	ibid
monwealth examined,	211	Meteorological Observations for	
Apologues,	218	March, 1791,	244

To which is subjoined,

The AMERICAN CHRONOLOGY.

ORNAMENTED WITH A COPPER-PLATE ENGRAVING.

NEW-YORK: PRINTED BY THOMAS AND JAMES SWORDS,
N^o. 27, WILLIAM-STREET.

—Notes to Correspondents.—

We have to acknowledge the receipt of three answers to the Rebus of last month. The variety of other matter sent to us, prevents us from inserting more than one of them—One, therefore, appears in this number; and the writers of the other two will, we hope, be satisfied with this reason for their non-appearance.

Atticus is received, and under consideration.

Calista will appear next month.

The Club—No. X. came too late for this number.

The View on Hudson's River is received, and shall be attended to.

The Proprietors of the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE respectfully beg leave to inform their Patrons, that the *first* payment of *one third* of the annual subscription becomes due on delivery of this number. They presume it will be unnecessary to urge any argument in favour of a prompt and cheerful compliance with that article of the condition, which respects the mode of payment, and flatter themselves that ALL are convinced of the absolute necessity existing of giving it their proportion of the *needy evil*, which is so very essential to give spirit and animation to the work.

Those of our subscribers in the city, will be waited upon in due season; and those in the country, who make three payments in the year, are earnestly entreated to send this proportion as soon as possible.

Our friends and the public are informed, that the Office is removed from No. 43, Crown-street, to No. 27, William-street, where the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE will in future be published, and to which place, such of our patrons as have removed, are requested to send their address, that they may be punctually served with their numbers.

New-York, April 28, 1791.

T H E

NEW-YORK MAGAZINE;

O R,

LITERARY REPOSITORY:

FOR APRIL, 1791.

For the New-York Magazine.

STORY of HENRY and ANNE*.—*Founded on Fact.*

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

HENRY and Anne were born in Germany, in the Marquisate of Baden; their parents dwelt contiguous to each other, and the most sentimental friendship subsisted between the two families. Anne was graceful even in infancy—Henry tall and majestic, strong and active, tho' not regularly beautiful; their poverty early introduced them on the fields; their little hands were lacerated by the bearded grain, and their tender feet wounded by the asperities of a flinty soil. Anne's lovely complexion soon lost its delicate whiteness, but was amply recompenced by the bloom of luxuriant health. Whilst they toiled together in gathering the stones from the green surface of a meadow, or weeding the vines, the courtly passenger would stop and gaze with pity to see so much elegance and beauty of form joined to the fervility of unremitted labour. Henry redoubled his exertions constantly to lessen little Anne's fatigue, and when their task was done, they rejoined their companions, assisted them to complete their work, and with gleeful hearts sported themselves to sleep.

Nor were the old farmers displeased to see the growing affection between their children; "we shall soon be closer united," said they, "Henry and Anne (our only offspring) shall cement our friendship, and perpetuate our names to remotest centuries." Alas! in the midst of this enchanting vision, an officer, attended by a file of musqueteers, demanded Henry. He was now seventeen, full grown, and must enter his Lord's service. It was in vain to expostulate. Without a farewell sigh from Anne, or scarce an embrace from his distracted parents, he must depart. Being escorted to a distant town, he was there initiated into all the military manœuvres, and three weeks after joined his regiment, which left that part of Germany soon after. Henry's disappointed love sunk him into melancholy—he grew desperate, and negligent of life. In a very warm action, being engaged with the enemy in sight of the General, he ventured himself rashly, and fought without caution. It was called intrepidity, and he was advanced to the rank of serjeant. Having acquitted himself with honour, and the time of his

* *This Tale was begun by the late Mrs. ANN E. BLEECKER, but indisposition prevented her putting a finishing band to it: that, however, has been accomplished by her daughter Miss PEGGY V. BLEECKER. From the entertainment the productions of those pens have hitherto afforded the public through the medium of the New-York Magazine, we have no doubt but the story of Henry and Anne will meet with a cheerful acceptance.*

his service being elapsed, his Captain gave him his discharge, with previous offers of promotion if he would continue in his company. "I blush to decline my officer's generous proposal," said Henry; "but it is better to be virtuous than fortunate—I have left three broken hearts at home, I must hasten to heal them—the soft voice of my Anne calls me from the thunder of Bellona."—"Go," said his commander in a softened tone, "I know what love is—my Henry can be happy, I only great;" then dropping a tear, "Go Henry—farewell—I know you deserve to be happier than I am."

The interview between the lovers was tender and romantic.—Anne, to console her Henry's parents, remitted not her assiduities to please them. She cultivated their garden; she cull'd the richest fruit and brightest flowers to amuse them: her active fingers extended an imperceptible thread of flax to provide them linen of finer texture than the product of Egyptian looms: she resisted the importunity of Henry's rivals heroically, while her old father, weeping for joy, commended her constancy. "My child," said he, "thou art no disgrace to thy lineage; Henry loves thee, he is worthy of thee; and worthy of every sacrifice thou canst make him; cheer up my little one, he will soon return."—"No, my father, some inexorable shot will cleave his brave heart." So saying, she rose agitated from weeding a bed of lupins, when a foot soldier approached. Scarce had the old man civilly accosted the stranger over the hedge, when Anne screamed out, "Oh heaven! father, it is our Henry, our own Henry."—In an instant the family was convened; from tears they made abrupt transitions to mirth, which soon caught the ears of the good neighbours, who came in crowds to felicitate the soldier's arrival. His parents invited them to return the next day and share the general festi-

vity, which they freely accepted, and assisted to slaughter the poultry and fattest lambs. The entertainment was truly pastoral. The tables were spread in the vineyard, beneath verdant arches that were empurpled by weighty clusters of grapes; a gushing fountain close by dispensed a delicious coolness, and baskets of flowers filled the air with balmy sweetness. To heighten the scene the silvery airs of music, from the violin, harp, and mellifluous flute, softly circled through the sky. In short, a priest was called and our lovers married.

For two years peace and plenty were their household gods; but then Henry seeing a family increasing, began to reflect on the means of supporting them. He had no land, and had never been taught any mechanical branch of business; however, after taking advice, he purchased a small stock of merchandise, and prepared to follow the army. The good parents exhausted themselves to increase his commodities. "Be frugal and cautious, son," said they; "remember Anne and her babe."—"Ah!" cried Henry, embracing them, "if I dishonour my parents, take Anne from my bosom, give my paradise to a stranger, and let me die the death of a villain!"

Henry visited his beloved friends frequently, but the army being stationed at a considerable distance from them, after an interval of three years, he sighed in absence near eleven months; he had accumulated eight hundred pounds in cash by extraordinary application, which compensated in some measure this painful separation, when he received a summons to return home. It seems his father-in-law had been dispossessed of his farm, through inability to discharge his rent. The good old man retired with his child to Henry's parents, where they were cordially received; but grief made insensible inroads

roads on his constitution ; in less than three weeks (having languished a few days) he died in Anne's arms.

Henry burst into tears at the news. " Cruel parent," said he, " you knew my happy situation—why did you let the canker of disappointment abridge your days? my treasure was your own—I am infinitely your debtor—I never yet earned my Rachel."—Having paid a tribute of sincere drops of gratitude and love, he sighed and went to bed ; he slumbered, and saw his Anne smile with joy at the gold and silver he poured at her feet—his little ones climbed his knees, and seemed to be delighted with the glitter of his treasures: his enamoured fancy called up every pleasing idea to sport round his innocent family, when he was suddenly awaked by four ruffians, who entered his tent well armed ; and, advancing to his bed, bade him be silent, at the peril of immediate destruction. Regardless of their menaces, he started up and demanded their business. Upon which they seized and bound him hand and foot, then fell to rummaging the tent. They soon discovered his money—what a glorious booty ! In vain did he plead, soothe, and threaten. " Leave me a few pieces. Leave me but a little, a very little, to carry me to my poor wife and children." His rhetoric made no impression—they left him not a sou.

Being at some distance from the camp, his repeated calls for help were not heard ; at length, in the silence of midnight, a centinel distinguished a mournful cry for assistance, and sent a couple of veterans to reconnoitre. Henry, now relieved from corporeal confinement, began to feel his heart contracted and shrunk by ideas of approaching beggary. He looked round him, the whole creation seemed comfortless and desolate. " How shall I behold my domestic blessings? how shall I look Anne in the face? would to God I had till'd some sterile spot

of ground, we would have been content in indigence ; nature would have been satisfied with herbs and lentils. Cursed ambition to be rich has ruined me, and I am a traitor to my family." With these bitter reflections the day broke, and having collected the little furniture of his tent, he disposed of it to advantage to the humane soldiery, who universally loved him and pitied his misfortune. Having secured his cash in a small bag, he set off with a reluctant step for home. In vain did the birds carol on the elms that shaded the road. In vain did the ploughman whistle gleeefully, and the lambs wanton o'er the green hillocks. No enlivening scene could dissipate his melancholy.

He protracted his journey through fear of being too soon the messenger of ill tidings. On the second day at noon, having bought a loaf of bread, he sat down by a rivulet to eat ; his tears flowed apace, and he began to deliberate whether he should return to Anne or not. He counted his little store, and fell listless on the grass through despondency. While thus he lay sadly ruminating, a handsome couple (thinking themselves unobserved) passed through the bushes. " Alas!" said the man, " for six years my Emma you have sustained the most bitter poverty with your unfortunate husband. My heart breaks under the oppression of your misery ; I cannot bear it—return, I beseech you, to the Baron ; ask his fatherly forgiveness ; he will reinstate you to favour—and lovely Emma I shall die content."—" I smile," replied the fair one, " at your ignorance ; gold and gems and banquets, have no charms for me—my heart was formed for social happiness—I love you, and deprived of your company I should languish and die, whereas I feel no uneasiness at the absence of riches ; we have enough to subsist comfortably on, though it be coarse, so

so pray, my dear, drop this unwelcome delicacy."—Here they went out of hearing, and Henry, struck with the lady's sentiments, began to resume courage.—"I am ashamed," said he, "at my want of fortitude; here is voluntary poverty accepted in preference of an anxious mind—surely Anne will have as much philosophy in that article as the unfortunate Emma—what a destruction have I escaped; had I wandered away from my desolate family, we had all been miserable indeed." So thinking he took his pack on his shoulders and proceeded on the journey.

The fourth evening, passing leisurely by his deceased parent's door, he involuntarily turned back and walked in. Here his feelings received a new shock. Strange faces accosted him—rudeness and dirt had usurped the place where Anne once reigned the goddess of civility and neatness. The green inclosure, surrounded by jessamine, was trampled on by swine, and lean cattle browsed on the vines that mantled over Anne's window. He turned with grief and disgust from this mortifying scene, and had gone but a little farther, when Anne descending him at a distance, flew like a bird across the meadow, and fell into his arms. After the first emotions of transport were subsided, Henry affectionately embraced his lovely babes and tender parents, who met him on the road. "I miss but one from this beloved company," said Henry.—Anne burst into tears. "My Henry, you will miss the chief of our good neighbourhood—our indulgent old Lord is dead; his tyrannical heir oppresses his tenants with heavy rents, and severe exactions, and they have unanimously agreed to shelter themselves from this great burden, by flying to the wilds of America."

After they were seated in the house, "What your spouse advances," said the old man, "is true; and your aged parents would have also been forced

to venture their trembling limbs and grey hairs over the dangerous ocean, had not our blessed Henry's industry secured us a competency." This trial was too severe. Henry changed countenance, and cast his eyes around with an alarming wildness. "What is the matter with my child?" cried his mother. Alas! this encounter was too sudden. "Old and experienced as I am, I feel almost overcome with joy myself."—"Ah!" exclaimed her son (recollecting himself) "fain would I conceal from such endearing friends the motive of my distress; but I should expire in the effort—forgive and pity a wretch who brings home nothing but misery—who can see his family fall to ruin, and yet live."—All astonished they gazed at each other in silence, while Henry sobbed, unable to articulate a word. At length Anne, all shining through tears, drew nigh and kneeled before him—"Keep us not in suspense, my husband; pour your griefs into our bosoms, and wrong us not by reserve; you can never bring misery to us whilst you remain virtuous and loving as now."—Henry clasped the sad orator with passionate fondness in his arms; and after a little hesitation acquainted them with the particulars of his misfortune.

It was in vain to try to conceal their surprise and disappointment, though Henry's affliction forbade them to fall into repining, or any expression of discontent. By degrees their chagrin subsided. The poor acquiesce with greater resignation to calamity than the rich, who seldom meet with disappointment. At last, by an insensible gradation, our pensive associates became blest and easy. A small repast was provided, and shutting out corrosive Care, they indulged the hour of festivity with as much glee as if the robbers had restored the money ten fold.

(To be concluded next month.)

For

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

J U V E N I S.—No. XIV.

Oh blindness to the future ! kindly giv'n,

That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n. Pope's Essay on Man.

IGNORANCE of future events appears to be one of the happiest circumstances attending human existence ; and seems to have been wisely intended by Providence as a means of preventing that constant and tormenting dread which the knowledge of future distress would have rivetted on the mind. As the anticipation only of some dire misfortune aggravates, so the certain knowledge that it will befall us completes our misery. In the present situation of human nature, it seems to be the most preposterous thing imaginable, that we should wish to be informed of the future events and circumstances of our lives.

Could we see all the changes of fortune, the disappointments and chagrin which await us ; could we see the numberless dangers and disasters to which we are momentarily exposed ; could we foreknow the acute pains and diseases under which perhaps we must suffer, life would become the most intolerable burden. But the all-wise and merciful Creator foreseeing what our misery would be under such a constitution of things, hath prevented it by making us capable of reflecting on the past, and by making us sensible only of the present.

Why then should we indulge a criminal curiosity to learn what may be our future condition in life ? Perhaps the very gratification would at once plunge us into the deepest misery. From the uncertainty of things, as they respect human nature, the wise man may be deprived of his wisdom, the rich man may be reduced to penury, the applauded politician may become the object of jealousy, suspicion and hatred. Would not a previous knowledge of such events prove totally destructive to the

happiness of their present situation ? It appears highly rational therefore, that whatever may be our condition, we ought to be contented, and entertain not the least solicitude to know, by what concurrence of circumstances it may be altered.

It is an old and established maxim, and seems to have been dictated by the wisest philosophy, that we should make ourselves as happy as possible in our present situation, because we know not how soon it may change for the worse. Nor have we any right to pry into things which our Maker has designedly concealed from our view. Why will mankind impiously counteract the evident intentions of Providence ? Why will they restlessly enquire after things future, which if they could be known, can have no other tendency but to make them the more unhappy ? Why will they concern themselves for the fate of to-morrow, before to-morrow exist ? Every day of our lives has its concomitant distress ; and what can a previous knowledge of that distress effect more than to heighten it by increasing its duration ? Would the person who knows that he must die at a certain time next year enjoy any intervening pleasantries and comfort ? Would he not be constantly lamenting that he must so shortly be torn away from all that is dear to him on earth ? Would not the ghastly image of death obtrude itself upon his mirthful moments, and envelope them in gloom ? In fact, would he not be dying in apprehension, until that period should arrive ? and thus would not the misery which accompanies the idea of dying, be greatly augmented by a much longer continuance ? Would the parent be happy

who

who knows that he must soon lose his most promising child? Would it afford any satisfaction to a person, to know beforehand that he will meet with some dreadful misfortune?—Would it be any source of consolation to mankind to foreknow all the different and complicated scenes of distress, through which they must pass, in their progress to eternity? A previous knowledge of those certain evils which must happen, and which no sagacity can elude, would make their misery exceed the bounds of the most extravagant and exaggerated conception.

Every individual has a particular sphere in which it is determined he must move, and whatever the events may be which are connected with it, yet because they are unknown to him, he acts as though they were never to exist. Would the general if he knew that he must fall a sacrifice to the rage of his enemies so vigorously stimulate his soldiers to the battle? Would the statesman if he foresaw the ingratitude of his country continue with unabated ardor his patriotic exertions? Would the mathematician persist in wrecking and torturing his invention, were he certain that the end of his toil must be fruitless dissatisfaction? Would the philosopher engage in the most abstruse and difficult researches were he previously convinced that the object of pursuit transcended his comprehension, and could never be fully discovered by human investigation? Would any be found to persevere in an arduous enterprise, however advantageous the result might be to others, were they first apprised that the completion of their designs must be at the expence of their lives? Would the traveller proceed in search of new discoveries did he know that he should at length be intercepted and murdered by the nightly assassin? Would the navigator venture to

plough the ocean with his vessel did he previously learn that with all his precaution she must be shipwrecked on shoals and quicksands? Thus the ignorance of mankind, respecting futurity, is made a means for effecting the designs of Providence, and for enabling them, amidst the inevitable distresses of the world, to enjoy intervals of happiness.

With respect to the irrational creation, their ignorance of futurity makes them both happy in themselves, and subservient for the accomplishment of the useful and necessary purposes of human life. The very subsistence of mankind depends on the labour and strength of the brute: and yet, how cruelly is the labouring quadruped often treated by a barbarous and inhuman master? If he previously knew what treatment he should receive for his services, would he so tamely submit to the yoke? Would the beasts of the field suffer themselves to be taken if they knew that their death must be the consequence? Would the birds of the air exert their shrillest notes, to delight the ear with melody, if they knew the consequence to be the loss of their liberty?

*'The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
'Hud he thy reason, would he skip and
play?*

*'Pleas'd to the last he crops the flow'ry
food,*

*'And licks the hand just rais'd to feed
his blood.'*

So that, upon the whole, it appears best, as well for the irrational as the rational creation, that they cannot foreknow what future events will take place. Thus the great machine of Providence is not obstructed nor impeded in any of its operations. Every part of it acts in harmony with the rest, and completes the exact "circle mark'd by Heav'n."

April 16, 1791.

For

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

Messrs. EDITORS,

You have permission to publish the following amazing Discoveries.

R—.

ASTRONOMICAL INTELLIGENCE.

IN the month of February, 1789, a most excentric idea entered the head of professor *Zeritof Shorallow*, of the royal academy for celestial observations at Moscow. He caused a tube of 234 feet in length, and 29 feet in diameter, to be constructed of planks, and made perfectly smooth and circular within as the interior part of a fuzee. Instead of glass lens to furnish this enormous telescope, and which no vitrificial manufactory upon earth could supply, he formed them from the purest transparent ice, carefully cut from the river Wolga. These pieces were five feet in thickness, and of the diameter of the cylinder. Their proper diminutions he effected by the application of warm substances. It was not till after thirteen days unwearied attention that they were perfectly finished and rendered fit for optical purposes.

This huge machine was constructed on a hill adjacent to the city of Moscow, and was suspended so mechanically nice, that it could with ease be turned to any part of the heavens.

It was on the 25th of February, in a night uncommonly serene, that professor *Zeritof Shorallow*, wrapped in threefold thickneses of fur, turned his gigantic tube full on the planet Jupiter; when, to his astonishment, he found that immense frozen globe brought as it were within reach of his hand for inspection. The mountains, rivers, houses, men, women, and even the very hens and chickens were perfectly apparent.

Inured as the *Moscovite* was to ice and snow, the shivering appearance

that every thing put on at near five hundred millions of miles distance from the sun frightened him. The sole employment of the men appeared to consist in procuring fuel, and of the women in heaping it on the fires. Lovers confabulated swathed in redoubled flannels; and frequently, when the mutual kiss was attempted a cement of ice completed the contact.

From these frigid scenes, the astronomer, shivering with sympathetic cold, turned his telescope to glowing Mercury. Every thing was in contrast to Jupiter. There eternal frost held his dreary reign; every pulse beat low, and life was almost afraid to avow its existence. Here all was glowing sunshine and hurly burly. Lawyers were worse than loquacious; coquettes sidged in frenzy; and the very ducks danced on the mud. The heat appeared intense. Joints of meat were roasted before the sun as on our globe at a kitchen fire, and apple-pyes and custards were baking on every stone wall. The good professor had already thrown off two of his fur gowns when the planet Mars caught his attention.

Ye that delight in blue coats with white or scarlet facings, or gold or silver epaulets; red feathers with black tops, or black feathers with red tops; hats cocked, hats slopped, or infantry caps; muskets, small swords, broad swords, bayonets, howitzers, royals, long twelves and forty-eight pounders; behold a banquet for you all! In this region every thing wore the appearance of hostility: Farmers plowed in gaters, dropped

seed corn from cartouch-boxes, and digged potatoes with *Spontoons*. The very women flew about in the *stilet militaire*. Their mops were made to resemble sponges, the rims of their spinning-wheels looked like trucks, and their sapawn-pots were thirteen inch shells.

Professor *Zeritof Sboralov* saw a love scene, where the lady resisted as a besieged citadel, and the gallant made his approaches by zig-zag and countermine.

"Hail happy region, where woman for once is the governing animal, and men appear, perhaps as they ever ought, tagging humbly in their rear! Charming Venus! thine is the realm where *masculinity* dares not rear its audacious front, but lovely *femalism* is all in all!" Thus exclaimed the Russian sage when the beauteous orb of Venus met his enraptured eye.

In an elegant dome, where every lattice and portal were thrown wide open, that all might see and hear (for ladies love to be heard and seen) were seated an assembly of matrons to legislate for the community. The speaker, in conformity to the order of the house, was dressed in a rich purple gown with a train of three yards in length; a petticoat most tastefully flounced, a camels hair shawl glittering with undulated rows of diamonds, ear-rings of the purest pearls, and a tete and bishop protuberant and enchanting beyond description.

The secretary was observed to make her minutes with a quill from the wing of a sparrow, and dipped her ink out of a reservoir of real *horn*.

They appeared to be in warm debate; and the professor, by looking at a paper over the shoulder of a lady dressed in cross-barred muslin, found the subject to be, "whether the men in future might be entertained as obsequious humble companions, or, be driven absolutely out of doors, and

employed in unremitted drudgery. A majority appeared for the latter measure; but the satirical *Sboralov* could not help remarking, that several very engaging damsels offered their services as overseers of the poor Yahoos.

Love, and all its delectable concomitants were utterly unknown there, as that passion exists but where equality is found or understood. The dear viragos had thrust the wretched males too far from them to admit of even an artificial reciprocity of situation.

Many philosophers assert that love in the female economy acts as a powerful absorbent; and, that where it is genuinely felt a thousand disagreeable pettishnesses are perfectly unknown. *Zeritof Sboralov*, it is said, now inclines to this opinion from the multiplicity of not very bewitching freaks he observed among the Venusian ladies.

Besides caprice, petulancy and ill-nature, the want of personal attention was general. Where there was no admirer to please, nor rival to mortify, to what purpose even the affectation of amiability?

The accurate Moscovite in the memoir addressed to his college, has observed, that the females on this planet, from imperial woman down to the humble musquito, had uncontended domination. The ferocious heifer gored the bull from the pastures; rams fled before heroic ewes; the tremendous goose stalked before the suppliant gander; and champion hens crowed over dejected he-biddies.

The enlightened *Sboralov* was going on with observations to gratify and enrich his native planet, when a southern breeze blew mildly on him—warm vapours floated far and wide—and a trickling stream was all that remained of materials that drew such unexpected information from our neighbour world.

A COMPASSION

COMPARISON of the Modern and Ancient ORATORS.

LORD Monboddoo mentions a fact, which appears to me to furnish a better solution than any that has yet been given, of a question that has long divided the sentiments of the learned. I mean the reason why the ancients excelled the moderns in eloquence; for that they did excel them in this polite art is universally admitted, even by those who are least prejudiced in favour of antiquity. True it is, his Lordship does not draw the same inference from this fact that I mean to draw. He has produced it for a very different purpose. No matter: the inference is not the less natural or the less obvious on that account. The first contriver of a machine or instrument, does not always foresee the various uses to which it may be applied.

One of the principal reasons assigned by those who have written upon this subject, for the superiority of the ancients above the moderns in the art of eloquence, is the great simplicity, as well as the small number of their laws, by which their orators were not only left at liberty, but were even in some measure obliged to address themselves to the equity of the judges, instead of drawing their arguments from established rules and precedents. Now, as equity is rather of a vague and indeterminate nature, depending very much upon the sentiments of mankind, and being different in the opinion of different persons, it evidently follows, that their orators had a fair opportunity, and even a strong temptation, to adorn their speeches with all the flowers of rhetoric. The case is very different in modern times and modern governments, especially in our own government. Here the laws are so numerous and so comprehensive, as to take in almost every case that can

possibly happen. The consequence is, that our public speakers, at least in their judicial pleadings, are obliged to adhere strictly to the rigid letter of the law. They have no need to paint in strong colours the atrociousness of the crime of which the culprit is accused. Their only business is to prove that he is either guilty or innocent of the charge; and if he is guilty, the law will determine the nature as well as the degree of his punishment.

Another reason, commonly alledged for the superiority of the ancient orators above the modern is, that the former always addressed themselves to more numerous and more mixed bodies of people than the latter. In the petty states of ancient Greece, the orators had frequently the whole body of the citizens, which sometimes comprehended the whole subjects of the state, for their hearers. This was attended with a double advantage. In the first place, it inspired them with a stronger desire to excel; as it is an undoubted fact, that a man will always exert himself with greater spirit when he speaks to a large, than when he directs his discourse to a small assembly. And this desire of excelling would, in general, be followed by a proportionable ability to do so. The vigour of performance is commonly in proportion to the intensity of desire; and it is very justly remarked by some moral or metaphysical writer, whose name I cannot at present recollect (I think it is either Mr. Hume or Dr. Johnson), that a strong propensity to any particular art or science, is generally accompanied with an equal genius or capacity for it.

The other advantage is this: the circumstance of being listened to by a numerous audience gave the orator an opportunity of working more powerfully

powerfully on the passions, the prejudices, and the affections of his hearers; for though small bodies of men may be guided by reason, yet large bodies are almost always influenced by passion. The rule, which holds in the material world, is directly reversed in the moral, or the rational. In the former, the larger a body is, it is the more difficult to move; but in the latter, the larger it is, it is the more easily moved. Hence it is, that the ancient orators, in haranguing the large assemblies to whom they commonly spoke, addressed themselves not to the reason, but to the passions of their hearers; and it is well known, that in moving and controuling the passions, and thereby influencing and directing the conduct, the great secret of oratory consists.

Besides, the ancient assemblies were not only the more easily led in consequence of their being numerous, but likewise because, from this very circumstance, the greater part of them may be supposed to have consisted of the most ignorant and the most uninformed of the people; and it is a certain fact, that every man in proportion to his ignorance, is more under the dominion of passion, and less under the guidance of reason. One of the most numerous assemblies, to which an orator in modern times has an opportunity of addressing himself—I mean a political orator; for as to the eloquence of the pulpit, I leave it at present entirely out of the question—is the British House of Commons; but, I believe, it will be allowed, even by the most enthusiastic admirers of antiquity, that a British House of Commons is a more learned and more intelligent body than a Roman or an Athenian mob; and that therefore the same abilities which enabled a Cicero or a Demosthenes to command the resolutions of their countrymen, would by no means enable a British senator to

gain the same ascendancy over his fellow-members.

A third reason that is usually assigned for this superiority of the ancients above the moderns in the art of eloquence, is, that the former indulged themselves in a more spirited delivery, and a more vehement action, than the latter ever employ, or perhaps even dare employ, without running the risk of making themselves ridiculous. The celebrated opinion of Demosthenes on this subject, is well known. Being asked what was the first part of oratory? he answered, Action: what was the second? Action: what was the third? he still answered, Action; thereby insinuating, that action was the principal qualification of an orator, and that all other qualifications, without this, would be of little or no avail. Agreeably to this maxim, the action of the ancient orators was of the most bold and animated kind. The *strepitus pedis*, or stamping with the foot, was one of their most moderate and usual gestures; though it is now banished from the pulpit, the senate; and the bar, as too vehement; and is only admitted into the theatre, to accompany the expression of the most violent passion.

Many other reasons for this superiority of the ancient orators to the modern, are alledged by different authors; but the principal one, in my opinion, is the fact that is mentioned by Lord Monboddo, and which I alluded to above. It is this: Before the invention of printing, books being only in manuscript, were so scarce and so dear, that it exceeded the ability of any but persons of the very first fortune to purchase any considerable number of them. To those of little or no fortune, they were absolutely inaccessible. The consequence was, that whatever share of knowledge a man was then possessed of, he was obliged to treasure it up

in

in his memory, to carry it perpetually about with him, and to have it ready upon all occasions, and, as it were, at his fingers' end.

The case is very different in modern times. That the moderns are more learned than the ancients, I have not the least doubt; but a great part of a modern scholar's knowledge lies in his books, which he can consult whenever he pleases. He thinks it unnecessary to burden his memory with a great number of minute particulars. He holds it sufficient to remember the leading facts of history, and the general principles of arts and sciences; but as to the details of either, he frequently suffers them to escape his memory, conscious that, by means of his books, he can easily recall them whenever he has occasion to employ them for any particular purpose. Thus it appears, that an ancient scholar, considered singly and by himself, and without any foreign aid and assistance, was a much more accomplished character than a modern; but allow the latter to call in those aids, and that assistance which he has always near him, and which he can command whenever he pleases, and he outstrips the former by infinite degrees.

This very difference, however, afforded the ancients a surprising advantage over the moderns in the article of eloquence; for I believe it may be laid down as an indisputable fact, that, *ceteris paribus*, every man will make a more capital figure, either as a private speaker or a public orator, in proportion as he has his knowledge more at his command, and ready to produce on every occa-

sion. Hence we find, by daily experience, that a man possessed of a very moderate share of knowledge, will sometimes eclipse another, who is perhaps master of ten times his learning; and indeed it is a common remark, that the most learned and ingenious men are frequently the most awkward and ungainly speakers. Addison could hardly open his mouth in parliament.

Add to this another consideration, which perhaps is of no less importance, and that is, that the ancient orators were perpetually engaged in the exercise of their art, as it was the only means they had of communicating their sentiments to the inferior orders of the people; whereas the moderns have a less direct indeed, but at the same time a much more comprehensive method of doing so. For I believe I may affirm, without being charged with being guilty of exaggeration, that for one discourse that is now addressed to the people in public harangues, there are a thousand, and even ten thousand addressed to them in print. What was formerly done by the tongue, is now performed by the press.

If you, Sir, or any of your correspondents can favour the public with a more satisfactory solution of this curious question, I shall be glad to hear it; for though now firmly convinced of the justness of my reasoning, yet I am not so wedded to my own opinion, as not to be willing to change it for a better.

I am yours, &c.

REFLECTOR.

T. and C. Mag.

THE GREAT DISMAL.

THIS swamp, called the *Great Dismal*, lies within the northern limits of North-Carolina, the latitude of the middle of it about 36° 20', and the eastern edge of it bor-

dering on the waters of Currituck Sound. This is the principal of all those dreadful places, called swamps, only to be met with in America, for there is nothing of the kind to be found

found in all Europe, Asia, or Africa. This swamp is in the form of a vast oval, thirty miles in breadth, and fifty in length, with a lake nearly in the center, seven miles diameter and twenty miles in circumference, abounding in fish. From this lake there is no outlet or running water to any other place; nor can there be said to be any descent throughout all this immense swamp, except a little without its outer circumference; all within being in a manner entirely covered with water, out of which innumerable quantities of large, straight and lofty cypress trees are growing in almost impenetrable closeness to each other throughout the whole extent; betwixt these trees infinite numbers of that strange production, cypress knees, rise above the water from three to fifteen inches, almost as close as they can stand together.

Throughout the whole of this truly *dismal* place, there is scarcely the least appearance of any kind of soil; for even where there is no water nothing can be discovered but cypress knees, closely intermixed with a matted body of strong fibrous roots, vines, and vegetative productions every where, in a dark and dreary shade altogether impervious to the rays of the sun. The trees, &c. growing so thick, close, and lofty, that one person will lose another therein, at ten yards distance; and afterwards, if they wander a few hundred yards asunder, no noise, clamour, or hallooing, from either of them, can be heard by the other; for the woods are so close as to prevent the vibration of the air for any distance through them; even the report of fire arms is smothered.

The only way of hearing any sound, for the least distance, is by laying one's ear close to the ground, by which means one can hear six times as far as any other way.

There is a kind of ridges running throughout this swamp, from fifty yards to a quarter of a mile, and up-

wards, across, and one, two, four, and sometimes six miles asunder.

These ridges are without water, although no earth or soil can be seen, but all between them is covered with water, from two to five and six feet deep. On these ridges are astonishing numbers of bears, wolves, panthers, wild-cats, opossums, raccoons, snakes, some deer, and almost every kind of wild beasts; between them are vast numbers of otters, musk-rats, beavers, and all kinds of amphibious animals.

In very dry summers some of these ridges have been accidentally set on fire, and caused most dreadful conflagrations, the flames consuming all before them, burning into the earth for a vast depth, and overspreading the whole country around with a thick smoke. Those places are soon afterwards filled with water, and become small lakes.

There was, some years ago, one fire in the Great Dismal, particularly horrid and tremendous. It happened on an extraordinary dry summer, and burnt with irresistible fury for many weeks, spreading terror and destruction all round.

The wild beasts were so frightened, that prodigious numbers of them of all kinds, forsook the swamp, overrunning the plantations for many miles distance, and the whole country was perpetually enveloped in thick smoke, during many weeks, for ninety miles round.

The effect of this horrid conflagration formed a lake a mile and a half in breadth, and about three miles long, from four to eight, ten and even twelve feet in depth.

It is supposed that the great lake in the centre was formed by some ancient dreadful conflagration, far beyond human memory, as burnt wood is frequently found in the bottom of it, even near the middle, and in the deepest places throughout.

This

This swamp belongs to a company of proprietors, who have begun to render it of advantage and profit to themselves. They commenced with getting lumber, cypress shingles and boards; and, with incredible labour they have now formed several plantations therein, which produce immense crops of Indian corn.

They have also cut a navigable canal, nine miles in length, from the great lake, for the conveyance of their lumber and produce, as near to the edge of the great swamp as possible,

and they have formed a causeway of timber, as a road through it, from the end of the canal. The land all around it is somewhat higher than it is within it, and is flat, sandy, wet and barren. It is a safe harbour and place of perfect security for all kinds of wild beasts as well as stray horses, cattle, hogs and run-away negroes, many of whom live here to be old, without the least danger of being discovered; in short, this is the general asylum for every thing that flies from mankind and society.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

The SCRIBBLER.—No. VII.

*"In pride, in reas'ning pride our error lies;
"All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies."*

THE hackneyed subject of my present essay may perhaps be judged unworthy the pen even of a *Scribbler*; but let it be remembered, that ever since the days of the immortal Addison, men who dip into literature have generally had a beaten path to pursue, and those who have opened new tracts, have not been so fortunate as to be followed with any great success by many authors. Subjects of most kinds are almost exhausted, and those in particular which respect human manners, have been cut into numberless forms, and by numberless hands: yet, to

*"Shoot folly as it flies,
"And catch the manners living as
they rise,"*

is certainly a meritorious task, worthy of the philosopher, the philanthropist, and the scholar; and although I move in neither of these spheres, yet my humble mite may add something to the general scale, and if so, the reflection of being a little serviceable in my day, will have a cheering influence on my mind, when the evening of life shall have dissipated my morning sun and overshadowed my noontide ray.

The errors into which we are led by *pride*, are really a reproach to human nature. Though in general estimation they are held trifling, yet they are pregnant with evil, and often occasion very fatal consequences.—By it we are deceived, beguiled, and led. We heedlessly follow its dictates, and without thinking run headlong into dangers which we ought to have foreseen and to have avoided. These lead us on blindfold still farther, till in the end we fall into that pit which our own folly and neglect had prepared, and then, after the fatal stroke, our eyes are opened only to behold the completion of our ruin and disgrace.

Pride is one of those vices which people commonly overlook, because they all partake of its influence. It is nevertheless a dæmon of a very base kind. It is a principle which,

*"Of all the causes which conspire to
blind
"Man's erring judgment, and misguide
the mind,"*

ought to be held in the greatest abhorrence, and cast from the breast as a viper with a deadly sting. Under the

the dominion of *pride* we serve the devil, for where it exists, neither virtue, religion, nor morality, can abide. As, therefore, these only ought to influence the mind, so every particle of *pride* should be rooted out, and meek-eyed *humility* cherished in its stead.

Though all men partake of *pride*, yet they do it in different degrees. According as their dispositions are formed, so is the strength of their *pride*. Some possess more, and some less—but all partake. There is, however, a certain *pride* very necessary, and that ought to be retained by every person who thinks himself formed *as perfect as he ought*. I mean a *pride* which will maintain the dignity intended for man, and prevent his rendering himself obnoxious to the Deity and disgraceful to his fellows.

It may here be necessary to explain myself a little farther, as the various species of *pride* may perhaps lead my reader into a labyrinth. It is not the *pride* of *dress* that I would have in view, for, although

“*Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse,*”

yet, I conceive it to be of a secondary nature, and therefore not so dangerous in its tendency; neither is it a *pride* of *excelling in virtue or learning*; but it is an *overbearing spirit*, which will trample upon the poor, the meek, or the ignorant—destroy their rights, and heap up a pile of injuries where a fountain of blessings ought to rise to view. It is a *pride* which fills the possessor with conceited notions of his own excellence, and makes him consider all other mortals beneath him. It is a *pride* which, with an ocean of vices, aspires to the perfection of deity, and aims at a throne which it never was

intended man should ascend. It is a *pride* with which *Lucifer* himself was possessed, when he attempted to overthrow the Throne of Grace, and rise superior to the Great First Cause; but which led him on only to meet his ruin in his fall.

Like *Lucifer* too, will the fall of that spirit be magnified, who possesses the vice I have just mentioned. For a while fortune may smile upon his vanity, and success crown his views; but in the end he will find his doom irrevocably fixed, and finally cast beneath the most abject of those whom in his prosperity he did not deign to look upon.

Let it ever be remembered, that *pride* will never brighten human nature; that while we possess it, we quit that sphere wherein we were intended to move, and rush into an element contrary to our very natures; that we there lose ourselves, and there meet the end we have justly merited. *Humility* is the principle intended for us; it is a heavenly principle; it sheds a lustre on human nature, makes it acceptable to the Creator, and at last crowns it with a wreath of never-fading joys.

Since, then, *pride* is so obnoxious to our welfare, and *humility* so conducive to it, how much is it to be lamented that the former principle has so great an ascendancy over the latter in the minds of most people? How ought we to abhor the first, and cherish the last?—But I will proceed no farther; the light which is opening upon the world gives me favourable presages of an happy reform, when each man will consider those in his own shape, however different in circumstances or in colour, his equal, and taking him by the hand, will exclaim of human nature, *Happy, happy period! our table's full!!* S.

DESCRIPTION of a new-invented ELECTRICAL MACHINE, by M. Walckiers de St. Amand. *Extracted from the Records of the Royal Academy of Sciences, 17th March, 1784.*

THE great electrical powers of silk, first made public by Mr. Symmer in 1760, induced Dr. Ingenhoufz to try the effects of this substance in communicating electricity to other bodies. It is surprising, indeed, that the remarkable experiments of Mr. Symmer should have been so long overlooked; for it was not till the year 1777, that Dr. Ingenhoufz made his attempt. His apparatus at that time consisted only of a piece of varnished silk, three or four inches broad, and twelve or fifteen in length. This being excited with a piece of cat's skin, charged a small Leyden vial: but notwithstanding this encouragement, the Doctor did not prosecute his experiments any farther. M. Walckiers has improved on this idea, and constructed a machine with varnished silk; the effects of which are very little short of those of Mr. Nairne's grand machine. The construction is simple, and the machine seems much less liable to accidents than glass. It consists of two strong frames of wood, each sustaining a large wooden cylinder of two feet diameter, and six feet in length, and placed at the distance of seven or eight feet from each other. The axles of the cylinders are placed on glass, or are otherwise insulated as effectually as possible; and each of them furnished with handles of eight or ten inches radius, by which it may be turned round. The electric substance in this machine, as has been already observed, is silk, and consists of a piece of varnished taffety, about twenty-five feet long, and five feet broad, which being doubled and put round both cylinders, will be sufficiently tight when these are kept at the distance above mentioned. From this description, it is easy to conceive,

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 4.

that when the cylinders are turned round, the silk must be turned round also, though slowly, at least when its motion is compared with that of a glass cylinder in the common machines. The rubbers are cylinders of wood, seven feet long, and two inches in diameter. They are four in number, and placed two and two near the wooden cylinders. The two rubbers include the silk between them, and are connected by screws; by which means they can be made to approach or recede from each other, and thus to press more or less strongly upon the silk. These rubbers are covered with cat's skin, and two of them at one end include the upper fold, while two at the other end include the lower fold of the silk. The rubbers are fastened to the frames supporting the rollers.

The conductor is of brass or other metal, and is placed exactly in the middle between the folds of the silk, and at an equal distance from the wooden cylinders. The diameter in M. Walckiers's machine is about six or seven inches; but it may be considerably enlarged, as the folds of the silk are two feet distant from each other. The conductor is of sufficient length to pass entirely from side to side of the silk, and some way beyond; the electricity is collected by means of points placed in a line along the upper and under part of the conductor, from whence it is conveyed in the common way to other bodies. The electricity of this machine is negative; but by abstracting it from the rubber, it will be reversed and become positive, as negative electricity may be obtained from the rubber of a common machine.

The striking distance is various, according to circumstances. In an

D d unfavourable

unfavourable state of the atmosphere it would not exceed five inches; but at other times, sparks were obtained at a foot, or even seventeen inches distance. They were at all times excessively pungent, so that they could scarce be borne, and crooked like lightning. A very large coated bottle presented to the machine, was broken in an instant; so that M. Walckiers did not chuse to venture an experiment with any of his batteries.

A remarkable difference was ob-

served between this machine and that of Mr. Nairne. In order to obtain the longest sparks from his conductor, Mr. Nairne was obliged to add a ball to the end of his conductor; but when this was tried with M. Walckiers's machine, the distance was reduced in such a manner as to become very inconsiderable. The longest sparks were got from the conductor itself by a blunt metallic point, without any intermediate substance.

[*L'Esprit des Journaux.*]

A VISION.

THE night of the day on which I was returned to serve the borough of ——— in parliament, I was in bed before twelve. "I am now a legislator (said I to myself), and how shall I serve mankind? I will procure a Negro infant boy, and give him the best education. He shall pass the several degrees of learning in an university; he shall enter an inn of court, and be called to the bar——"

"I will then rise in my place in the senate, and present a petition from the Negro slaves in the West-Indies, praying emancipation from their bonds——"

"This petition will be objected to—I shall move that counsel be heard in their behalf: My motion shall be carried; and, to the astonishment of the whole house, my Negro shall appear at the bar, as the advocate for the rights of his brethren, the unhappy children of Africa."

"When order is settled, and surprise is succeeded by attention, my Negro shall address the Commons of England as follows:—"

"*Mr. Speaker, and Gentlemen of the House of Commons,*

"The nature of the cause in which I am engaged, informs me that I stand before and address the most respectable tribunal in Europe;

for if there were upon this globe intelligences superior to this august assembly, those superior intelligences must have been the judges between the White Man and the Negro: but as we cannot possibly have any other judges in this world, but the Europeans, who have subjugated us, it is no small consolation to me and my countrymen, to be convinced that we defend ourselves before the representatives of the freest people upon earth."

"We flatter ourselves with the hope, that the generous islanders, who have bound their king by laws, in order to secure their rights as citizens, will not fail to chastise our petty tyrants, in order to assert the rights of humanity."

"Of all the people who inhabit this globe, the people of England confessedly possess the greatest share of virtuous sensibility; how then will you, the chosen representatives of such a people, be moved by a faithful representation of our miseries!"

"In Africa, our native country, assigned to us by Providence, the Europeans come to drag us from our possessions and dearest connections, as if we were the natural enemies of the human species. When they cannot succeed by violence, they tempt us with the offer of use-

less trifles, which our vanity and our ignorance have converted into wants. By these vile means they seduce a king to exchange his subjects, in which consist his real strength and wealth, for the base instruments of luxury; and in defiance of morality, not only permit but encourage an unnatural son to barter his tender parents, in exchange for a knife, a looking-glass, or an instrument of death.

"In Asia, they mutilate and unman us with impunity; and for what? To render us proper for the infamous employment of their seragios!

"But it is from Europe that the tyrannical edicts which attack our independence are issued. It is from the presses of Europe that the books which make a problem of our sensibility go forth; and from the ports of Europe it is, that we see vessels sail loaded with an authorised banditti, whose sole business is to make a commerce of our blood in the four quarters of the globe.

"America is the principal theatre of our disgrace and of our miseries. In one part of America we are condemned to work in the mines; there buried in eternal night, our nervous fluid attacked by the arsenical vapours which constantly exhale from our immense dungeons, we die before our time, merely to furnish an aliment to the insatiable avarice of a master whom we can no longer enrich.

"In another part of this great continent they condemn us to the culture of sugar, indigo, and other commodities. We labour in the character of beasts of burden, under pretext that nature has not sufficiently supplied America with such animals. If unequal to fatigue, we experience the most barbarous treatment; and if we fulfil the orders of our tyrants, we have for our reward

the horrid certainty of having our labours doubled.

"Formerly, the slightest offence was punished with the gibbet; we served under pitiless gods, whom we could not offend without suffering death.

"Interest, not humanity, has enlightened the Europeans: by massacring the Negroes, they lessened cultivation, and diminished their profits; to preserve which, they have substituted, in the room of death, those lasting torments which make death desirable.

"For the most trifling negligence they have us flogged with thongs twisted with wire—at every lash our flesh is torn; but not satisfied with this, when the executioner ceases to torment us, under pretence of curing our wounds, they apply to our mangled carcases corrosive pimento, which renews and augments our torture.

"If we attempt to shun by flight the horrors of our destiny, dogs, and men, by far more cruel than dogs, are sent in pursuit of us; they cut the nerve of a leg, and by mutilation chain us to that soil which must be for ever the witness of our disgrace and of our sufferings.

"Their cruelty is so refined, that they envy us even the awful pleasure of death. We possess a power of bending our tongue, so as to stop the channel of respiration, and thereby withdraw ourselves from the inhuman tyranny of man and of fortune; but the ferocious industry of our masters renders this hereditary secret useless; they restrain us from suicide, not to save us from committing a crime, but to procure to themselves the power of committing many crimes.

"It has been proved by the calculations of your historians, that in the small space of two centuries and a half, ten millions of Negroes have been

been transported from Africa to America! This great number of men have been equally lost to Europe and to the new world.

" Illustrious representatives of a free people !

" I have hitherto attacked only your sensibility as Englishmen—I will now attempt to produce truth to your reason. The world says, that Locke, Bolingbroke, and Shaftsbury have made you a thinking nation. I fondly please myself with the hope, that the superiority of your understanding will not make you forget that all-bounteous Heaven has blessed Negroes with a proportion of the same divine gift.

" If there exists any natural right, man has no authority to prosecute or destroy ought upon this globe, unless it be mischievous beings, venomous insects, wild beasts, fanatics, conquerors, and assassins.

" But beings, as we originally were, free from artificial wants, void of ambition, without industry—thus conditioned, and having only the arms of nature to defend us against the thunder of these European spoilers, what injury could we do mankind in the burning deserts of the torrid zone?

" Arises your right to enslave us from our being black, or from your being white? Or was your right established by your having flowing hair upon your heads, and our heads having only curly wool?

" But if a more perfect organization suffices to render your tyranny legal, why do you not oppress with your chains the Calmucs, these mere baboons of the human species; the dwarfs of Lapland, and the Albinos, who are probably nothing but Negroes degenerated?

" On the other hand, does not this principle lead to giving masters even to yourselves at some future pe-

riod? If ever your law of nature reaches the giants of Magellan, what can you say against their pretensions to universal monarchy? Does nature receive a slighter wound by the tyranny which the Patagonians would, in that case, exercise over the Europeans?

" Grotius and Puffendorf derive your right over us, from our fathers having been sold to your fathers. This sophism may perhaps satisfy the petty princes of Italy, whom Machiavel has perverted; but will undoubtedly appear in its native weakness to a people whose government is established upon the indubitable and immutable principles of freedom.

" What strange frenzy could ever have led the human mind to suppose that a freeman had a right to sell himself? What must be the price of such a sacrifice? Could all the treasures of the master, though seated on the throne of Indostan, recompence the slave, for the surrender of the most glorious privilege of the human race?

" Liberty can no more be sold than life.

" If a citizen cannot make a bargain and sale of his proper liberty, how can he possess a power of selling the liberty of his posterity, who are yet unborn? If there dwelt upon this globe a genius of evil, who could balance the power of the God of virtue, do you conceive that he could succeed better in reducing wickedness into a system, than by making the liberty of mankind an article of traffic?—What! shall it be said, that because about three years ago, a parcel of pirates gave some pounds of tobacco or some trifling toys, to a poor ignorant African, I shall be bound to drag on a wretched life of labour, sorrow, and disgrace? Because my ancestors were absurd, must I and all my progeny be born slaves?

" There

"There is in Europe a Jesuit named Charlevoix, who has written in a romance, which he has imposed upon the world under the title of the History of St. Domingo, that all the Negroes of Guinea were born idiots; that the greater part of them could not count beyond the number three; and that the defect of our organization legitimated your right over our persons. This Charlevoix calumnates our understanding to justify the attacks of the Europeans upon our bodies; he resembles Vasco Nunnez, who first made his dogs tear the king of Querepa and all his train to pieces; and then justified himself at the tribunal of Charles V. by charging them with the guilt of a crime against nature.

"Undoubtedly those of our colour, who during their whole life, breathe no air but the torrid zone, find their organs fail them, and their life evaporate, at an early period: but the small portion of understanding that then remains with us, is sufficient to our necessities; and I cannot see why the men of the North should punish the men of the South, because nature has doomed the latter merely to vegetate.

"Besides, the Negroes, whom the pitiless Europeans condemn to slavery, are, in temperate climates, nearly as intelligent as their masters. When they receive education, they arrive at perfection sooner than the whites do; and their head is of more value towards the restoration of a ruined plantation, than the heads or industry of all the Creols that ever existed.

"It is true, that the Negroes do not write philosophical books, as the citizens of your islands who are in easy circumstances do; but give them liberty, and give them for their professors a Locke or a Newton, and they will soon see more than one African at the head of your academies.

"I beg pardon, I am mistaken; the first book a Negro would write, would be a manifesto in favour of liberty against his tyrants—but the importunate voice of truth would not be heard with impunity; they would burn his book in the very capital of Europe, in order to save themselves the trouble of answering it.

"I speak with all the fire of oppressed innocence—I do so because I esteem my auditors. Such a language does much less honour to the unfortunate wretch who uses it, than to the powerful man who has courage to hear it.

"Representatives of the people of England!

"The grand cause of the Negroes whom you are about to judge, is much more important than that of kings which was pleaded above a century ago, before the regicide parliament of Cromwell. It is the second cause truly worthy of memory that has occurred in the annals of mankind. The first is the cause of the New World against Europe, pleaded by that friend to humanity, and honour to his sacred function, Barthelimi de la Casas, at the tribunal of Charles V.

"If the Negroes gain this cause, you will have the glory of having healed one of the greatest wounds that have yet been inflicted upon the human race: if we have the misfortune to fail, we shall yet thank you for having permitted us to inform you. This defence is a monument which you will not have the barbarity to destroy. It will depose in future ages against your criminal prudence; and if you content yourselves with merely lightening the weight of our chains, I flatter myself they will be totally broken by your posterity."

And here my Negro advocate bowed.—I flew to embrace him, and awoke; for the whole was but a dream!

M.

The

The History of the HONEY-GUIDE, or CUCULUS INDICATOR, a Species of Cuckow found in Africa. By Dr. Andreas Sparrman, of the Royal Academy of Stockholm.

[From the Philosophical Transactions.]

THIS curious species of Cuckow is found at a considerable distance from the Cape of Good Hope, in the interior parts of Africa, being entirely unknown at that settlement. The first place where I heard of it was in a wood, called the *Groot Vaader's Bosch*, the Grand Father's Wood, situated in a desert near the river which the Hottentots call *T'kau'kai*. The Dutch settlers thereabouts have given this bird the name of *Honig-wyzer*, or Honey-guide, from its quality of discovering wild-honey to travellers. Its colour has nothing striking or beautiful, and its size is considerably smaller than that of our Cuckow in Europe: but in return, the instinct which prompts it to seek its food in a singular manner, is truly admirable. Nor only the Dutch and Hottentots, but likewise a species of quadruped, which the Dutch name a *Ratel**, are frequently conducted to wild bee-hives by this bird, which as it were pilots them to the very spot. The honey being its favourite food, its own interest prompts it to be instrumental in robbing the hive, as some scraps are commonly left for its support. The morning and evening are its times of feeding, and it is then heard calling, in a shrill tone, *cherr! cherr!* which the honey-hunters carefully attend to as the summons to the chase. From time to time they answer with a soft whistle, which the bird hearing, always continues its note. As soon as they are in sight of each other, the bird gradually flutters towards the place where the hive is situated, continually repeating its former call of *cherr! cherr!* nay, if it should happen to have gained a

considerable way before the men (who may easily be hindered in the pursuit by bushes, rivers, and the like) it returns to them again, and redoubles its note, as if to reproach them with their inactivity. At last the bird is observed to hover for a few moments over a certain spot, and then silently retiring to a neighbouring bush or other resting-place, the hunters are sure of finding the bees nest in that identical spot, whether it be in a tree, or in the crevice of a rock, or (as is most commonly the case) in the earth. Whilst the hunters are busy in taking the honey, the bird is seen looking on attentively to what is going forward, and waiting for its share of the spoil. The bee-hunters never fail to leave a small portion for their conductor, but commonly take care not to leave so much as would satisfy its hunger. The bird's appetite being only whetted by this parsimony, it is obliged to commit a second treason, by discovering another bees nest, in hopes of a better salary. It is further observed, that the nearer the bird approaches the hidden hive, the more frequently it repeats its call, and seems more impatient.

I have had frequent opportunities of seeing this bird, and have been witness of the destruction of several republics of bees, by means of its treachery. I had, however, but two opportunities of shooting it, which I did to the great indignation of my Hottentots. From those specimens, (both of which are supposed to be females) I have made the subsequent description. The inhabitants in general accuse the same bird of sometimes conducting its followers where wild

* Probably a new species of badger.

wild beasts and venomous serpents have their places of abode: this, however, I never had an opportunity of ascertaining myself; but am apt to believe such cases to be accidental, when dangerous animals happen to be in the neighbourhood of a bees nest.

Whilst I staid in the interior parts of Africa, a nest was shewn to me,

which some peasants assured me was the nest of a Honey-guide. It was woven of slender filaments or fibres of bark, in the form of a bottle. The neck and opening hung downwards, and a string in an arched shape was suspended across the opening, fastened by the two ends, perhaps for the bird to perch upon.

DESCRIPTION of a surprising CATARACT in the great River Connecticut.

TWO hundred miles from the Sound is a narrow of five yards only, formed by two shelving mountains of solid rock; through this chasm are compelled to pass all the waters which in the time of the floods bury the northern country. Here the water is consolidated, without frost, by pressure, by swiftness, between the pinching sturdy rocks, to such a degree of induration, that no iron crow can be forced into it; here iron, lead, and cork have one common weight; here, steady as time, and harder than marble, the stream passes irresistible, if not swift as lightning: the electric fire rends trees to pieces with no greater ease than does this mighty water. The passage is about 400 yards in length, of a zig-zag form, with obtuse corners. At high water are carried through this strait masts and other timber, with incredible swiftness, and sometimes with safety; but when the water is too low, the masts, timber and trees,

strike on one side or the other, and are rent in one moment into shivers, and splintered like a broom to the amazement of spectators.

No living creature was ever known to pass through this narrow, except an Indian woman, who was in a canoe attempting to cross the river above it, but carelessly let herself fall within the power of the current. Perceiving her danger, she took a bottle of rum she had with her, and drank the whole of it; then lay down in her canoe to meet her destiny. She miraculously went through safe, and was taken out of the canoe some miles below, quite intoxicated. Being asked how she could be so daringly imprudent as to drink such a quantity of rum with the prospect of instant death before her, the squaw, as well as her condition would let her, replied, "Yes, it was too much rum at once to be sure; but I was not willing to lose a drop of it; so I drank it, and you see I have saved all."

PICTURE of a BATTLE, from the French of M. Mercier.

MAN, who is naturally entitled to the enjoyment of liberty, has been constrained to carry a musket on his shoulder, to fix to it a destructive bayonet; he has been torn from his cottage, to be dragged to battles which his soul detests; the husbandman has quitted his plow, the artist his work-shop; the young man has

deserted the altar of Hymen, he abandons an infirm father, a mistress, a disconsolate family; he goes to swell the crowd of these combatants, whose hearts have gradually opened to the baneful impressions of licentiousness, ferocity, and violence.

Behold a hundred thousand men opposed to a hundred thousand of the same

same species! they advance, and front approaches front in a vast plain, which in a few moments will be tinged with blood. What a prodigious number of men, mutually pressing on one another, and displaying their moving phalanxes, range themselves in regular order, to administer death with art! Blind instruments of others vengeance, they wait the signal in silence: fierce through an imaginary sense of duty, they are on the point of exterminating their fellow creatures, uninspired by resentment or passion. They have sold their blood at a low price, and their chiefs estimate it proportionally.

The resplendent sun now appears, whose setting thousands of hapless mortals shall not behold. Ah! who would expect the horrors of carnage? The earth is decked with flowers, the mild and azure-mantled spring perfumes the air, nature smiles as a fond mother, the sun in tranquil majesty diffuses his beneficent rays, which gild and mature the gifts of the Creator; all is calm; harmony prevails through universal nature.—

Wretched mortals alone, actuated by a melancholy phrenzy, harbour fury in their breast; they are on the point of massacring each other on the tender verdure of the springing mead. The armies approach, the harvest is destroyed, death already flies around; what a dreadful tumult! All nature in a moment groans on account of the fury of man. Do you hear those horrid instruments of human vengeance roar! Rivals of thunder, and more terrible than it, they drown with their noise the plaintive moans of the dying; they repel the pity which would force its way to the heart; a cloud of dust and smoke rises towards heaven, as it were to hide from it such a combination of horrors. In a narrow space are united the fury of devils and the torments of hell. The tigers, the bears, the lions,

urged by the sensation of voracious hunger, have a fierce and infinitely more justifiable cruelty. Behold these streams of blood which flow! lo, twenty thousand men are massacred to gratify the caprice of a single despot! See them falling upon one another,—uncelebrated, unremembered, unregretted, and unknown! Thus the sudden blait of the north destroys in a moment myriads of insects which cover our fields.

These wretched mortals fall, raising lamentable cries to an inexorable heaven: trampled under the feet of horses, trampled under the feet of their countrymen, whose compassion they implore, and shall not excite, they die in a thousand ways, each more deplorable than another. While those who claim the most tender pity, still retaining the remains of life, and consumed by thirst, the most unsufferable of torments, have it not yet in their power to expire: others, forgetting that death surrounds them, impetuously invade their maimed companions, and, unmoved by their wounds, strip with avidity their mangled and still palpitating bodies.

O God! O Creator of the universe! is this Man? What! that beautiful creature whom nature had endued with a tender heart, with a noble front, which smiles towards heaven; who conceives, who nourishes the soft emotions of pity and the generous transports of beneficence; who is capable of admiring virtue and greatness of soul; who can weep? Yes, it is *his* hand which, with an odious and triumphant joy, plants the standard of victory upon heaps of the dead! What a horrid trophy! O my brethren! permit me to deplore your condition, your crimes, your misfortunes! What does your conquest produce? I see nothing but blood and tears. What does your triumph amount to? The spoil acquired by pillage enriches not;

not; the tears of the human race will never be a source of happiness; and that which ambition carries off in her licentious course, soon flies from the hands of the usurper.

Go, barbarous men; go, triumph in the midst of this scene of carnage; fix your eyes on these pale and livid visages, where pain and rage are painted in dismal colours; enjoy your cruel victory, wander over these immense tombs, count the numerous victims which you, like infernal deities, have consigned to death; kindle your bon-fires among these lament-

able remains; dare in your songs to address the God who commands you to love each other as brothers, the God of armies. What do I see! your bloody hands eager to carry into the mansions where the genius of hospitality watches, those very men half dead, whom a few moments before you trampled under your feet? Now you are lavish of your tenderest cares—you bedew their wounds with your tears—a ray of humanity gleams on these bloody plains. Are these the same men? What then are you, wicked men, or fools?

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

REFLECTIONS on the CREATION.

*Who can set to Omnipotence a bound?
Can man conceive beyond what God can do?
Nothing but quite impossible is hard.
He summons into being with like ease,
A whole creation and a single grain.
Speaks he the word, a thousand worlds are born—
A thousand worlds! There's space for millions more,
And in what space can his great fiat fail?*

YOUNG.

THE philosophers in general maintain, that every planet we behold is a world enlightened by its own sun and moon, or moons. That infinite space is replete with innumerable worlds placed beyond the reach of human sight, or the best constructed telescopes, although those glasses shew us numberless stars which unassisted sight cannot behold, and which glasses have been carried to such amazing perfection by Mr. Herschel, in England, that he has not alone discovered a new planet at a surprising distance from the earth, attended by moons, but also volcanoes in our moon, and enumerated 44,000 stars in the space of a few degrees; and by analogy there appears to be no less than 75,000,000 in the whole heavens. There have been wonderful concaves discovered in the firma-

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 4.

ment, appearing luminous, within, replete with stars, but at so boundless a distance that

*A weight let fall
From a fixt star, in ages can it reach
This distant earth?*

YOUNG.

It is conjectured by some philosophers, that there are stars as far removed from this earth that their light has not yet travelled down to it. I shall take no notice of those wondrous wandering bodies called comets; only observe how amazing the space and distance they are apart from one another. Can human wisdom have any conception of infinite space, or of eternity? yet none who believe in the being of a God but must assent to both; and who, after a view of his stupendous works can deny his

E c

existence,

existence, pervading the whole of infinite space, and who has subsisted from all eternity!

*Stupendous architect! thou, thou art all,
My soul flies up and down in thoughts of thee,*

And finds herself but at the center still.

YOUNG.

I might consider the amazing bulk of those heavenly bodies, but shall now pass that over, only observing, that the sun is judged to be 994,000 times greater than Mercury, Venus, the earth, Jupiter, and Saturn, all united; yet this earth's diameter is 6,583,594 fathoms. What stupendous greatness in the whole of creation! how incomprehensible their suspension in liquid air! their rapid, yet regular and silent motion. "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wonder hast thou made them all." *Plalms.*

I will carry my reflections a little farther, and allow the planets to be worlds. Although they may not be just such as this our world, still they may contain mountains, seas, rivers and lakes; all which, as is said, have been discovered in the moon. They may contain human beings, and other different living beings, and yet differ one from the other not alone in size, and what they contain, but also in degrees of perfection, some being less perfect than this our world; not in regard to situation, intent and use, but only less perfect in the excellency of the workmanship, as a clock may be perfect and keep time exactly, but be, notwithstanding, smaller and not so highly finished as others, while some may be more perfect. Thus the moon may possess every thing less in excellency than the earth, while the other planets or worlds may have every thing that is in them in greater excellency. Their human beings, animals, &c. may be in some of an inferior kind, and in others of a superior to those on our earth; and

thus, by a just gradation every thing in the different worlds may be progressive towards excellency or perfection: But it is impossible that any thing can be fully perfect except the Deity. They may be perfect so as to answer the end and use they are designed for. But who can find out the Almighty unto perfection? Our finite understandings cannot possibly form adequate conceptions of an incomprehensible being; infinite in wisdom, immense in power, and unbounded in goodness. Such knowledge is too wonderful for us. Yet Seneca saith, "The mind hath the consummate and full good of our human state; when having conquered all evil it soars aloft, and wandering among the stars above, it is able to deride the stately structures of the wealthy and all their riches."

"This world—It is a point in which you sail, in which you war, in which you dispose of kingdoms; but above are vast spaces, in the possession whereof the mind is admitted on condition it hath brought but little of the body along with it, that it hath cleansed itself from every filthy thing, and being disengaged from the world, hath made itself illustrious, by being expeditious, and light and content with little things. When such a mind hath thus touched celestial regions, it is then nourished and grows, and as if delivered from its bounds, it returns to its original state. And this argument it hath of its divinity, that it delights in divine matters, and is conversant with them, not as things strange, but its own. There it securely beholds the rising and setting stars, their different courses, &c." There this curious spectator discussed every thing, and searches out every thing; and here at last he learns what he hath long enquired after—There he begins to know God.

As mortals, our ideas are lost in the contemplation of those things of the

the creation; yet, as immortals, we may once see and be acquainted with them in part, when glorified and renewed like unto the image of God in knowledge and holiness. Man, when in a state of innocence, no doubt was employed in contemplating and admiring the wonderful works of God in the creation, and in this might have consisted a part of his happiness. Who can tell but that one part of our future happiness may consist in contemplating and admiring the surprising works of the creation to all eternity? and as we cannot limit the power of the Almighty, he who created our world, and all those now in being, can with equal ease speak a million into existence, sufficient to afford infinite matter for admiration, adoration, love, joy and delight. The curtain is still dropt which hides a full view of a future state from us; death only will remove it, when the empyrean of the Deity may be laid open, and inconceivable glories break in upon our senses, such as unlimited space, world beyond world, light most amazing bright, and millions of millions of angels and glorified saints incessantly praising and adoring the great Creator, whose perfections words cannot describe. Yet, oh my soul! this is not all thy thoughts ought to be employed upon here, although the more exalted ideas we can obtain of God, the more we shall be led to adore and

worship him, and admire all his amazing perfections, and our minds become enlarged. Blessed be God, by his gospel light and immortality are now brought to light, and the way of salvation revealed; to secure which ought to be our principle concern, and engage the most of our attention, as the only thing that will yield us support in the hour of death, and no doubt constitute a part of our bliss hereafter, when the soul may be lost in wonder and adoration, when it comes to consider that amidst all those immense works of the Deity man has been his peculiar regard; that to restore him to his original perfection of knowledge and holiness, a most surprising scheme for his redemption was planned by the first, and fully accomplished by the second person in the glorious Trinity. But what mortal idea can reach the height of admiration, gratitude, and the happiness which the soul shall enjoy when made perfect in bliss?

*Now to thee, the great I AM,
Father of all that is, or heard or hears;
Father of all that is, or seen or sees;
Father of this immeasurable mass,
Of matter multiform, or dense or rare,
Opaque or lucid, rapid or at rest;
Minute or passing bound, in each extreme*

*Of like amaze and mystery to man,
Be honour, praise and glory ever more.*

YOUNG.

G. A.

A remarkable INCIDENT, from Lettres sur l'Egypte; par M. SAVARY.

THE story I am about to relate will show, that events which happened in the times of the patriarchs are renewed in Egypt at this day.

The plains of Syria were last year (1776) covered with locusts, which laid waste the fields, and devoured the corn to the root. Famine, as usual, was the consequence of this

plague. A peasant in the neighbourhood of Damascus felt all the effects of the general devastation; and in order to supply the pressing necessities of a numerous family, was obliged every day to sell a part of his cattle. This resource at last failed him; and the unhappy father almost overcome with the present, looked forward to the future with the

the most bitter anxiety. Urged by necessity, he went to the city to dispose of the very implements of his husbandry. The invisible hand of Providence directed his steps, as heretofore the angel conducted the son of Tobit. While he was purchasing some corn, which had just arrived from Damietta, he heard every body talking loudly of the success of *Mourat* Bey, who having conquered his enemies, had returned in triumph to Grand Cairo. They described this warrior, his person, his character, and his origin; and told how from the depth of slavery he had attained to the summit of power. The peasant, with surprise, knew from the description that *Mourat* Bey was his own son, who had been carried off from him at twelve years of age. A dawn of hope began to brighten the gloom that had settled on his spirits. He hastened to his family with the provisions he had bought, told them what he had heard, and instantly resolved to set out for Egypt. His wife and his children bathed him with their tears, bid him tenderly adieu, and offered up their prayers for his happy return. He immediately took shipping, and landed at Damietta. Here the uncertainty of his success began to torment him. Could he expect, that a son who had abandoned the religion of his fathers for mahometanism, and who was now the favourite of fortune, would acknowledge his relationship to a poor peasant? This idea preyed upon his heart, and filled him with anxiety. On the other hand, his eager desire to rescue his family from the horrors of their situation, the hope of finding again a child whose loss he had so long lamented, gave strength to his courage, and animated him to proceed. He enters the capital, repairs to the palace of *Mourat* Bey, presents himself to the domestics, with the greatest

earnestness solicits an audience, and begs to be admitted to speak with the Bey. His dress and whole exterior, which bespoke poverty and misfortune, were but ill calculated to procure him the favour he requested; but his great age, a period of life so much respected in the east, spoke in his behalf. One of the officers acquainted *Mourat* Bey, that an old man who seemed in distress earnestly desired to speak with him: 'Let him be admitted,' said he. The poor peasant walked with a trembling step over the rich carpet that covered the hall of the Divan, and approached the Bey, who reclined on a sofa of silk and embroidery. The various sentiments with which he was agitated deprived him for a while of the use of speech; but at last being convinced that the Bey was indeed his son, the voice of nature overcame his confusion; he threw himself at his feet, clasped his knees, and cried out, My son, my son! The Bey instantly raised him up, looked attentively at him; and after a short explanation had assured him that it was his father, he made him sit down on the sofa, and loaded him with caresses. After a scene of great tenderness on both sides, the peasant described to his son the calamitous situation of his mother and brethren. The Bey proposed that they should come to Egypt; and that if they would embrace Mahometanism, promised to share with them his riches and power. The generous Christian had foreseen this proposal; and fearing that his children might have been dazzled with it, he had left them at home, and came alone to Grand Cairo. He rejected with firmness the offer of his son, and even ventured to remonstrate with him on the change of his religion. *Mourat* Bey, seeing that his father was inflexible, and that the distress of his family required the most speedy relief, presented him with

with a large sum of money, and sent him back to Syria in a vessel loaded with grain. The peasant flew with transport to the plains of Damascus :

His return banished misery and tears from his humble cottage, and restored it to joy, to plenty, and prosperity.

An Account of JOHN BASKERVILLE, Printer.

BY WILLIAM HUTTON.

THE pen of an historian rejoices in the actions of the great; the fame of the deserving, like an oak-tree, is of sluggish growth; and, like the man himself, they are not matured in a day. The present generation becomes debtor to him who excels; but the future will discharge that debt with more than simple interest. The still voice of Fame may warble in his ears towards the close of life; but her trumpet seldom sounds in full clarion till those ears are stopped with the finger of death.

This son of genius was born at Wolverly, in the county of Worcester, in 1706; heir to a paternal estate of 60*l. per annum*; which 50 years after, while in his own possession, had increased to 90*l.* He was trained to no occupation; but in 1726 became a writing-master at Birmingham.—In 1737, he taught school in the Bull-ring, and is said to have written an excellent hand.

As painting suited his talents, he entered into the lucrative branch of japanning, and resided at No. 22, in Moor-street.

He took, in 1745, a building lease of eight acres two furlongs, north-west of the town, to which he gave the name of *Easy-Hill*, converted it into a little Eden, and built a house in the centre; but the town, as if conscious of his merit, followed his retreat, and surrounded it with buildings.—Here he continued the business of a japanner for life: his carriage, each pannel of which was a distinct picture, might be considered the *pattern card of his trade*, and was drawn by a beautiful pair of cream-coloured horses.

His inclination for letters induced him, in 1750, to turn his thoughts towards the press. He spent many years in the uncertain pursuit, sunk 600*l.* before he could produce one letter to please himself, and some thousands before the shallow stream of profit began to flow.

His first attempt, in 1756, was a quarto edition of Virgil, price one guinea, now worth several. He afterwards printed *Paradise Lost*, the Bible, Common Prayer, Roman and English Classics, &c. in various sizes, with more satisfaction to the literary world than emolument to himself.

In 1765, he applied to his friend Dr. Franklin, then at Paris, to sound the literati respecting the purchase of his types; but received for answer, “That the French, reduced by the war of 1756, were so far from pursuing schemes of taste, that they were unable to repair their public buildings, but suffered the scaffolding to rot before them.”

In private life he was a humorist, idle in the extreme; but his invention was of the true Birmingham model, active. He could well design, but procured others to execute: wherever he found merit, he caressed it: he was remarkably polite to the stranger; fond of show: a figure rather of the smaller size, and delighted to adorn that figure with gold lace. Although constructed with the light timbers of a frigate, his movement was solemn as a ship of the line.

During the twenty-five years I knew him, though in the decline of life, he retained the singular traces of a handsome man. If he exhibited a peevish temper, we may consider

der good-nature and intense thinking are not always found together.

Taste accompanied him through the different walks of agriculture, architecture, and the fine arts.—Whatever passed through his fingers, bore the lively marks of John Baskerville.

His aversion to Christianity would not suffer him to lie among Christians; he therefore erected a mausoleum in his own grounds for his remains, and died without issue in 1775, at the age of 69.—Many efforts were used after his death to dispose of his types; but to the lasting discredit of the British nation, no purchaser could be found in the whole commonwealth of letters. The universities coldly rejected the offer. The London booksellers understood no science like that of profit. The valuable property therefore lay a dead weight till purchased by a literary society at Paris, in 1779, for 3700*l*.

It is an old remark, that no country abounds with genius so much as this island; and it is a remark nearly as old, that genius is no where so little rewarded: how else came Dryden,

Goldsmith, and Chatterton, to want bread? Is merit like a flower of the field, too common to attract notice? or is the use of money beneath the care of exalted talents?

Invention seldom pays the inventor. If you ask what fortune Baskerville ought to have been rewarded with? The most which can be comprised in five figures. If you farther ask what he possessed? The least; but none of it squeezed from the press. What will the shade of this great man think, if capable of thinking, that he has spent a fortune of opulence, and a life of genius, in carrying to perfection the greatest of all human inventions; and that his productions, slighted by his country, were hawked over Europe in quest of a bidder!

We must *revere*, if we do not *imitate*, the taste and economy of the French nation, who, brought by the British arms, in 1762, to the verge of ruin, rising above distress, were able, in seventeen years, to purchase Baskerville's elegant types, refused by his own country, and expend an hundred thousand pounds in printing the works of Voltaire!

PARISIAN INTELLIGENCE.

THE account that follows, however romantic it may appear, is a positive fact. There are now living, as boarders in the abbatial nunnery of Parthemont, three young ladies, the eldest of whom is not above fourteen years old. Having lived for some years in the strictest intimacy, and the end of all woman-kind, matrimony, running strongly in their heads, they mutually deplored a time which daily approached, of their being separated, especially as their parents lived in various and distant provinces. How to avoid so dire a fate in a country where a man is doomed to have but one wife, did

not readily occur to them. After many consultations on the subject, the best-read of the three, remembered what books had taught her of the Turkish polygamy. She communicated her thoughts to her two friends; and the three came to a resolution of applying by letters to the grand Turk. Therein they exposed the reason of such an application, gave an account of their respective high birth and fortune, humbly requesting his sublime highness would take them to wives, and ask the consent of their parents. This letter, addressed simply "To the grand Signor, Constantinople," was put into the

the post-office. So singular a direction attracted the notice of the principal clerk, who laid it as a curiosity before the post-master.

The latter having broke the seal, and having perused the strange petition it contained, sent it to the minister. His majesty, who saw it, could not refrain from breaking into his accustomed roar of laughing, for, by-the-by, he is the loudest laugher in all his dominions. He not only gave particular orders to the abbess not to notice so unaccountable a step,

which after all was the consequence of solid, though not altogether enlightened friendship, but even condescend to signify to the parents of the three little fairies, his wish that family-affairs might be so adjusted; that the three daughters should be disposed of in marriage as near the same spot as conveniency could make it possible, in order to try whether such refined and uncommon sentiments of the fair sex, shall be able to withstand the intrigues and vicissitudes of this bustling world.

The right CONSTITUTION of a COMMONWEALTH examined.—Extracted from Dr. ADAMS's (Vice-President of the United States) Defence of the Constitutions of Government of the United States of America.

[Continued from page 154.]

Tenth } **T**HE tenth reason is, *Arg.* } “because the people under this government are ever endued with a more magnanimous, active, and noble temper of spirit, then under the grandeur of any standing power; and this arises from an apprehension which every man has of his own share in the public interest, as well as of that security which he possesses in the enjoyment of his private fortune, free from the reach of any arbitrary power.”

This is a good argument in favour of a government in which the people have an essential part of the sovereign power; but none at all for one in which they exercise the whole. When they have a part, balanced by a senate and a distinct executive power, it is true they have more magnanimity, activity, and spirit; they have a regard to their own immediate share and the public interest; they have an apprehension of that security they possess in the enjoyment of their private fortunes, free from the reach of any arbitrary power. Whenever success betides the public, and the commonwealth conquers, thrives in dominion, wealth, or honour,

the citizen reckons all his own: if he sees honours, offices, rewards, distributed to valliant, virtuous, or learned men, he esteems them his own, as long as the door is left open to succeed in the same dignities and enjoyments, if he can attain to the same measure of desert. Men aspire to great actions when rewards depend on merit; and merit is more certain of reward in a mixed government than in any simple one. Rewards depend on the will and pleasure of particular persons, in standing powers of monarchy or aristocracy: but they depend equally on the will and pleasure of the principles populi, the reigning demagogues, in simple democracies, and for obvious reasons are oftener distributed in an arbitrary manner. In a mixed government the ministers of the executive power are always responsible; and gross corruption in the distribution of offices is always subject to inquiry and to punishment: but in simple governments the reigning characters are accountable to nobody. In a simple democracy each leader thinks himself accountable only to his party, and obliged to bestow honours,

nours, rewards, and offices, not upon merit and for the good of the whole state, but merely to increase his votes and partisans in future elections. But it is by no means just, politic, or true, to say, that offices, &c. are always conferred in free states, meaning single assemblies, according to merit, without any consideration of birth or fortune. Birth and fortune are as much considered in simple democracies as in monarchies, and ought to be considered, in some degree, in all states. Merit, it is true, ought to be preferred to both; but merit being equal, birth will generally determine the question in all popular governments; and fortune, which is a worse criterion, oftener still.

But what apprehension of their share in the public interest, or of their security in the enjoyment of their private fortune, can the minor party have in a simple democracy, when they see that successes, conquests, wealth, and honour, only tend to increase the power of their antagonists, and to lessen their own; when all honours, offices, and rewards, are bestowed to lessen their importance, and increase that of their opponents; when every door is shut against them to succeed to dignities and enjoyments, be their merit what it will; when they see that neither birth, fortune, nor merit, can avail them, and that their adversaries, whom they will call their enemies, succeed continually, without either birth, fortune, or merit? This is surely the course in a simple democracy, even more than in a simple aristocracy or monarchy. Abilities, no doubt, will be sought and purchased into the service of fortune and family in the predominant party, but left to perish in opposition.

A mixed government is the only one where merit can be expected to have fair play: there it has three resources, one in each branch of the

legislature, and a fourth in the courts of justice; whereas in all simple governments it has but one.

Our author proceeds again to Roman history, and repeats examples he had used before, with equal ill success. The examples prove the contrary of what he cites them to prove. "The Romans, under their kings, remained inconsiderable in reputation, and could never enlarge the dominion very far beyond the walls of their city. Afterwards, under the standing power of the senate, they began to thrive a little, and for a little time. But when the people began to know, claim, and possess their liberties, in being governed by a succession of their supreme officers and assemblies, then it was, and never till then, that they laid the foundation, and built the structure, of that wondrous empire that overshadowed the whole world."

In support of all this, no doubt, will be cited the splendid authority of Sallust. "*Nam regibus, boni quam mali, suspensiores sunt, semperque his aliena virtus formidolosa est. Sed civitas, incredibile memoratu est, adepta libertate, quam brevi creverit; tanta cupido gloriæ incesserat. Jam primum juvenus simul laboris ac belli patrius orat, in castris per usum militiam discebat; magisque in decoris armis et militaribus equis, quam in scortis atque conviviis libidinem habebat.*"—The condition and happiness of Rome under their kings, till the time of Tarquin, have been before related. It has been shewn, that the introduction of laws and formation of the manners of a barbarous rabble, assembled from all nations, engaged the attention both of the kings and the senate during this period. Their wars have been enumerated, and it has been shewn that the nation was not in a condition to struggle with its hostile neighbours, nor to contend among themselves.

selves. It has been shewn that, in proportion as they became easy and safe, the nobles began to envy the kings, and to form continual conspiracies against their authority, thrones, and lives, until it became a question only whether monarchy or aristocracy should be abolished. In this manner kings were necessitated either to give up all their authority into the hands of an haughty and aspiring senate, or assert a more decisive and arbitrary power than the constitution allowed them. In the contest the nobles prevailed, and in the wars with Tarquin and his successors, and their allies, soldiers and officers were formed, who became capable and desirous of conquest and glory. Sallust himself confesses this in the former chapter: "*Post, ubi regium imperium, quod initio conservandæ libertatis, atque augendæ reipublicæ fuerat, in superbiam, dominationemque convertit; inmutato more, annua imperia, binosque imperatores, sibi fecere.*" In addition to this it should be remembered, that Sallust was an aristocratical historian, and attached to the sovereignty in the senate, or at least desirous of appearing so in his history, and an enemy to the government of a single person, of which the republic was at that time in the near prospect and the utmost danger. The question, in the mind of the writer, was not between an aristocracy and a mixed sovereignty, but between aristocracy and simple monarchy, or the empire of one: yet all that can be inferred from the fact, as stated by our author and by Sallust, is, that aristocracy at first is better calculated for conquest than simple monarchy. It by no means follows, that aristocracy is more friendly to liberty or commerce, the two blessings now most esteemed by mankind, than even simple monarchy. But the most exceptionable sentiment of

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 4.

all is this, "When the people began to possess their liberties, in being governed by a succession of their supreme officers and assemblies, then they laid the foundation of empire, and built the structure." By this one would think that the Romans were governed by a single representative assembly, periodically chosen, which is our author's idea of a perfect commonwealth: whereas nothing can be further from the truth. There is scarcely any constitution farther removed from a simple democracy, or a representative democracy, than the Roman. As has been before observed, from Romulus to Cæsar, aristocracy was the predominant feature of the sovereignty. The mixture of monarchical power in the kings and consuls, and the mixture of democratical power in the tribunes and popular assemblies, though unequal to the aristocratical ingredient, were checks to it, and strong stimulants to exertions, though not complete balances: but the periods of greatest liberty, virtue, glory, and prosperity, were those in which the mixture of all three was nearest equality. Our author's argument and example are clear and strong in favour of the triple combination, and decisive against the democracy he contends for.—"In those days the world abounded with free states more than any other form, as all over Italy, Gallia, Spain, and Africa." It may be questioned whether there was then in the world one free state, according to our author's definition of it: all that were called free states in those days, were either aristocracies, oligarchies, or mixtures of monarchy and aristocracy, of aristocracy and democracy, or of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, but not one do we read of which was governed by a democracy simple, or by representation. The Achaian league, and others like it,

F f

were

were confederated cities, each city being independent, and itself a mixed government.

Carthage is the next example : and an excellent one it is to prove that a mixed government, in which the people have a share, gives them magnanimity, courage, and activity ; but proves nothing to our author's purpose. The suffetes, the senate, and the people, the monarchical, aristocratical, and democratical powers, nicely balanced, as Aristotle says, were the constitution of Carthage, and secured its liberty and prosperity : but when the balance was weakened, and began to incline to a dominion plebis, the precise form of government our author contends for, they hastened to ruin. The next examples quoted by our author are the Swiss ; another example which proves nothing for him, and much against him. All the cantons of any extent, numbers, or wealth, are aristocratical, or mixed : the little spots, that are called democratical, are more or less mixtures. The Hollanders, his last example, had no democratical mixture in their constitution ; entirely aristocratical ; and preserved from tyranny and destruction, partly by a stadtholder, partly by the people in mobs, but more especially by the number of independent cities and sovereignties associated together, and the great multitude of persons concerned in the government and composing the sovereignty, four or five thousand ; and, finally, by the unanimity that is required in all transactions. Thus every one of these examples, ancient and modern, are a clear demonstration against our author's system, instead of being an argument for it. There is not even a colour in his favour in the democratical cantons of Switzerland, narrow spots or barren mountains, where the people live on milk ; nor in St. Marino or Ragusa : no precedents, surely, for

England or American states, where the people are numerous and rich, the territory capacious, and commerce extensive.

Freedom produces magnanimity and courage ; but there is no freedom nor justice in a simple democracy for any but the majority : the ruling party, no doubt, will be active and bold ; but the ruled will be discouraged, brow-beaten, and insulted, without a possibility of redress but by civil war. It is a mixed government then, well balanced, that makes all the nation of a noble temper. Our author confesses, " We feel a loss of courage and magnanimity follow the loss of freedom ; "—and it is very true. This loss is no where so keenly felt, as when we are enslaved by those whom the constitution makes our equals : this is the case of the minority always in a simple democracy.

Eleventh Arg. The eleventh reason is, " because no determinations being carried but by consent of the people, therefore they must needs remain secure out of the reach of tyranny, and free from the arbitrary disposition of any commanding power."—No determinations are carried, it is true, in a simple or representative democracy, but by consent of the majority of the people, or their representatives. If our author had required unanimity in every vote, resolve, and law, in that case no determination could be carried but by consent of the people : but no good government was ever yet founded upon the principle of unanimity ; and it need not be attempted to be proved that none such ever can exist. If the majority, then, must govern, and consequently often near half, and almost always a party, must be governed against their consent, it is the majority only who will remain secure out of the reach of tyranny, and free from the arbitrary disposition

tion of any commanding power : the minority, on the contrary, will be constantly within the reach of tyranny, and under the arbitrary disposition of the commanding power of the majority. Nor do the minority, under such a government, " know what laws they are to obey, or what penalties they are to undergo, in case of transgression ; nor have they any share or interest in making of laws, with the penalties annexed ; nor do they become the more inexcusable if they offend : " nor ought they " the more willingly to submit to punishment, when they suffer for any offence," for the minority have no laws but what the majority please to give, any more than " when the government is managed in the hands of a particular person," or " continued in the hands of a certain number of great men : " nor do the minority " know how to walk by those laws," of the majority, or how to understand them, " because the sense is oftentimes left at uncertainty ; and it will be reckoned a great mystery of state, in such a form of government, that no laws shall be of any sense of force, but as the great ones" among the majority " please to expound them ; so as " the people of the minority" will be " left, as it were, without law, because they bear no other construction and meaning but what suits with the interests and fancies of particular men" in the majority ; " not with right reason, or the public liberty." To be convinced of this, we should recollect that the majority have the appointment of the judges, who will be generally the great leaders in the house, or their friends and partisans, and even great exertions will be made to pack juries ; but without packing, the probability is, that a majority at least of the juries will be of the ruling party in the nation, and its sovereign assembly.

We may go farther, and say, that as

the passions and interests of the majority have no check, they will frequently make *ex post facto* laws ; laws with a retrospect, to take in cases which, at the time, were not foreseen, for the mortification of the minority, and the support and encouragement of their adversaries. The judges will not be less " reputed the oracles of the law" under such a government, than under kings or standing senates ; and the " power of creating judges" will not indeed be " usurped," but will be legally and constitutionally in the hands of the majority, or rather of their leader or leaders, " who will ever have a care to create such as will make the law speak in favour of them upon any occasion." These principles populi may say, with as much arrogance and as much truth as it was ever said by Charles or James, " As long as we have the power of making what judges and bishops we please, we are sure to have no law nor gospel but what shall please us."

The example of Henry the Seventh and Henry the Eighth, those of James and Charles, are no doubt pertinent to prove, that " the usurpation of a prerogative of expounding the laws after their own pleasure, made them rather snares than instruments of relief, like a grand catch-pole, to pill, poll, and geld the purses of the people ; to deprive many gallant men of their lives and fortunes." But if we had the history of any simple democracy, or democracy by simple representation, such as our author contends for, we should find that such a prerogative was usurped by the majority and their chiefs, and applied to as bad purposes. But the truth is, no such government, that we know of, ever existed. The universal sense of mankind has deemed it so destructive or impracticable, that no nation has ventured on it. The Italian republics of the middle age approach the nearest

216 *The right Constitution of a Commonwealth examined.*

nearest to it: their history is an answer. But if we consider those passions in human nature which cause despots, oligarchies, and standing senates, to make such an abuse of power, we must see that the same passions will ever exist in the majority and their leaders in a democracy, and produce the same fatal effects. It is really astonishing, that the institution of Lycurgus should be adduced as a precedent in favour of our author's project of the right constitution of a commonwealth—there is scarcely a form of government in the world more essentially different from it, in all its parts. It is very true that the provision made by that legislator for an equality of laws, rights, duties, and burthens, among all the citizens, however imperfect it was, however inferior to the provision in the English and American constitutions, was the principal commendation of his plan; but instead of giving all power to the people or their representatives, he gave the real sovereignty to his standing senate. Our author himself is so sensible of this, that he allows the "Lacedemonian commonwealth to be cut out after the grandee fashion,"—"confirming the supremacy within the walls of the senate."—"The senate was in some measure restrained by laws, walking in the same even pace of subjection with the people; having few offices of dignity or profit which might make them swell with state and ambition; but were prescribed also the same rules of frugality, plainness, and moderation, as were the common people; by which means immoderate lusts and desires being prevented in the great ones, they were the less inclined to pride and oppression; and no great profit or pleasure being to be gotten by authority, very few desired it; and such as were in it sat free from envy, by which means they avoided that odium and emulation

which used to rage betwixt the great ones and the people in that form of government." But how was this done? by collecting all authority into one centre? No; but by prohibiting travel and communication with strangers, which no people on earth are now barbarous and stupid enough to bear; by prohibiting commerce, which no people who have sense and feeling will now renounce; and by prohibiting money, which all people now desire, and which makes the essential instrument for guiding the world. But all this would not have succeeded, if his constitution had been only one popular assembly.—This was effected by reciprocal checks and a real balance, approaching nearly to an absolute controul of the senate, by a marriage between the king and the people. The king, so far from being a cypher, had great authority; he was the standing and hereditary head of the commonwealth, and this alone must give him a dominion over the hearts and understandings both of senate and people, that must have amounted to a great authority. Our author is generally so sensible of the influence gained over high and low by standing authority, that it is wonderful he should forget it in this case. He was, besides, always commander in chief of the armies, and generally led in person; and this, in all governments, gives a general influence bordering on royal supremacy. But besides, there were two assemblies of the people, one for the city, and one for the country, and those popular representatives, the Ephori. But the indissoluble bond that united the king and people for ever, was the oath taken by the kings and Ephori every month; the former never to violate the privileges of the people, and the latter for ever to be loyal to the kings, the descendants of Hercules. This was not equivalent to an absolute negative in the king and

and the people both, upon the laws of the senate, but it amounted to one complete negative upon the senate; because the kings and people were both sworn to oppose all encroachments of the senate; and if these had made unequal laws, and scrambled for more power, the people would have instantly taken arms, under the command of their Ephori and their kings, against the senate. This balance, this mixture, was the real cause of that equality which was preserved in Sparta. But if all authority had been in the popular assemblies, without kings or senate, the right constitution of a commonwealth which our author is an advocate for, that equality could not have existed twenty years; a majority would necessarily have risen up to carry all before them, and to depress the minority more and more, until the first man among the majority would have been king, his principal supporters nobles, and the rest not only plebeians, but slaves.

The question between us and our author, is not whether the people shall be excluded from all interest in government or not. In this point we are perfectly agreed, viz. that there can be no constitutional liberty, no free state, no right constitution of a commonwealth, where the people are excluded from the government; where, indeed, the people have not an independent equal share with the two other orders of the state, and an absolute controul over all laws and grants of money. We agree therefore in his next example, the commonwealth of Venice, "where the people are excluded from all interest in government; where the power of making and executing of laws, and bearing offices, with all other immunities, lies only in the hands of a standing senate, and their kindred, which they call the patrician or noble order." Their duke is indeed re-

strained; but far from being "made just such another officer as the Lacedæmonian kings," he is reduced in dignity and authority much below them, "differing from the rest of the senate only in a corner of his cap, besides a little outward ceremony and splendor."—"The senate themselves have, indeed, liberty at random arbitrarily to ramble, and do what they please with the people, who, excepting the city itself, are so extremely oppressed in all their territories, living by no law but the arbitrary dictates of the senate, that it seems rather a junto than a commonwealth;"—"and the subjects take so little content in it, that seeing more to be enjoyed under the Turk, they that are his borderers take all opportunities to revolt, and submit rather to the mercy of a Pagan tyranny; which disposition if you consider, together with the little courage of their subjects, by reason they press them so hard, and how that they are forced for this cause to rely upon foreign mercenaries in all warlike expeditions, you might wonder how this state hath held up so long, but that we know the interest of Christendom being concerned in her security, she hath been chiefly supported by the supplies and arms of others." All this is readily allowed. We concur also most sincerely in our author's conclusion, in part, viz. "That since kings, and all standing powers, are so inclinable to act according to their own wills and interests, in making, expounding, and executing of laws, to the prejudice of the people's liberty and security, that no laws whatsoever should be made but by the people's consent, as the only means to prevent arbitrariness." But we must carry the conclusion farther, viz. that since all men are so inclinable to act according to their own wills and interests, in making, expounding, and executing laws, to the prejudice of the people's

ple's liberty and security, the sovereign authority, the legislative, executive, and judicial power, can never be safely lodged in one assembly, though chosen annually by the people; because the majority and their leaders, the principes populi, will as certainly oppress the minority, and make, expound, and execute laws for their own wealth, power, grandeur,

and glory, to the prejudice of the liberty and security of the minority, as hereditary kings or standing senates. The conclusion, therefore, that the people, in a succession of their supreme single assemblies, are the best keepers of their liberties, must be wholly reprobated.

(*To be continued.*)

A P O L O G U E S.

The insulted Dervis.

THE favourite of a sultan threw a stone at a poor Dervis who asked him for alms. The insulted Dervis durst say nothing; but he gathered up the stone, and carefully preserved it, determined sooner or later to throw it back again at his proud and cruel oppressor. Some time afterwards he was told that the favourite was disgraced; that by an order of the sultan he was conducted through the streets mounted on a camel, and exposed to the insults of the populace. At this news the Dervis run for his stone; but after a moment's reflection, he threw it into a well. I now see (said he) that one ought never to revenge themselves. When our enemy is powerful, it is imprudence and folly; when he is unfortunate, it is meanness and cruelty.

The famished Arab.

AN Arab, wandering in the desert, had not eat for two days, and saw himself on the point of perishing for hunger. In passing near one of those wells where the caravans stop to water their camels, he saw on the sand a small leathern bag. He

took it up; he felt it; "Alla be praised (said he) I believe it is dates or nuts." Full of this delightful expectation, he hastened to open the bag; but at the sight of its contents, "Alas! (cried he in a sorrowful accent) it is nothing but pearls."

The Friends and Money.

A RICH mussulman was sick for some weeks, and was astonished that two or three of his most intimate friends never came to visit him. They dare not, said the manager of his affairs; they have borrowed from you large sums, of which the time of payment is come, and they are not in a situation to repay you. Well, replied the sick man, go to them in my name, and tell them they owe me nothing; but that I beg them to come for their discharge. I would rather lose my money than my friends.

We may add to this little story the double expedient which the poet Sadi gives us to deliver ourselves from troublesome people. If they are poor (says he), lend them money; if they are rich, ask them to lend you. In both the one case and the other, you are morally certain of never seeing them again.

Concerning the Discovery of AMERICA by Columbus. Translated from the French of M. Mallet du Pan.

FROM whence Christopher Columbus derived his idea of the probable existence of a western world, is

a question that has been only slightly noticed by historians. The greatest part of them pretend that such an idea

idea was suggested to him from an attentive consideration of a common map of the world. The celebrated *Robertson* has adopted this sentiment; and *Abbé Raynal* has carried it to a ridiculous length, by ascribing the project of Columbus to the mere force of instinct. Both these opinions, however, as they are gratuitously taken up, must lose somewhat of their credit when we attend to the following circumstances—to the place where Columbus was born, to the scene of his studies, and the epoch of his enterprise. Two very well authenticated facts, entirely passed over by the abovementioned historians, throw abundant light on the true source of the maritime conceptions of that great navigator.

The expeditions of the Portuguese have so much engaged the attention of historians, that little or no notice has been taken of the commerce, the nautical knowledge, and the navigations of the Italians in the 14th and 15th centuries. When we reflect, that a revolution, which entirely changed the face of the affairs of Europe, was brought about by Cabot, Columbus, Vesputius, and Verazzani, four mariners belonging to a nation that is now totally forgot in the empire of the seas! what power can flatter itself with being sheltered from the vicissitudes of fortune!

In the 15th century, *Genoa*, *Pisa*, and *Venice*, formed the centre of the productions of commerce in Europe. The Venetians, especially, possessing the greatest fleets and the greatest share of foreign trade, were likewise the best provided with marine plans and charts. They were perfectly acquainted with the enterprises of the Portuguese; and *Lewis Cadamosto*, a Venetian in the service of Portugal, was the person who had discovered the greatest part of the southern coast of Africa.

Sebastian Cabot, another Venetian, and equally expert with Columbus, was, while a refugee in Spain, the first who encouraged the enterprises of *Mendoza* in exploring the western ocean. In the relation transmitted to us by *Ramusio* of the unsuccessful attempts of this viceroy, we can perceive, that Cabot had suspected, and indeed almost affirmed, the existence of a communication between the Atlantic and the western seas. It was he who first inspired the court of Spain with the idea of transporting by this rout the spices of the Philippines to Mexico, and from thence to Europe, in order to shorten the passage of 1760 long leagues, and spare themselves a multitude of dangers; an idea, however, that was but imperfectly adopted in the establishment of a galloon at *Acapulco*. The views of Cabot, as well as his great discoveries, attest sufficiently the blaze of nautical knowledge that enlightened the country where he had learned his trade,

But there exists even to this day a remarkable monument of the great progress the Italians had then made in the science of geography and navigation. In 1439, the Senate of Venice gave orders to *Friar Maure*, to design according to memoirs furnished him by the admiralty, that celebrated planisphere of four feet eight inches in diameter, which is still to be seen in the library of *St. Michel de Muran*, near Venice. Upon this planisphere we find distinctly laid down the whole western coast of Africa; the Cape doubled, the land of *Zanguibar* (called *Zinzibar*), and the island of Madagascar. It likewise contains the northern part of the coasts of Tartary and Siberia as far as Japan.

The value of this singular work is enhanced by a number of remarks interrelling to geography, navigation, and

and natural philosophy. In one of them we read, that the Cape of Good Hope, then known by the name of the Cape of *Diob*, had been discovered in 1420, by a ship from India. The author speaks elsewhere of the flux and reflux of the tide, and ascribes them to the pressure and gravitation of the moon. In another place he affirms, that the *conques* or Indian vessels, sail without a *compass*, *although they make use of an astrolabe*; an observation that tends to destroy the general opinion that the Italians derived the use of the compass from the Indians and Chinese.

In 1459, Alphonzo IV. king of Portugal, requested a copy of this planisphere. The senate deliberated upon it; and at last permitted the monastery to grant a copy; which being finished in 1464, the price of it was paid down in the name of Alphonzo: all which circumstances are vouched by the books of accounts just now existing in the monastery of St. Michel de Muran.

This copy is still preserved in Portugal in the convent of Alcobaza; from it were drawn the charts delivered to Vasco de Gama; and the whole of the Portuguese expeditions for the purpose of discovering a passage to India, by doubling the coast of Africa, had this planisphere for their foundation and guide. In the voyage of Alvarez, published by Ramusio, we read that Don Emanuel, in the year 1487, caused to be given to Peter Covighiano and Alphonzo de Payva, upon their failing to make discoveries in Africa, charts extracted from an *Italian map* of the world; and this map was no other than the planisphere of *Maure*.

What is very strange, and marks strongly the inadvertence of travellers in general, is, that of all those who have related their travels in Italy, and who have taken notice of so many things either entirely useless or

already well known, not one, excepting M. de la Lande, has made the smallest mention of so extraordinary a curiosity.

But this is not the only circumstance that proves the progress of navigation among the Italians to have been antecedent to the discoveries of the Portuguese and Spaniards. There is preserved in the library of Parma a geographical chart, with the date of 1436; in which we find laid down a great land or island to the west of the Canaries, precisely in the latitude of St. Domingo. And the Count Carli, a learned Italian, formerly President of the council of finances at Milan, and whose immense erudition has thrown light on a great number of facts relating to history and antiquities, reports, in his American Letters, that he had seen a chart perfectly similar in the hands of the Procurator Foscarini.

There are yet other maps of the 14th and 15th centuries where the remote isles of the ocean towards America are traced. The library of Geneva contains four marine charts in folio vellum, pasted upon wooden tablets. Above the Fortunate Isles the author has written these words: *In hac regione sunt plagæ arenosæ et valde magnæ, &c. &c.* These maps, as indicated by a note of the same author, were drawn in 1476 by Andrew Benincasa of Ancona; consequently they are anterior by 16 years to the discoveries of Columbus.

It would be rash to conclude from these different documents, that in composing them the authors had already a certain knowledge of these isles, or of that western world reserved for the researches of Columbus. Perhaps the ancient traditions concerning Atalantis and the Hesperides, rather than facts, might direct these geographers to anticipate discoveries. The conclusion, however, is equally the same that there then prevailed in Italy an universal opinion of the existence

istence of another continent; and, that independent of the reveries and discoveries of antiquity, purely conjectural, this opinion rested on reasonings the fruits of an experience founded upon extensive practice in navigation; and perhaps upon certain facts, the evidence of which have not come down to us. When we see such monuments among a maritime people, rich in bold navigators, and famous at that time for their enterprises; when we moreover consider this almost instantaneous effulgence, where courage joined to science enlarged on all sides the limits of the known world, we cannot doubt but that this grand epoch was preceded by a remarkable accumulation of knowledge. Instinct, genius, or fortune, might create one such voyager as Columbus; but the enlightened state of the times could alone produce ten of them at the same instant.

It was by tracing the footsteps of his compatriots that Columbus pursued the path of discovery and immortality. The destiny which awaited him was favoured by a most extensive education. He had been taught every thing then known, in astronomy, geometry, cosmography, and design. He studied at the university of Padua, a Venetian city, where the sciences relative to navigation were taught as the foundation of the power and prosperity of the republic. There Columbus must have imbibed notions the most extensive; there the state of discoveries already made, or discoveries meditated, would be disclosed to his growing ardour; there he became acquainted with the marine charts, of which he was soon to verify the prognostics.

The first of his voyages was in the Mediterranean in the year 1467. Italy and the age in which he lived have a right to share his glory, as having produced him. Upon a review of the celebrated navigators his compatriots,

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 4.

one may say of it, *Magna virum mater*. Columbus traced the rout, and found the country, as one gets out of a forest by the assistance of clearances made by the hands of men.

To these anterior lights of the Venetians may be objected their indifference in profiting by them. It may be asked, Why did this republic neglect to interest herself in the discoveries of the Portuguese? Why did she not pursue that rout to India, of which she already held the thread, and which at last proved the tomb of her commerce?

It is easy to point out the causes of this supposed inactivity. Prudence perhaps at first restrained the republic from marking with her footsteps a rout to the Indies, which other nations would be sure to follow. Such a conduct would have been throwing away the commerce of the East with her own hand: as soon as the Cape was doubled, it was no longer to be expected that a people shut up in the Adriatic gulph was to command the commerce of the East. How could the Venetians have defended and preserved their conquests in the Indies without a single port on the ocean; and while obliged, in some measure, to demand a passage from the masters of the straits of Gibraltar?

The success of their expeditions, by exciting the jealousy of other powers had already prepared the way for the league of Cambray, which was formed in the year 1508. The whole maritime force of the state was at last employed in the wars against Bajazet. The Sultan of Egypt had also engaged at the same time to free them from the duties on their commerce to India; an immense advantage, and which contributed greatly to discourage the dangerous navigation of the Cape, where, in the space of 13 years, out of 114 ships sent out to India, no less than 59 had perished.

Mercure de France.

G g

For

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

Messrs. EDITORS,

You may publish the following copy of an Advertisement I lately met with in my sojournings. R—.

UNIVERSAL HOSPITAL.

THE subscriber, with whose education no pains has been spared—who has the whole works of *Duns Scotus*, Jacob Behmen, and Dr. Sangrado, by heart—has been long an adept in the almost-forgotten, never-enough-to-be-applauded, golden science of astrology—who has analyzed the *Garcinia Mangostana* under the burning rays of a vertical sun, examined the *winteranea aromatica* upon the cliffs on which it grew within twenty degrees of the frozen pole, and from the gloomy caverns of Derbyshire surprised the world with the insectifiable, miraculous, *terra ponderosa*—who, in pursuit of an Arabian nostrum among the ruins of Palmyra, was upon the brink of suffering an excruciating impalement as a spy—has investigated every university in Europe—was personally acquainted with Hannah Stevens, negro Cæsar, and Dr. Yeldal—and, at this moment corresponds with all the benevolent dames in North-America—who knew the difference between *motherwort* and *old man's pepper*, has erected a superb edifice for the purposes of an *universal hospital*; where, besides eradicating the host of maladies which human frames are heirs to, he effects cures for mental disorders in a manner not less wonderful than perfectly efficacious.

To induce the public not to consider him in the light of a pompous pretender, he particularizes, in a few examples, his method of performing cures of infirm minds: for instance, if a young lady, deeply in love, applies for relief, he takes three or four sighs, warm from her heart, melts them in a soft pomatum gallipot, with

a little rosin scraped from a violin and virgin wax, makes the whole into a salve; a small plaister of which, put upon the tip of her tongue, will extract all the venom from her bosom, and cause it to evaporate in colloquial nonsense.

Coquetry he relieves by a process diametrically opposite to the foregoing; by taking a few energetic declarations immediately as they fall from the lips, and forging them into the form of a magnet: this he applies under the stays next her heart—sympathy does the rest.

The *prude* is cured by simply bringing her mouth in contact with that of a coquette when the latter is above mediocrity in her character: this process is called in Cochin-China, *im-bibition*.

Pride, in men or women, is eradicated, by mixing half a dozen whistles of the *humility*, (a meek little bird of the snipe kind) with an ounce of the honey of the *bumble bee*, and cramming a pellet of it in each nostril, when in their haughtiest distension.

If a *husband* is *morose*, the kindest expostulations of his wife must be tied up in a small blue silk bag, and kept warm in his bosom; if he is *jealous*, he must take three scruples of Shakespeare's Othello, reduced to an impalpable powder, and diet himself and spouse upon oat-meal gruel: if he is *ben-peck'd*, he may live a fortnight upon soup made of the hearts of Bantam cocks, and read *Catherine* and *Petruchio* twice every day.

He compels *inconstant* swains to employ themselves without the least intermission in building cages for turtle-doves; and nymphs afflicted with

with the same malady, to sit and look on the whole time.

That the under-written is exceedingly modest (although by his above professions, some might be led to suppose the contrary) appears by his openly declaring, that, bending as he is under the pressure of experimental and theoretical information, yet, he knows of no medicament that will operate upon a *screw*; he has distilled every plant of every name—

examined the whole kingdom of metals, ores, and fossils, and put every element to the torture for this purpose, but all in vain.

His *pay* is the *satisfaction* resulting from his agency in lightening some of the burdens incident to humanity, and eradicating a few of the thorns which but too plentifully spring up and mar the path of earth's poor pilgrims.

WIZARD.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

The MURDER of OTHELLO, a TRAGEDY,

As now performing in this City, by a Company of SELECT GENTLEMEN.

TO THE GENTLE READER.

The following Tragedy is complete in all its parts, and wants only to be lengthened out to five acts (which the matter would amply allow) to be a perfect specimen of the higher order of the Drama. It begins with a Hero in distress, and after many hopes and fears, leaves him ten times worse off than it found him. The action is one—The place is one—The characters are of so superior an order, that they are all above their business; and, above all, it may boast of what Cato might have boasted, but for one glittering thought, perfect unity of time. If this does not constitute a tragedy—what does?

ACT AND SCENE—FIRST AND LAST.

Enter Truck with a dressing-gown on, his hair twisted up ridiculously in papers all over the front, and loose behind—(ringing of bell for some time before his entrance.)

Tr. JOHN!—Nanny!—Nanny!
—John!—where the devil are you?—John!—Nan—

Enter Miss Truck.

M. Tr. Dear papa, what's the matter?—Oh la! a'n't you drest yet?—

Tr. No, nor never shall be!—See—see Suky! what you have brought your poor old pappy to.

M. Tr. Why, where's Mr. Puff, Sir?

Tr. Ah! I know nothing—I can get nobody to come near me—The rascal came four hours ago, and pinch'd, and screw'd, and stretch'd my poor skin as tight as Peter Pigeon's leather breeches—made me look

like a devil with ten pair of horns, and—(feeling his hair behind) no tail—and here he's left me—and John and Nanny are gone with him for any thing I can find. Do Suky, go down stairs and look for them—I am afraid to go, for if any of the neighbours should see me in this trim, I should never get over it. Ah Suky! Suky! see what you have brought me to!

M. Tr. La! Sir, I'm sure I'm sorry enough that you can't get drest, for its time to go now to see the bride, or else we shall never be able to drink tea with Mrs. Tittup, and Mrs. Kit-tup, and Miss Callow, and Mrs. Brood, time enough to go and see the select gentlemen perform.

Tr. Lord a' mercy! what have I come to! to be flirting about at a girl's tail, Tittuping and Kittuping when

when I thought to be smoking my pipe in my arm'd chair, and finding fault with the slow proceeding of Congress.

M. Tr. But you know, papa, I must have somebody to appear with me in public.

Tr. Yes, I know it my dear : run and see after John, and send him for Puff—let me get rid of these cursed horns! at any rate. [*Exit Miss Truck alone.*]

Ah! Timothy Truck—Timothy Truck—thou art fated to petticoat government!—born with as true a federal republican constitution as any on our continent, and yet always living under a downright tyranny. First my poor sweet dear deceas'd Mrs. Truck, led me a devil of a life to be sure: She swagger'd about, and carried Suky from one state to another, continually changing like our seat of government, while poor Timothy staid at home, in an old foxy wig, rusty suit, worsted stockings, short quarter'd shoes, and tiny brals buckles, not bigger than the link of a lady's ear-drop—then I had no name—no—I was Mrs. Truck's husband.—When my poor dear deceas'd Mrs. Truck was taken away from her sorrowful spouse, I thought I might have a chance to preside over the federal body of my household; but no—as soon as the old hen was gone the chicken began to cackle—Miss Suky could'nt go into public without me to take care of her—so she has constituted me a kind of a male Duenna. The old wig is discarded, and *four and twenty* grey hairs are twisted up in twelve papers, to be frized into a toupee, and the remaining nine serve to tie a tail to. My brown suit, with the waistcoat flaps down to my knees, is changed for these (*opens his gown*)—my collar up to my eyes—my breeches up to my chin, and just waistcoat enough to tuck the end of my cravat in—and instead of my venerable shoes and buckles, I have a

pair of boots three inches and a half long, with the straps knocking at my heels as I walk, knick-it-y-knock—knick-it-y-knock—that, ecod, I feel like a thief in irons. Not content to bamboozle me out of my liberty, I am cheated out of my name too—no sooner did I cease to be *Mrs. Truck's husband*, but I commenced *Miss Truck's father*—Ah! Timothy Truck, Timothy Truck, thou art—[*Screaming without.*] Why, what the devil's the matter?

Enter Miss Truck.

M. Tr. Oh la! papa, go and prevent murder—there is John with his face all over soot and shoe-blackening, smothering Nanny with your saddle-bags, and crying out “down strumpet,” as loud as he can roar.

Enter Nanny.

Nan. Help! murder!

Tr. Oh! the rascal, I know he's jealous of me! but I'll teach him to strumpet any thing in my house.

[*Exit.*]

M. Tr. Well, *Madam!* and what's the cause of all this?

Nan. Indeed Miss, I don't know, not I; John's had a parcel of people about the house, about play-acting, and I believe they've turn'd the poor soul's brain, as I hope to be sav'd; he says to me, “Nanny,” says he, “will you be Drumsicumfy, and let me smother you.” I thought he had some evil intent at first; but he said he would only show me how the play-actors did—so I says, yes, says I—and then he goes and blacks his face, and gets master's saddle-bags, and told me all his “hairs was alive, and his stomach big enough to eat them all, and me too”—and then down with me.

Tr. without. Come along you rascal!

Enter Truck, pulling in John by the neck-cloth.

Tr. So, Sir, you must go to smothering the young woman!

John. I

John. I was only acting my part, Sir.

Tr. Your part! a pretty fellow indeed—do you think I hired you to do such business?

John. Ecod, Sir, if she had but minded her cue, we should have done it purely!

Tr. Why, what does the rascal mean?

M. Tr. I dare say I can explain matters—John, you know, was permitted to go and see the select gentlemen perform, and being a young man of genius, I presume has been exercising his talents by imitating the gentleman who perform'd Othello. Is'n't it so John?

John. Why, to tell you the truth, Miss, some of the gentlemen hearing as how my turn lies that there way, have been giving me a little destruction, and I guess I shall come on soon.

Tr. Get off, you dolt, and wash your face, and put away the saddle-bags, and see what keeps Puff!

John. Yes, Sir—but I respect he's gone to rehearsal. [Exit.]

Nan. Yes, Sir, Mr. Puff's the one that's made John madder than all the rest. Yesterday morning he comes into the kitchen, and as soon as he sees me scouring the big iron pot, he give such a jump as if he'd a bounce'd out of the window—"You creeping, black, dirty hag," says he, "what are you doing?" "Why, scouring the pot," says I. With that in comes John, and then they went on just for all the world like distracted.

Tr. When Puff comes call me.

[Exit with Miss.]

Nan. By jinks, John may thank me for not telling of the big arthen dish that he tied on his arm and call'd a buckram, and Puff broke it with a curling tongs. Oh, here they come; they shan't catch me and turn every thing topsy-turvy. [Exit.]

Enter Puff with a play-bill and John.

Puff. Yes, John, I think this is a trim composition, none of your soap-

suds lathery stuff, but well turn'd, and as sharp as a razor.

John. Who writ it?

Puff. Razor, you know he writes.

John. Oh, its pure!—A young gentleman—that's I—stuck up at Rivington's corner—he, he, he.—"Othello by a young gentleman, being his first appearance among the select gentlemen." How did you feel the first time? ha!

Puff. Rather in the suds.

John. What did you act? ha!

Puff. Douglas—"My name is Norval, on the champion hills my father feeds his sheep!"—Oh! I twiggled it off—I trimm'd 'em—never fear Puff.

John. He, he, he! pure fun!—but, but, how did you manage about your blind eye?

Puff. Oh! there I came off with flying colours—Why, I contrived to tell the audience that I lost my eye in battle with the robbers—I got Razor to write down some lines of my own making, to come in one of my speeches. I'll say them—

—We fought and conquer'd.

Before a sword was drawn

An arrow from my bow had kill'd their captain,

But not before we came to such close quarters,

That, flashing his pistol in my face,

Alas! tho' it miss'd fire, it took away my eye-sight.

There was a thought—What a pity it is I can't write.

John. Ha, ha, ha!—pure fun!—he, he, he!—I'm mighty fear'd I shall get out in my part—Don't you some times get out?

Puff. Oh, yes! but then I always clap in some wit of my own—but the best way when you are out is to fill up the gap with an oath or two, a curse or a dam, that's the way we do, and the ladies are so pleas'd—he, he, he! they're a very good natured set

set of ladies that comes to our room, and the gentlemen set so pleasant and lean on their laps—and when we say any thing smutty, Lord how they laugh—but come, let's hear you say your part—come, when you and I are together—I'll begin—

"I do beseech you, tho' I perchance am vicious, as you may guess—"

then you know we cut out some.

"Your wisdom would not build yourself a trouble,

*Of my scattering and unquiet service,
It were not for your surety, nor your good,*

*Nor your manhood, nor your honesty,
Nor your wisdom, to let me know your thoughts?"*

John. "What do you mean?"

Puff. I don't know exactly, but I got it by book.

John. Ha!—You know my cue was *thoughts*, and then I say, "what do you mean?"

Puff. Oh ho! "What do'st thou mean?"—not what do you mean—ha, ha, ha!—a good joke!—ha, ha, ha!

John. "What do'st thou mean?"

Enter Nanny.

Nan. Mr. Puff, master's waiting for you, and you mester John.

John. "What do'st thou mean?"

Nan. Oh souls! the fit's coming on him again—I'll run. [*Exit.*]

John. "What do'st thou mean?"

Puff. Mean—ay!—"Good name in man and woman—good, my Lord."

Enter Truck.

Tr. Why, where the devil have you been, Sir? do you think I am to be treated —

Puff. "Man and woman—good, my Lord —"

Tr. No, scoundrel! man, woman or child shall never treat me thus—come dispatch—unscrew these cursed papers—take off my horns.

Puff. Oh horrible!—Must I again

unsheath this cursed comb?—Well, if I must I must.

Tr. (to John.) And do you, Sir, bring a pan of coals here to heat his tongs and pinchers.

Puff. Oh! what a falling off was there—harkee John—your cue is "*strongly loves.*"

John. "Oh, misery!" [*Exit.*]

Tr. Is the devil in the fellows?

Enter Razor.

Raz. Why Puff—"Ancient, what make you here?"

Puff. "Faith, he to-night has boarded a land carriage—If she prove lawful prize, he's made for ever."

Raz. "I do not understand."

Tr. Nor I, curse me if I do.

Puff. "He's married."

Tr. It's a lie—tho' I am horned.

Raz. "To whom?"

Puff. "Married to—Come captain, will ye go?"

Enter John with the coals.

John. "Have with you."

Tr. Hold, Sir! who are you?

John. Othel—John, Sir.

Tr. Are you my servant?

John. I hope so, Sir.

Tr. Then go down in the kitchen and clean knives and shoes, and do not presume to stir out this night.

Raz. } Oh, Sir!

Puff. }

(*Miss Truck without.*)

M. Tr. Not dressed yet papa—I shall be ruin'd!

Raz. } We shall be ruin'd too!

Puff. }

Tr. I see no probability of getting dress'd to-night, unless these heroes will both throw by their truncheons, and one shave whilst t'other dresses me.

Raz. Willingly, Sir, provided you will not confine our captain-general to the kitchen.

Tr. Well, well, any thing for a little peace.

[*Razor lathers him—Puff, with hot tongs pinches the papers—John behind, studying attitudes.*]

Enter

Enter Boy.

Boy. Mr. Razor, the gentleman that you left in the shop says, if you don't come back and finish shaving him, he'll be the death of you.

Raz. Adso! I'd forgot him. (*Leaves Truck and going.*)

Tr. Why, rascal, would you leave me soap up to the eyes?

Raz. I beg your pardon, t'other gentleman has been lather'd this half hour—he never would have waited so long, but that I knowing him to be a staunch friend to the British constitution, or in other words, a good old tory, put Edmund Burke's Philipuck into his hands.

Tr. Come back and finish me or— (*Attempts to rise—Puff holds him by the hair.*)

Puff. Set still, Sir, I shall burn you.

John—(runs forward.) "Hold for your lives. Why, what's the matter now!"

Puff—(drops the tongs.) "Friends all."

Tr. No, rascal, you shall find I'm no friend—(*Catches up the chair and beats Puff.*)

Raz. "I pray you pardon me, I cannot speak."

[*Truck between Razor and Puff, one flourishing his razor, the other puffing powder at him.*]

John. "Now, if I once stir, the best of you shall sink at my repute."

Tr. Ha! rascal, you shall sink first. (*Knocks down John with the chair, and stands astride over him.*)

Puff. Oh, what a glorious attitude!

Raz. Now John, die like a hero!

Puff. How naturally he fell!

Tr. I'll try and help you to a good falling attitude, scoundrels—(*Strikes at Puff—the barbers run off—he follows, and John gets on his hands and knees and creeps out at the opposite door.*) [*Exeunt omnes.*]

ARSACES AND ISMENIA. AN ORIENTAL STORY.

[*Continued from page 170, and concluded.*]

"I HAVE already told you that we were adored by that little society which composed our household. Ardasure and I were charmed with each other; and without doubt, the natural effect of love is to render those who love happy. But that general benevolence which we find in every person around us can render happier than love itself. A good heart cannot fail to be pleased in the midst of this general benevolence. Strange effect of nature! Man is never so little his own as when he appears to be most so. The heart is never the heart but when it yields itself; because its enjoyments are external to itself.

"Hence it is, that those ideas of greatness, which always draw the heart to itself, deceive those who are bewitched with them: hence it is

they are astonished at not being happy in the midst of what they reckon felicity; that, not finding happiness in greatness, they seek more greatness still. If they cannot attain it, they think themselves miserable; if they do attain it, still they are not happy.

"It is the arrogance of superiority which, possessing us, prevents us from possessing ourselves; and which, concentrating us all in self, brings melancholy along with it. This sadness proceeds from the solitude of the heart, which feels itself always formed for enjoyment, and which yet never enjoys; which feels itself always made for others, and never finds them.

"Thus might we have tasted those pleasures which nature bestows as often as we do not fly from her; we might

might have passed our days in joy, innocence, and peace; we might have numbered our years by the renewal of the flowers and the fruits; we might have lost them in the rapidity of a life of felicity; I might have seen Ardasire every day, and every day have told her that I loved her; the same earth might have received us both:—But all at once my happiness vanished; and I experienced the most dreadful reverse imaginable.

“The Prince of the country was a tyrant, capable of every crime; but nothing rendered him so odious as the continual outrages he offered to a sex upon whom we are not permitted to lift our eyes. He learned, by a female slave who had escaped from the harem of Ardasire, that she was the greatest beauty in the East. Nothing more was necessary to determine him to carry her off. One night a great body of armed men surrounded my house, and in the morning I received an order from the tyrant to send him Ardasire. I saw the impossibility of saving her. I at first resolved to kill her in the sleep in which she was buried. I seized my sword; I run; I entered her chamber; I opened the curtains; I recoiled with horror, and my blood run cold. A new frenzy seized me; I wished to throw myself in the midst of those guards, and sacrifice every one who opposed me. My mind at length opened to a more rational scheme; I began to calm. I resolved to take the dress I had wore some months ago; and, under the name of Ardasire, to mount into the litter which the tyrant had destined for her; and to make myself be conducted to him. Besides that I saw no other resource, I felt a sentiment of pleasure in performing a deed of courage in that very dress with which blind love had formerly debased my sex.

“I executed every thing cool. I ordered them to conceal from Ardasire the danger to which I was exposed; and that, as soon as I departed, they should fly to save her in another country. I took with me a slave, whose bravery I knew; and delivered myself up to the women and eunuchs whom the tyrant had sent. I was not two days upon the road; and, when I arrived, the night was far advanced. The tyrant was celebrating a feast with his women and courtiers in a parlour in his gardens. He was in that stupid gaiety inspired by debauch when carried to excess. He commanded me to be brought in. I entered the banquetting-room: he made me be seated near him; and I was able to conceal my fury, and the disorder of my mind. I was as it were uncertain in my wishes. I wished to attract the notice of the tyrant; and when he fixed his eyes on me, I felt my rage redoubled. Because he thinks I am Ardasire, said I to myself, he dares to love me. I thought I saw his outrages multiplied, and that he found a thousand different ways of offending my love. Yet I was prepared to enjoy the most dreadful vengeance. He began to grow inflamed: and I saw him approaching insensibly to his destruction. He went out of the banquetting-room, and led me to the most retired apartment of his gardens, followed by a single eunuch and my slave. Already his brutal fury was about to enlighten him with regard to my sex. This steel, I cried, shall inform you better that I am a man. Die; and let it be told in hell, that the husband of Ardasire has punished thy crimes. He fell at my feet; and at this moment the door of the apartment opened; for as soon as my slave had heard my voice, he had killed the eunuch who guarded it, and had seized upon it. We fled; we wandered in the gardens: we met a man; I seized

I seized him ; I will plunge this poignard, said I, in your breast, if you do not show me a passage by which to escape. It was a gardener, who, all trembling with fear, led me to a door, which he opened ; I commanded him to shut it, and follow me.

" I threw off my dress, and took a slave's cloak. We wandered in the woods ; and by an unexpected good fortune, when we were worn out with fatigue, we found a merchant who was feeding his camels ; we forced him to conduct us out of this fatal country.

" In proportion as I avoided so many dangers, my heart became less tranquil. I must again see Ardasire ; and every thing made me afraid for her. Her women and her eunuchs had concealed from her the horror of our situation ; but, seeing me no longer near her, she thought me guilty ; she thought that I had broken all the oaths of fidelity I had sworn to her. She could not conceive the barbarity of making her be carried off without any information. Love sees every thing which it dreads. Life became insupportable to her ; she swallowed poison ; it did not operate violently. I arrived, and found her expiring. Ardasire, said I to her, I lose you, you die ! Cruel Ardasire, alas, what had I done ?—She shed some tears. Arfaces, said she, but a moment ago and death appeared delicious to me : it appears dreadful now that I see you. I feel that I wish to live again for you, and that my soul abandons me in spite of itself. Preserve my memory ; and if I learn that it is dear to you, assure yourself that my shade shall hence receive consolation in the regions of death. I have at least the pleasure, my Arfaces, of expiring in your arms.

" She breathed her last. It would be impossible for me to tell you how I did not expire likewise. They tore me from Ardasire ; and I thought

that they tore me from myself. I fixed my eyes upon her, and remained motionless ; I became insensible. They removed from me this terrible spectacle, and I felt my mind resume all its sensibility. They carried me off ; I turned my eyes to that fatal object of my grief : I would have given a thousand lives to see her again for a moment. I became frantic ; I seized my sword ; I was going to stab myself ; they prevented me. I left this fatal palace, and never entered it more. My reason left me ; I run through the woods ; I filled the air with my cries. When I became more tranquil, the whole bent of my soul was turned upon my grief. It seemed as if nothing now remained to me in the world but my sorrow and the name of Ardasire. This name,—I pronounced it in the most terrible accents, and then became silent. I resolved to take away my life ; and instantly was seized with fury. You wish to die, said I to myself, to die, and Ardasire is not revenged ! You wish to die, and the son of the tyrant is in Hyrcania bathed in delights ! He lives, and you wish to die !

" I set out in search of him. I learned that he had declared war against you : I flew to join you. I arrived three days before the battle, and performed the action which you know. I might have slain the tyrant's son ; I chose rather to make him my prisoner. I wish him to drag out in shame and in irons a life as miserable as mine. I hope that some day he will learn that I have cut off the last of his race. I confess, however, that since I have avenged myself, I do not find myself happier ; and I feel that the hope of vengeance is more flattering than vengeance itself. My rage which I have satisfied ; the action which you have seen ; the acclamations of the people ; even your friendship, my Lord, cannot

H h

not

not restore me that which I have lost."

The surprise of Aspar had begun almost at the same time with the recital which he had heard. No sooner had he heard the name of Arfaces, than he recollected the husband of the Queen. Reasons of state had obliged him to send among the Medes Ismenia, the king's youngest daughter; and he had there made her be brought up in secret under the name of Ardasire. He had married her to Arfaces; he had always had confidants in his harem: he was the genie, who, by means of these same confidants, had spread so much wealth through the house of Arfaces; and who by very simple means had made them imagine so many prodigies.

He had very powerful reasons for concealing from Arfaces the birth of Ardasire. Arfaces, whose courage was excessive, might have pretended in right of his wife to the throne, and thrown Bactria into confusion.

But these reasons subsisted no longer; and when he heard the story of Arfaces, he was a thousand times upon the point of interrupting him; but he thought that it was not yet time to inform him of his condition. A minister accustomed to controul his motions returned always to prudence; he intended to prepare for a great event, not to hasten it.

Two days after, a report spread that the eunuch had placed a false Ismenia on the throne. From murmurs they proceeded to sedition. The people, in a fury surrounded the palace; they demanded aloud the head of Aspar. The eunuch made one of the gates be opened; and, mounted on an elephant, advanced into the croud. Bactrians, said he, listen to me. And as they still continued to murmur: Hear me, I tell you. If you can kill me at present, you can equally make me die a moment after. Look at this paper, written and seal-

ed by the hand of your late Sovereign: prostrate yourselves, adore it; I am going to read it.

He read it.—

"Heaven has given me two daughters, who resemble each other so strongly, that they might deceive the most discerning eye. I am afraid lest this give rise to great troubles, and wars still more fatal. Do you, then, Aspar, light of the empire, take the younger of the two; convey her secretly into Media, and make her be taken care of. Let her remain there under a feigned name, as long as the good of the state shall require it."

He laid this writing on his head, and kneeled; then resuming his speech:

"Ismenia is dead, do not doubt of it; but her sister, the young Ismenia, is upon the throne. Will you complain, because, seeing the Queen's death approaching, I have made her sister be brought from the heart of Asia? Will you reproach me for having been fortunate enough to restore her to you, and place her on a throne which, since the death of her sister, is her right? If I concealed the Queen's death, did not the state of affairs demand it? Do you blame me for having executed with prudence an act of fidelity? Lay down your arms then. Hitherto you are not criminal; from this moment you will be so."

Aspar explained afterwards how he had entrusted the young Ismenia to two old eunuchs; how they had carried her into Media under a feigned name; how he had married her to a great lord of the country; how he had made her be followed to every country whither fortune had conducted her; how the Queen's illness had determined him to get her carried off, to be kept in secret in the seaglio; how, after the Queen's death, he had placed her on the throne.

As

As the billows of the stormy sea are hushed by the zephyrs, so were the people stilled by the words of Aspar. Nothing now was heard but shouts of joy; all the temples resounded with the name of the young Ismenia.

Aspar inspired Ismenia with a wish to see the stranger who had rendered such important services to Bactria; he persuaded her to give him a brilliant audience. He was resolved that the grandees and the people should be assembled: that there he should be declared general of the armies of the state; and that the Queen should gird him with the sword. The chiefs of the nation were ranged around a great hall, and a crowd of people occupied the centre and the entry. The Queen was seated on her throne, in a superb dress. Her head was covered with jewels; her veil was raised, as is common in those solemnities, and displayed the countenance of beauty itself. Arfaces appeared; and the people began their acclamations. Arfaces, casting down his eyes through respect, remained a moment in silence: then addressing the Queen—

“Madam,” said he in a low and broken voice, “if any thing could restore tranquility to my soul, and console me for my misfortunes—”

The Queen did not suffer him to finish; she imagined at first that she recollected the face; she recollected now the voice of Arfaces. Transported beyond herself, and no longer her own mistress, she hurried from the throne, and threw herself at the feet of Arfaces.

“My misfortunes have been greater than yours,” said she, “my dear Arfaces. Alas! I thought never to see you again since the fatal moment which separated us. My sufferings have been dreadful.”

And, as if she had passed all at once from one manner of living to

another, or that she hesitated with regard to the impetuosity she had displayed, she rose of a sudden, and a modest blush crimsoned her cheek.

“Bactrians,” said she, “it is at the knees of my husband that you have seen me. It is my happiness that I have been able to display my love before you. I have descended from my throne, because I was not seated there with him; and I call the gods to witness that I will never again ascend it without him. I taste this pleasure, that the most glorious action of my reign has been performed by him; and that it was for me he performed it. Nobles, people, citizens, do you think that he who reigns over me, is worthy to reign over you? Do you approve my choice? Do you elect Arfaces? Tell me, speak.”

Scarcely were the last words of the Queen heard; all the palace rung with acclamations; nothing was heard but the name of Arfaces and that of Ismenia.

During all this time Arfaces seemed insensible. He wished to speak, but could not find utterance; he wished to move, and could not stir. He saw not the Queen; he saw not the people; scarcely did he hear their repeated shouts: his soul was so overwhelmed in a tumult of joy, that his mind remained insensible to his own felicity.

But when Aspar had made the people retire, Arfaces leaned his head on the Queen’s hand.

“Ardafire, you live; you live, my dear Ardafire. I was dying with grief every day. How have the gods restored you to life?”

They hastened to inform him, that one of her women had substituted, in place of the poison, an intoxicating liquor. She had remained motionless three days: they had restored her to life. The first word she pronounced was the name of Arfaces; her

her eyes had opened only to see him ; she had made her people search for him ; she had searched for him herself. Aspar had made her be carried off ; and after the death of her sister, had placed her on the throne.

Aspar had made the interview betwixt Arfaces and Ismenia quite public. He remembered the last sedition. He thought, that after having taken upon him to place Ismenia upon the throne, it was not proper that he should appear to have contributed to the elevation of Arfaces also. His maxim was, never to do himself what others could do for him ; and to love good from whatever quarter it came. Besides, knowing the beauty of the character of Arfaces and Ismenia, he desired to make them appear in their native brightness. He wished to gain them that respect which great minds always inspire whenever they have an opportunity of displaying themselves. He endeavoured to inspire their subjects with that love which never fails to be bestowed upon those who have experienced great misfortunes. He wished to excite that admiration which is ever paid to those who are capable of feeling exalted passions. In a word, he believed that nothing was more fitted to divest Arfaces of the name of stranger, and entitle him to that of Bactrian in the hearts of all the people of Bactria.

Arfaces enjoyed a happiness which appeared to him inconceivable. Ardafire, whom he thought dead, was restored to him ; Ardafire was Ismenia ; Ardafire was Queen of Bactria ; Ardafire had made him King of it. From the sentiment of his greatness he passed to the sentiment of his love. He loved that crown which, far from being a mark of his independence, made him constantly reflect that he was her's ; he loved this throne, because he saw the hand which had seated him there.

Ismenia tasted for the first time the pleasure of seeing that she was a great queen. Before the arrival of Arfaces, she had a great fortune ; but she wanted a heart to feel it. In the midst of her court, she found herself alone ; ten millions of men were at her feet, and she thought herself abandoned.

Arfaces first made the prince of Hyrcania be brought into his presence.

" You have," said he, " appeared before me, and the chains have fallen from your hands : it is not fitting that there should be a single unfortunate man in the empire of the happiest of mortals.

" Although I have conquered you, I do not think you yielded to me in courage : I beseech you to yield to me in generosity."

Sweetness of disposition was the characteristic of the Queen ; and her natural haughtiness always disappeared when it was proper that her haughtiness should disappear.

" Pardon me," said she to the prince of Hyrcania, " if I have not answered to a love which was not lawful. The wife of Arfaces could not be yours : You have nothing of which to complain except fate.

" If Hyrcania and Bactria do not form the same empire, they are destined by nature to be allies. Ismenia can promise you friendship, if she could not promise you love."

" I am overwhelmed," said the Prince, " with so many misfortunes, and loaded with so many benefits, that I know not whether I be an example of good or bad fortune.

" I took up arms against you to avenge an insult which you never committed. Neither my merit nor yours deserved that heaven should favour my enterprise. I am about to return into Hyrcania ; and should there soon forget my misfortunes, did I not reckon it the greatest of these to have

have seen you, and not to see you more.

"Your beauty shall be sung thro' all the East: It shall render the age in which you live more celebrated than any other: And in future times, the names of Arfaces and Ismenia shall be the most flattering title for beauties and for lovers."

An unexpected event demanded the presence of Arfaces in a province of the kingdom. He left Ismenia. What tender adieu! what sweet tears! It was less a subject of affliction than an occasion of soft sensations. The grief of parting was blended with the sweetness of expected return.

During the King's absence, every thing was so disposed by his cares, that the time, the place, the persons, every event offered to Ismenia marks of his remembrance. He was distant, and his actions declared that he was near; every thing conspired to recall the image of Arfaces: She did not find Arfaces; but she found her lover.

Arfaces kept up by letters a constant correspondence with Ismenia. She read—

"I have seen the superb cities which lead to your frontiers; I have seen innumerable people prostrate at my knees. Every thing told me that I reigned in Bactria: I saw not her who had made me king, and I was king no longer."

He wrote her:

"If heaven granted me the draught of immortality so eagerly sought for in the East, you should drink in the same cup, or it should not touch my lips; you should be immortal with me, or I should die with you."—Again:

"I have given your name to a city I have built; it will doubtless be inhabited by the most happy of my subjects."

In another letter, after the most tender expressions which love could

dictate with regard to her personal charms, he added:

"I tell you these things without even endeavouring to please you: I wish to calm my vexation; I feel that my mind becomes tranquil in speaking to you of yourself."

At last she received this letter:

"I used to count the days; I now count only the moments; and those moments are longer than the days. Beautiful Queen, the nearer I approach you, the less is my soul at ease."

After the return of Arfaces, embassies arrived from every quarter; some there were which appeared singular. Arfaces was on a throne erected in the court of the palace. The ambassador of Parthia entered first; he was mounted on a fiery steed; he did not dismount and spoke thus:

"A tiger of Hyrcania laid waste the country; an elephant trampled him under his feet. A young tiger remained, and he was as cruel as his father; the elephant rescued the country from his ravages also. All the animals who dreaded the savage beast came to feed around him. He was delighted to see himself their refuge, and said to himself: The tiger is called the king of animals; he is only the tyrant, and I am the king."

The ambassador of Persia spoke thus:

"In the beginning of the world, the moon was married to the sun. All the stars of heaven wished to espouse her. She said to them: Look at the sun, and look at yourselves; all of you together have not so much light as he."

The ambassador of Egypt came next, and said:

"When Isis espoused the great Osiris, this marriage was the cause of the prosperity of Egypt, and the type of its fecundity. Such will Bactria be; it will become happy by the marriage of its gods."

Arfaces

Arfaces made his name, joined with that of Ismenia, be placed on the walls of all his palaces. The letters of their names were seen every where blended and conjoined. It was expressly prohibited to paint Arfaces without Ismenia.

All the actions which required severity, he wished to appear as performing them of himself alone; every act of grace as proceeding under his name and that of Ismenia.

"I love you," said he to her, "for your divine beauty, and your graces always new. I love you still more; because when I do any thing worthy of a great king, I think I please you more highly.

"You have chosen that I should be your King when I thought only on the happiness of being your hus-

band; and those pleasures, in which I solaced myself with you, you have taught me to fly them when it was necessary for my glory.

"You have accustomed my mind to clemency; and when you have demanded things which I could not grant, you have always made me respect that heart which demanded them.

"The women of your palace have not entered into the intrigues of the court; they have sought modesty, and to forget every thing which they should not love.

"I believe that heaven has destined me for a great prince, since it has made me find, in those rocks upon which kings commonly split, assistance to my virtue*."

** The tale is followed by a collection of maxims, a translation of which will be given in our next number.*

A N E C D O T E S.

DURING a conversation on matrimony, which lately took place between a lady and gentleman, who were intimately acquainted, it was observed by the latter, that the lady would be too *small* for a companion for him through life. To which she archly replied, "O, Sir, you need not be under any apprehension on that account, for of all *evils* we are most justifiable in chusing the *least*."

CHARLES the Fifth going to see the cloister of the Dominicans at Vienna, fell in with a peasant upon the road, who was carrying a pig; the noise of which being disagreeable to the Emperor, he asked the peasant if he had not learned the method of making a pig be quiet? The rustic confessed ingeniously that he had not, and added, that he should be very glad to be acquainted with it.—

"Take the pig by the tail," said the Emperor, "and you will see that it will soon be silent." The peasant finding that the Emperor was in the right, said, "You must have learned your trade must longer than I, Sir, since you understand it a great deal better."

A LEWD young fellow, seeing an aged Hermit go by him barefoot, 'Father,' says he, 'you are in a very miserable condition if there is not another world.'—'True son,' said the Hermit, 'but what is thy condition if there is?'

WHEN Lord Chancellor Bacon was upon the bench, a criminal by the name of *Hog*, craved his Lordship's mercy as being nearly related. You are mistaken, replied the Chancellor, a *Hog* is not *Bacon* till hung up, which operation will soon be performed.

THE

T H E
A M E R I C A N M U S E.
O R I G I N A L P O E T R Y.

S O N G.

TUNE—"See Mira, see the Lilly fair."

SWEET is the pearl of orient morn,
Which trembles on the blushing rose;
Sweet is the note, when from the thorn,
The bird of evening tells her woes:

But sweeter than Aurora's tear,
Is the mild peal in *Pity's* eye;
And than thy note, sweet bird, more dear,
Is soft *Compassion's* tender sigh.

When Sorrow rends the feeling breast,
And Anguish draws the lengthen'd sigh,
Sweet Pity soothes each sigh to rest,
And dries the tear in Sorrow's eye.

IMONA.

E L L A. A NORWEGIAN TALE.

History says that Sivard, King of Sweden, entered Norway with a numerous army, and committed the greatest enormities; but was at last overthrown, his army routed, and himself slain by one of those women whom he had brutally abused.

BETWEEN Norwegian hills, wide spreads a plain,
By nature form'd for sport;
The vet'ran warrior here, and hardy swain,
To annual games resort.

High o'er their heads was hung the hoary brow,
Which cast an ample shade;
From thence these words majestic seem'd to flow—
"Fierce foes your sports invade!"

They upward gaze—a warrior struck their sight;
He bore aloft his lance,
All sheath'd in arms, unsufferably bright,
Where beamy splendours dance.

The western sun-beam round his helmet flies,
He more than man appears;
And more than mortal seem'd to sound the voice
That rang upon their ears.

"Ye sons of Norway! harken to my tale,
"Your rural games oh cease;
"Sivard is marching thro' *Dulvellon's* vale,
"Break off the sports of peace!"

"The

- " The bloody Sivard leads his conqu'ring Swedes;
 " He riots in our shame;
 " The man, the matron, and the infant bleeds—
 " Norway is but a name!
 " The husband sees—curse on the tyrant's lust—
 " He sees his beauteous bride—
 " Her virtue, worth, and honour in the dust—
 " Oh where is Norway's pride!
 " Rouse! rouse Norwegians! seize your arms amain,
 " Let helms o'ershade the brow;
 " Let's meet these Swedish dæmons in the plain,
 " And lay their triumphs low.
 " Oh had you seen what these poor eyes have seen!
 " 'Twas Sivard did the deed—
 " Our hoary monarch, and our helpless queen,
 " I—yes, I saw them bleed.
 " Their daughter Ella—no, I will not tell!—
 " Norwegians ne'er enquire—
 " Ne'er hear it—what the royal maid befell;
 " I see your souls on fire.
 " Oh seize your swords, your spears, your helms and shields!
 " Oh vindicate your fame!
 " Sivard and Sweden glare on Norway's fields;
 " Remember Norway's name."
 He said—tears flow apace—fierce glow the fwains;
 Rage fills each honest breast;
 In Swedish blood, to wipe away their stains,
 Was ev'ry thought address'd.
 Then red hair'd Rollo, fierce advancing cried,—
 " Whoe'er thou art, come down!
 " We live on hills, to ev'ry toil we're tried,
 " And war is all our own.
 " Let Sivard come, we'll meet the tyrant here.
 " But stranger come thou down."
 He came. Old Athold gaz'd with look severe;—
 He gaz'd—but ceas'd to frown.
 " Or Athold has forgot his monarch's face,
 " Or sure thou art his son!
 " Eric, of mighty Norway's royal race—!"
 Full quick the tidings run.
 With shouts they press to see the beauteous chief;
 The aged kifs his hand:
 On either side, fast roll'd the marks of grief,
 Then Athold spoke the band—
 " Ye sons of Norway, to your homes repair,
 " There seize the sword and shield,
 " And ere the morning's purple streaks the air,
 " Meet Eric in the field.

" Oh

" Oh prince ! do you with aged Athold go,
 " And take refreshing sleep ;
 " Athold will sing and soothe the rising woe,
 " Or, break his harp and weep !"—
 'Twas night—in Athold's hall each took his place ;
 Of other times he sung ;
 Fast stream'd the tears adown the hero's face,
 And groans responsive rung.
 Bright came the morn ; and bright in batter'd arms
 The rustic vet'rans came :
 And many a youth, untri'd in rough alarms,
 Now hop'd a patriot's name.
 They hear'd from far the hum of Sivard's host ;
 Young Eric struck his shield ;
 Then high in air his heavy spear he tost,
 And blaz'd along the field.
 Next aged Athold follow'd ; Rollo strong ;
 Black Calmar lifts his mace ;
 Culullin, Marco, Streno, rush along,
 And all the rugged race.
 Fierce came the Swede ; in strength of numbers proud,
 He scorn'd his feeble foe ;
 But soon the voice of battle roar'd aloud,
 And many a Swede lay low.
 Strong Rollo struck the towering Olaus dead,
 Full fifteen bled beside.
 Old Athold cleft the brave Adolphus head,
 In all his youthful pride.
 But Eric ! Eric ! rang'd the field around,
 On Sivard still he cried :
 The gasping Swedes lay heap'd upon the ground—
 Sivard ! the hills replied.
 In fury Sivard seiz'd his shining shield,
 His mail, his helm and spear ;
 He mounts his car, and thunders o'er the field ;
 Now Norway unows to fear.
 Great Rollo falls beneath his dreadful arm,
 His steeds are stain'd with blood ;
 Young Eric smil'd to hear the loud alarm,
 And flew to stop the flood.
 He rag'd, he foam'd—fierce flew the thirsty spear,
 Down fell the foremost steed :
 Astonish'd Sivard felt unusual fear—
 " Tyrant thou'rt doom'd to bleed !"
 Up sprung the youth—deep griding fell the sword,
 Sunk in the tyrant's brow :
 Fast fly the Swedes, and leave their hated lord,
 His mighty pride laid low.

Now Norway's sons their great deliverer hail,
 But lo! he bleeds! he falls!
 Old Athold strips the helm and beamy mail,
 And on his Gods he calls.
 He lifts the helm, and down the snowy neck
 Fast falls the silky hair—
 And could those limbs, the conquering Sivard check!
 Oh pow'r of great despair!
 Life ebbs apace—she lifts her languid head,
 She strives her hand to wave;
 Confess'd to all, the beauteous Ella said—
 "Thanks, thanks companions brave:
 "Freedom rewards you—naught can Ella give,
 "Low, low poor Ella lies;
 "Sivard is dead!—and Ella would not live—
 "She bleeds—she faints—she dies!"

W. D.

To Miss ANNA D—ND—S.

"O ELLA tune thy lyra," did'st thou say?
 And art thou, Anna, pleas'd with notes like mine,
 Which chord but with the slow ton'd dirge-like lay,
 Which sad and plaintive weep at ev'ry line?
 Let others ask refulgent Sol for aid,
 When glows the orient with pervading day;
 Or court the Muses in the balmy shade,
 Where v'lets bloom and dimpling fountains play.
 I wait not Phosphor's nor Apollo's beam,
 Nor the warm smiles of joy inspiring Spring,
 To rouse my Muse—woe is a ready theme,
 And drowny night the season when I sing.
 Such nights, when Luna faintly gilds the waves,
 And shad'wy forms fleet o'er the wat'ry waste;
 When restless spirits leave their turfy graves,
 And stalking slow—moan to the hollow blast.
 'Tis then, amidst the universal gloom,
 My pensive soul pursues her fav'rite plan,
 Weeps o'er my friends descended to the tomb,
 And mourns the melancholy state of man.
 "Child of a day"—the being of an hour,
 He hurries swiftly through life's troublous scene;
 Treads the same round which thousands trod before,
 Then dies, and is, as tho' he ne'er had been.
 Yes, he must die—the nearest friends must part,
 The victor Death accepts not of a claim;
 And though the stroke may rend a kindred heart,
 He heeds it not—to supplicate is vain.

But

But oh ! 'tis sad to see an infant pour
 Its plaints round one just ready to depart ;
 This bursts the heart consign'd to Death before,
 And adds a sting to his acutest dart.

This, Ann Eliza, on a dying bed,
 Severely felt—she fondly wept for me ;
 She strain'd me in her arms, and weeping said,
 " When I am gone—ah ! who will care for thee ?
 " What tender friend will guide thy infant thought
 " When cares shall call thy father far away ?
 " By whom wilt thou to act aright be taught ?
 " Ah ! who, my Ella ! who will care for thee ?"

Oh ! 'twas a bitter pang—I feel it yet,
 My bosom swells with every sigh she gave,
 And the soft drops with which her cheeks were wet,
 Wound the full heart they dropt but to relieve.

But Anna, lest my sorrows give thee pain,
 While thus the tear of fond Affection flows,
 I'll hush my plaints—and close the mourning strain,
 And bid adieu awhile—to all my woes.

New-York, March 8, 1791.

ELLA.

ANSWER to the REBUS, page 173.

EURYDICE, the ancient poets tell,
 Had charms to draw her husband down to hell ;
 The Lark's shrill notes the rising day proclaim ;
 On Independence rests Columbia's fame ;
 The Zodiac binds the starry welkin round ;
 Achilles shines in epic song renown'd ;
 'Tis Beauty, heav'nly Beauty charms the eye ;
 The ambient Air transports the lover's sigh ;
 In Youth's gay prime to future ills we're blind ;
 The Lamb's the offspring of the fleecy kind ;
 The Emerald shines with ever varying green ;
 Young's solemn numbers sing the Ebon Queen :

But why does Corydon search earth and air,
 And Fancy's realms, to paint the lovely maid ?
 Say only, " she is all that's good and fair,"
 ELIZA BAYLEY is at once display'd.

EUGENIO.

A R E B U S.

THE power which retains the bright spheres in their orbs,
 And a planet well known to us all ;
 The towering mount where the Gods did convene,
 When summon'd by Jupiter's call.

A meteor

A meteor produc'd by refraction of light,
 The country for orators fam'd ;
 The city where stood the magnificent pile
 Which Herøstatus madly inflam'd.
 A general, who fell at the siege of Quebec,
 And the ship that bold Jason convey'd ;
 A species of verse, by the ancients much us'd,
 First compos'd by the Lesbian maid.
 An hero of Troy, for his valour renown'd ;
 The isle where Ulysses had birth ;
 The patriarch who sail'd on the face of the deep
 When the waters had delug'd the earth.
 The place where 'tis said that bright Phœbus stood still
 When the armies of Israel prevail'd,
 And the straits where the valiant Leonidas fought
 When the forces of Persia assail'd.
 The musician of old, who went down to the shades,
 And by music the furies restrain'd,
 And the man, who new regions of science explor'd,
 And the palm of philosophy gain'd.
 The initials of these, if in order conjoin'd,
 The name of a HERO will give,
 Whose virtues Columbian's will ever extoll,
 Whose praises for ever shall live.
New-York, April 16, 1791.

S E L E C T E D P O E T R Y .

SONNET TO THE SETTING SUN.

PARENT of beauty ! oft as I behold
 The veil of evening thy splendence shroud ;
 See thee empurple yon slow sailing cloud,
 And o'er the ocean show'r a paler gold ;
 And from this height discern a deeper hue
 Steal o'er yon wood, checking the linnets lay,
 Hear its mellifluous cadence die away,
 And mark the rock rose droop beneath the dew.
 The grandeur of his powerful hand I own,
 Who clothes in amber light the morning throne,
 And bids thee in the zenith radiant shine ;
 But when from western skies thy beauty flows,
 His mercy in thy soften'd splendor glows,
 And fills my pensive soul with love divine !

BALTIMORE, *March 18.*

A Gentleman's family, on a plantation in Anne-Arundel county, have furnished the following remarkable instance of industry:—From the first of April, 1789, to the first of March, 1791, there were manufactured in this family, 126 yards of sheeting, 292 of other linen, 767 of brown rolls, 50 of bagging, 30 of cotton, 18 of jeanet, 136 of linsey, 110 of kersey; in the whole 1529 yards; 61 pair of fine, and 87 pair of coarse stockings—besides a number of leading-lines, bed-cords, cloths, linens, and other articles for the use of the plantation. Though there are on this plantation only three white women, some small children, and about 12 working negroes, they have made and raised for sale, in addition to the articles above mentioned, 20 hogheads of tobacco, and a thousand bushels of wheat, yearly.

A late London newspaper mentions, that the commissioners for settling the claims of the American Loyalists, having completed the business for which they were appointed, their office was finally shut on the first day of January last.

Philadelphia, April 1. The institution of Sunday schools in our city, will add fresh honour to the character of our citizens for public spirit and charity. The device of the certificate issued by the society who have established these schools, discovers a high degree of moral taste and ingenuity. Two little boys are represented as supporting a scroll with one hand, and an open bible with the other. In the scroll are the following words: "*God loveth a cheerful giver.*" On one leaf of the bible are inscribed the

following words: "*Train up a child in the way he shall go, and when he is old he will not depart from it:*" and on the other these words: "*It is lawful to do well on the Sabbath days.*" Each contributor to the support of the schools receives one of the above certificates, subscribed by the president of the society.

Albany, April 4. We are informed from good authority, that Arthur Noble, Esq; has already commenced distilling the maple sap and juice of the birch, at the sugar-house of the Hon. William Cooper, Esq; in Cooper's Town, and has produced a spirit equal in strength, and superior in flavour, to any heretofore distilled from molasses or sugar, in the United States. A sugar-tree yields about two quarts of strong spirit—but the quantity the birch will give is not yet known, though it is ascertained it will yield a spirit.

New-York, April 6. We learn from New-Jersey, that a Mr. Shotwell was found dead in the road, with his head laid open, some time last week—and that the supposed perpetrator of the murder is committed to prison.

Accounts from George-Town, of March 30, say:—Monday last the President of the United States, with his suite, arrived in this town on his way to Mount Vernon. His Excellency was met in the morning, by a number of respectable gentlemen, and conducted by Thomas Cochran, Esq. to Mr John Suter's tavern, where an excellent dinner was provided. The President, we learn, is to proceed shortly on a tour to the southern states.

April 8. The question, "Whether a Bill of Exchange is liable to a protest

test if not paid in within *Banking hours?*" was lately determined in the court of King's Bench, London. The court determined that it cannot be protested till the day *after* the day on which it is due. They also said, that bills payable at so many days *after sight* are not subject to a protest at all, under the act of William III. and that in no case ought more than sixpence to be paid for protesting, pursuant to that act.

Extract of a letter from a Gentleman in Port-au-Prince, to his friend in this town, dated March 5, 1791.

"On the 2d inst. two men of war and a frigate arrived from France, with two regiments for this place—The General ordered them, the same evening, to proceed to the Mole, which they refused, saying they were sent by the National Assembly, to revenge the injury done the citizens of Port-au-Prince last July.—Col. Mauduit* (who ordered the troops to fire on the people last July) endeavouring, two evenings past, to persuade his men to oppose those new troops; but without success. Yesterday the citizens demanded the colours, which were taken from them on the night of the 29th of July, to be returned—This Mauduit complied with, and was compelled, by his own regiment, to accompany the colours to the Committee-Chamber, from whence they had been taken. A shout was then raised to behead him, which was executed by one of his own grenadiers, notwithstanding the efforts to rescue him from the enraged soldiery. His clothes were torn from his body, his head fixed on a bayonet, and his naked body dragged through the streets, until they arrived at his lodgings, which were soon levelled with the ground. The Ge-

* *This unfortunate officer was the Chevalier Mauduit Duplessis, who served with reputation in the late American army.*

neral and most of the citizens of *his party*, have made their escape, and every thing is in the greatest confusion."

April 9. Accounts from Charleston, dated March 24, say:—"Yesterday, between the hours of twelve and one, was executed, pursuant to his sentence, for counterfeiting the indents of this state, *Thomas Walsh*, who had been long known in this and the state of Georgia, by the appellation of *Major Washington*.—He was assisted in his devotions by the Rev. Dr. Keating, missionary of the church of Rome, to whom, as we are informed, he previously confessed that his name was Walsh, and of a respectable family in Ireland.

April 12. The President of the United States, by a proclamation dated the 30th ult. has directed that the whole of the territory for *the permanent seat of the government of the United States*, shall be located and included within the four lines following; that is to say,

"Beginning at Jones's Point, being the upper Cape of Hunting Creek, in Virginia, and at an angle, in the outlet, of 45 degrees west of the north, and running in a direct line ten miles for the first line; then beginning again at the same Jones's Point, and running another direct line, at a right angle with the first, across the Patowmack, ten miles for the second line; then from the terminations of the said first and second lines, running two other direct lines, of ten miles each, the one crossing the eastern branch aforesaid, and the other the Patowmack, and meeting each other in a point."

April 23. We hear that a very interesting discovery has lately been made at Naples. It is said that the most violent hæmorrhages are immediately stopped by the volatile flour alkali. Repeated experiments made in the hospital of that city have had the

the compleatest success. The most singular is the last, which was made on a man who had his leg cut off; cotton dipt in volatile flour alkali was applied on the part cut, which immediately stopped the blood, and cicatrized the wound.

—MARRIAGES.—

In New-York.—In the capital, John Kemp, L. L. D. Professor of Mathematics and Natural History in Columbia College, to Miss Renwick.—Mr. Patrick Schollard, to Mrs. McKinnon.—Mr. Peter McDougall, merchant, to Miss Robertson.—Mr. Ezekial Dodge, to Miss Catharine Swartwout.—Dr. Peter Damont, to Miss Eliz. Swartwout.—Mr. Charles Clarkson, to Miss Eliza Vanderbilt.—Mr. John Burger, jun. to Miss Sally Tout.—Mr. John Hagens, to Miss Lufettee Stanbury.

At Flushing, Long-Island, Mr. Joseph Beeley, to Miss Catharine Roe.

In Connecticut.—At Danbury, Mr. Eb. B. White, to Miss Betty Mygatt.—Mr. Daniel B. Cooke, to Miss Sarah Clarke.

In New-Jersey.—At Princeton, Dr. Wm. Hossack, to Miss Warner.

At Eveham, Mr. William Veni-comb, aged 18, to Miss Rachael Eves, aged 15.

In Pennsylvania.—In the capital, Mr. Henry Darrach, to Miss Peggy Landenberger.

At Clifton, the seat of Blair McClenchan, Esq; Dr. Solomon Bush, to Miss Anna Marshall.

In Virginia.—At Elsing-Green, Mr. Robert Lewis, nephew and aide-camp to the President of the United States, to Miss Judith Walker Brown.

In Albemarle county, Joseph Jones Monroe, Esq; to Miss Eliz. Keve.

In South-Carolina.—In the capital, Mr. John Keys, to Miss Rebecca Martin.

In St. Thomas's Parish, Hopson Pinckney, Esq; to Miss Mary Hazle.

—FOREIGN MARRIAGE.—

In London, Wm. Franklin, Esq; formerly Governor of New-Jersey, to Mrs. De Evelin, widow, late of Norton street, Marylabone.

—DEATHS.—

In New-York.—In the capital, Capt. John Finglafs.—Capt. Robert Johnston.—Dr.—Van Wagenen.

At Little-Britain, in Ulster county, in the 57th year of his age, Dr. Charles Clinton, brother to his Excellency the Governor.

In Rhode-Island.—At Newpoort, Capt. George Buckmaster, in his 71st year.—Miss Charlotte Story.

In Connecticut.—In New-Haven, Dr. Ebenezer Beardsley.

At Danbury, Mrs. Mary Hoyt.—Mrs. Ann Foot.

At Derby, Mr. Joseph Riggs.

In New-Jersey.—At Elizabeth-Town, Matthias Ogden, Esq; late a Brigadier-General in the army of the United States.

At Bordentown, Jos. Borden, Esq.

At Miller's Place, Brookhaven, Mr. Caleb Woodhull.

At Princeton, Miss Maria Lefferty.

In Pennsylvania.—In the capital, Nicholas Eveleigh, Esq; Comptroller of the Treasury of the United States.

At Middle Octorara, the Rev. John Cuthbertson, in his 73d year.

In Maryland.—At Baltimore, the Rev. Dr. William West, Rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of St. Paul, aged 54 years.—Mrs. Elizabeth Scott, aged 77.—Mrs. Kuni-gunda Wyant, aged 50.

At Easton, Capt. John Montgomerie, aged 73.

In Virginia.—In Princess Anne county, Col. John Willoughby, of Willoughby's Point.

At Richmond, Mr. Henry Dixon.

—FOREIGN DEATHS.—

In England, Catharine Colly, a poor woman, aged 130 years.—At Fairfield, in Staffordshire, William Billings, a soldier, aged 122, with-

out

out ever experiencing a fit of sickness: he was the last private in England that served under the great Marlborough.—At Stramshall, near Utoxeter, Mr. F. Rawlin, school-master, aged 32: he was five feet six inches and an half high, weighed 34 stone, and measured six feet, four inches in thickness.—At Carlisle, Mr. Michael Dennison, formerly of Philadelphia.—In the city of London, the most noble Elizabeth, Dutchess of Argyle, and Baroness Hamilton, of Hamilton, in Leicester, England—Rev. John Wesley, A. M. in his 88th

year, late Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, and original founder of the people called Methodists—Mr. David Davis—Mr. William Jenkins, a man remarkable for his deformity of nature—Mr. Lewis Mendes, aged 84.—At Whitechurch, Cheshire, Mr. Wm. Greenwollers. His death was occasioned by cutting the corns on his toes too near.

In Ireland.—At Limerick, Mrs. Magee, aged 102.—At Calinwark, Jane Walker, aged 108.—In Dublin, Mrs. Fitzhenry, the once celebrated actress.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS for March, 1791.

Days.	Degrees of Heat by Fahrenheit's Ther.			Prevailing Winds.			Change & Fullof Moon.	WEATHER, &c.
	8	2	8	8	2	8		
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.		
1	25	28	27	N.W.	N.W.	N.W.	New.	Clear, clear, clear.
2	26	41	33	S.W.	S.W.	W.		Clear, clear, cloudy.
3	34	44	38	N.W.	S.W.	S.W.		Dull, clear, clear.
4	32	39	38	N.W.	S.	S.		Clear, clear, clear.
5	33	39	36	N.E.	S.E.	S.		Cloudy, dull, dull.
6	37	38	37	N.	S.E.	S.E.		Dull, dull, dull.
7	40	45	38	N.	S.E.	S.W.		Dull, cloudy, dull.
8	35	37	33	N.W.	N.W.	N.W.		Clear, clear, clear.
9	30	35	35	N.E.	S.E.	S.		Clear, cloudy, rain.
10	40	45	40	N.	S.W.	S.W.		Dull, dull, thick fog.
11	40	42	40	N.	N.E.	N.E.	Full.	Rain, dull, dull.
12	40	44	42	S.W.	N.	S.		Dull, cloudy, cloudy.
13	30	39	35	S.	S.	S.E.		Clear, clear, clear.
14	36	42	40	S.	S.	S.		Dull, clear, clear.
15	41	43	40	S.E.	S.E.	S.E.		Rain, dull, dull.
16	41	42	41	N.E.	N.E.	N.E.		Dull, dull, dull.
17	40	49	49	N.E.	N.E.	N.E.		Dull, clear, clear.
18	45	53	48	N.E.	N.E.	N.E.		Cloudy, clear, cloudy.
19	45	38	36	N.W.	N.W.	N.W.		Rain, snow, clear.
20	33	33	32	N.W.	N.W.	N.W.		Cloudy, blust. & snow, clear.
21	34	45	44	S.E.	S.W.	W.		Cloudy, clear, clear.
22	36	41	39	N.	N.W.	N.W.		Clear, clear, clear.
23	35	42	40	S.E.	S.E.	N.E.		Clear, cloudy, dull.
24	43	50	46	E.	S.E.	E.		Dull, cloudy, dull.
25	48	56	47	N.	N.W.	N.W.		Dull, clear, clear.
26	44	54	47	N.W.	N.E.	N.		Clear, clear, clear.
27	45	49	44	N.E.	S.	S.		Cloudy, clear, clear.
28	38	41	43	N.N.E.	N.E.	N.E.		Cloudy, dull, drizzling.
29	43	44	38	N.E.	N.E.	N.E.		Dull, drizzling, drizzling.
30	42	50	47	N.W.	N.	N.		Clear, clear, cloudy.
31	44	57	50	N.W.	N.	N.		Clear, clear, clear.

1548.

off, and surrendered himself to the President. Garcilasso de la Vega, and other officers of note, followed his example. This defection occasioned a bloodless victory to Gasca, who did not stain it with cruelty. Pizarro, who had surrendered himself, and Carvajal, who endeavoured to escape, was overtaken and seized, were punished capitally, together with a small number of the most distinguished or notorious offenders. Pizarro was beheaded on the day after he surrendered. He submitted to his fate with composed dignity, and seemed desirous to atone, by repentance, for the crimes which he had committed. The end of Carvajal was suitable to his life. On his trial he offered no defence. When the sentence adjudging him to be hanged was pronounced, he carelessly replied, "One can die but once." Cepeda, more criminal than either, ought to have shared the same fate; but the merit of having deserted his associates at such a critical moment, and with such decisive effect, saved him from immediate punishment. He was sent, however, as a prisoner to Spain, and died in confinement.

After re-establishing order and government, which took up a considerable time, and was attended with considerable difficulty, Gasca committed the government of Peru to the Court of Audience, and set out for Spain. He was received in his native country with universal admiration of his abilities, and of his virtue: Both were indeed highly conspicuous. Without army, or fleet, or public funds; with a train so simple, that only 3000 ducats were expended in equipping him, he set out to oppose a formidable rebellion. By his address and talents he supplied all those defects, and seemed to create instruments for executing his designs. But the praise bestowed on his abilities, was exceeded by that which his virtue merited. After residing in a country where wealth presented allurements which had seduced every person who had possessed power there, he returned from that trying station with integrity not only untainted, but unsuspected. After distributing among his countrymen possessions of greater extent and value than had ever been in the disposal of a subject of any age or nation, he himself remained in his original state of poverty; and at the very time when he brought such a large recruit to the royal treasury, he was obliged to apply, by petition, for a small sum to discharge some petty debts, which he had contracted during the course of his service.

1550.
Feb. 1.

Charles was not insensible to such distinguished merit. Gasca was received by him with the most distinguishing marks of esteem, and being promoted to the bishopric of Palencia, he passed the remainder of his days in the tranquillity of retirement, respected by his country, honoured by his sovereign, and beloved by all.

Notwithstanding all Gasca's wise regulations, the tranquillity of Peru was not of long continuance. In a country where the authority of government was almost forgotten during the long prevalence of anarchy and misrule, where there were disappointed leaders ripe for revolt, and seditious soldiers ready to follow them, it was not difficult to raise combustion. Several successive insur-

N

rections

1550.

recessions desolated the country for some years. But as those, though fierce, were only transient storms, excited rather by the ambition and turbulence of particular men, than by general or public motives, the detail of them is not the object of this history. These commotions in Peru, like every thing of extreme violence in the natural or political body, were not of long duration, and by carrying off the corrupted humours, which had given rise to the disorders, they contributed in the end to strengthen the society which at first they threatened to destroy. During their fierce contests, several of the first invaders of Peru, and many of those licentious adventurers whom the fame of their success had allured thither, fell by each others hands. Each of the parties, as they alternately prevailed in the struggle, cleared the country of a great number, by executing, proscribing, or banishing their opponents. Men less enterprising, less desperate, and more accustomed to move in the path of sober and peaceable industry, settled in Peru; and the royal authority was gradually established as firmly there as in the other Spanish colonies.

We have pursued the detail of these events without recurring to what discoveries took place in other parts of America, or to occurrences in the rest of the world, in order to continue the subject of the Spanish discoveries and conquests without interruption; for the materials of which we have been chiefly indebted to the accurate and elegant Robertson. We propose to conclude paying any further regard to the Spanish operations in America, except in a cursory manner; as the period is hastening on, when what relates to the discovery of America, becomes more interesting to ourselves, and to which our attention will in future be more strictly confined.

1529.

Charles V. having granted the province of *Venezuela* to certain rich merchants of Augsburgh, considerable discoveries were made in that quarter of America, by Ambrose Alfinger, according to Charlevoix.

1530.

Hakluyt relates that this year Captain *William Hawkins*, of Plymouth, made a voyage to the coast of Guinea, and traded there for elephants teeth, &c. and sailed thence to Brazil, where he also traded. In those early days, the Europeans had not as yet confined the commerce of their American colonies so entirely to themselves, as totally to exclude the intercourse of all other nations thither.

1534.

This year Philippe de Chabot, Admiral of France, having engaged King Francis I. to resume the discoveries commenced by Verazani, commissioned James Cartier, an able pilot of St. Maloes, for that purpose. Cartier sailed from St. Maloes, and arrived at Cape-Bonavista, in the island of Newfoundland, in 48°

April 20.

May 10.

N. latitude. Then sailing five leagues S. S. W. he entered another port, which he called *Saint Catharine*. Proceeding south, he crossed the gulph and entered a large bay, which, from the excessive heat he suffered, he named the *Baye des Chaleurs*. According to some memorials, the Spaniards are said to have been there before him; it is certain that this place has been sometimes called

called la Baye des Espagnols. Coasting afterwards the greater part of the gulph, and taking possession of the countries he had discovered, he returned to France.

1534.

The famous Ignatius Loyola, who was born in Spain in 1491, founds the society of Jesuits in Paris, in conjunction with nine others.

Aug. 15.

James Cartier sails again from St. Maloes to prosecute his discoveries. Entering the gulph which he had discovered last year, he called it the *Gulph of St. Laurence*, after the saint whose festival is celebrated on that day, which name has since been extended to the river which discharges itself into this gulph. That of *Canada*, which it bore, being the name which the natives gave to all this country.

1535.

May 19.

Aug. 10.

On the fifteenth he discovered a long island at the entrance of the river, which the natives called *Natiscotec*, which he named *Assumption*. It is commonly known by that of *Anticosti*, given it by the English it is supposed. Cartier ascended the river, and after sailing about 90 leagues, found the mouth of a large river called *Saguenay*, which came from the north. He proceeded about 90 leagues further, and arrived at a large Indian settlement called *Hochelaga*, situated on an island at the foot of a mountain, which he named *Mont-royal*, called at this day Montreal, which name has extended to the whole island. Few rivers continue of so large extent to the distance the St. Laurence does, being navigable for a 60 gun ship as high as Quebec, a distance of 120 leagues from the sea; large barks can ascend as far as Montreal, 60 leagues further; and the communication with the several large lakes, interrupted occasionally by short carrying places, renders the internal navigation by means of this famous river, vastly superior to any thing of the kind in any part of the world, and all this by nature, hitherto unassisted by art.

Aug. 15.

Sept. 1.

Cartier wintered at Montreal, and being ready to return to France in the ensuing year, is said to have invited some of the natives, with their King, on board his ship, on pretence of an entertainment, and carried them with him to St. Maloes, (where their King died four years after) in hopes thereby to gain a more perfect knowledge of their country, together with information of a N. W. passage to India, the principal object of his voyage, in which however he was disappointed. This treacherous dealing provoked the natives, and alienated their affections from the French for many years. He proceeded north as high as 51° on this voyage. On his return he fell in with several French ships fishing on the Banks of Newfoundland, which shows how early the French engaged in that fishery. Cartier made no settlement in Canada, he only erected a cross there with the arms of his King, Francis I. and called the country *La Nouvelle France*. A village there has perpetuated his name to this day. In *Sebastian Munster's Geographia vetus et Nova Basilea*, 1540, there is a map of America, which he calls *Novus Orbis*, and names that part where Canada is situated *Francisca*; he has also *C. Britonum* on his map, where Cape-Breton is situated.

This

1535.

This year Mendoza was sent from Spain with 2200 soldiers, to the river *De la Plata*, in *Paraguay*; on the south side of which vast river he founded the town of *Buenos-Ayres*, which, though soon again abandoned during his absence, was again re-founded, as also some other towns and colonies in *Paraguay*.

1536.

Henry VIII. gives encouragement to certain merchants to send out two ships on discovery to the north coasts of *America*, where they visited *Cape-Breton* and *Newfoundland*; being in great distress for provisions there, they returned home in October the same year. Although this voyage proved unfavourable to their main intent of finding a N. W. passage to *India*, yet it gave rise to the very beneficial fishery of the English on the Banks of *Newfoundland*, on which barren island one Mr. *Hoar*, of *London*, merchant, attempted a settlement at this time, in which he was unsuccessful.

1532.

May 12.

30.

Ferdinand de Soto, with 900 men, besides seamen, sailed from *Cuba*, having for his object the conquest of *Florida*. He arrived at *Spirito Santo*, from whence he travelled northward 450 leagues from the sea. Here he discovered a river a quarter of a mile wide, and 19 fathoms deep, on the banks of which he died and was buried, May, 1542, aged 42 years. Alverdo, his successor, built seven brigantines, and the year following embarked upon the river. In 17 days he proceeded down the river 400 leagues, where he judged it to be 15 leagues wide. From the largeness of the river at the place of his embarkation, he concluded its source must have been at least 400 leagues above, so that the whole length of the river, in his opinion, must have been more than 800 leagues. As he passed down the river, he found it opened by two mouths into the *Gulph of Mexico*. These circumstances leave us to conclude, that this river, so early discovered, was the one which we now call the *Mississippi*. In two days more, July 18, he put out to sea, and sailing westerly along the coast arrived the 10th. of September at *Panuco*.

1539.

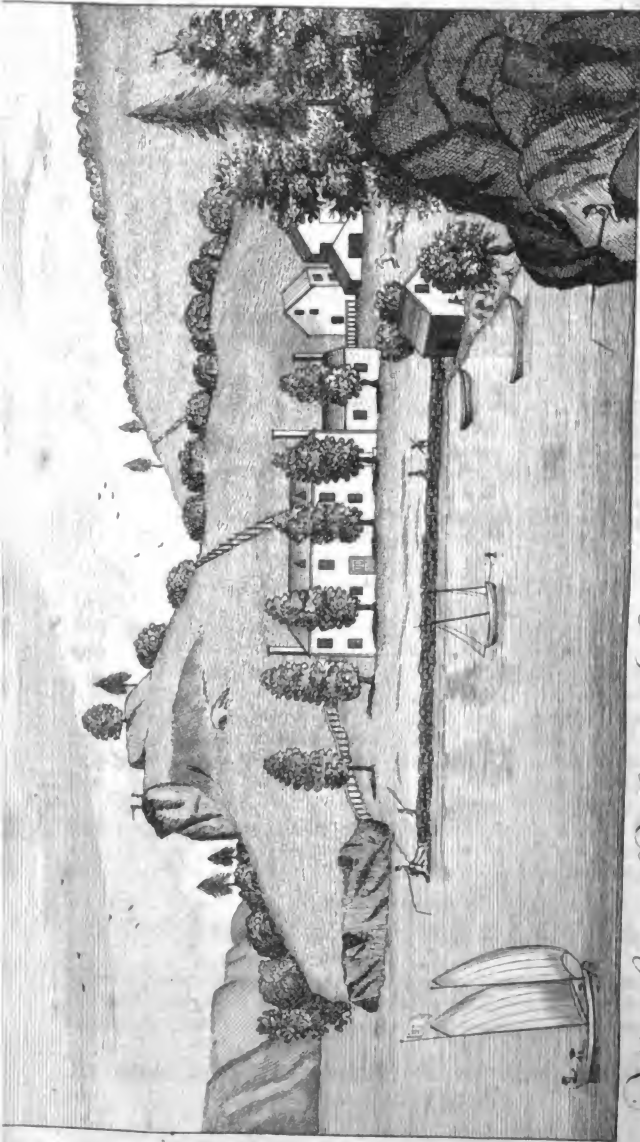
About this time the Spanish West-Indies began to be infested by French pirates, so well known afterwards by the name of *Buccaneers*.

1542.

Francis la Roche, Lord of Robewell, was sent to *Canada* by the French King, with three ships and 200 men, women and children. They wintered there in a fort which they had built, and returned in the spring. About the year 1550, a large number of adventurers sailed for *Canada*, but were never after heard of. In 1598 the King of France commissioned the Marquis de la Roche to conquer *Canada*, and other countries not possessed by any Christian prince. We do not learn, however, that la Roche ever attempted to execute his commission, or that any further attempts were made to settle *Canada* during this century.

English merchant ships from *Southampton* and *London*, traded to *Brazil*, and appear to continue doing so until the year 1580, when Spain got possession of *Portugal*.

The Portuguese at *Malacca*, having made a full discovery of the coast of *China* during the years 1540 and 1542, were this year



The Seat of Henry Livingston Esq. at Poughkeepsie.

T H E

NEW-YORK MAGAZINE;

O R,

LITERARY REPOSITORY:

FOR M A Y, 1791.

N U M B E R V.—V O L U M E I I.

C O N T A I N I N G,

	Page.		Page.
Meteorological Observations for		Of Drinking, - - - - -	282
April, 1791, - - - - -	246	The right Constitution of a Com-	
Description of the Seat of Henry		monwealth examined, - - -	284
Livingston, Esq; - - - - -	247	On Gaming, - - - - -	289
American Museum, - - - - -	ibid	Hermione and Florimont, - -	290
The Club.—No. X. - - - - -	249	Anecdote, - - - - -	294
Account of the Mildew, confi-			
dered as the principal cause of		<i>The AMERICAN MUSE.</i>	
Epidemical Diseases in cattle, -	250	ORIGINAL.	
Opulence, - - - - -	251	Lines written by the late Mrs.	
A concise History of the rise and		Ann E. Bleecker, - - - - -	295
progress of the French Revo-		To Mrs. D****n, - - - - -	296
lution, - - - - -	253	A Passage from Dante's Inferno	
On the Truth of Fact and Truth		thrown into English heroic	
of Nature, - - - - -	258	Verse, - - - - -	297
Picture of a Happy Government, -	260	Solution to the Rebus, p. 239, -	298
Story of Henry and Anne, - - -	263	To Juliet, - - - - -	299
Description of the Manufactory		SELECTED.	
at Albany, - - - - -	268	Ode for the anniversary festival	
Semiramis, a Dream, - - - - -	269	of the Sons of Tammany, May	
The Scribbler.—No. VIII. - - -	270	12, 1791, - - - - -	299
An original Anecdote, - - - - -	274	Ode to Good-humour, - - -	300
East-India Anecdotes, - - - - -	275	To Laura, - - - - -	ibid
On the Vicissitudes of Human			
Life, - - - - -	277	Intelligence, - - - - -	301
The Friend, - - - - -	278	Marriages, - - - - -	304
Famine in India, - - - - -	281	Deaths, - - - - -	ibid

To which is subjoined,

The AMERICAN CHRONOLOGY.

Ornamented with a View of the Seat of Henry Livingston, Esq.

NEW-YORK: PRINTED BY THOMAS AND JAMES SWORDS;
N^o. 27, WILLIAM-STREET.

—Notes to Correspondents.—

A Charade from B. is received, and under consideration.

The appearance of one answer to the Rebus of last month will account to the correspondent who furnished us with another solution of it, for the non-appearance of his.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS for April, 1791.

Days.	Degrees of Heat by Farenheit's Ther.			Prevailing Winds.			Change & Full of Moon.	WEATHER, &c.
	8	2	8	8	2	8		
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.		
1	45	58	51	N.W.	W.	S.W.	New.	Clear, clear, clear.
2	48	53	38	E.	N.W.	S.W.		Rain, cloudy, clear.
3	32	45	42	N.W.	N.W.	N.W.		Clear, clear, clear.
4	39	51	46	N.W.	N.W.	N.W.		Clear, cloudy, clear.
5	35	48	43	N.W.	N.W.	N.W.		Clear, clear, clear.
6	46	48	43	N.W.	S.	S.		Do. do. do.
7	55	38	37	N.W.	N.	N.W.		Clear, cloudy, clear.
8	33	50	46	N.	N.	N.		Cloudy, cloudy, clear.
9	41	46	42	N.W.	S. E.	S.	First Q.	Clear, clear, clear.
10	42	48	46	E.	S.	S.		Cloudy, clear, clear.
11	42	53	50	S.	S.	S.		Clear, clear, clear.
12	45	68	61	S.W.	W.	S.W.		Cloudy, clear, cloudy.
13	58	55	49	S.W.	N. E.	N. E.		Dull, rain, dull.
14	44	45	46	N.	E.	S.		Dull, dull, dull.
15	45	55	51	N.	N.W.	N.W.		Clear, clear, clear.
16	46	57	50	N.W.	S.	S.		Do. do. do.
17	50	60	54	N.	N.	S.	Full.	Do. do. do.
18	50	57	51	N. E.	S.	S.		Do. do. do.
19	48	56	52	N.W.	N.	S. E.		Do. do. do.
20	48	57	53	N.	S.	S.		Do. do. do.
21	48	61	55	S.W.	S.	S.		Do. do. do.
22	54	58	55	N. E.	S.	S.		Cloudy, clear, clear.
23	55	62	57	S. E.	S. E.	S. E.		Dull, clear, dull.
24	54	57	56	S.	S.	N.	Last Q.	Dull, rain, cloudy.
25	49	60	56	N.W.	N.W.	N.W.		Clear, clear, clear.
26	58	71	61	W.	N.W.	N.W.		Do. do. do.
27	55	57	51	N.	E.	N. E.		Cloudy, cloudy, clear.
28	46	58	46	W.	N.W.	N.W.		Clear, clear, clear.
29	51	58	53	E.	S. E.	S. E.		Cloudy, clear, clear.
30	52	60	55	E.	S.	S. E.		Do. do. do.

T H E

NEW-YORK MAGAZINE;

O R,
LITERARY REPOSITORY:

FOR MAY, 1791.

For the New-York MAGAZINE.

DESCRIPTION of the SEAT of HENRY LIVINGSTON, *Esq;* on Hudson's River.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

THE seat which the annexed plate is designed to represent, is situated midway between the cities of New-York and Albany, and something more than a mile from the town of Poughkeepsie. Although the mansion is far from being magnificent—although no artificial fountains sprinkle the parterres, or statues or pagodas are seen in the gardens, nor any extraordinary effort of expence exhibited; yet nature, in her kindest mood, has undulated the hills around, smoothed the terrene where the buildings are erected, laved the shores with the majestic Hudson, and made the whole delightful—so it is, that no voyagers of taste pass it, without acknowledging its rural beauties; and none visit it, without receiving impressions in its favour.

AMERICAN MUSEUM,

Under the Patronage of the TAMMANY SOCIETY or COLUMBIAN ORDER.

THE Tammany Society has established a Museum for the purpose of collecting and preserving every thing relating to the history of America, likewise, every American production of nature or art; for which purpose part of the funds of the society are appropriated.

The success of this institution, however, must, in a great measure, depend on the voluntary contributions of a generous public; and the present collection has chiefly arisen from this source. Although quite in its infancy, the Museum already contains many articles in the historical and natural lines, highly deserving the notice of the curious.

As almost every individual possesses some article which in itself is of little value, but in a collective view, becomes of real importance—the patrons of this institution solicit the attention of their fellow-citizens to the Museum, and request their aid towards forming a collection which promises fair to become an object of public utility. The articles and names of the generous donors, are carefully registered in a book kept for the purpose, the contents of which will be published at some future season.

Every thing, and from whatever clime, will be acceptable; for although the funds of the society are confined to American productions, the doors of the

the

the Museum are, nevertheless, open to voluntary contributions from every quarter.

The corporation of this city, ever disposed to encourage patriotic undertakings, and favourably impressed with the importance of the present, has generously granted a room in the City-Hall, on a range with the Library, for the use of the Museum, which is at present opened every Tuesday and Friday afternoons, for the gratification of public curiosity.

Any article sent there on those days, or to Mr. JOHN PINTARD, No. 57, King-street, will be thankfully accepted, and due care taken of them.

LAWS and REGULATIONS of the AMERICAN MUSEUM, belonging to the TAMMANY SOCIETY or COLUMBIAN ORDER.

I. Of the election of Officers.

THE Trustees of the American Museum, as by law elected, shall, on the first stated meeting after their election, annually choose from out of their number, a Chairman, a Treasurer, and a Secretary.

II. Of the Chairman.

The Chairman is to preside at all meetings, to preserve order, to regulate the debates, and to state and put questions, agreeable to the sense and intention of the Trustees. In the absence of the Chairman, his place shall be supplied by one of the Trustees, chosen *pro hac vice*.

III. Of the Treasurer.

The Treasurer shall receive all monies that may become due to the Museum, and shall pay the same, by an order from the Chairman, which shall be his voucher. The Treasurer shall keep a regular account of all monies received and paid by him, as aforesaid; and once every year, or oftener if required by the Trustees, he shall render an account to them of the stock in his hands, and the disbursements made by their order, and shall deliver up to his successor, the books and all papers belonging to them, together with the balance of cash in his hands.

IV. Of the Secretary.

The Secretary shall take the minutes, and read all letters and papers that may be communicated to the Trustees. He shall enter into a book, to be provided for the purpose, an account of all donations made to the Museum, together with the names of the donors. He shall take charge of, and preserve, all books, pamphlets, and works presented to the Museum, or purchased by it;

All curiosities, whether of nature or art, presented or purchased, and shall class and arrange them in their proper order.

V. Of the meetings of the Trustees.

The ordinary meetings of the Trustees shall be on the second and fourth Fridays of every month, from October to May, both inclusive, at six o'clock in the evening; on the fourth Friday of each of the other four months, at seven o'clock. No meeting shall be continued after ten o'clock. Five Trustees shall constitute a quorum.

VI. Of the distribution of Money, and making new Laws.

No part of the funds shall be disposed of but by a regular motion, seconded and agreed to by a majority of the Trustees present. And all orders for payment shall be signed by the Chairman. No new law shall be made, until the same shall have been proposed at one meeting, and agreed to by a majority of Trustees (forming a quorum) present at a subsequent meeting.

VII. Of

VII. *Of a Keeper.*

The Trustees shall elect a Keeper of the Museum, whose duty shall be to summon all meetings called by the Chairman, to attend the same, and perform such necessary offices as may be required. He shall receive all presents made to the society, and deposit them in the Museum, giving an account thereof to the Secretary. He shall admit all members into the Museum, at such times as shall be appointed for that purpose, and shall take care that no visitor remove or injure any of the articles belonging to the Museum. For all which services, he shall be entitled to such compensation as the Trustees shall see fit to grant.

VIII. *Of access to, and use of the Museum.*

The intention of the Tammany Society or Columbian Order, in establishing an *American Museum*, being for the sole purpose of collecting and preserving whatever may relate to the history of our country, and serve to perpetuate the same, as also all American curiosities of nature or art—In order to answer this end, it is evident that every article presented to, or purchased by the society, ought to be carefully deposited in the Museum, and never be allowed to be taken out of the same, least it should be mislaid, and perhaps irretrievably lost. Nevertheless, in order to render this Museum serviceable, to the great interests of society, every member of the Tammany Society shall have free access thereto, through means of the Keeper, and shall be permitted to examine all the natural or artificial curiosities, and read all books, pamphlets and papers, and take extracts therefrom, as far as may suit his purposes, but shall not be allowed to take away any thing whatever out of the Museum, on any pretext whatever.

The Museum shall also be accessible to any other person, not a member of the society, but who shall be introduced by a member, who shall be alike indulged and alike subject to the same regulations as the members of the society.

The following are the Trustees for the present year:

WILLIAM PITT SMITH, Chairman.

JAMES TYLEE,

JOHN R. B. RODGERS,

JACOB MORTON,

EFFINGHAM EMBREE,

WILLIAM W. GILBERT, Treasurer.

JOHN PINTARD, Secretary.

GARDNER BAKER, Keeper,

who is authorized to solicit donations.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

THE CLUB.—No. X.

"On Life's vast ocean diversely we sail,

"Reason the card, but Passion is the gale."

IN our walks through life we are frequently prompted to an exertion of our passions, and sometimes it extends to a degree far beyond what is either reasonable or prudent. The variety of these will not permit of a

particular analysis within the bounds I have prescribed to this essay, and therefore I shall just consider them under their general head.

Passion is like an heap of tow, which being touched with a candle, immediately

ately kindles into a blaze: the smallest spark sets it on fire, and its effect is somewhat like gun-powder. The most reasonable man is subject to its influence as well as the most unreasonable; and the only difference seems to be in the height to which it is carried. A reasonable man will use the force of that reason which he possesses to quell it, and will endeavour, if he be in any way judicious, to govern himself as much by her dictates as possible; whereas, the unreasonable will not hesitate to run into every extreme which his inordinate desire can suggest, and will at once let himself be driven into every depth which that principle can fathom.

When any thing meets us to try our passions, we should always endeavour to be cool and deliberate—we should then summon all our fortitude and resolution, and by defeating, at least in part, the influence which they may have upon us, shew ourselves as we ought to appear, dignified mortals. Indeed, it is a duty incumbent upon us ever to have a guard over our passions—for by subduing them, we fulfil a divine command.

These two emphatic words, "*know thyself*," comprehend every thing beneficial to our welfare. If we study them properly, and to effect, reason can furnish no better guide towards fulfilling the duty of our nature. We shall then see in what light we are placed, and what are the use and purpose of our different faculties and

passions; and from hence we shall be convinced, that

"The proper study of mankind is man."

As long as passion holds an absolute reign in our breasts, so long we shall be in darkness as to ourselves, and so long we shall labour under a heavy curse; but when it is properly meliorated and bridled by reason, it will then prove a blessing, and shew itself an essential ingredient in the superstructure of our constitution. When too, our passions get the better of us, we are lost to reason; and every effort to regain her will be found in vain. This shews the necessity of cultivating reason by every means, and in every manner possible; and it will be proper to arm ourselves with her precepts, that upon every occasion we may have her at hand to dissipate the growing influence of passion.

"When passion rides let reason hold the reins," is a most excellent maxim, and ought to be engraven on our hearts. If we do this, I may venture to say our conduct through life will not only be blameless, but meritorious and amiable. We shall then be free from those whims and caprices to which people in general are too often subject, and which frequently occasion pernicious, and sometimes fatal consequences: we shall be calm and moderate, our minds will be at rest, and from hence we shall learn in old age to enjoy "the sweets of conscience, the soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy." S.

Account of the MILDREW, considered as the principal Cause of Epidemical Diseases among Cattle; with Directions concerning the Manner of treating these Diseases.

M. J. S. Segar, the author of a treatise upon this subject, observes that the mildew, which he considers as a kind of rust, is of such a sharp and corrosive nature, that it raises blisters on the feet of the shepherds, who go bare-foot, and even consumes the hoofs of the cattle. He

suspects that it has more or less the quality of arsenic, though he does not pretend to affirm this positively. Its pernicious influence, according to him, is rendered still more powerful by a variety of circumstances, such as sending the cattle into the fields too early in the spring, their drinking

ing water mixed with ice, or but largely thawed, their being kept in stables that are too close and filthy, and are not sufficiently aired. The mildew, producing the disease, is that which dries and burns the grass and leaves. It falls usually in the morning, particularly after a thunder storm. Its poisonous quality, (which does not continue above twenty-four hours) never operates, but when it has been swallowed immediately after its falling. The disorder it occa-

sions, attacks the stomach, is accompanied with pimples on the tongue, with loss of appetite, with the defecation of the aliments in the stomach, with a cough and a difficulty of respiration. As a preservative, the author prescribes purging in spring and in winter. The medicine he advises is composed of thirty grains of sulphur of antimony, and sixty grains of resin of jalap. He is against vomiting, and every thing that is of a heating nature.

O P U L E N C E.

I FOUND myself one day in the laboratory of a chemist. A little pale man was standing in a thoughtful posture near a furnace, on which was placed a vessel of red copper. The reverberation of the fire illuminated his wan countenance; his hair stood on end, his beard was long and neglected; a visor of glass covered his countenance, and he was wrapped in a dirty linen gown. As soon as he perceived me, he put his finger on his mouth.

I was silent. He blew with his bellows for some minutes, and all of a sudden, looking up to heaven, he shewed me a cloud black and stormy-looking. He listened, saying, 'It thunders; Good.' Joy enlightened his dull countenance. 'Behold a storm,' added he; 'let us go out.'

The lightning began to flash. He took me by the hand: 'Ah, how fortunate is this! the thunder begins to roll above us, and perhaps—let us go into the open air.' He seemed to wish to meet the storm; he mounted a little rising ground; he held out his arms to a man who came from a distance. The man who perceived him made him a sign, and came running towards us. At that moment a flash of lightning from the cloud fell on the man who was running, and consumed him like phosphorus. The chemist cried for joy,

and ran to the place where the fire from heaven had decomposed the human body; he stooped down, picked up a little triangular stone, and rising up, cried out, 'We have now no longer occasion for any thing: behold the philosopher's stone.' And how is it so more than others? 'Oh,' replied he, 'for these forty years I have watched the thunder and the lightning. The great work which I have sought after for so long a time, could only be accomplished by the sudden and instantaneous dissolution of a man: It is the thunder alone which is capable of dissolving this precious matter.'

He put into my hand the philosopher's stone; and while by gestures he endeavoured to express the different emotions which arose in his mind, a second clap of thunder, more dreadful than the first, decomposed him in his turn. I was not tempted to examine the place to endeavour to find a second stone, without doubt more perfect, as the person who furnished the materials was a philosopher. I ran off as fast as possible, holding in my hand the stone which I had inherited by means sufficiently strange.

I went and settled in a great city, where I hired a spacious garret. I bought the whole stock of a brazier; and that very evening, after securing the

the door, I changed the whole porridge pots into pure gold. I broke them, or rather sawed them, in pieces; and from these precious fragments I soon raised prodigious sums.

Then all the world paid court to me: I had a hotel, a cook, carriages remarkable for the flexibility of their springs. The women found me charming, and the little understanding I had became genius.

I was young, and it was necessary I should be married. They employed all their affected airs to accomplish that point: they were lavish in their praises; their attentions had no end. In the midst of these coquettish and ambitious fair ones who sought my hand, and who employed all the artillery of sighs and artificial graces against me, I chose a young person of an open ingenious appearance, who had never made any attempt upon me either by words or looks.

My nuptials were splendid and dazzling; and I congratulated myself on having chosen among that prodigious number of young women the person who appeared most gentle and most timid.

A genealogist discovered for me an ancestor slain at *Cerisoles*, and gratified me with a coat of arms, of three pales sable on a field or. As for my spouse, he made her a descendant of *Troilus I.* the 4th king of *Asturias*.

I lay down with her in a most magnificent bed, and I contemplated the sumptuousness of my furniture, when I perceived a crowd of * *Vampires* enter, who began to unfurnish my apartment. I took an opportunity to give them a sign to leave off; they carried off every thing, making at the same time most profound bows. All the servants of my house, while they called me *My Lord*, filled their

hands with some of my effects. Black gowns, red gowns, a thousand people whom I knew not, came to reclaim a part, and every one made themselves master of something that belonged to me. They showed me papers which had the virtue of carrying off my moveables before my eyes. I saw them take away even the casket where my precious stone was deposited; it was seized by the figure of a man who held in his hand a rod, and who cried out, *justice!*

I then returned to my dear wife, and told her in the fullness of my heart, 'The Vampires have carried off every thing—you alone are left me.' I saw her weep. I believed they were tears of affection; but my spouse, so sweet, so ingenious, tore herself from my arms, and ran about the apartment with the gestures and eyes of a shrew. Perceiving it was left bare, she seized a purse the Vampires had overlooked in one of the pockets of my coat; and coming up to me, gave me a hearty box on the ear and disappeared.

Quite stupified by this scene, I raised myself up to run after my wife, for I was really fond of her. I was become somewhat fat with good-living, when a little Vampire, more famished even than the others, leaped upon me, and began to suck my blood while living. He became puffed up upon my body in proportion as I grew thin; he dried me up from the foot to the head in filling himself with my blood; and I became so light, that the wind blew me off my magnificent bed through the rich curtains fairly out at the window. I fluttered about some time in the air, and at last tumbled on a pointed rock; which gave me such a shock that by good luck I awaked.

* In Poland and some other countries, a notion is entertained, that some persons after they are dead and buried, have the power of sucking others till they die, and to them they give the name of *Vampire*. A consumptive person therefore is supposed to be sucked by a *Vampire*.

A concise HISTORY of the Rise and Progress of the French Revolution.[From Kincaid's *New Geographical Grammar*.]

TO give some idea of the origin of this memorable event, we must take notice, that the liberties of France, as well as those of Britain, were secured by their parliaments; but in the French constitution there was this capital defect, that the offices of its members were attached to particular families, titles, or situations; so that though the sanction of parliament was requisite for rendering every act of the king valid, they never were in a condition to refuse it. By degrees it was generally perceived by the people, that this excessive power with which the monarch was invested did not originate either in the principles of the constitution, or the natural rights of mankind; but, as the kings were always in possession of a great standing army, any attempt at innovation would have been exceedingly dangerous. After the conclusion of the treaty of Paris in 1763, the French ministry seemed to adopt a plan different from what they had formerly pursued. Justly supposing that the immense trade carried on by the British was the true source of their power, they lessened the army in order to increase the marine; and in this they succeeded so well, that in the last war the French navy became much more formidable to Britain than ever it had been. But by this improvement, the power of the king, whose despotism could only be supported by a great standing army, was lessened of course. The army which assisted the Americans imbibed from them enthusiastic notions of liberty, which they would probably diffuse among their countrymen, and consequently render them more impatient of the tyranny they laboured under than before. Besides this, the vast expences attending the war with Bri-

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 5.

tain had augmented the national debt far beyond every resource which the kingdom could afford, so that government were put to the last shift in order to carry on the necessary operations. In 1776, the finances had been put under the direction of M. Neckar, a native of Switzerland, and a Protestant, by whom a general reformation was made throughout every department in the revenue. In the beginning of the year 1780, a variety of unnecessary offices in the royal household were abolished, as well as many salutary regulations made for the public benefit. By his activity the excess of disbursements above the revenue, which in the year 1776 had amounted to at least a million sterling, was converted into an excess of revenue above the disbursements, amounting to £. 445,000. These reforms, however, not being calculated to please such as had found their interest in the abuses of revenue, he was dismissed, and others more agreeable to the views of the courtiers appointed. Succeeding ministers being endowed neither with the integrity nor abilities of M. Neckar, the finances and credit of the nation were on the point of being entirely ruined, when the Assembly of Notables was convened. This assembly had been instituted in the early ages, and was composed of archbishops, bishops, various presidents of the different parliaments, and deputies of the different states. Thus it was a proper representation of the whole kingdom, and as such had been frequently called in times of public danger and distress. The minister at this time was M. de Colonne, who is acknowledged not to be possessed of that disinterestedness for which M. Neckar was so eminently distinguished. He is said to have prevented the

I. 1

assembly

assembly from sitting, from the 29th of January, 1787, when it was convened, to the 22d of February; and to this the subsequent revolution is said immediately to have been owing; as, during the interval, an opportunity was given to the members of conversing with each other, communicating their complaints, and forming schemes for redress.

When the assembly at last met for business, the king told them, that the object of their meeting was to improve the revenues; to ascertain their freedom by a more equal partition of taxes; to disengage the commerce of the kingdom from some of its embarrassments; and to support, as far as possible, the poorer part of the community. M. de Calonne acknowledged the deficiency of the annual revenue to be about 80 millions of livres (about three millions sterling) which deficiency he traced as far back as the time of Cardinal Fleury, preceptor, and afterwards minister to Louis XV. The Abbe Terai, he said, had found the deficiency at 74 millions, and left it at 40; while M. Neckar, who had found it at 37 in the year 1776, had left it at 56 in 1780; and in 18 months after that time it had risen to 80. M. Neckar offered to refute this charge; but Calonne refused to enter into any discussion of the matter, and the king would not allow of an inquiry. On a fair state of the case, however, it appeared that the deficiency of the revenue was at least 130 millions; and this was the more alarming, as during the administration of Calonne, no less than 600 millions of debt had fallen in. The remedy he proposed was a general tax on land, and a stamp act. This last, called the *Timbré*, occasioned the greatest alarm. It was even said, that every letter, which at any time might be adduced as a proof in a process at law, was to be stamped. Calonne's speech was published

and severely criticised; he was supposed to have traced the deficiency of the revenue very high, in order to conceal his own faults; and he was opposed by the nobility and clergy, whose privileges he was supposed to have invaded by his land tax. In short, so great were the difficulties and embarrassments of the minister, that he appealed from this Assembly to the people, blaming the Notables for their opposition, as he did not mean to impose any new tax on the people, but to relieve them. In a general meeting, on the 23d of April, the king expressed his sorrow for the vast deficiency of revenue, and promised a more exact œconomy for the future; but concluded with mentioning the stamp act. The Notables received the speech with the utmost applause, but ventured to inquire into the necessity of a new tax, the proposed term of its duration, and the nature and extent of the savings to be made by it. This uncommon boldness did not give offence: the king condescended to enter into particulars, and calculated the increase of revenue at 40 millions: the Notables proceeded in their inquiries, and it was now suggested that an Assembly of the States should be called, as the Notables were not competent to impose a new tax. As the deliberations of the Notables were not carried on in secret, this proposal was instantly circulated through the capital, and supposed to be a new discovery. The Notables were soon after dissolved, without having accomplished any thing except the justification of M. Neckar. During their researches into the affairs of the revenue, it was found, that at the end of his administration there was an excess of ten millions annually, while at present the 600 millions which were fallen in had not been accounted for, and a deficiency of between 130 and 140 millions was to be supplied.

The

The Assembly of Notables was succeeded by the establishment of the Council of Finance; a free passage for corn was allowed from one province to another: and the *Corvées*, or personal services to the lord, were abolished by edict; but at the same time, the stamp act was established. It extended to all letters and commissions for every office and place, either honorary or useful; for every grant, title, or concession; certificates for study; grants under the privy seal; commissions in the affairs of the king; accounts and receipts of every kind, &c. &c.

The weight of this tax was looked upon to be so intolerable, that the parliament refused to register it. Instead of this, they called in their turn for accounts, till, in the discussion of the affair, it was also supposed to be discovered, that the parliament had no right to tax, but that it existed only in the States General. The peers were convened by the parliament on the 30th, and joined with them in all their views. A bed of justice was held by the king on the 5th of August, at which the parliament was obliged to attend, and the edict was registered notwithstanding their protest to the contrary. Ten days after, they were banished to Troyes, and the edict registered, by authority, in the Chamber of Accounts, and the Court of Aids; though each body joined the parliament in their opposition and protests, applauding them for their firmness and propriety of conduct.

The banishment of the parliament of Paris was resented so much by the whole nation, that in a short time it was found necessary to recall them, and matters were for a time conciliated; though on this occasion it is said that the parliament departed from the principles they had formerly proceeded upon. Disturbances, however, were very soon revived. The parliament of Bourdeaux was banish-

ed in the month of August the same year, and the consequences were similar to what have been related concerning that of Paris. The latter was scarcely recalled, when they were desired to register a loan to be taken up by gradual instalments, which, the minister pretended, would, in 1792, render the revenues more than equivalent to the expences; but as this loan amounted to not less than 340 millions, somewhat more than 15 millions sterling, the parliament hesitated, notwithstanding all the manoeuvres of the minister. At last the king himself came to the house, and held what is called a Royal Session. The edicts were now registered, but the duke of Orleans protested, in the presence of the king, against the legality of the proceeding. The parliament protested against the legality of the session itself, but to no purpose. The duke of Orleans, with four others, were banished; the king called for the journals of the house, destroyed the protest, and forbade it to be inserted again. Great clamours were raised by the banishment of the duke of Orleans and the other members of parliament; remonstrances were presented by the parliaments of Paris, Bourdeaux, and Rennes, but the exiles were not recalled till the spring of 1788.

Towards the end of 1787 matters were apparently in a state of tranquillity, the loans being filled, and the royal payments exact. Secret discontents and commotions, however, had undoubtedly taken place; the passion for liberty, which had already displayed itself in great freedom of speech, continued to gain ground, and at last broke forth with irresistible fury in the month of June, 1789. The National Assembly, or Estates of the Kingdom, were then sitting, and had been so for some time, when on the 20th of the month, an address to the king was presented by the nobility,

bility, complaining that "the deputies of the Third Estate had attempted to centre in their own persons the whole authority of the States General, without waiting for the concurrence of the other orders, or the sanction of his Majesty; that they had attempted to convert their decrees into laws; and had ordered them to be printed, published, and distributed in the provinces; had repealed, and re-enacted the taxes, and seemed to attribute to themselves the united rights of the monarch, and the three great orders who compose the States General." In consequence of this the king issued a proclamation, intimating that he would hold a Royal Session in two days. At nine in the morning, Mr. Baillic, the president of the commons, went to the hall with his two secretaries, but found the door shut, and guarded by soldiers; the hall was also filled with soldiers, and all the benches torn up. The commanding officer informed them that he had orders to allow no body to enter the hall. To which the president replied, that he had no orders to discontinue the meetings of the National Assembly; but was again told, that positive orders had been given to allow no body to enter the halls of the States General before the Royal Sessions. It was then moved by Mr. Target, an eminent lawyer, and member for Paris, that an oath should be taken by all the members of the Assembly, that they were called together to fix the constitution, and operate the regeneration of public order; that nothing could prevent them from continuing their deliberations in whatever place they were compelled to hold their meetings; that wheresoever the members are collected, there the National Assembly is; and that each member take a solemn oath never to separate, but to assemble together wherever circumstances require, until the constitution

was established and consolidated on proper foundations.

This proposal was received with loud acclamations; the oath was signed by the president and members, as well as by the deputies from St. Domingo, who requested leave to do so; after which the National Assembly proceeded to business. They began with resolving that an address should be presented to the king for augmenting the pay of the national troops of France, to an equality with those of foreigners in the French service, viz. from four and a half to six and a half sous per day: thus conciliating the army to their side, in case there should be occasion for their assistance in the affair. These proceedings were far from being agreeable to his Majesty. On the 23d of June he held a session of the Three Estates, to whom he made a speech, complaining that he was not seconded in his benevolent intentions; that the States General had been sitting more than two months, without having even agreed on the preliminaries of their operations. Instead of consulting the good of their country, they had raised an opposition, and made pretensions to which they were not entitled. His Majesty considered it as incumbent upon him to destroy the seeds of these fatal divisions, and he called upon the two principal classes, the nobility and clergy, to assist him in his endeavours, and to propose a union of consultation and opinion, which ought to take place for the general good of the kingdom. A declaration was then read by the keeper of the seals, consisting of 35 articles, by way of concession to his subjects, the most remarkable of which were the abolition of *lettres de cachet*; the liberty of the press left to the judgment of the States; the present States General to fix the manner of convening the next, and to form the Provincial States; custom-houses to be

be removed to the frontiers; the salt duty to be softened till it could be abolished; civil and criminal justice to be reformed by the king; corvees and mortmain to be abolished, and no tax imposed without the consent of the States, &c. After this declaration, the king, and keeper of the seals left the hall; but the *Tiers Etat*, or Commons, remained, with some of the nobility and clergy who had joined them, and passed some very spirited resolutions in support of what they had already done. Next day the oath was subscribed by the duke of Orleans, at the head of 40 of the principal nobility, and 200 of the clergy. They now began to exert themselves in the cause of liberty with great spirit. On the introduction of a deputation from the nobles, the president of the commons was not allowed to address them in the usual terms, "I have the honour to acquaint you;" but, "I am requested to acquaint you." In taking the oath, it was insisted that the country should be put before the king. A proposal of annulling all the taxes, and laying them on by the authority of the National Assembly was made by Mr. Target, and instantly agreed to without one dissenting voice.

In the mean time, the commons had the satisfaction to find that their proceedings were agreeable to the nation at large. Deputations were received, not only from the inhabitants of Paris, but from the electors of the provinces, assuring the assembly of their firm support and determination to stand or fall with them in the cause they had undertaken. But while thus employed to the mutual satisfaction of themselves and of the people, the commons received a message from the king, commanding them to depart from the hall. Some of them replied, that they might be taken out dead, but would not go alive. The soldiery were then commanded to interfere, but they positively refused; and the

king was informed by the commander in chief, the Duc de Chatelet, that he could not answer for the safety of his royal person, if the orders given to the troops were to be enforced. His Majesty then wrote a letter to the nobility and clergy, desiring them to join the commons, which was accordingly done; but any little hope of accommodation which might now take place, was entirely overthrown by the following accident. Two soldiers of the French guards formed a design of entering the National Assembly, in order to complain of the Duc de Chatelet, their colonel, in name of the whole regiment. With this view they had dressed themselves in plain clothes; but being observed by the duke, they were by him committed to prison. From thence they sent a letter to the Assembly, informing them of the danger in which they were, on account of the patriotic behaviour of the regiment who had refused to fire on their countrymen. This letter produced the most astonishing effect. A multitude of people set out from the palais royal, where the friends of liberty were assembled, with a design to release the prisoners. As they proceeded on their journey, they were joined by many thousands of others, among whom were a number of the French guards. Having procured the necessary instruments as they went along, the gates and bolts of the prison were forced, and the prisoners released in less than an hour. Troops of dragoons and hussars were sent for, but they refused to act, drank with the multitude, and joined in their acclamations.

Such an alarming tumult could not fail to affect even the boldest patriots. A deputation was therefore sent, at the motion of Mr. Target, to the king, requesting him to take effectual measures for putting an end to the present troubles, and to forgive what was past. His Majesty consented,

sented, and the Assembly continued its proceedings. Some of the nobility and clergy attempted to enter a protest against every thing that had been done, but they were overpowered by a vast majority. The presidency of the Assembly was offered to the duke of Orleans, but on his declining the office, it was offered to the Archbishop of Vienne, who accepted it. The king, however, perceiving his authority almost annihilated, resolved to overawe the Assembly by encamping his troops in the neighbourhood. This excited a general alarm, and the Assembly became tumultuous. M. Mirabeau now began to distinguish himself as a speaker. After taking notice that the station of the troops was an infringement on the liberty of the Assembly,

and that the very finding them in provisions in such a time of scarcity must be a grievance, they being no less than 35,000 in number, he proposed an address to the king, praying that he would order back the troops to the places from whence they came, together with the train of artillery they had along with them; and informing him, that in case any disturbances were apprehended at Paris or Versailles, he might raise companies of armed burghers, who would be a sufficient protection. This address was presented, but the king did not think proper to send away his troops, though he assured the Assembly that they had nothing to fear, and offered to remove the place of their sitting to Noyon, or Soissons.

(To be continued.)

On the TRUTH of FACT and TRUTH of NATURE.

[From Heron's Letters.]

OF the numerous writers on truth, I know none who hath yet observed that the truth perceivable to human reason may be reduced to two kinds; truth of fact, and truth of nature.

Before I proceed further, allow me to tell you an anecdote.

Sir Walter Raleigh, when confined in the Tower, had prepared the second volume of his immortal history for the press. He was standing at the window of his apartment, ruminating on the office of an historian, and on the sacred regard which he ought to pay to truth, when of a sudden his attention was excited by an uproar in the court, into which his prospect was directed. He saw one man strike another, whom by his dress he judged an officer, and who, drawing his sword, run the assailant through the body; who did not, however, fall till he had knocked down the officer with his fist. The officer was instantly seized while lying senseless, and carried away by the servants

of justice; while at the same time the body of the man he had murdered was borne off by some persons apparently his friends, who, with great difficulty, pierced through the vast crowd that was now gathered around.

Next day an acquaintance of Sir Walter called on him; a man of whose severe probity and honour Sir Walter was convinced from innumerable proofs, and rated his friendship accordingly. Raleigh, after their first compliments, told the story of yesterday's fray; which had impressed him deeply, as being a spectator of the whole affair. What was his surprise, when his friend told him that he was perfectly mistaken in his whole story! That his officer was no officer, but a servant of a foreign ambassador; that this apparent officer gave the first blow; that he did not draw his sword, but the other drew it, and it was wrested out of his hands, but not till after he had run its owner through the body with it: that after this, a foreigner in the mob knocked

knocked the murderer down, in order that he should not escape: that some foreigners had carried off the servant's body: and that orders had arrived from court for the murderer to be tried instantly, and no favour shown, as the person murdered was one of the principal attendants of the Spanish ambassador. "Sir," says Raleigh, "allow me to say, that, though I may be mistaken as to the officer'ship of the murderer, yet I know of a certainty, that all my other circumstances are strictly true; because I was a spectator of the whole transaction, which passed on that very spot opposite, where you see a stone of the pavement a little raised above the rest." "Sir Walter," says the friend, "upon that very stone did I stand during the whole affair, and received this little scratch in my cheek, in wrestling the sword out of the fellow's hand: and as I shall answer to God, you are totally mistaken." "You grow warm, my friend, let us talk of other matters," said Sir Walter; and, after some other conversation, his friend departed.

Raleigh took up the manuscript of the second volume of his history, then just completed: "How many falsehoods are here?" said he. "If I cannot judge of the truth of an event that passes under my eyes, how shall I truly narrate those which have passed thousands of years before my birth, or even those that have happened since my existence? Truth, I sacrifice to thee!" The fire was already feeding on his invaluable work, the labour of years; and he calmly sat till it was utterly consumed, and the sable ghost of the last leaf flitted up the chimney.

From this anecdote I illustrate an opinion, which I have always held, that there is no such thing as truth of fact, or historical truth, known to man. History is merely a species

of romance, founded on events which really happened; but the bare events as stated by chronologists are alone true; their causes, circumstances, and effects, as detailed by historians, depend entirely on the fancy of the relater. Of other truths none are positive to man, save those subject to his senses; and even these are fallacious, though the truths they affirm are positive *as to us*: to superior beings, our truths are no doubt falsehoods.

From this observation, however, a certain species of truth, which consists in the relation and connection of things, must be exempted, providing this may be called positive truth: I mean truth of nature, or that universal truth to be found in poetry and works of fiction. This consists in the propriety and consistence of event, of character, of sentiment, of language, to be found in such works. Want of such propriety and consistence always strikes even a common reader as *false* and absurd. Were Achilles, instead of fighting Hector, to fall on his knees, and beg for his life, the incident would strike every one as contrary to *truth* of character. I need not use any more instances to illustrate my meaning; though I doubt you will think it rather an uncommon remark, that the whole truth known to man, and not subject to his senses, must be found only in works of fiction. Truth was not made for man, nor man for truth. He is the mere creature of falsehood; on falsehood depend his being, his passions, his happiness.

By the truth of nature, you will perceive, I mean that represented and imitated by art. For when we say that an event or character drawn by a painter or poet is not *true*, is not *in nature*, we imply that art hath relinquished nature: art and nature are therefore, in this instance, almost synonymous terms; for we refer the representatives

representatives of art to that idea of universal nature, which every mind acquires, in a greater or smaller degree, from being daily conversant in her works.

A character may, however, be drawn out of the usual progress of nature, and yet have truth; as the Caliban of Shakespeare. In this, fancy, comparing certain ideas of utter rudeness of human nature, blended with the bestial and demoniac, the two first drawn from real nature, the latter from a continuity of similar notions of these supernatural beings, handed down from ages of ignorance to ages of refinement, composes, from uniting these ideas, a certain standard of fitness and propriety of character, which is here applied instead of the grand standard of nature. This singular character is *true to itself*, offends no idea of propriety, yet is not in nature.

Of truth of nature, taken in a large sense as applicable to the grand works of nature, man can only judge in so

far as those concern him. It is the nature of the sun to produce heat; but, were it in time to possess the opposite quality, we could not say that *nature was false*, but that her effects varied. Were we told that the rays of the sun were essentially cold, but have the power to effect heat; we cannot prove the proposition wrong; we only judge from our feelings that the sun warms us; and the wisdom that would go further is folly; for any prerogative of nature that manifests not its existence to us, we may boldly say hath no existence. The Herschelian planet certainly did not exist to us till it was discovered, though it was ever an attendant of our system. How fit we are to judge of the truth of the works of nature, may be inferred from the sermon of the Cordelier, who desired his audience to admire the superlative wisdom and goodness of God, who always makes the greatest rivers to pass by the greatest cities.

PICTURE of a HAPPY GOVERNMENT; in a series of Maxims, with which Montesquieu concludes the History of Arsaces and Ismenia.

NEVER before had the Bactrians beheld such happy times. Arsaces and Ismenia declared, that they reigned over the best people in the world; while the voice of every Bactrian proclaimed, that their country was governed by the most excellent of princes.

Arsaces used to say, That, being born a subject, he had wished a thousand times to live under a good prince; and that the wishes of his subjects were doubtless the same which his had been.

He added, That, possessing the heart of Ismenia, it was his duty to offer her the hearts of mankind. He could not bestow upon her a throne; but he could bring those virtues which should fill it.

He thought that the memory of his love should descend to posterity, and that it could not descend better than in company with his glory. He wished that these words should be engraved on his tomb: *Ismenia had for her husband a king who was the darling of mankind.*

He said, That he loved Aspar, his prime minister, because he spoke always of his subjects, seldom of the king, and never of himself.

He possessed, said he, three great qualities; sagacity of discernment, sensibility of heart, and sincerity of intention.

Arsaces often spoke of the justice of his administration. He said, he preserved his hands pure; because the first crime he happened to com-
mit

mit would decide the whole of his future conduct, and form the first link in that chain of injustice which might not terminate but with his life.

I might punish, for instance, said he, a man upon suspicion, and think the matter would rest there. Would this be the case? Far otherwise. A crowd of new suspicions would surround me. The relations, the friends of the man I had put to death, would be suspected in their turn. Behold the germ of a second crime. A series of these violent actions must make me believe myself the object of my people's hatred: I should, of consequence, begin to fear them. This would afford a pretext for fresh executions, which would themselves afford the ground of fresh terrors.

Were my life once marked with these stains, I should begin to despair of acquiring the reputation of virtue: and seeing that I could not efface the past, I would abandon all thoughts of the future.

So eager was Arsaces to preserve the ancient laws and customs of the Bactrians, that he trembled at the word *reformation of abuses*; because he had frequently observed, that men called that *law* which was agreeable to their views, and that *abuse* which opposed their interests.

By multiplying corrections of abuses, men often destroy what they meant only to reform.

He was persuaded that happiness can never flow in a state, except in the channel of the laws; that the only way to render happiness permanent, was to do good in following them; and that the certain way to ruin a state, was to do evil by outraging them.

That the duty of a prince consisted no less in guarding the laws against the passions of others, than in securing them against his own.

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 5.

That the general desire of rendering men happy was natural to princes; but that this desire ended in nothing, if they were not constantly employed in acquiring the knowledge of particular facts, in order to render their efforts successful.

That, very fortunately, the great art of reigning called for judgment rather than genius, for a desire to acquire knowledge more than the actual possession of first-rate abilities; required practical skill more than an acquaintance with theory; rather a certain discernment in distinguishing the characters of men, than a capacity to form them.

That we come to know men by mutual intercourse, just as we come to know every thing else. That it is a very difficult thing for faults and vices to be hid always. That most men, indeed, wear a disguise; but that it hangs frequently too loosely, that some part, some time or other, must be discovered.

Arsaces never spoke about any affairs which he might happen to have with strangers; but he loved to discourse of those which related to the internal situation of his kingdom, because it was the only way in which he could attain to a proper knowledge of it; and with regard to this he used to say, That a good prince should be secret, but that sometimes he might be too much so.

He said, That he felt within himself that he was a good king; that he was mild, affable, and humane; that he panted for glory; that he loved his subjects; that, nevertheless, if with these good qualities, he had not engraved upon his mind the great principles of government, the most grievous misfortune in the world must have befallen his subjects; they would have had a good king, without enjoying the advantages to be reaped from such a character; and this best gift

M m

gift of providence to mankind would have been in a great measure useless.

He who thinks to find happiness on a throne, is deceived, said Arfaces; he can enjoy only that happiness which he brings along with him, and often even risks that happiness itself. If the gods, then, added he, have not instituted power for the happiness of those who govern, it must have been for the happiness of those who obey.

Arfaces knew how to give, because he knew how to refuse.

Frequently, said he, four villages are not sufficient for a present to a great lord who stands on the brink of ruin, or to a wretch who is ready to become a great lord. I may enrich the poverty of the state; but it is impossible for me to enrich the poverty of luxury.

Arfaces was sonder of visiting the cottage of the peasant, than of entering into the palaces of his grandees.

It is there that I find my true counsellors; there I begin to remember what my palace has made me forget. They tell me their wants. The little misfortunes of individuals compose the general misfortune of the state. I inform myself of all these calamities, which collectively might form mine.

It is in these cottages that I see those objects of distress which possess such a charm for those who have the power to alleviate their distresses; and which teach me that I may become a greater prince than I yet am. I there see joy succeeding tears; while in my palace I almost always behold tears succeeding joy.

He was told one day, that during some public festivals his praises had been sung by a company of comedians.

Do you know, says he, why I permit these people to praise me? It is in order to make me despise flattery, and to render it equally vile

in the eyes of every man of condition. My power is so great, that it will always be natural to seek to please me. I hope that the gods will never allow that flattery should please me. With regard to you, my friends, tell me the truth; it is the only thing in the world for which I wish, because it is the only thing in the world I can ever want.

The confusions which had attended the close of the reign of Artabanus, had arisen from some conquests he had made in his youth over some petty neighbouring states, situated betwixt Media and Bactria. They were his allies; he wished to make them his subjects: he made them his enemies; and as they inhabited the mountains, they were never completely subdued; on the contrary, the Medes made use of them for exciting disturbances in the kingdom. The splendour of the conqueror had thus, in a great measure, weakened the authority of the monarch; and even when Arfaces ascended the throne, these nations were not yet reconciled to the yoke of the Bactrians. The intrigues of the Medes soon spirited them up to a revolt. Arfaces flew, and subdued them. He made the nation be assembled, and addressed them thus:

"I know that you suffer with impatience the dominion of the Bactrians; and it does not surprise me. You love your ancient kings who have loaded you with favours. It belongs to me so to act, by my moderation and my justice, as to make you look upon me as the true successor of those whom you so highly adore."

He ordered into his presence the two chiefs who had been most active in the revolt, and addressing the people:

"I bring these men before you," says he, "that you may judge them yourselves."

Every

Every man fought to justify himself by condemning them.

"Learn," says he, "the happiness which you enjoy by living under a king who divests himself of passion when he punishes, and admits it only when he rewards; who thinks that the glory of conquest is held by the precarious tenure of fortune, while the glory of forgiveness is all his own."

"You shall live happy under my empire, and you shall preserve your ancient usages and laws. Forget that I have subdued you by my arms, and yield only to my affection."

The whole nation came to thank Arsaces for his clemency, and the peace he had bestowed. The old men of the nation were appointed as the orators. The first spoke thus:

"Methinks I see those lofty trees which form the ornament of our country. You are the trunk, and we are the leaves. They will protect the roots from the heat of the sun."

The second said to him:

"You had formerly to ask of the gods that they would level our mountains, that they might not defend us against you. Ask of them now, that they may rise to the clouds, in order that they may be your barrier against your enemies."

The third then spoke thus:

"Look at the river which traverses our country; after having, in its impetuous and rapid course,

"borne down every thing before it, it becomes at length so divided, that our women can cross it afoot. But if you look at it in those places where it flows soft and tranquil, its waters gradually deepen; it is respected by nations, and stops the progress of armies."

Since that time these people were the most faithful subjects of Bactria.

In the mean time, the King of Media was informed that Arsaces reigned in Bactria. The remembrance of the affront he had received was awakened in his heart. He resolved to enter into a war against him. He asked for assistance from the king of Hyrcania.

"Join with me," said he to him in his letter; "let us pursue a common vengeance. Heaven destined the Queen of Bactria for your arms; one of my subjects has ravished her from you. Come, then, and regain her by force."

The King of Hyrcania gave him the following answer:

"I should this day have been a slave among the Bactrians, had I not found generous enemies. I thank heaven which ordained that my reign should begin with misfortunes. Adversity is our mother; Prosperity is only our step-mother. You wish me to enter into a quarrel which is not worthy of a king. Let us leave the King and Queen of Bactria to enjoy the happiness of mutually pleasing and loving each other."

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

STORY of HENRY and ANNE.—Founded on *FaZ*.

[Continued from page 186, and concluded.]

THE story of Henry's robbery was soon known, and his parents concluded that their Lord would shew some lenity to them; but finding him invariably cruel and oppressive, they began to attend to the flat-

tering informations about the New World—"At least," said Anne, "we shall go into a land of simplicity—the artless savages subsist not by rapine and deceit: pride and hypocrisy, and avarice, are strangers where lux-

ury

ury and titles are unknown."—The old man dissented from this opinion. "Wherever the print of human footsteps have appeared, there certainly, my child, all human vices follow, though often under different appellatives; however, we must hazard this adventure. As the Lepers said at Samaria, if we stay here we shall certainly perish, and if we go away, at the worst, we can but die."

The ensuing week, as they were merrily chatting on the green before the door, a sudden cloud overspread the heavens with blackness, which soon fell in a torrent of rain, intermingled with thunder and lightning. The family retired in the house; but Henry halted to drive the cattle and sheep to a place of security. All wet and dropping with rain he was returning to the house, when an elegant phaeton, attended by a number of domestics, stopped at the gate. A gentleman handed out a lady, who seemed much affrighted with the storm, and conducted her, with a delicate tenderness, to the door. Henry opened it wide, and bowing to the ground, desired them to walk in, presenting them each with a chair. The noble air, and rich dresses of the new guests, awed our humble rustics, who scarcely durst lift up their eyes at them, until the gentleman, saluting the lady, enquired how his fair Emma did after her fright. Henry then instantly recollecting the lady's countenance—with a modest apology for his boldness recounted his adventure at the brook—"I presume," added he, "this lady is the very same lovely Emma whose noble disinterestedness made me blush at my want of fortitude, and in effect saved my family from ruin."—Here Emma, starting up, seized his hand—"I little thought, my kind friend, that our conversation had an auditor at that time; but since you have been a witness of my distress, rejoice

with me in my present happy situation." Here resuming her seat, while her spouse hung enamoured over her chair, she favoured the attentive circle with an abridgment of her history.—

"I am the only child of the present Baron of Schaufhausen, who was particularly cautious that my education should render me up an accomplished lady to the world. On my first introduction into the *grande monde*, I found myself encompassed by admirers, whose addresses I permitted from vanity; but advancing to my twentieth year, my father grew solicitous that I should select a husband from the number. It was in vain to remonstrate to him that my heart was disengaged. He insisted on my accepting a partner for life.—"Chuse, my child," said he, "throughout all the empire; you can ennoble a peasant by your alliance with him, or cast a new lustre over the escutcheon of a prince."

"Seven months after this I became acquainted with my present husband; and not doubting but that the Baron would accede to our union, I permitted the most violent love to steal into my bosom. I acquainted him in a dutiful and affectionate manner of my attachment, to which he made no reply; but turning from me with a stern look (to my surprise) shut his closet door full in my face. In ten minutes I received this note—

"If you are determined, Miss, to "debase the nobility of your birth, "by a marriage with your present "object, I renounce you forever. "Take your jewels and clothes, and "be miserable.

"LODOVICUS STRELITZ."

"I wept incessantly on the perusal of this cruel billet. I wrote one to my lover, desiring him to forget me; but before I could dispatch it, my cousin Charlotte entered the room in great confusion. "Begone, Emma," said

said she, "your father is exasperated to a degree of madness. He bids me to give you this purse of pistoles, and commands you to quit the castle instantly."—"Alas!" said I, sinking on the floor, "I sacrifice my love to my duty. My dear cousin, tell my old parent I am no longer a rebel to his will." Here I wept bitterly; but the cruel Charlotte called out, "Here, Joseph, if the chaise is ready, hand your young lady in. I am commissioned, dear Emma, to wait on you to another lodging. The angry Baron is from home, and I forfeit his favour if I do not oblige you to submit."—I then rose from my knees, and fullenly giving my hand to her, said faintly, "I see, Charlotte, you have supplanted me; your undermining arts have ruined me." She made no reply, and I suffered myself to be conducted to the chaise. In two hours we came to a neat farmhouse. Charlotte formally took leave of me, and I was shewn to a small, clean apartment, where, in a fit of agonizing despair, I threw myself upon a little bed. The woman of the house, coming in, informed me that Charlotte had advanced the pay for my year's board at her house; and concluding I was some refractory child, gave me a long lecture on obedience to parents. I scarcely heard her.

"After a few days I wrote to my father. I begged the intercession of my relations, but in vain; Charlotte had stopped up every avenue to mercy. Finding myself rejected totally, I at length yielded to the emotions of a soft passion, and accepted the hand of my present husband. We lived happily during six years, when, being seized with a pleurisy, my physician made a report of my danger and poverty to my father. We had a small hut on the common. The Baron's coach drove up to the door. He stoop'd as he entered, and walked

cautiously over the loose uneven floor of my poor bed-room. I rose up surprised to see him; and as I sat leaning against a pillow, the old man, in a gush of grief and remorse, fell on my bed sobbing and unable to speak. My two little ones, seeing me weep, came up with visible concern. The eldest kissed my hand and said, "Don't cry any more; mamma, Mrs. Morely has sent us bread and milk enough for two days." Here the Baron redoubled his sighs, and seemed nearly suffocated, when I feebly bent towards him. "O my father! am I then forgiven?" But what he replied I know not—I fainted on the pillow. To be short, he took us all home. Charlotte's indiscretions drew the odium of the family on her, and a broken lieutenant carried her off to England. My father became excessively fond of my spouse and children, and we are now upon a visit to an old aunt, who lays a dying, and to whom I am sole heirs. My friends," continued she, "I see by your looks my history is not impertinent, and I acknowledge myself yet indebted to Henry for his obliging partiality to me."

Anne, with pleased looks, immediately spread a table with a clean diaper cloth, and placed on it several earthen plates, filled with the most delicious fruits, some biscuits, a plate with honey-combs, and a flask of wine; while Henry, bowing low, thanked the lady for the honour she had done him. "I bless the Almighty," said Henry, "for so signally rewarding virtue. I even rejoice that the Baron's cruelty gave your excellent qualities an opportunity to shine out so philosophically in the test of poverty. Believe me, Madam, the lustre of many a soul lies hidden beneath the splendor of affluence, like the Grand Duke's gems in the green vault." The gentleman smiled—"And many a sentimental

mental mind, my Henry," said he, "is circumscribed by poverty, and is of little utility to mankind beyond the limits of his own family. I heartily wish you, my friend, a fortune equal to your merit; in the mean while accept this trifle," handing him a purse with twenty pistoles. Henry, amid the highest confusion of blushing gratitude, received the gift gracefully, and pressed his benefactors to accept of his little regale. When they had eat, the sun began to shine out with new lustre after the rain, and Emma proposed to proceed on their journey. She took a tender leave of Henry, and kissing Anne, slept in the carriage, which instantly drove out of sight.

Soon after this agreeable interview, they prepared for their long voyage. The pensive neighbours assembled, and having delivered their cattle to the Marquis's steward, they all embarked in a small vessel on the Rhine. After a tedious sail down the river, they were taken aboard a ship bound for New-York, in America. A fair wind sprung up; they soon lost sight of the Imperial shores, and found themselves surrounded by a horizon of waters. The poor cottagers viewed the uncommon scene with pleasure, mixed with dread; but in a few days were accustomed to the prospect, and great agitation of the vessel. Henry, to lessen the expence, had conditioned to work out his passage; but he could procure only very indifferent accommodations for his family, the ship being so crowded. After a few weeks sail Anne's eldest son sickened and died, and the mournful parents, with agonizing hearts, committed the babe of their hopes, the darling of their bosoms, to the waves. "There sinks my child," cried Anne, weeping, "in the depth of the wild ocean, instead of slumbering in my arms: he is gone to be the food of sea monsters." Henry supported and

comforted her. "We have another, my beloved; let us not sin away the only remaining little one by fruitless repinings; our son is ascended to his Creator; it is not him that welters in the deep: oh! grieve not that he is taken from the evil to come, from evils which we shall yet sorrow over. Wisely and mercifully has Providence proportioned our sufferings to our strength, and given the lenient hand of Time power to mollify those griefs he cannot cure." In a little space Anne's sorrows sunk into a languid serenity. She began to smile as usual, and Henry was happy.

They had a tedious passage; but at length, one moonshine night, the sailors cried out "land." In a moment they all crowded upon deck; it was very calm, and near day; a gentle south breeze arose soon after, and by sun-rise they clearly distinguished the little islands covered with verdure, and the white beach on the bold continent. As they sailed up the Narrows, with a fair wind, the strangers admired the beauty of the country, which they little expected to find so well cultivated. When they were anchored in the harbour, Henry requested a scull-boat to go on shore; upon which an English sailor offered his assistance, rallying him a little, "Why, demme brother, these people can't understand your gibberish; they will set you in the stocks for a Jesuit." They got on shore, and the sailor procured for Henry's little family a decent apartment in Beaver-street. Henry expressed his acknowledgments to the generous sailor, for he really found he should never have been able, in his uncouth broken language, to make the people understand him.

Here Henry left his little family while he went to seek a spot on the vacant lands of this state where he might accommodate them. He sailed with a Dutch skipper to Albany, and

and being informed by him where he might find such a place as he wished for, he set off early the morning after his arrival on foot. As he walked along the clovery banks of the Hudson, the long beams of the rising sun glanced over its crumpled surface, and gilt the opposite shores with peculiar beauty; the tall pines of the adjacent forest waved in solemn grandeur; the thrush warbled in the thicket; and at every short distance a little fountain cast its silvery waves across the way, and supplied the thirsty traveller with a seasonable regale. Charmed with the scene, Henry often stopped. He surveyed each opening prospect with singular pleasure. The bright rays of Hope again dawned upon his soul, and diffused its enlivening influence through his late uncheery heart. "Yes," said he, "I feel that we shall, in the uncultivated forests of America, enjoy that tranquility which the inhospitable plains of Europe denied us." Here he was interrupted by the appearance of a traveller, who no sooner perceived him than he flew to him. "Oh my Henry!"—"Oh my Frederick!" were all they could say for some time. They clasped each other in their arms. They wept and smiled alternately. It was a fellow soldier of Henry's, a very dear friend.

After their first transports were over Henry told him all that had passed since they parted, and the soldier, in return, told him, that soon after Henry quitted the army he left it too, and in hopes of settling happily in the village where he was born, had returned to it, after an absence of some years; but upon his arrival there, finding his parents dead, and the object of his sincerest affection married to another, in a fit of grief and rage he left his native country and came to America; "and here, my friend,"

continued he, "I am happily situated for life; I have married an amiable woman; my neighbours are all like brothers, and the acquisition of your dear family to our little circle will add new pleasure to it."

The sun was setting when they entered the beautiful village of Tomhanick. The farmers had finished their daily task, and were smoking by their doors, while the younger tribe gamboled on the green before them; the blush of health hung careless on every cheek, and content smoothed every brow. Frederick invited the cottagers home with him, and as they were seated round a table covered with the fruits of the season, he related to them the history of Henry's life. The good people were affected by the recital of his misfortunes, and promised to assist him. "You have been unfortunate," said an old man, "but if you will live as we do, you shall be happy." The next day they assembled, and in the course of two days they finished a neat log-house for Henry, such as they themselves dwelt in.

With a heart filled with gratitude and joy, he returned to his Anne; he repeated the particulars of his journey and its happy issue, and proposed their removal to their new habitation as soon as possible. To this they all assented with pleasure; and having packed up their little effects, and paid their rent, they set out in a few days for Tomhanick. There they were received with the most hearty welcomes; and as they were much reduced, each of the neighbours contributed something to raise Henry's stock, and make him happy. There they reside still, beloved and respected by all, and find their industry rewarded by prosperity and contentment.

DESCRIPTION of the WORKS lately erected by Mr. JAMES CALDWELL, of the City of Albany, Merchant, who is sole Proprietor thereof.

THE buildings belonging to these works extend on a line along the front about 200 feet. That part which contains the machinery of the mills is 42 feet front. One water wheel, of three and an half feet wide, with one and an half inch water, by an upright shaft, puts in motion the *snuff-mill*, which consists of four mortars, 16 rollers, and a snuff-bolt; a *mustard-mill*, with two large rollers, four mortars and stampers; a *chocolate-mill*, with a run of stones and cocoa-roaster; an *engine* for cutting smoaking tobacco; a *machine* for cutting the tobacco for the snuff-mill, and a large grind-stone for the use of the works. It likewise gives motion to an elegant Colossal *figure of a man*, under a pediment in the front of the building, represented in the act of turning a winch, from which all the machinery apparently receives motion. The tobacco is pressed and brought to the knife of the cutting machine, on a plan entirely new, without manual labour. All these works, together with a kiln for preparing the mustard-seed, are on the first and second floors. Any part may be set in motion or stopt without affecting the others. On the third floor is a kiln for tobacco. Both kilns are on a new and improved construction. Here are a number of hands constantly employed in packing snuff and tobacco.

The house for drying and curing tobacco adjoins the mill on the west, and is 70 feet in front. The fire-places are constructed with such improvements as not to require one fourth of the wood commonly used for the like purposes. The upper part is occupied as a store room for tobacco.

The house on the west contains the *tobacco-manufactory*; on the lower floor of which are nine complete

presses, and a room where tobacco is formed into rolls, in a manner never before discovered, without either pins or thorns, of which invention the merit is solely due to the manufactory. On the second floor the spinning is done, where 24 hands are constantly employed in the various parts of the business: Here is a machine, by which one boy can turn for six or eight tables, and can stop either when occasion requires it, without interrupting the rest. This last improvement has often been attempted both in Europe and America, but has never before been brought to the perfection it is here. The third floor is a store-room.

The water is conveyed to the mill by a trench, and from thence passes off by a subterraneous conduit, over which is the main road; and the water-wheel is so sheltered, that it neither can be perceived from the inside or outside of the mill.

Beside these buildings there is an elegant and commodious dwelling-house, and several out-houses, belonging to the manufactory, all disposed in such a manner as to make a beautiful appearance. They are situated about one mile from the center of the city of Albany, and 400 yards west of the mansion-house of Stephen Van Rensselaer, Esq; (the proprietor of the manor of Rensselaerwick,) at the entrance of that delightful valley, through which a never-failing stream passes, that turns a number of other mills within sight of each other.

Mr. Christ. Batterman, a young man, a native of Boston, is the architect, to whose ingenuity the plan of the works, and the various improvements in the execution, are to be ascribed, as he was solely entrusted by Mr. Caldwell with the construction of them.

The

The snuff-mill is in such high perfection, that by going only nine months in the year, more snuff can be produced, it is said, than is consumed annually in the northern part of America.

Mr. John Currie, from the city of Hartford, in Connecticut, a skilful young man, has the superintendence of the snuff-manufactory, having been regularly bred to that branch.

The proprietor of the above works having laid out a very large capital in erecting them, intends to spare no pains to make the articles he manufactures exceed in quality any which are imported from abroad; and those which he has already produced, we are informed, are in the highest repute.

We may add, without vanity or prejudice, that these works are superior to any of the kind in America.

SEMIRAMIS.—A Dream.

I DREAMT that I had become an antiquary, and had formed one of the most beautiful cabinets in Europe. I delighted particularly in mummies, and I bought them from all quarters.

I had learn't to distinguish the true mummies of Egypt from the counterfeits made by the Jews, to impose on the Europeans: by taking a little bit of the mummy, I had come the length of distinguishing an Egyptian skeleton from that of some criminal baked in an oven by these scoundrels, then embalmed, afterwards covered with stripes of linen and hieroglyphics, and sold by these dexterous rogues, who laugh at profound philosophers.

I was not the dupe of these impostors. I knew almost by the form of the head these ancient Egyptians preserved by a particular secret, and who were jealous of transmitting to us their dried figures.

They were ranged in my cabinet; and I enjoyed myself, saying, All these spoke some three thousand years ago: they little thought they should arise from their catacombs near Grand Cairo, to travel into Europe, and arrive at Paris to satisfy my curiosity. Behold me surrounded with people dead but not buried, who never suspected that their bodies should one day become my property. This idea pleased me, and I walked in the mid-

dle of these embalmed bodies, who had no longer names belonging to them, and to whom I gave such as pleased my imagination.

One day reviewing my antique and black riches, I took up the head of a mummy, and considering it attentively, Who are you? said I to it in a low voice; who are you? Instantly the head moved in my hands, and replied, I am Semiramis. What! you? pray was you beautiful?—Yes; I once appeared a sedition by shewing my bosom naked and my hair flowing.—And did you erect these superb gardens so much talked of?—I made Babylon be constructed; I built with magnificence on the Tygris and the Euphrates.—You have done things truly extraordinary!—I reigned like a great man, uniting talents and courage.—And your military expeditions?—I made many conquests in Ethiopia; I penetrated into India.—You fondly loved glory, Madam!—I was born for it.—And these weaknesses of which history speaks?—What do they signify? the duties I owed to the empire did not suffer; I made Assyria happy, and I deserved the honours of the *Apotheosis*.—All your ideas, Madam, are elevated: I respect you much; but one thing hurts me, you were a tyrant.—A woman is with propriety placed on a despotic throne.—Why, Madam?—Because the severity of that govern-

N n

ment

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 5.

ment is always softened by the pity natural to her sex, and by the ascendant which heaven has given to women. Pride is less hurt at being humbled before them: besides, I loved the arts, and those who cultivated them; they were not treated like the rest of my subjects.—But, Madam, did you refuse to restore to your son Ninus the sceptre, of which you was only the depositary?—The sceptre which I held was not a deposit.—But may I ask you, Did you really put

your husband Ninus to death?—No.—History says so.—History lies.—But Voltaire has made a tragedy on that subject, and has made you feel remorse.—Tragedies are only fables.—And the voice of mankind which accuses you?—Mankind will be undeceived.—And when?—When the day proper for the discovery of truth shall come.—At these words the head became more heavy; it fell out of my hands, and tumbled back into its box. [*From the French.*]

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

The SCRIBBLER.—No. VIII.

MANKIND in general, especially during their juvenile years, have an irresistible curiosity of becoming acquainted (by travelling) with the world, and with the manners and customs peculiar to distant countries and nations. They are very frequently urged to gratify this propensity by invitations from, and solicitations of, their more opulent relatives, who reside beyond sea. The unsuspecting youth, elevated with the prospect which presents itself of enlarging his ideas, with respect to men and things, and hoping every thing from the indulgence and attention of persons allied to him by the close ties of consanguinity, eagerly accepts their invitation, without making such previous enquiries into their character, temper, and dispositions, as is absolutely necessary. This neglect is very often productive of disagreeable, and many times of unhappy consequences to the young stranger. Those of the male sex have various methods of extricating themselves from the tyranny and oppression of unrelenting relations, which to the fair in a similar situation, would not be consistent with the delicacy of their frame, or the dignity of their nature.

I was induced to offer these hints to those of my young female readers

as may be disposed to travel to foreign countries, by the invitation of relations who may reside in them, from a circumstance which happened a few years ago to a young lady of great merit and intrinsic worth.

Anna was the only daughter of a reputable woollen manufacturer in England, who died whilst in her infancy; and from an unfortunate train of events, was incapable of bequeathing any thing considerable to his children. Her mother, a lady of respectable connections, a genteel education, and amiable qualities, superintended her education till arrived at the age of fourteen, when she was sent to a boarding-school, situated a few miles from the metropolis, where she acquired many valuable accomplishments; whilst the gentleness of her manners, her delicate sensibility, and good understanding, gained her the esteem of all who were so happy as to become acquainted with her. During her stay at this seminary, and for a considerable time afterwards, her mother was solicited in the most pressing manner, by several letters which she received from a brother of her late husband, who had long resided in America, and had acquired a fortune by trade, to send her daughter to this country, in order to reside in his

his family as a companion for his wife, assuring her that whenever his niece thought proper to return to her native country, a passage should be provided for her at his own expence. The parent of *Anna*, contemplating the many advantages which she might derive by such a voyage, particularly those of expanding her ideas of the world, and of becoming acquainted with the customs and manners of its inhabitants, the pleasing hope of seeing her at some future period permanently established in life, through the influence and aid of her uncle, and improved by the company, conversation, and examples of her aunt, finally consented that she should cross the Atlantic. *Anna*, to comply with the wishes of her mother, and the request of her uncle, signified her approbation; and a passage was immediately provided for her, on board a ship bound for the port where her relations resided.

The day appointed for her embarkation being arrived, our heroine, attended by her mother, and a few choice friends, proceeded to the place where the vessel was lying. This was indeed a most affecting scene—the tender, indulgent parent, in tears, and ready to swoon at the very thought of her *Anna's* departure, and for ought she knew, never to return: her friends encircling her neck with their arms, and bathing her delicate bosom with their tears, almost induced her never to leave her native shore. After a few moments reflection, however, to avoid the imputation of pusillanimity or caprice, she determined, though with a heavy heart, to proceed on the voyage which she had undertaken, and accordingly bid adieu to her country and to her friends.

The ship, after a tolerable passage, made the Banks of Newfoundland. But here they were overtaken by a most violent gale of wind, which carried away some of her sails and

rigging, and considerably damaged her hull. The master (who was also part owner,) undismayed by the weather, or the shattered condition of his barque, was determined to make the place of his destination if possible; but after several weeks spent in combating a heavy head sea, and in the most tempestuous weather, during part of the months of October and November, without making much progress, and their stock of provisions so far exhausted as to oblige them to make use of part of the cargo—he at last, by the advice and intreaty of all the passengers, and in consideration of a pecuniary reward (which they found absolutely necessary to give him,) determined on standing to the southward, and arrived at an island in the West-Indies, about the latter end of December.

Anna, much fatigued and emaciated by the length and peril of her voyage, went on shore, and was introduced by one of the gentlemen passengers to a reputable family on the island, where she passed the remainder of the winter.

Genuine politeness, disinterested generosity, and hospitality to strangers, have long been characteristic of the West-Indies. This refinement, and those virtues, she saw exemplified during her stay.—In the succeeding spring, *Anna* re-embarked (the vessel having undergone some necessary repairs,) much esteemed by those with whom she had contracted an intimacy; who loaded her with presents of the choice fruits natural to those climates.

After a moderate passage from thence, she arrived at her destined port on this continent. Her uncle, *E. Page*, Esq; being informed of her arrival, hastened on board; and after a little time spent in mutual congratulations, &c. attended her to his dwelling, where she was politely and joyfully received by Mrs. *Page*, her aunt;

aunt; who, for several weeks, treated her with all the affection and regard which she had anticipated, or had even a right to expect. Now the distresses and anxieties of her mind, occasioned by parting with her nearest and dearest friends in England, the danger attending sea voyages in a boisterous and tempestuous season, and a climate unfavourable to European constitutions, began hourly to vanish; she conceived (for gratitude formed a conspicuous trait in her character) that the kindness, and many polite attentions paid her by her transatlantic relations and their friends, a full and complete compensation for them all. But alas! how transitory are all our enjoyments! how very suddenly may we be disappointed in our most fond expectations!

Before I proceed farther it will not be improper to give the reader some idea of the character and disposition of Mr. and Mrs. Page.

Mr. Page is a gentleman of strong natural powers, but of contracted education, who, with many foibles, possesses many excellent qualities; but blind to the imperfections of his wife to a fault.

Mrs. Page, though of a mild, placid countenance, and seemingly agreeable temper, possesses a haughty, imperious, envious, malignant disposition; her insolence is frequently displayed to the unprotected, and her ill-humour to her servants render frequent changes in her household highly necessary. With a woman of this character, it was impossible the gentle, the amiable *Anna* could long enjoy that happiness and ease which she then experienced, and which she had anticipated a long continuance of. In short, after a few months residence abroad, she began to develop the malevolency of her aunt's disposition; and some domestic broils occurring, respecting which she could not coincide in opinion with her aunt, gave

rise to a coolness on her part, which finally terminated in implacable hatred: every day now furnished her with new matter whereby to increase the horrid flame of discord, and she let pass no opportunity of treating her in the most disrespectful manner. Mr. Page beheld, with deep regret, the uncalmness which prevailed, and used his endeavours, in vain, to restore harmony and friendship.

Notwithstanding the treatment *Anna* received from her aunt, she made use of every effort in her power to oblige and to please her; assisted in the management of domestic concerns; attended her day and night, with care and solicitude, during a long and dangerous illness, and made every concession and apology to her, for any little fault she might inadvertently commit, that a reasonable and good natured person could expect; but all to no purpose; her cruelty daily increased, and in this she was counselled and assisted by a wretch who scarcely deserves the appellation of woman! She, to gratify some sinister views, would meanly descend to any thing; in order to please or to flatter Mrs. Page. The engaging sweetness of *Anna's* temper, had gained her the friendship of many; nay, almost all of those who visited or were acquainted in the family. They took a pleasure in representing her character and conduct to her aunt, and pointed out to her the many amiable qualities which adorned her mind. Mrs. Page was well convinced of her superiority in every mental endowment, and this was one grand, one principal reason of her ill-behaviour to her. She was mortified to an extreme, therefore, by hearing the praises daily lavished on her niece; and intimated, that as *Anna's* conduct to her (in her opinion) had been highly reprehensible, and in many instances unpardonable, and consequently incurred her displeasure, she would

in

in future consider all who espoused her interest, or who should say a word in her favour, as *her* greatest enemies, and treat them accordingly. Several, whose interest it was to remain on friendly terms with Mrs. Page, were careful in future never to mention her name, or pay her any respect in the presence of her aunt (though secretly they wished her well.) Others, who were either placed above a dependence on her smiles, or who possessed a more independent spirit, took every opportunity of evincing their sincere regard for her, and offered to serve her to the utmost of their power. Amongst others of her friends, she possessed one, who, regardless of the frowns of Mrs. Page, vindicated the character of *Anna* at every opportunity, and sacrificed her friendship to become the open and avowed champion of the much injured fair.

Henry had long been on terms of intimacy with the family, and from a perfect knowledge of his character, was recommended by them to Miss Page, soon after her arrival, as worthy her esteem. A similarity of temper, a sympathy of soul, together with the mutual performance of good offices, endeared them to each other, and united them in the strongest ties of reciprocal friendship. This was finally increased to a more sublime, a more exalted passion. In short, *Henry* became enamoured of the persecuted *Anna*, and amidst all her troubles and distresses, revealed to her that sacred flame which the attracting charms of her person, and the still greater attracting charms of her mind, had kindled in his breast:—that extacy of soul, that superlative joy, which none but lovers can feel, and which no pen can possibly describe, pervaded the breast of *Henry* on finding, by the confessions of his beloved, that the passion was mutual.

Mrs. Page observed the attention paid by *Henry* to her niece with en-

vicious hatred, and hinted, that he too had incurred her high displeasure, and was no longer a welcome guest at her house. Persons united by the endearing ties of LOVE, founded on virtuous and honourable principles, are never so happy as when in the enjoyment of each others company and conversation. To these lovers then, this was a severe sentence. Notwithstanding which, however, they found means of seeing each other frequently.

Matters becoming every day more disagreeable and more distressing to *Anna*, her complexion wearing very visible marks of declining health and an impaired constitution, and seeing not the smallest prospect of living on friendly terms with her aunt, hinted to *Henry* her intention of applying to her uncle, very shortly, to fulfil the promise of returning her to England, which he had made. *Henry* would have superseded the necessity of this measure in a manner more congenial to their mutual wishes; but alas! his circumstances would not have rendered, at that time, a matrimonial connection prudent; and convinced that something should immediately be done to disengage her from her present unhappy situation, he not only approved of her design, but urged her in the strongest and most forcible manner to make immediate application, which she did, and in a few weeks afterwards embarked for the place of her nativity, where she arrived in tolerable health, after experiencing, in the course of two years, many vicissitudes.—The joy expressed by her friends on her arrival, could be equalled only by their distress at her departure; and she once more had the happiness of seeing herself in the fruition of those joys which spring from disinterested friendship and esteem.

The last time I saw *Henry*, he informed me that he hoped soon to have it

it in his power to fulfil every engagement he made with his *Anna*, previous to her departure. God grant he may, for I am deeply interested in the welfare and happiness of each of the parties.

"To *Anna*, a tribute now is surely due,
 "To Heaven's favourite, and it is to you;
 "When join'd in wedlock, may you ever prove
 "The joys which spring from innocence and love."

This narrative was not written for the purpose of discouraging young people from travelling; on the contrary, it is strongly recommended to them, as the means of extending their conceptions of the world, and of shaking off many of those local prejudices which persons confined within the narrow limits of their native place

too generally possess; but it was wrote with the philanthropic view of guarding young persons, unhackneyed in the ways of men, against indiscriminately throwing themselves into the care and protection of relations, whose character, dispositions, and temper, they are totally unacquainted with. All of us have some who do infinite honour to their connections, and others who are a disgrace to us and to themselves: let us regard the former then, and pay every attention to them in our power, be their circumstances or occupation in life what they may, while on the other hand we treat the latter in the manner they are best entitled to.

B.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

AN ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

WHEN Gen. Washington captured the Hessians at Trenton, in December, 1776, a private soldier, who, by flight, escaped the fate of his comrades, betook himself to a neighbouring wood. Unacquainted with the country, and a stranger to the English language, he conceived it impossible for him, at that time, circumstanced as he was, to escape to any of the posts occupied by the British forces; he therefore constructed a rude, temporary habitation, at the foot of a hill, sheltered from the inclemency of the weather by the surrounding forest. In this solitary abode he dwelt nine months, subsisting almost all together on such vegetable productions as the country and seasons afforded. At length, grown weary of his inhospitable and unfriendly lodging, he sought, and found one more agreeable in an adjacent hay-barrack. The proprietor, a farmer near Trenton, observing at various times the hay, in a particular part, disordered in such a manner as induced him to suspect that some

stranger had taken up his lodging there, resolved to know who the nocturnal intruder might be: he attended one morning with several of his domestics, and having placed themselves in a convenient position, waited his departure. At the dawn of day he came forth, yawned and shook himself, and then began his march, by easy steps, to his retirement in the woods. The farmer and his attendants cracked their whips, and gave a tremendous shout, which very much accelerated his progress. They pursued, and ere he could reach his wretched asylum, was overtaken and seized. His grotesque figure (occasioned by the tattered state of his regimentals, an old worsted stocking drawn over his head as a substitute for a hat, his dishevelled locks and venerable beard, together with the amazement and terror which distorted his countenance,) induced his pursuers to suppose him an unfortunate maniac; and fearing the consequences of making too free with a person of that description, when set at full liberty, they very

very prudently bound his hands behind him, and then conducted him to their dwelling. During these transactions he observed an uniform silence, and considering all around him his sanguinary foes, he surrendered himself to melancholy and deep despair. Several neighbours shortly after came in, some of whom he discovered, by their language, to be Germans. To those he addressed himself—gave an affecting relation of his

curious adventure, and sued for protection. They all assured him of their friendly dispositions towards him, and immediately offered him employment in the labours of husbandry. He now became perfectly reconciled to his fate, accepted their proposal, and proved, by his industry and integrity, a very useful and valuable member of the community.

B.

EAST-INDIA ANECDOTES.

The Topasses.

THE Topasses are black Christians, who call themselves Portuguese, and have the names of the first families in Portugal; but who, to all appearance, are descended from slaves, born and brought up in the houses of the Portuguese, who treat very favourably, and with great humanity, those slaves whom they call *Creanza de Casa*, or Children of the House. The Europeans have never been able to form good troops out of those people; which arises, no doubt, from the contemptuous manner they treat them with: instead of which, Tippoo has always put them on an equality with the Seapoys, and even preferred them to his other troops. The officers of these Topasses are Europeans; which circumstance, however, does not prevent those among them who distinguish themselves from being promoted: in consequence of this treatment, they may be regarded as Tippoo's best troops, and those he can most rely on.

The Nayres.

THE Nayres are the nobility of the Malabar coast. We may affirm that they are the oldest nobility in the world: for the ancient writers mention them, and quote the law that permits the Nayre ladies to have many husbands; every one being allowed four. Their houses, which

stand single, have as many doors as the lady has husbands. When one of them visits her, he walks round the house, striking with his sabre on his buckler: he then opens his door, and leaves a domestic with his arms in a kind of porch, and who serves to inform others that the lady is engaged. It is said, that one day in the week the four doors are all opened, and all her husbands visit her, and dine together with her. Each husband gives a sum of money, or portion, at the time of marriage, and the wife only has the charge of the children. The Nayres, even the Samorin, and the other princes, have no other heirs than the children of their sisters. This law was established, that the Nayres, having no family, might be always ready to march against the enemy. When the nephews are of age to bear arms, they follow their uncles. The name of father is unknown to a Nayre child. He speaks of the husbands of his mother, and of his uncles, but never of his father.

A German Officer sells his Daughter.

GENERAL Smith, in the war in 1767, besieged Kishnagari, a fortress on a steep mountain*, but was obliged to raise the siege after having made two assaults; in the last of which he lost twenty-four grenadiers, besides soldiers. This was the only place defended

* *Trincomalee.*

fended by an European officer; his name was Constantin, a native of Andernac on the Rhine, in the electorate of Cologn. He came to India with Fischer's troop, in 1754, and married a Portuguese; by whom he had a very beautiful daughter. He was serjeant when M. Hughel commanded the Europeans in Ayder's army. The officers discovered, that, together with his wife, he was in treaty with the Nabob about selling his daughter: they regarded this transaction as an infamous piece of business, that would disgrace all the Europeans in the army. M. Hughel sent for him, to enquire concerning the design laid to his charge; which he denied. A young officer in the army offered to espouse the girl; and the father received the proposal with gratitude. M. Hughel, in favour of the marriage, at the same time promoted the father: but that very night the parents sold their daughter to Ayder for 50,000 rupees, and Ayder sent them into the country of Benguelour. Constantin has ever since that time lived at a distance from the army. After the brave defence of the fortress of Kisinagari, the inhabitants of the flat country brought their most valuable effects, and deposited them in the place for security. He opened the boxes and cabinets, taking out the richest property to a vast amount, and escaped to Goa; from whence he went to Bombay, and afterwards to Europe. Ayder's French surgeon affirms, that the girl has since told him, that she esteemed herself fortunate in being sold to the Nabob; as her father and mother might have made a more shameful traffic with her, if she had staid with them.

Interview between Ayder and his Mother after his defeat at Trincomalee, by Gen. Smith.

TO shew the intimacy between Ayder and his family, as well as his

manner of conducting himself with respect to his relations, it will not be amiss to describe an interview he had with his mother about this time. This lady, who in quality of queen-mother has the right of commanding in the seraglio or palace, having received information of the check her son had experienced, and which no doubt she supposed more considerable than it really was, departed from Ayder Nagar to see her son in the army, notwithstanding the inconvenience of travelling 140 leagues in the rainy season. She made long journeys, and arrived at the camp in a few days. When the Nabob, who had been apprised of the Queen's departure, was informed of her approach, he left the camp with his whole army in savari or parade. The army met the head of the Queen's retinue at a league distance from the camp; at which time they halted, and Ayder and his son advanced alone on horseback, till they had joined the palanquin of their mother, which was close, and covered with muslin. They both inclined as low as they could on their horses; and placing themselves on the right and left of the palanquin, the lady continuing her journey, guarded by her son and grandson, and followed by the whole retinue of Ayder. She passed through the middle of Ayder's army, who saluted her as if she had been the prince himself. The retinue of Ayder's mother consisted of about two hundred ladies, mounted on horses and oxen: they were enveloped in large pieces of thick muslin, which prevented even the smallest part of their clothes from being seen. They all went before the palanquin of the queen-mother, which was followed by eight garris, or small Indian carriages, covered with scarlet cloth, and drawn by large Persian oxen. There were likewise ten elephants, and a number of camels and beasts of

of burden. Some European horsemen preceded the women, and marched on one side. The whole retinue was surrounded by about six hundred lance-men, having feathers and bells to their lances; and the horsemen, who preceded and followed the retinue, were about four hundred in number.

It is said, that when this lady was conducted into her tent, Ayder enquired what could have induced her to make so long a journey, especially at a time when the continual rains rendered the roads almost impracticable; and that she answered, "I

was desirous, my son, of seeing you bear the ill-fortune you have sustained." The prince having replied, "That if heaven should put him to no greater trial, he should find no difficulty in supporting it."—"Very well, then," replied she, "since that is the case, I give thanks to God; and shall immediately return, that I may be no impediment to your operations." Two days after, this lady, having wished her son every kind of prosperity, departed, accompanied by her son and grandson to the place where they had met her.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

*The man bow blest, who sick of gaudy scenes,
Is led by choice to take his fav'rite walk,
Beneath Death's gloomy silent cypress shade,
Unpierc'd by Vanity's fantastic ray;
To read his monuments, to weigh his dust,
Visit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs!*

YOUNG NIGHT. V.

ALTHOUGH cheerfulness and vivacity operate as cordials to the heart, yet it is accompanied with utility, sometimes to open a scene of woe, and expose to view the miseries which are the lot of humanity. A cloud spread over the fascinating objects of time and sense, may have a tendency to open our strange attachment to terrestrial things, and teach us to aspire after those enjoyments which are fully adequate to the wants of an immortal soul. He only can be called completely blest, the duration of whose happiness is commensurate to that of the Deity. Every sublunary possession is transient and precarious. The man who is to-day raised highest on the wheel of fortune, the envy of fools, and a spectacle of admiration to the giddy throng, may be to-morrow fallen to the ground, and blasted in his most sanguine expectation: but a little while ago and his apartments were crowded with professing, but false friends, who now

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 5.

abandon him to his calamity; or perhaps openly insult his feelings. But if during our abode in the present state of existence, we might possess all the happiness which our nature could bear, how soon would we be deprived of all, by the "cruel spoiler" Death. The sweetest draught is not without its bitter ingredients, and the most beautiful rose is not without its thorn.

When we look around upon the human race, and consider from what state of dignity and bliss they have fallen, and reflect for a moment on all the nameless evils to which they are continually liable; and especially when we take a view of the last and closing scene, who that has a heart susceptible of sympathetic impressions, but must drop the spontaneous tear, and in the anguish of his soul exclaim, "O Adam! what hast thou done? Thy disobedience has involved all thy posterity in sin, and its inevitable consequent, misery! Thou hast de-

O O

faced

faced the beauties of creation; thou hast sullied the crown of glory, which thou mightest have transferred more bright to thy children; and thou hast ruined the excellent workmanship of God!"

Unmoved by the groans of parting nature, and not fatiated with devouring thousands, the monster Death shoots his destructive arrows in every direction, quite fantastic in his aim. Vigor, as well as decrepitude, is laid in the dust: youth and beauty afford no asylum from his attacks; and even wisdom, heavenly wisdom, is blighted by his Tartarian breath. The blooming maid, on whose cheek rosy Health was playing, and whose bosom palpitated with youthful fires, is seized by the icy hand of Death, and snatched from all her pleasing prospects. That eye which rolled brilliant in its socket, and with a single glance enkindled love in our souls, is now fixed, and emits not the feeblest ray. The body, nourished with delicious food, and clothed in the most costly manner, must descend into the silent chambers of the tomb, and afford a sweet repast to its kindred worms! Where shall the admiring youth find his fair one? Her image glides before him lovely as the vernal morn, but eludes his too eager grasp. No longer shall he spend the convivial hour in her enchanting company. No more shall he gaze with longing eyes and increasing delight upon this amiable object, which irresistibly drew his warmest affections, and unalterably fixed his love.

How is the scene changed! Not long ago the sun of happiness beamed upon him in the mildest splendor; but now he is overwhelmed with the thickest gloom. His Amelia, his once divine Amelia, is ravished from his arms, and has bid him an eternal adieu. Where are those eyes which shone with friendship, sensibility and love, and which beamed rapture into his soul? Alas! they have lost all their lustre, and will never more give him joy. That voice which was melody to his ears, is now wrapt in the silence of the grave, and ceases to convey to his soul the sweetest sentiments of virtue and friendship. That person which appeared something more than mortal, and which seemed too excellent to decay, is suddenly changed into a disgusting object, becomes nauseous to the sight, and must be removed from the habitations of men: So the cedar clothed with the liveliest verdure, and rising towards the clouds, lately flourished the pride of the forest, and promised a long continuation of her beauty, but the lightning of Heaven has blasted her honours, and left her to moulder forgotten in the dust.

Cruel Death! how dost thou mock the fondest hopes of the children of men? why cut down the flower just blushing into beauty, and leave the old and the withering to taste the refreshing dews of Heaven? But thou hast delight in misery, and smilest ghastly amid human woe!

HORTENSIO.

May, 1791.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

The F R I E N D.

DUELLING has often been the subject of literary speculation. It has been frequently reprobated by philosophy, censured by common sense, and lashed by satire; but *duelling* is still a custom, and victims are

still sacrificed, not unfrequently at the shrine of private revenge. This, however, is but one of the many events which testify the feeble influence of truth and argument upon the pride and passion of men.

Laws,

Laws, though enacted in every country against this pernicious practice, and though armed with every penalty, have had as little power to eradicate it, as reason and religion. The same passions which prompt to *duelling*, often operate in those who should execute such laws, and by inducing a real though secret approbation of the conduct, hinder the duty of the magistrate, and encourage the trespass of the criminal. At the same time, the fear of giving offence to such as are interested in the criminal's life, reputation and prosperity, a weakness to which magistrates are as liable as other men, powerfully obstructs the progress of justice, and disappoints the purposes and counsels of virtue.

The imperfect success of these well-designed efforts ought not however to discourage the philosopher, the divine, the satirist, or the legislator, from future efforts to accomplish the same purpose. The real influence of all attempts to oppose vice, is perhaps much greater than is usually imagined. When we form our opinions of this subject, we commonly form them from the present state of human affairs, which is unquestionably, in many respects, painful to the eye of benevolence; but is probably far less painful than it would have been, or would soon be, if such efforts had never been made, or were now to cease. With this consideration in view, it will be easy to believe that the human condition is far more desirable than it would have been, had such exertions been intermitted.—There is probably less vice in the mind, and certainly much less in the conduct. Hence arises such encouragement to continue the war of law and reason, and of religion, against vicious propensities, and vicious practices; and hence arises a reason for renewing the contest against a practice, which alike insults common

sense and common honesty. From the continuance of such attempts alone can be reasonably expected that improvement of the human taste, that steady refinement from Gothicism, which will one day exhibit *duelling* as the grossest absurdity, the most crimson guilt, and the stupid desertion of the rational character.

The duellist, in all cases, supposes himself in a degree abused by the person he challenges, and in the act of challenging him, is most obviously guilty of the following absurdities:—

1. If the person he challenges is really guilty of the injury he professes to feel, he exposes himself to receive a much greater injury than that which gave birth to the challenge, viz. the loss of his own life.

2. He descends from the level of men of honour, to the low and despicable level of a rascal, i. e. of the man who has acted in so rascally a manner as to injure him in a degree great enough to be compensated only by the life of the injurer.

3. He not only depends in this manner, but he puts his *all* at hazard against the life of a villain; his life, enjoyments, friends, family, &c.

4. He wantonly exposes the whole peace and happiness of all to whom he is dear, his wife, children, parents, brethren, sisters, friends, &c. all of whom must be rendered miserable by his death, effected in this manner; and that not only at the time, but at every future period of recollection.

5. He robs his family, friends, and country, of those services which he might render them, and to which they have an indisputable claim.

6. He robs his Maker of the use of his talents, and, as far as in his power, frustrates the end of his creation.

If the person challenged have either not done, or not designed, the supposed injury, the challenger is guilty of the following additional absurdities:

1. He

1. He grossly abuses a man who is innocent of injustice to him, in the act of resentment, hatred, and seeking revenge.

2. To atone for this abuse, he seeks to rob the same man of his life, (i. e. if the person challenged accepts the challenge) by a direct act of murder.

3. He attempts to rob, and, as far as is in his power, actually robs the wife, children, brethren, sisters, friends, parents, and country, of the life, endearments, and services, of the person challenged.

4. He abuses himself in not suffering his reason to act in a case, probably of small importance in itself, but rendered infinitely important by his passion. In the *first* part of this alternative, it is beyond measure ridiculous not to suffer reason to triumph over passion, on account of the trifling nature of the case: in the *second* it is beyond measure insane to refuse the assistance and direction of his reason, where his all is at stake.

5. He grossly abuses the person challenged, by crowding upon him the strong temptations which imperiousness and custom on one hand, and folly and the fear of ridicule on the other, ever present to weak minds to comply with his impetuous and insulting demands, instead of meeting him for the purposes of temperate deliberation, and amicable adjustment.

Further, He very unreasonably demands an incomparably greater satisfaction than the supposed injury can require. The injury is a wound to pride; the satisfaction is the loss of life, and of the soul.

2. If he is to be annihilated, he, or the person challenged, or both, must lose, or put to every hazard of losing, with life, all the enjoyments of the only being allotted to them.

3. If there is a future being; and that there is,

All nature cries aloud, thro' all her works,

he does what is in his power to rush into the presence of him, "who can destroy both soul and body in hell," in the grossest violation of the most solemn commands, the law of eternal right, and the authority of the infinite lawgiver, and in the most daring and rebellious insult upon his supremely awful and glorious character.

Thus he violates every dictate of common sense; insults the whole doctrine of moral obligation; abuses himself, the person challenged, their respective families, friends and country; hazards to an extreme the loss of all good in this life, and in the life to come; impiously tramples on the laws, government, and character of his Maker, and daringly trusts himself before the tribunal of infinite justice, with all his sins upon his head.

The person challenged, if he accepts the challenge, is guilty of almost all the above-mentioned absurdities. He does not indeed begin the *duelling* process, but if he has really injured the challenger, he is grossly guilty of unmanly as well as ungentlemanly conduct, in the injury, and in every degree of backwardness to atone for it. In this case he becomes a co-operating cause of all these evils.

If he has not injured the challenger, he is, to an extreme, absurd and delirious, in accepting the challenge. In this case he exposes his life, his soul, his whole well-being, to every danger, to gratify the base demands of an unreasonable, haughty, and worthless man, forgetful of every obligation he owes to himself, and to his family, to mankind, and to his Maker.

It ought, perhaps, to be further observed, that both parties, in a shameful and inexcusable manner, insult the laws of their country: nor can a single reason, the miserable and ridiculous decisions of custom excepted, be offered to a considerate mind, why they should not be esteemed, by the public

public eye, equally guilty, and equally infamous, with the burglar and robber on the high-way.

For what cause is all this evil perpetrated? To settle a dispute which might be infinitely better settled by peaceable adjustment, and friendly arbitration; or, in cases of superior importance, by the solemn determination of a legal tribunal; to gratify a pride which was not made for man, which changes a rational being into a madman, and commutes the civilized character for that of a savage, to glut a revenge which deforms the human mind, effaces the image of Deity, and converts the subject of it into a fiend, and to yield submission to a custom which is a blot upon refinement, a revolt against government, an affront upon common sense, a subversion of morality, and the last insult on the God of the universe.

It will probably be wondered at, that crimes, for which language scarcely furnishes a name, should be mentioned, as in these remarks, by the soft title of *absurdities*. I have only to answer, that as it is wished so far to approve these sentiments to the minds of such as regard *duelling* with a less unfavourable eye, that they may be induced to read them, and as many of this number, esteeming all moral actions to be perfectly indifferent, would either be disgusted at the name of crimes, or perhaps be unable to comprehend its meaning, a term of easier apprehension is submitted in its room. The sentiments are also thrown together in this concise manner, that they may be all comprehended in a single view, and that the duellist may, at a glance, be possessed of the principal traits of his picture.

F A M I N E I N I N D I A.

Extract of a Letter from Bengal.

Camp, near Ferochabad, in the Duab, December 16, 1784.

“A Great dearth has desolated the upper provinces of this beautiful country. Hardly any rain has fallen during four years. In consequence the crops have failed, and the poor starved. The scarcity was also in Bengal; but its being under better government, preserved it from monopolists and ruin. Thanks to the Almighty! a plentiful crop promises this year, plenty of rain having fallen. From my enquiries, I find half of the inhabitants of the Duab and Rohileund have perished. Every ditch, road, brook, pond, and street, of these countries, were strewed with dead bodies of men, women, and children. As there is no police in this country, where the wretch expires, there he lies, till his flesh is stripped off by the dogs, which is generally done in two days. No one buries him; for who are friends to a

starved wretch? Besides, the Hindoos do not bury their dead, but burn them if they have money to buy fuel. We have been often obliged to shift our camp on account of the stench arising from the putrefaction of so many bodies. When you reflect, that the people of Hindostan are the most abstemious in the world; that their daily food is never flesh; hardly any thing else than about a seer (not quite two pounds weight) of wheat or barley made into cakes, and baked over a few lighted sticks: when you understand, that such is their food, and simple water their drink, you may form some judgment of the rage of this famine, which could deprive them of even this little. Men and women, with their children in their hands, flocked to camp, offering themselves for sale for a quart of corn. Mothers sold their children for four annas

annas each, (or the fourth part of a rupee or half crown.) I could have purchased a thousand children at this price from four to ten years of age. I actually did purchase three very fine children, between seven and eight years of age, for three rupees, or half-crowns. I might have had them for a third of the sum, together with their mothers. I have them now. I had writings delivered with them, properly attested by the cutwal (or magistrate.) But as I shudder at the thought of one human creature being slave to another; and fearing, should any accident happen to me, my executors might sell them, I have destroyed the writings, and declared them free. My sole motive for purchasing them was to preserve them from death.

"But the most shocking instance of the effect of famine ever recorded is what I am going to relate, and which happened half a quarter of a mile from me. A poor woman at this place had not tasted food for five days. In this extremity she was delivered of a live child. Hunger was so extreme, that she cut off the head of the infant, and threw it away; the body she put into an oven of hot sand, in which the people of this country parch their corn: when it was something roasted, she drew it forth, and had actually eaten the arm and shoulder before it was discovered. I understand she perished next day.

"History informs us of a mother devouring her child during the siege of Jerusalem; but then the whole city was starving. This poor wretch was reduced to this hard alternative in a British camp, where many, I am sorry to say,—oh the partial distribution of fortune!—were sick with re-

pletion. You, in England, who are so accustomed to cherish dogs, and receive the fondest submission from them, are astonished, no doubt, to hear of these creatures devouring dead bodies of men in India. But I must set you right, by informing you, that dogs are not private property in this country as in England; they are common to all: a native would no more call a parriar (dog) his than he would the jackal of the field. Wise nature has so ordered, that this hot country, in which flesh putrefies almost as soon as the life leaves it, abounds with these dogs, called *parriars*; they are in shape like a fog-dog in England, but longer legged. Every village and town has many of them; they go up and down the streets seeking dead carcases, which they devour, whether of horses, bullocks, sheep, or men. Nothing comes amiss to them; no one offends them: they are considered of essential service; and they are really so, preserving the land from pestilence, which animal corruption would certainly bring on without them. The sagacity of these animals is astonishing; they have been seen to walk by a famished wretch, in expectation of sinking with weakness, every now and then looking in his face, as if to enquire how long he would be kept from his prey. So soon as the unhappy man falls, the dog seizes the part next him, which is generally the bowels, and then tears them out before the wretch's face. It is observable, that although the poor victim is unable to defend himself long before he falls, yet the dog never attacks him while he walks or stands. I have seen hundreds of bodies with two or three dogs tugging the limbs to pieces."

Of DRINKING.

AMONG many nations the accomplishment of drinking has been highly respected, because it in-

fers a strength of head, which is well accommodated to a general, a chief, or a warrior. Warlike states have put

put a great value on this quality, the effect of a good constitution. Customs, which to us appear ridiculous, have always some foundation, when we examine with attention their origin.

It has been remarked, moreover, that drinkers of wine are generally stronger, braver, and more ingenious than other men; and this might at length establish among mankind the glory of being a good drinker as a prize of victory.

At a supper which Alexander gave to his captains, he proposed a prize to those who should drink the most. *Promachus*, who was the hero of that debauch, carried off a crown of gold; but he died three days after, and his death was followed by that of 41 more who had disputed with him the glory of that singular combat.

Amurath IV. Sultan of the Turks, was one day walking in a public street in disguise; a pleasure he sometimes allowed himself, that he might hear and see what he never could have thought of in the heart of his palace. The Sultan, in the midst of the crowd, encountered a common fellow extremely drunk, who staggering in his pace, had almost overturned the emperor. Such a sight was new to him, and he wished to learn what drunkenness was. *Becri-Mustapha* (that was the name of the drunken man) seeing a person stopping to look at him, said to him, "My good friend, walk along, I don't choose that people should stand staring at me.—I——." Sovereigns always betray themselves. "What do you say, wretch?" replied Amurath; "Don't you know that I am the Sultan?" "The Sultan, are you! And don't you know that I am *Becri-Mustapha*? If you'll sell Constantinople, I'll buy it from you: you shall then be *Becri-Mustapha*, and I shall be Sultan."—Amurath's surprise increased, when he was assured that in a few hours this man's

reason would return. He ordered him to be carried to the palace, to see what his thoughts would be when he recollected the discourse he had with the Grand Signior.

They left him to sleep, and to work off his wine in an apartment of the seraglio. When he awaked, he gave evident marks of the greatest surprise. They told him his adventure, and the promise he had made to the Sultan. Fear succeeded his delirium; and knowing Amurath, he considered himself as already impaled. However, he summoned all his presence of mind, and begging for a bottle of wine, which was given him, he pretended to taste it, and then concealed it under his habit.

The emperor appeared, and putting him in mind of his offers, demanded the sum which he had engaged to pay as the price of Constantinople. *Becri-Mustapha*, without being disconcerted, drew out his bottle, and said to the emperor, "The inestimable price which is to purchase a capital is in this bottle. O most magnificent emperor! it contains the treasure I enjoy, and which surpasses in value the thrones of the universe. It depends upon yourself to be as rich as I was yesterday." "And how so?" said Amurath. "By swallowing that divine liquor, which placed me above kings."

Amurath wished to taste it: he drank; and the effect was sudden on a head which for the first time experienced the fumes of the juice of the grape. He became gay and lively; and to improve that delicious situation, he drank more, and became intoxicated.—He got off for a violent headach; but the pain being gone, he wished again to find himself in the same state in which he had been the preceding evening. A new bottle made him perceive charms preferable to those of a crown. Enchanted with the discovery, he wished every day

to

to drink, and to get drunk with *Becri-Mustapha*, who now became his principal favourite.

Next to Germany, Switzerland is the country where people drink most. The accomplishment of drinking is still a recommendation in several of the Cantons.

The Swiss remember, with admiration, an ambassador of France, who being recalled by his court, took leave of the deputies of the Cantons.

"Sir," said one of them, "you will not quit us without taking a *stirrup drink*." "A *stirrup drink*," replied the ambassador, "ought always to be drunk out of a boot;" and taking off one of his, made it be filled, drunk it off at a draught, put it on, and mounting his horse, left the people transported at the sight of such an action, ever memorable in the Helvetic annals.

[*Bonet de Nuit.*]

The right CONSTITUTION of a COMMONWEALTH examined.—Extracted from Dr. ADAMS'S (Vice-President of the United States) Defence of the Constitutions of Government of the United States of America.

[Continued from page 218.]

Twelfth } THE twelfth reason is, Arg. } "because this form "is most suitable to the nature and "reason of mankind."—If Socrates and Plato, Cicero and Seneca, Hutchinson and Butler, are to be credited, reason is rightfully supreme in man, and therefore it would be most suitable to the reason of mankind to have no civil or political government at all. The moral government of God, and his vicegerent Conscience, ought to be sufficient to restrain men to obedience, to justice and benevolence, at all times and in all places; we must therefore descend from the dignity of our nature, when we think of civil government at all. But the nature of mankind is one thing, and the reason of mankind another; and the first has the same relation to the last as the whole to a part: the passions and appetites are parts of human nature as well as reason and the moral sense. In the institution of government, it must be remembered, that although reason ought always to govern individuals, it certainly never did since the Fall, and never will till the Millennium; and human nature must be taken as it is, as it has been, and will be. If, as Cicero says, "man is a noble creature, born with

"affections to rule rather than obey, "there being in every man a natural "desire of principality," it is yet certain that every man ought to obey as well as to rule, *αρχη and αρχισθαι*, and that every man cannot rule alone. Each man must be content with his share of empire; and if the nature and reason of mankind, the nobleness of his qualities and affections, and his natural desires, prove his right to a share in the government, they cannot surely prove more than the constitutions of the United States have allowed, an annual election of the whole legislative and executive, the governor, senate, and house. If we admit them to prove more, they would prove that every man has every year a right to be governor, senator, and representative; which being impossible, is absurd. Even in our author's "Right Constitution," every man would have an equal right to be representative, chosen or not. The reason why one man is content to submit to the government of another, as assigned by our author, viz. "not "because he conceives himself to have "less right than another to govern, "but either because he finds himself "less able, or else because he judgeth "it will be more convenient for him- "self

"self and the community if he submits to another's government," is a proof of this; because the moment it is allowed that some are more able than others, and that the community are judges who the most able are, you take away the right to rule, derived from the nobleness of each man's individual nature, from his affections to rule rather than obey, or from his natural appetite or desire of principality, and give the right of conferring the power to rule to the community. As a share in the appointment of deputies is all that our author can with any colour infer from this noble nature of man, his nature will be gratified and his dignity supported as well, if you divide his deputies into three orders, of governor for the executive, and an integral share in the legislative, of senators for another independent part of the legislative, and of representatives for a third, and if you introduce a judicious balance between them, as if you huddle them into one assembly, where they will soon disgrace their own nature, and that of their constituents, by ambition, avarice, jealousy, envy, faction, division, sedition, and rebellion. Nay, if it should be found that annual elections of governors and senators cannot be supported without introducing venality and convulsions, as is very possible, the people will consult the dignity of their nature better by appointing a standing executive and senate, than by insisting on elections, or at least by prolonging the duration of those high trusts, and making elections less frequent.

It is indeed a "most excellent maxim, that the original and foundation of all just power and government is in the people;" and if ever this maxim was fully demonstrated and exemplified among men, it was in the late American revolution, where thirteen governments were taken down from the foundation, and

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 5.

new ones elected wholly by the people, as an architect would pull down an old building and erect a new one. There will be no dispute then with Cicero, when he says, "A mind well instructed by the light of nature, will pay obedience," willingly, "to none but such as command, direct, or govern, for its good or benefit;" nor will our author's inferences from these passages of that oracle of human wisdom be denied.

1. That by the light of nature people are taught to be their own carvers and contrivers in the framing of that government under which they mean to live. 2. That none are to preside in government, or sit at the helm, but such as shall be judged fit, and chosen by the people. 3. That the people are the only proper judges of the convenience or inconvenience of a government when it is erected, and of the behaviour of governors after they are chosen. But then it is insisted, that rational and regular means shall be used that the whole people may be their own carvers, that they may judge and choose who shall preside, and that they may determine on the convenience or inconvenience of government, and the behaviour of governors. But then it is insisted, that the town of Berwick upon Tweed shall not carve, judge, choose, and determine for the whole kingdom of Great-Britain, nor the county of Berkshire for the Massachusetts; much less that a lawless tyrannical rabble shall do all this for the state, or even for the county of Berkshire.

It may be, and is admitted, that a free government is most natural, and only suitable to the reason of mankind; but it by no means follows, "that the other forms, as a standing power in the hands of a particular person, as a king, or of a set number of great ones, as in a senate," much less that a mixture of the three simple forms "are beside the dictates

“ of nature, and mere artificial devices of great men, squared only to serve the ends and interests of avarice, pride, and ambition of a few, to a vassallizing of the community.” If the original and fountain of all power and government is in the people, as undoubtedly it is, the people have as clear a right to erect a simple monarchy, aristocracy, or democracy, or an equal mixture, or any other mixture of all three, if they judge it for their liberty, happiness, and prosperity, as they have to erect a democracy; and infinitely greater and better men than Marchamont Nedham, and the wisest nations that ever lived, have preferred such mixtures, and even with such standing powers, as ingredients in their compositions. But even those nations who have chose to reserve in their own hands the periodical choice of the first magistrate, senate, and assembly, at certain stated periods, have as clear a right to appoint a first magistrate for life as for years, and for perpetuity in his descendants as for life. When I say for perpetuity, or for life, it is always meant to imply, that the same people have at all times a right to interpose, and to depose for mal-administration—to appoint anew. No appointment of a king or senate, or any standing power, can be, in the nature of things, for a longer period than *quam diu se bene gesserit*, the whole nation being judge. An appointment for life, or perpetuity, can be no more than an appointment until further order; but further order can only be given by the nation: and until the nation shall have given the order, an estate for life, or in fee, is held in the office. It must be a great occasion which can induce a nation to take such a subject into consideration, and make a change. Until a change is made, an hereditary limited monarch is the representative of the whole nation, for

the management of the executive power, as much as an house of representatives is, as one branch of the legislature, and as guardian of the public purse; and a house of lords too, or a standing senate, represents the nation for other purposes, viz. as a watch set upon both the representatives and the executive power. The people are the fountain and original of the power of kings and lords, governors and senates, as well as the house of commons, or assembly of representatives: and if the people are sufficiently enlightened to see all the dangers that surround them, they will always be represented by a distinct personage to manage the whole executive power;—a distinct senate, to be guardians of property against levellers for the purposes of plunder, to be a repository of the national tradition of public maxims, customs, and manners, and to be controulers in turn both of kings and their ministers on one side, and the representatives of the people on the other, when either discover a disposition to do wrong; and a distinct house of representatives, to be the guardians of the public purse, and to protect the people in their turn against both kings and nobles. A science certainly comprehends all the principles in nature which belong to the subject. The principles in nature which relate to government cannot all be known, without a knowledge of the history of mankind. The English constitution is the only one which has considered and provided for all cases that are known to have generally, indeed to have always happened in the progress of every nation; it is, therefore, the only scientific government. To say then that standing powers have been erected, as mere artificial devices of great men, to serve the ends of avarice, pride, and ambition of a few, to the vassallizing of the community, is to declaim and abuse. Standing powers

powers have been instituted to avoid greater evils, corruption, sedition, war, and bloodshed, in elections; it is the people's business, therefore, to find out some method of avoiding them, without standing powers. The Americans flatter themselves they have hit upon it; and no doubt they have for a time, perhaps a long one: but this remains to be proved by experience.

Our author proceeds: "A consent and free election of the people, which is the most natural way and form of governing, hath no real effect in the other forms; but is either supplanted by craft and custom, or swallowed up by a pernicious pretence of right, in one or many, to govern only by virtue of an hereditary succession."—If the people are so unenlightened, and so corrupt, that they cannot manage one third part of a legislature and their own purses by their representatives, how much worse would it be if they had the whole, and all the executive and judicial powers, to manage? But the assertion is not true. The consent and free election of the people has a great and decided effect in the English constitution, and would have had much more if it had been more equal: but if the present inequalities cannot be altered, nor a vote obtained to alter them in the house of commons, nor any general application of the people to have them altered, what would be the effect of the whole executive and judicial powers, were they in the hands of the house? The leading members would employ both these resources, not only to prevent the representation from being rendered more equal, but to make it still more unequal. Our author, alluding to the times of Charles and James, had some colour for representing the power of the commons as of little effect: but he saw that an attempt, or suspicion of one, to grasp all power

into the hands of the crown, had proved the destruction both of king and lords: this, surely, was a real and great effect. If nations will entangle their constitutions with spiritual lords, and elective lords, and with decayed boroughs, how can it be avoided? But would not the nation send bishops and elective lords into a single house as their deputies? and would not the utmost artifices of bigotry, superstition, and enthusiasm, be set at work among the people, as well as bribery and corruption at elections? If the people cannot be sufficiently enlightened, by education and the press, to despise and resent, as insults and impositions on human nature, all pretences of right drawn from uninterrupted successions or divine missions, they will be duped by them in one assembly more than in three. Our author has no more right to call his project "the people's form," any more than Montesquieu, Blackstone, and De Lolme, have to call their admired system by that endearing appellation: both are the people's form, if the people adopt, choose, and prefer them; and neither, if they do not. The people have liberty to make use of that reason and understanding God hath given them, in choosing governors, and providing for their safety in government, where they annually choose all; nay, they have even where the king and senate are hereditary, as long as they have the choice of an essential branch. No law can be made, no money raised, nor one step can be taken, without their concurrence; nay, there is no one act can be done by the ministers of the executive, but the people, by their representatives, can enquire into, and prosecute to judgment and to punishment if it is wrong. Our author will not consider the case of a mixed government; all governments must be simple with him; the people must exercise all power, or none. He had his

his reasons for this artifice at that time, which do not exist at this: his reasons, however, were not sufficient; and if the nation had been dealt with more candidly, openly, and boldly, by him, and Milton, and others, a better settlement might have been obtained. But it is plain that Milton, Nedham, and even Harrington, wrote in shackles; but had Nedham and Milton understood the science of government as well as Harrington, Charles had never been restored. Our author instead of considered the project of two assemblies, as Harrington did, flies from the idea, and will allow no mixtures.

“ In the other forms of a standing power, *all* authority being entailed on certain persons and families, in a course of inheritance, men are deprived of the use of their reason above choice of governors.” In mixed governments, even such as Sparta, Athens, Rome, Carthage, imperfect as those mixtures were, our author very well knew, that although some authority was entailed, all was not. In America none at all is entailed, or held for more than a term of years: their course, therefore, is not “ destructive to the reason, common interest, and majesty of that noble creature called man,” and has avoided “ that most irrational and brutish principle, fit only to be hissed out of the world, which has transformed men into beasts, and mortified mankind with misery through all generations.”

This violent declamation, however, does not remove the danger of venality, faction, sedition, and civil war, in the choice of governors and senators, principles more brutish and irrational, more fit to be hissed out of the world, than hereditary kings and senates—evils, indeed, if you will, but the least of the two. Hereditary senators, it is certain, have not been

the advocates, abettors, or erectors, in general, of absolute monarchies; no such government ever was, or will be, erected or supported but against their wills. It is the people, who, wearied and irritated with the solicitations, bribes, intrigues, and tyranny of the nobles, and their eternal squabbles with kings, have always set up monarchy, and fortified it with an army. Our author proceeds to search for examples all over the world; and fixes first upon monarchy, absolute hereditary monarchy: but as Americans have no thoughts of introducing this form of government, it is none of their concern to vindicate the honour of such kings or kingdoms. Two quarters of the globe, Asia and Africa, are governed wholly by despotisms. There are in Europe near two hundred simple monarchs, and in the course of the two last centuries, allowing 20 years to each reign, two thousand absolute princes*. If these have been generally of such a character as our author describes, what are we to think of the pride and dignity of that rational, noble animal, man, who has submitted so quietly to their tyranny. Mr. Hume thinks more favourably of them; and he has the judgment of the species in his favour. The species, not having yet attended to the balance and tried its virtues, have almost universally determined monarchy preferable to aristocracies, or mixtures of monarchy and aristocracy; because they find the people have more liberty under the first than under the two last. They may possibly one day try the experiment of mixtures and balances: when they do, a greater improvement in society will take place than ever yet has happened. Nations too have tried the experiment of elective monarchies, in Bohemia, Poland, Hungary, Sweden, &c. instances which our author adduces: but after long miseries,

* *Hume's Essays*, vol. i. p. 98.

miseries, wars, and carnage, they have always determined chance to be better than choice, and hereditary princes preferable to elective ones. These elections, it is true, have been made by nobles, and by very inadequate methods of collecting the votes of the people; and when elected, there has been no good balance between them and the nobles, nor between the nobles and the people. The Americans have hoped that these circumstances might be arranged so as to justify one more experiment of elective executives, as well as senates and representatives. They have not adopted our author's idea, that if any kingly form be tolerable, it must be that which is by election, chosen by the people's representatives. They were well aware, that "present greatness would give their governors an opportunity to practise sleights, such sleights, that in a short time the government, that they received only for their own lives, will become entailed upon their families; whereby the election will be made of no effect further than for fashion, to mock the poor people, and adorn the triumphs of an aspiring tyranny."

An hereditary first magistrate at once would, perhaps, be preferable to elections by legislative representatives: it is impossible to say, until it is fairly tried, whether it would not be better than annual elections by the people; or whether elections for more years, or for life, would not be better still.

Our author concludes by a very curious definition of the people:—"To take off all misconstructions, when we mention the people, observe all along, that we do not mean the confused promiscuous body of the people, nor any part of the people who have forfeited their rights by delinquency, neutrality, or apostacy, &c. in relation to the divided state of any nation; for they are not to be reckoned within the lists of the people." This wise precaution to exclude all royalists, prelatists, and malignants, according to the style of those times, was very sagacious: and all majorities will ever be equally penetrating in such a Right Constitution of a Commonwealth as our author contends for—the minority will seldom be accounted people.

(To be continued.)

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

ON GAMING.

GAMING is a vice that has received the censure of the wise and virtuous in every age. There is nothing more degrading to a man than to humour this propensity. It argues the highest degree of weakness, and the world always judges him to be destitute of inward resources, and contemptible by not being able to amuse himself in a way less criminal. It has always been esteemed a difficult task to draw the precise boundaries between innocent amusement and criminal indulgence; the limits being scarcely perceptible, there is great danger of trespassing

upon forbidden ground, and the lapse from virtue to vice is effected before we are sensible of our approach. But in no instance is it more difficult than in the case under consideration. Having once indulged ourselves in it, the desire increases with the indulgence, and it is equally impracticable to say, thus far will we go and no farther, as it would have been for King Canute to have followed the advice of his sycophantic courtiers, in using words similar to these, to command the waves not to approach him.

It would be needless for me to enumerate instances of the dreadful effects

fects which this bent of mind has been productive of among mankind. I, from my knowledge and experience of the world, could form a real catalogue, from which human nature would turn astonished. I could paint a scene which would startle the youth, who, rejecting the kind advice of his friends, had spent the greater part of his life in a jail, had forfeited the protection of his parents, or had been thrown upon the merciless ocean of life, exposed to the inclemency of the weather, and reduced to crave a pittance at the corner of a street, in some opulent city, where formerly he had moved in a high sphere of life, and where his company was once courted and admired. I could present to view a scene at which the husband would shudder, and tremble at the

idea of quitting the fond partner of his bosom, and leaving his unfortunate children, in order to elude the vigilance of the officers of justice; but as it is not a subject that can afford much entertainment to mankind in general, and as it is not congenial to my feelings to dwell on the gloomy side of things, I forbear at present making any remarks upon the direful effects that flow from this contagion; it will suffice to remark, that it is a melancholy observation that the perverse disposition of man will not permit him to make resolutions, the necessity of which may be proved by daily experience, and which, when put in execution, might be of infinite advantage to him.

SENEX.

New-York, May 12, 1791.

HERMIONE and FLORIMONT.—*In imitation of the old Romance.*

URIAM, son of the famous *Melusine*, of Lusignan, having espoused the beautiful Floria, who brought him as a dowry the crown of Cyprus, had by her a son who died in his infancy, and a daughter named *Hermione*. This young Princess, endowed with all the gifts of nature, had received an education suitable to her illustrious birth, and made an ample return for all the care which her parents had bestowed upon her. Her accomplishments were no less brilliant than her rank. Although she had now arrived at the age when the amusements of youth give place to more tender emotions, she had as yet felt no attachment.

The beauties of her mind, no less than those of her person, added new charms to her youthful innocence. The King and Queen thought of nothing but their daughter; and she made them a most grateful return in the sincerest affection.

One day, when the court of Cyprus had removed to a distance from the ca-

pital, Hermione, attended only by her governess, walked out to enjoy with more freedom the air of the country. The little rivulets which softly glided through the enamelled fields, the melodious concerts of the inhabitants of the air, the verdure of the trees so delightfully contrasted with the riches of autumn, all contributed to inspire a rural cheerfulness. What a delightful scene is this! said the good Susanna to her royal pupil. How charming is nature when stripped of all the false ornaments of art! It is in the fields only where one can be truly sensible of her value. Yes, my dear, answered the Princess, who seemed to be totally lost in thought, the scene which nature now presents to us is most enchanting, and the various objects which continually offer themselves to my view fill me with the most delightful sensations; yet, will you believe it, I still feel that there is something wanting to complete my happiness. Indeed, I believe it, said the governess, with a smile, who easily imagined what was the

the cause of this want. Indeed I believe it; but be assured, that one day or other your happiness will be perfect. This obscure answer was all that the innocent Hermione could obtain from her governors, who was too sensible and too prudent to be guilty of the smallest indiscretion. In this manner were they amusing themselves, when all of a sudden a wild beast rushed from a neighbouring forest, carrying terror and destruction wherever he went. The shepherds and their flocks fell an easy prey to this devouring monster. The two ladies, struck with terror, in vain hoped to find their safety in flight. They were ready to sink with apprehension when a knight, distinguished by his green and blue armour, fortunately appeared. Fear nothing, ladies, cried he, when he saw the cause of their terror; and know that I have the honour to belong to the order of knighthood. In saying which he clapped spurs to his horse, and flew to meet this ferocious animal, whom he attacked with great fury; and after a combat no less dangerous than obstinate, he had the good fortune, with one stroke of his scimeter, to sever its head from its body. Having fortunately escaped from this dangerous encounter, the brave knight-errant joined Hermione and Susanna, who were astonished at his success; and lifting up the visor of his helmet, Ladies, said he, in a most courteous manner, since I had the honour of being invested with the order of knighthood, I have accomplished many difficult enterprises; I have combated with success many uncourteous knights, and I have overcome many monsters and giants; but none of all my exploits have ever given me so much satisfaction as the one which has this day signalized me, since to it I am indebted for having been the preserver of beauty. Hermione blushed, and could not help replying, You are courteous, good Sir, and as little deficient in gal-

lantry as in noble actions! Inform us, we beseech you, who the hero is to whom the Princess Royal of Cyprus owes the preservation of her life: tell us in what manner she can testify her gratitude. The charms of Hermione, and the grace with which she spoke, made the knight throw himself at her feet. Excuse me, said he, amiable Princess, if I cannot satisfy your demands. I have sworn not to discover either my name or my rank till I have punished the enchanter *Hermolaus*, for the outrages which he has committed against my mother *Padilla*. A knight, you know, can never violate his oath. As for acknowledgments, you owe me none. Is it not my duty to protect the fair? and do I not find ample recompence for my trouble in the good fortune I have had to attract the eyes of the beautiful heiress of the kingdom of Cyprus? He pronounced these last words with so much nobleness and fire, that Hermione, without consulting the good Susanna (it was the first time she had ventured to act of herself,) took from a plume of feathers one of a rose colour, and presented it to the generous unknown. Amiable knight, said she, place this feather, which has so long served me as an ornament, in your helmet, and wear it there for love, and in remembrance of Hermione. Yes, Madam, replied the knight, with sincere gratitude do I accept the gift with which you honour me. This feather shall be my guide in the field of glory and of love. In saying this, he imprinted a thousand passionate kisses upon the beautiful hand of the Princess. The young lady was not at all displeased; and love, for the first time, took possession of her heart. Susanna, who all the while had remained a silent spectator of this interesting scene, at last interrupted them, by telling them that the night was far advanced; when immediately the knight saluted the ladies with great politeness; and in taking leave of them,

them, he promised to acquaint them as soon as he overcame Hermolaus, and to repair to Cyprus as soon as it was in his power. Hermione and Susanna returned to the palace, promising to one another the most inviolable secrecy; and they forgot the danger which they had encountered as they talked of the amiable unknown. In this manner did the tender passion insinuate itself insensibly and by degrees into the heart of Hermione: As a small spark produces a flame, which gaining force by little and little, spreads every where around ruin and devastation.

Several months had elapsed, without the Princess of Cyprus receiving any intelligence of the knight, whose image was deeply printed upon her mind. Her greatest pleasure consisted in frequently withdrawing herself from the noise and bustle of the court, which had now returned to the capital, retiring to some solitary spot, where she might with freedom converse with her dear Susanna about the amiable unknown. In the mean time, however, Uriam and Floria were advancing in years. They had no reason to hope they should have any more children, and Hermione had for some time been marriageable. The nobles of Cyprus, afraid therefore, lest by some unforeseen accident the crown of Cyprus should want an heir, represented to the King and Queen that it was full time to marry the Princess Royal, and raise up heirs to the reigning family. The King and Queen applauded the zeal of their subjects; and upon Hermione formerly refusing to choose a husband for herself, it was determined that a tournament should be held at a time appointed; and that he whom victory favoured should receive the hand of the Princess. This determination of the court of Cyprus was announced to all the neighbouring countries, and the voice of Fame soon made it known over all the world.

The King made immense preparations, being resolved to give a feast, which, by its magnificence, should correspond to the splendor of his rank and the dignity of the combatants. The period of six months, which had been fixed upon, was now fast approaching, and already several knights had repaired to the capital of the island of Cyprus. Hermione, not without the greatest uneasiness, saw the day of the combat almost at hand. She greatly feared that her dear unknown, of whom she had received no intelligence, either had not been informed of this, or that he had become the prisoner of the enchanter Hermolaus. At last the evening before the important day arrived. Every moment the trumpets of some new knight were heard, who had come to enter the lists, and dispute the prize. Hermione had obtained permission of her parents to pass that day in her own apartment. There alone, with her tender Susanna, she was deploring her cruel destiny, when they heard a loud knocking at the gate. Susanna hastily ran to open it; a dwarf appeared, and presenting a letter addressed to the Princess, vanished like lightning. Hermione broke open the billet with great agitation, and read the following verses:

Dear to my heart, and lovely to my view,
Adored Hermione, I live for you.
Soon, I have heard, the tourney's splendid pride
Shall call forth suitors worthy such a bride;
When knights contending for thy hand shall
fight,

And gain the prize, or perish in thy fight.
Hermolaus comes, and dares dispute thy heart;
Proud of his strength, and prouder of his art:
There shalt I meet him,—there my foe engage;
And on the traitor shall I vent my rage.
There, in thy fight, I'll conquer, or I'll fall:
Without thee, life is nothing; with thee, all.
You soon will know me; love shall guide my
blows:

Love shall direct my arm against my foes.
Should I not conquer, still my glory's great;
For thee, my Princess, I submit to fate.

The Knight of the Green and Blue Armour.

The Princess tenderly kissed the letter, and bathed it with her tears. Amiable knight, cried she, you have not then forgot the fair Hermione! Susanna, partaking of her joy, congratulated her upon her good fortune; and

and, during the rest of the day the conversation turned wholly upon this fortunate incident. Already had the night displayed her sable curtain: The silent hours had rapidly passed on; and Aurora had scarcely begun to gild the extended horizon, when the sounding of trumpets and the neighing of steeds re-echoed from afar. The Princess Royal, who had not closed her eyes the whole night, rose early in the morning. Her mind was greatly agitated, and her countenance betrayed the different feelings of hope and fear, love and modesty. She hastily dressed herself; a plain white robe with a rose-coloured girdle formed her simple attire; and the blush of innocence overspread her lovely countenance. How much are the graces indebted to modesty! Never had Hermione been so plainly dressed; never did she look so beautiful.

The 'squires and ladies of her train had now arrived. The Princess put herself at their head, and repaired to the place where Uriam and Floria expected her under a magnificent canopy. The nobles of the court were seated upon elegant stages, which were richly decorated. At her approach every one rose up: the knights respectfully lowered their lances; and the King and Queen having tenderly embraced her, placed her beneath them, between Susanna and the first maid of honour. Uriam then began, Daughter, said he, behold the flower of the Christian knights ready to dispute the honour of your hand. I have sworn, that he who is favoured by victory shall obtain it. I have no doubt that my will is also yours. Happy shall I be if I can present to you a husband, who, in studying your happiness, will not neglect that of my subjects, who must soon become yours. I shall then patiently wait for that moment when it shall please the Supreme Being to call me to himself.

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 5.

The King, in speaking thus, could not refrain from tears.—Hermione answered him by a respectful bow. The spectators testified their warmest applause by shouts of, *Long live King Uriam! long live the Princess Hermione!* In the mean time, the judges of the lists prescribed the limits, the time, and the rules of the combat; and the herald proclaimed aloud three times, "That every one should perform their duty, and that the knights should combat according to their rank." Olivier of Denmark, the most ancient knight of the tournament, first entered the lists, and performed prodigies of valour. It was he that slew the famous Zelodus of Croco, King of Prague. He had already overcome all his rivals. Joselin, the bravest knight of the island of Cyprus, Joselin himself had been overthrown. Proud of his success, the Danish knight held in defiance all his competitors; when he in his turn was conquered by Odon of England.—Victory thus flew from one knight to another, but at last remained with the enchanter Hermolaus; who, having been formerly invested with the order of knighthood, had come, as the Princess had been informed by the unknown knight, to enter the lists among the rest.

None of the knights dared any longer to enter the lists; and as no person appeared to combat with him, he was just going to be crowned, when there arrived, at full speed, a knight loudly sounding his trumpet. Every eye was turned towards him. He was clothed in armour of green and blue, a feather of a rose-colour nodded o'er his helmet, and on his buckler were written these words in letters of gold, "*LOVE SHALL GUIDE MY ARM.*" Hermione, who had not perceived her dear unknown among the combatants (which had almost distracted her,) could not without the most enchanting delight behold him

who

Qq

who had so suddenly obtained the empire of her heart. The stranger knight caused the list again to be opened, which had been ordered to be shut, and boldly entered them.—Who, cried Hermolaus, eying him with disdain, is this rash youth who dares to provoke Hermolaus? At these words, which were distinctly heard by all the assembly, the Princess trembled with horror: but the knight, highly enraged, cried to him, Guard yourself, base enchanter; and remember, for the last time, the insults you offered to Padilla. He hardly finished those words, when the two antagonists engaged in a most dreadful combat. Their lances were soon shivered into a thousand pieces. Then drawing their swords, they began the attack with greater fury. Hermolaus aimed a violent blow at the knight; which glancing upon his cuirass only made him stagger. The Princess, thinking him wounded, gave a loud shriek, and fainted away. Upon this the lover of Hermione felt his heart filled at once with rage and love; and using every effort in his power, he attacked the vile enchanter with all his strength, and pierced him with his sword. “Victory to the knight of the green and blue!” cried the spectators; “victory to the knight of love!” Immediately the knight took off his helmet; and addressing himself to the Princess Royal, who had now recovered from her fainting; Madam, Hermolaus has now fallen under the strength of my arm. Your looks alone have procured my triumph; and from the ardour with which I have fought, you may easily

judge that love has directed the blows of Florimont of Lusignan, son of the Count of Poitiers. No sooner had he spoken these words, when Uriam knew him to be his relation; and tenderly embracing him, said, Dear cousin, by holy St. Michael, you are truly of my blood, and are highly deserving of my daughter; for valiantly have you fought this day.—Floria likewise embraced him, and adorned him with a golden chain. Fair cousin, said she, nobly have you this day combated in presence of the ladies, and are highly deserving of their favour. Hermione then related to the King and Queen, and all the company, her adventure with Florimont, and how he had saved her life; and Florimont throwing himself at the feet of the Princess, Madam, said he, with an effusion of tenderness, deign to accept the offer of my heart; you were the first object of my affections, and my last thoughts shall be placed on you. Amiable Florimont, replied she, raising him, the favours you have conferred upon me shall ever be dear to my heart; and the homage you have paid me shall ever find from me a grateful return.

Long live the King and Queen! long live the Prince of Poitiers, and Princess Royal! was re-echoed from every quarter. The nuptials were performed immediately after the tournament; and the most brilliant feast celebrated the new alliance, which gave such general satisfaction and joy.

Happiness ever attends those marriages that are founded upon mutual attachment and love.

A N E C D O T E.

CARDINAL Dubois had a steward, to whose dishonesty he was no stranger. On the first day of the new year the steward came, according to custom, to pay his respects to his master; but the Cardinal, instead of

giving him the same present as he gave the rest of his domestics, said coolly, ‘As for you, Sir, I make you a present of that which you have robbed from me.’ The steward made a profound bow, & retired without saying a word.

T H E

T H E

A M E R I C A N M U S E .

O R I G I N A L P O E T R Y .

L I N E S, written by the late Mrs. ANN E. BLEECKER.

NO more of Zephyr's airy robe I'll sing,
Or balmy odours dropping from his wing,
Or how his spicy breath revives the lands,
And curls the waves which roll o'er crystal sands.
No more I'll paint the glowing hemisphere,
Or rocks ambitious, piercing upper air;
The subjects of the grave demand my lay,
Spectator now, I soon shall be as they.
Cleora, art thou gone—thou dost not hear
The voice of grief, nor see the dropping tear;
And yet, it soothes my sorrows while I mourn
In artless verse, and weep upon thy urn.
—Tho' bright from thee the rays of beauty stream'd,
Thy mind irradiate, stronger graces beam'd;
The meteor shone so permanent and fair,
Who'd not mistook the vapour for a star?
—E'en then—when lying poets' flattering breath,
Pronounc'd so fair a form exempt from death,
The icy angel met her on the plain,
And bade our friend adorn his ghastly train.
The vital heat forsakes her loitering blood;
The blood stands still—the springs of life all stood;
Down sunk the fair, while nature gave a groan,
To see her noblest structure fall so soon.

But say, some pow'r, where is the spirit fled,
To wait the time when it shall join the dead?
Say, springs her active soul beyond the skies,
Or still around the clay enamour'd flies?
Or sits exalted on the empyreal height,
'Midst deluges of primogenial light?
Or else expatiates, with enlarged pow'rs,
Where mortal man's conception never soars?
—Ah! when the brittle bands of life are burst,
To meet her on the shores of bliss, I trust;
Sure I shall know her in the realms above,
By those sweet eyes which beam incessant love:
There we'll renew the friendship here begun,
But which shall last thro' th' eternal noon;
Till then suspend my fond enquiries, where,
And with what souls she breathes immortal air;
Mean while, with imitative art I'll try,
Nobly like her to live—like her to die!

To

To Mrs. D * * * * N.

WILL you, *Elvira*, from my youthful pen,
Accept the lines, affection bids me write,
Nor with severe, but merited disdain,
Check the weak efforts of the Muse's flight?

Or will you, partial to her artless lays,
Reward her off'rings with a friendly smile?
A smile, which indicates sincerer praise
Than great encomiums, often paid with toil.

She, for her theme, no sprightly scenes will chuse,
No scenes of life, in flatt'ring colours dress'd,
But such as sorrow's plaintive thro't infuse,
And lull each trifling passion of the breast.

Such as attendant on this mortal state,
From the swollen heart, extract the painful sighs;
Bid keen emotions thro' our pulses beat,
And moist affliction tremble in our eyes.

When human bliss its highest summit gains,
And waiting pleasures on our steps attend;
When flatt'ry courts us with bewitching strains,
And bright delusions all our hopes befriend:

Then, when the heart, with all its wishes blest,
Vainly imagines that the dream will last:
Misfortune's hand, may ev'ry joy arrest,
And nip each comfort with a deadly blast.

Perhaps a faithless friend, with treach'rous art,
Plants in our aching bosoms piercing thorns;
Or envy, with a black envenom'd dart,
Strikes at each virtue which the heart adorns.

How oft does sickness, with despotic pow'r,
O'er all our transports cast a sad'ning shade;
Long nights of anguish, life's dim lamp devour,
And beauty's charms, and wit's fair blossoms fade!

Or if exempted from corporeal woe,
Benignant skies, ordain a milder fate;
Some dear relations feel the painful blow,
And groan beneath affliction's pressing weight.

For them with tend'rest care our bosoms heave;
For them compassion sheds the briny tear;
For them each pleasing, social scene we leave,
And mourn *their* sufferings with a grief sincere:

And lastly, death! unmindful of the ties
Which bind congenial souls in softest chains,
Tears the dear object from our weeping eyes,
And the sharp throbbings of the heart disdains.

He

He bids the springs of action cease to play—

Life's purple stream to quit its wonted course ;

His dread commands admit of no delay—

His harden'd bosom never feels remorse.

Nor youth, nor beauty, can evade the blow,

Nor wealth, nor honours, prove an equal shield :

He tears the laurel from the hero's brow,

And reigns victorious o'er th' ensanguin'd field.

Think not, *Elvira*, that ungrateful grown,

I dare accuse the just decrees of heav'n ;

No, far from this, with gratitude I own,

That to myself a happier lot is giv'n.

I've clasp'd no lov'd companion to my breast,

And pour'd the soul's effusions in her ear ;

Then found with horror what I thus carest,

Repaid my friendship with a sting severe.

Envy, regardless of my humble name,

Disdains at that to aim her bitter shafts,

And the same breath which blasts the fairest fame,

Safe o'er my head the pois'nous venom wafts.

Ah could I say, that blest beyond desert,

I ne'er had mourn'd a dear departed friend ;

But stop my pen, nor the vain wish insert,

We find no roses where no thorns attend.

Thus has my muse in plaintive verse essay'd,

Some of the num'rous ills of life to paint ;

But finds the picture half obscur'd with shade,

And the resemblance to the objects faint.

New-York, April 6, 1791.

CALISTA.

A Passage from DANTE'S INFERNO thrown into English heroic Verse.

Uggholino, a powerful nobleman of Pisa, was seduced by ambition to make an unnatural coalition with Ruggiero de Ubaldini, against his own nephew Nino de Gallusa, Lord of Pisa. Under pretence of mal-administration they banished Nino, and Uggholino obtained the government. This exalted station procured envy to Uggholino, which, joined to a family quarrel, induced Ruggiero to betray his secret machinations against the state. The fury of the populace was raised—Uggholino was dragged from his palace, and, with his children, shut up in a prison in the Piazza degli Antiamie, where they miserably perished by famine. The poet introduces Uggholino in hell, giving a description of the last scene of his life.

DEEP in the doleful tow'r of guilt I sat,
And watch'd the creaking of the hideous grate ;
We heard with hope renew'd, th' approaching tread,
Each famish'd boy upheav'd his drooping head ;
I watch'd their longing looks—I saw their fears—
I saw their hopes—I saw their trickling tears.

In

In vain we look'd for bread—our rugged guard
 With double bolts our dismal dungeon barr'd.
 Stern, black despair sat glaring in my eyes,
 In silent agony I view'd my boys.
 "Why looks our father so?" Anselmo cri'd;
 Silent, the little wretches woes I ey'd.
 Night came—in sullen anguish still I lay;
 Slow thro' the gates appear'd another day;
 Unwelcome light! which gave again to view
 Those four dear faces where my features grew;
 With grief and rage, I gnaw'd my naked arms;
 My children saw, and shriek'd with kind alarms.
 "Father, on us thy hunger sate, on us—
 "Let's were our pain than to behold thee thus."
 I curb'd my rage, to mitigate their pain,
 Then mute that day, and thro' the next remain.
 The fourth day came, when Gaddo, falling cri'd,
 "Why don't you help me father!" groan'd and di'd.
 Two more sad days in silent horror past,
 Whilst one by one, my children breath'd their last;
 Then blindness seiz'd me—welcome loss of light!
 My last three days was one continuous night,
 Sunk on my hands and knees I crawl'd around,
 Felt each lov'd face, and made my cave resound;
 Groping in darkness o'er the dead I past,
 Call'd each lov'd name with falt'ring to the last.
 At length death came, to give me some relief,
 And gnawing hunger vanquish'd racking grief.

W. D.

SOLUTION to the REBUS, page 239.

GRAVITATION's the power which acts on the spheres;
 The *Earth* is a planet well known;
 On *Olympus's* mount all the deities met,
 When Jove gave command from his throne;
 By refraction of light the bright *Rainbow* is form'd;
 For orators *Greece* was renown'd;
 Dianna's great temple at *Ephesus* stood,
 Which Herostratus burnt to the ground;
 Brave *Wolfe* was the gen'ral who fell at *Quebec*;
 Jason sought in the *Argos* the fleece;
 In poetry *Sapphic* the ancients much wrote,
 Invented by Sappho of *Greece*.
 Bold *Hector*, the Trojan, for valour was fam'd;
 Ulysses was *Ithaca's* boast;
 The patriarch *Noah*, sublimely did sail
 O'er the earth which in waters was lost.
 At *Gidon*, the sun, the bright regent of day,
 Stood still at a *Joshua's* commands;
 Leonidas fought at *Thermopyla's* straits,
 When attack'd by the Persian bands.

— — Old

Old *Orpheus*, by his sweet music we're told,
 Restrain'd the grim furies of hell;
 The improvements in science which *Newton* has made,
 No language or tongue can ere tell.
 The initials of these, if in order you place,
 They'll shew you a man of great fame,
 Who rescu'd *Columbia* from death and disgrace—
 GEORGE WASHINGTON is the blest name.

N. H. W.

TO JULIET.

WHAT mean these tumults in
 my breast,
 That wake alarm, and banish rest?
 And why does joy forsake these eyes?
 And why this bosom heave such sighs?
 Thou art the cause, my *Juliet*, thou,
 O may thy swain before thee bow;
 And own resistless beauty's dart,
 Which has subdued this throbbing
 heart.

When thou art near, an angel's face
 Attracts my soul with heav'nly grace;
 And when away, methinks I see
 My charming *Juliet* still with me.

Thine image shall forever live
 In this fond breast, and rapture give;
 For should I ne'er behold thee more,
 Thy beauteous image I'll adore.

Wilt thou not smile, my angel, say,
 And turn my gloom to blissful day?
 Must love forever be repress?
 And quite consume this aching breast?
 Must I then shed un pity'd tears,
 In vain attempts to soothe my fears?
 And must this heart all bleeding go,
 In silence to the house of woe?

Too sweet thy nature, too divine,
 To let me thus in sorrow pine,
 Thy softer breast will sure return
 A milder flame, with mine to burn.

A heav'nly mien was never given
 But to allure the soul to heav'n;
 And when I shall possess my fair
 My soul in transport will be there.

STREPHON.

March 9, 1791.

SELECTED POETRY.

O D E,

For the Anniversary Festival of the SONS of TAMMANY, May 12, 1791.

COLUMBIANS, hail this happy
 day,
 This day we bow at freedom's
 shrine;
 Raise high to heaven the grateful lay,
 And celebrate the gift divine:
 Let the transporting theme inspire
 Each breast with patriotic fire.

Long did oppression o'er the world
 Her sanguine banners wide display;
 Dark bigotry her thunders hurl'd,
 And freedom's domes in ruins lay;
 Justice and liberty had flown,
 And tyrants call'd the earth their own.

Kind heav'n our race with pity
 view'd,
 Resolv'd bright freedom to restore;
 By heav'n directed o'er the flood,
 Columbus found her on this shore.
 O'er the blest land, with rays divine,
 She shone, and will forever shine.

From heav'n descends the blest de-
 cree,
 (O'er earth celestial music floats)
 Columbia ever shall be free;
 Triumphant angels swell the notes,
 Patriots adore the great decree,
 Columbia ever shall be free.

Here

Here shall th' enthusiastic love,
Which freemen to their country
owe,
Enkindled glorious from above,
In ev'ry patriot's bosom glow,
Inspire the heart, the arm extend,
The rights of freemen to defend.

Secure forever, and entire,
The rights of man shall here remain ;

No fiend shall kindle discord's fire,
No tyrants load with slav'ry's chain.
Here shall th' oppress'd find sweet repose
Where none but tyrants are our foes.

Here commerce shall her sails extend,
Science diffuse her kindest ray,
Religion's purest flame ascend,
And peace shall crown each happy day.

Thrice favour'd land ! by heav'n design'd,
A world of blessings for mankind.

Then let Columbians hail the day
That sees us bow at freedom's shrine ;

Raise high to heav'n the grateful lay
And celebrate the gift divine.
Let the transporting theme inspire
East breast with patriotic fire.

May 10, 1791. D.

ODE—TO GOOD-HUMOUR.

BY PETER PINDAR.

O MISTRESS of the laughing eye,
The jovial song and merry tale ;
From whom the hosts of Sorrow fly,
Ill-nature sour, and Envy pale ;
To whom are now thy cheerful visits paid ?
I think I'll answer for't—to no old maid.

Lo ! like the Sun, whose golden ray
Dispels the Dæmons of the night ;
Thy open visage, always gay,
Drives every imp of Care to flight :
Drives all the mourning family of Pain
And fills the heart with Pleasure's
sprightly train.

All, all, with thee, sweet nymph, are
pleas'd,
Where'er thou condescend'st to travel—

Old Gout amidst his groanings ceas'd,
Old Stone, and whining brother Gravel
Turn up their eyes to you a little
cheery,

And cease their moanings, though
they can't be merry.

When youth was mine, what friends
we were !

My cheek in smiles was always dress'd ;
How glad was I thy voice to hear !
How joy'd to gain thee for my guest !
But times are sadly chang'd from those
of yore,

For now thou wilt not venture near
my door.

What have I done, O nymph so sweet !
That thus for thee I'm doom'd to pine ?
How long I've wish'd those eyes to
meet,

That on me never more shall shine ?
This moment, may I to my grave be
carried,

If I have seen thee, *since* I first was
married.

TO LAURA.—*By the same.*

HOW happy was my morn of
love,

When first thy beauty won my
heart !

How guiltless of a wish to rove !

I deem'd it more than death to part !

Whene'er from *thee* I chanc'd to stray,
How fancy dwelt upon thy mein,
That spread with flow'rs my distant
way,

And show'r'd delight on ev'ry scene !
But FORTUNE, envious of my joys,
Hath robb'd a lover of thy charms :
From me thy sweetest smile decoys,
And gives thee to *another's* arms.

Yet, though my tears are doom'd to
flow,

May tears be never LAURA's lot !
Let LOVE protect *thy* heart from woe ;
His wound to *mine* shall be forgot.

INTELLIGENCE.

LONDON, *March 1.*

A Person in a severe paroxysm of the hydrophobia, was effectually cured by oil, taken internally, and applied outwardly, as an unguent, for three days, without remission.

April 1. Our woollen manufacture exports of the last year, have amounted to nearly 2,000,000*l.* the nett produce of our corn lands are more than 9,000,000*l.* the produce of butter, cheese, and milk, about 2,500,000*l.* amount of timber cut for building, 500,000*l.* and the rent of pastures, meadows, commons, forests, heaths, &c. has amounted to about 7,000,000*l.*

ALEXANDRIA, (*Virginia,*) *April 21.*

On Friday the 15th inst. the Hon. Daniel Carroll, and Dr. David Steward, arrived in this town, to superintend the fixing of the first corner-stone of the federal district. By neglect, or accident, the inhabitants were not apprized of their coming, and therefore had not the opportunity of executing fully that plan of operation which their interest in the business, and their respect for the commissioners, had previously suggested.

The mayor and commonality, together with the members of the different lodges of the town, at three o'clock, waited on the commissioners at Mr. Wise's, where they had dined; and after drinking a glass of wine to the following sentiment, viz. "May the stone which we are about to place in the ground remain an immovable monument of the wisdom and unanimity of North-America," the company proceeded to Jones's Point in the following order—

1st. The town-serjeant—2d. The Hon. Daniel Carroll and the Mayor—3d. Mr. Ellicot and the Recorder
New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 5.

—4th. Such of the aldermen and common council as were not free-masons—5th. The strangers—6th. The master of lodge No. 22, with Dr. David Steward at his right, and the Rev. James Muir at his left, followed by the rest of the fraternity, in their usual form of procession—And, lastly, The citizens, two by two.

When Mr. Ellicot had ascertained the precise point from which the first line of the district was to proceed, the master of the lodge and Dr. Steward, assisted by others of their brethren, placed the stone; after which a deposit of corn, wine and oil, was made upon it, and then some very pertinent and judicious observations were made by the Rev. Mr. Muir.

Boston, April 23. A Sunday school, established by the proprietors of the duck manufactory, and intended for the education of the female children employed therein, was opened yesterday se'nnight, under the direction of Mr. Oliver W. Lane.

We are informed that Mr. Lemuel Hayward, and Dr. Aaron Dexter, of this town, have been elected members of the London Medical Society.

Providence, April 23. The President of the United States has been pleased to appoint Col. William Barton, and Major Daniel Lyman, inspecting officers for the ports within the district of Rhode-Island and Providence Plantations.

Charleston, (S. C.) May 3. This city was yesterday gratified with the arrival of the President of the United States. A twelve oared barge, manned by thirteen Captains of American vessels, attended him at Hadrill's point, and rowed him over; the Amateur Society, with a number of young gentlemen of considerable vocal powers, placed in boats, hailed him

him with the music of instruments and voices, which lasted during his passage to town.

He was accompanied by several gentlemen of considerable rank in the state, and a very beautiful and grand procession of boats in the river.

The President was received at his landing by his Excellency the Governor, the intendant and wardens of the city, the battalion of artillery, the company of fusileers, a number of respectable citizens, the militia officers and the Society of the Cincinnati; all of whom attended him in procession, amidst the firing of cannon and the acclamations of the people, first to the exchange, and then to the house prepared for his reception.

Boston, May 7. On Thursday his Excellency the Governor gave an elegant entertainment to a number of the principal characters in this town, and the officers of his Britannic Majesty's ship Alligator. His Excellency was so well as to be able to preside at table. After dinner, among other judicious and liberal toasts, the following were given:—

Happiness to all mankind.

The President of the United States.
His Majesty George the III^d. King of Great-Britain.

His Most Christian Majesty the King of Frenchmen, &c.

Newport, May 14. The Episcopal Churches in the state of Vermont have convened, by their representatives, and adopted the constitution and liturgy as formed by the late General Convention at Philadelphia. This event places the church, throughout the United States, upon one system of worship, faith and government. Thus order, in civil and ecclesiastical affairs, gradually takes place in America.

Last Sunday evening anchored in this harbour, where she still remains; the French ship Duguay-Trouin, of

74 guns, commanded by M. de Trogoff, with 500 troops on board, besides the ship's crew, consisting of 540 men. She left Martinique the 16th of April, at which time the troubles that have subsisted between the planters at St. Pierre and Fort-Bourbon, were entirely quelled by the arrival of M. de Beague, Governor-General of the land and sea forces of the French West-India windward islands.—600 of the colonial troops have been sent to Old France; the Viscount Damas is gone to France likewise. M. Guardian is chief commander of the sea forces now in station before Martinico.

Hartford, May 16. A return of the number of inhabitants within the district of Connecticut, taken the first Monday of August, 1790, by the marshal.

Free white males, 16 years	} 60,523
old and upwards,	
Free white males under 16	} 54,403
years of age,	
Free white females,	117,448
All other free persons,	2808
Slaves,	2760

237,942

New-York, May 1. In the space of sixty years, the inhabitants of Ireland have doubled their numbers, notwithstanding all the emigrations. It appears, by a late accurate calculation, that they now amount to 4,166,418 among whom there are, it is said, scarcely 60,000 electors. The number of houses in that kingdom, it is asserted, exceeds 680,000.

The commissioners appointed by law to ascertain and fix the place for the bridge, to be built over the river Raritan, at New-Brunswick, (New-Jersey,) have determined it in favour of the place where the ferry is now kept.

May 14. John Foster Williams, Esq; is appointed to command the revenue cutter, building at Newbury. Capt.

Capt. John Malibie is appointed to command the cutter now building at New-London.

On Thursday last was celebrated, by the Sons of Tammany, the anniversary of the Tammany Society or Columbian Order. The day was ushered in by a federal salute from the battery, and welcomed by a discharge of thirteen guns from the brig Grand Sachem, lying in the stream. The society assembled at the great Wigwam five hours after the rising of the sun, and was conducted from thence in an elegant procession to the Brick-Meeting-House in Beekman-street. Before them was borne the cap of liberty; after, followed seven hunters in the Tammanial dress, then the great standard of the society, in the rear of which was the Grand Sachem and other officers—On either side of those were formed the members in tribes, each headed by its standard bearer and Sachem in full dresses: at the meeting-house an oration was delivered by their brother Josiah Ogden Hoffman to the society, and to a most respectable and crowded audience. In the most brilliant and pathetic language he traced the progress of the liberty we enjoy, and thence elegantly deduced the origin of the Columbian Order, and the Society of the Cincinnati. From the meeting-house the procession proceeded (as before) to Campbell's grounds; where upwards of two hundred people partook of an handsome and plentiful repast.

The dinner was honoured with his Excellency the Governor, and many of the most respectable citizens.

May 16. A shock of an earthquake was very sensibly felt by many persons this evening, between ten and eleven o'clock. The watchman in the cupola of the City-Hall felt it rock so much as to oblige him to hold fast, in order to support himself. The shock was instantaneous. It was also

noticed through the eastern states. The preceding part of the evening had been remarkably calm.

Extract of a letter, written by a gentleman in London, of a late date.

"It may be agreeable information to John Churchman, and may save him some trouble and expence, to know that it is in agitation here, to send out two ships, on discovery, in Baffin's or Hudson's Bay, as there appears from late accounts, to be some probability of the existence of a north-west passage. Their observations will, probably, be made with instruments superior to any that John Churchman will procure in America: and as they will, no doubt, be published with great accuracy in a few years, he will be likely to collect from them the facts which he is so anxious to sail to Baffin's Bay to obtain."

The census for the state of Rhode-Island is completed, and the number of inhabitants found to be 68,451.

May 25. At the annual election of officers of the Tammany Society or Columbian Order, held at their *great wigwam* in Broad-street, on the evening of the last Monday in April, the following brothers were duly elected, viz.

Sachems—Cortlandt Van Beuren, John Campbell, Gabriel Furman, Thomas Greenleaf, Josiah O. Hoffman, William Mooney, John Onderdonck, John Pintard, Anthony Post, Jotham Post, William Pitt Smith, Melancton Smith, Ebenezer Stevens, James Tylee.

Treasurer—Thomas Ash.

Secretary—John Swartwout.

At the annual meeting of the council of *Sachems*, of said society, for the purpose of electing the presiding officer, and other officers of the council, on Monday-evening last, the following brothers were duly elected, viz. Josiah O. Hoffman, *Grand Sachem*. James Tylee, *Father of the council*. De Witt Clinton, *Scribe of the council*.

The

The Hon. Roger Sherman, is elected to represent the state of Connecticut in the Senate of the United States; in the room of Dr. Johnson, resigned.

Guliam Verplank, Esq; is elected President of the Bank of New-York; Hon. I. Roosevelt declining to serve.

—MARRIAGES.—

In New-York.—In the capital, Mr. John Istband, to Miss Elizab. Inglis. —Mr. George Parker, to Miss Lydia Poke. —Monf. Lewis Reaull, of Canada, to Mrs. Susan Willson, of New-Jersey. —Mr. Wm. Carman, to Miss Betsey Lasher. —Mr. Thomas Hunt, to Miss Ruth Rook.

At Smith-Town, (Long-Island,) Polydore B. Wisner, Esq; to Miss Maria Bladenburgh.

Near Poughkeepsie, Mr. A. Reed, to Miss Roby Jenks. It is remarkable that immediately after an elegant procession and conclusion of the marriage, Mrs. Reed was delivered of three male children.

In Connecticut.—At New-Haven, Mr. T. Olcott, to Miss P. Thompson.

In Massachusetts.—In the capital, Mr. Samuel Hill, to Miss Grace Austin. —Captain Peter Bright, to Miss Nabby Balch.

At Dorchester, Mr. John Hall, to Miss Deborah Allen.

In Pennsylvania.—In the capital, Mr. Rob. Harris, to Miss E. Ewing.

In Delaware.—At Wilmington, Mr. Benjamin Rumsey, to Miss Elizabeth Coleberry.

In Virginia.—At Fredericksburgh, Mr. J. Blair, to Miss H. Shepherd.

—DEATHS.—

In New-York.—In the capital, Sampson Fleming, Esq; an eminent and much respected citizen. —Mrs. Elizab. Kemmena, in her 70th year. —Mr. William Vandrill, many years a pilot of this port. —Mrs. — Young. —On his passage from Grenada to this port, Mr. William Kemp.

Near Flushing, (Long-Island,) Mr. Robert Crommeline, in his 75th year.

In Connecticut.—At Middletown, the Hon. Jabez Hamlin, aged 81.

At New-Milford, Mrs. F. Noble.

In Massachusetts.—At Haverhill, Dr. Philip Godfrid Kast, aged 88.

At Stow, Deacon Daniel Hapgood, aged 81.

At Pembroke, Mrs. Sus. Tuells, in the 100th year of her age.

In New-Hampshire.—At Kittery, the Rev. Benjamin Stevens, D. D.

In New-Jersey.—At Newark, Mrs. Gertrude Burnet, consort of William Burnet, Esq.

In Pennsylvania.—In the capital, Mr. Patrick O'Brian. —The Hon. Francis Hopkinson, Esq; District Judge of the United States for the state of Pennsylvania.

In Delaware.—At Wilmington, Capt. Ralph Walker, aged 72.

In Springfield, Mrs. Eliz. Price; relict of John Price, Esq; in her 66th year.

In Maryland.—In Baltimore, Mr. David Sterett, (killed in a duel.) — Mrs. Elizab. Bond, in her 78th year.

In Kent county, at his plantation; Mr. Charles Groome.

In Virginia.—At Berkeley, the Hon. Benjamin Harrison, Esq; formerly Governor of that state.

At Richmond, John Dixon, Esq; State Printer.

At Alexandria, of the hydrophobia, occasioned by the bite of a mad cat, Miss Betsey Sandford.

At Fredericksburgh, Mr. Neil McCoull, in his 52d year.

In South-Carolina.—In the capital, of a wound he received in a duel the day before, Mr. — Inglis, of that place. —Daniel Legare, jun. Esq.

—FOREIGN DEATHS.—

In London.—James Jackson, Esq. —At his seat near Canterbury, John Graham, Esq; formerly Lieutenant-Governor of Georgia, when a British province.

In Paris.—The Duke de Richelieu.

year driven by storm, to make an accidental discovery of the islands of Japan, to the east of China, between 30 and 40 degrees north lat. where at first they were kindly received.

1542.

The famous silver mines of the Mountain Potosi, in Peru, were accidentally discovered about this time, by an Indian, who, in running up the mountain, in pursuit of a deer, discovered the first mine, by laying hold of, and tearing up by the roots, a shrub which grew out of a vein of ore. This was, and perhaps still is, by far the richest silver mine that ever was known.

1545-

Luther dies at Eysleben, aged 63.

1546.

Silk begins to be successfully cultivated in the southern parts of France, where it was introduced from Italy and the Levant. According to Mezeray, Henry II. was the first person who wore a pair of silk knit stockings in that kingdom.

1547-

Rymer mentions, *Fœdera*. Tom. xv. p. 181, a pension granted by Edward VI. to Sebastian Cabot, of £. 166 13s. 4d. who, it seems, had now left the Spanish service, *which grant was for services done and to be done by him*. He must then have been an old man, it being fifty-three years since his voyage with his father to the American coasts, in the reign of Henry VII. The said sum was continued to him during life by Queen Mary, he having been chosen Governor of the Russian Company, and for the rest of his life, the great director of the maritime affairs of the English.

1549-

This year a very important cosmographical, as well as mercantile, discovery is made by the enterprising genius of certain English, who, either by reading *Oäber's* account of the situation of the lands and seas about Norway, delivered to King Alfred, in 887, or from informations lately received from the Norway people, with whom a constant trade was kept up, now found a passage by sea to Russia, along the north end of Norway and Russian Lapland, and down into the sea, or rather great bay, since termed the *White Sea*, where now stands the noted port of *Archangel*. Sir Hugh Willoughby, as commander in chief, with three ships, had begun this voyage just before the death of Edward VI. supported by a Company, for the *Discovery of unknown Countries*. This appears to have been the scheme of the famous Sebastian Cabot, who was chosen Governor of that Company. The wars between Russia and Sweden had so far obstructed the English traffic with the former, by the way of Narva, as in some degree to have compelled the English to attempt this new passage to Russia, by the Northern Ocean. The expedition was intended, however, chiefly to discover a shorter and easier passage to China by the Northern Ocean. Sir Hugh Willoughby, being tossed up and down for a long time as far as 72 degrees of north lat. was compelled, by the sudden approach of winter, to run into an obscure harbour in Russian Lapland, called *Arcina Keca*, where he and the crew of two of his three ships, seventy in number, were frozen to death; and where some Russian fishermen, in the summer following, found him sitting in his cabin, with his diary and other papers before him; it being the custom of those Laplanders to frequent the sea coasts in summer, for the benefit of

1553-

1553. the fishery; but when winter approaches, to withdraw into the calmer inland parts, which occasions those stormy shores to be desolate in winter. Richard Chancellor, however, in the third ship, accidentally fell into the Bay of St. Nicholas, or White Sea, on the Russian coast, where no European, nor any other ship, had ever been seen before. He landed at the Abbey of St. Nicholas, near Archangel, then only a castle, and with the Governor's leave, travelled on sledges to the Czar, John Basilowitz, at Moscow, of whom he obtained considerable privileges for the English, and letters to his master Edward VI.

1555. Nicholas Durand de Villegagnon, a Frenchman, and Knight of Malta, sailed from Havre de Grace, to form a settlement at Brazil, and arrived at a place in Rio de Janeiro, called by the natives *Ganabara*. He planted a French colony there, composed entirely of Hugonots, but which did not continue long after he himself abandoned it, having returned to the Church of Rome.

1556. Captain *Stephen Burrough*, in the Russian Company's service, sails northward towards Nova-Zembla, in order to discover the great river *Oby*, in the Tartarian Sea. But he was unable to pass the Straits of Weygats, because of the huge quantities of ice, and therefore returned unsuccessful.

July 31. Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Jesuits, dies at Rome, aged 65, having spread his order through the world, and set up 100 colleges in different parts of Christendom.

Two ships, sent this year by the Russian Company to Nova-Zembla, return with the two ships which had been frozen up in Lapland in 1553, in one of which was Sir Hugh Willoughby's body. They also brought over an Ambassador from Russia to Queen Mary; but being shipwrecked on the coast of Scotland, lost almost all the fine presents intended for the King and Queen. On his return, however, he was complimented with rich gifts for the Czar, and also for himself.

1558. Charles V. resigns the Imperial dignity, and his brother, Ferdinand, chosen Emperor, March 18, following. The death of Charles September 21.

Nov. 17. Mary dies, and Queen Elizabeth ascends the throne of England, which she filled 44 years, four months, and seven days.

1560. The English begin the trade of fishing at Newfoundland.—The first instances of *insurances of losses at sea*, to be met with this year, being practised in the woollen trade between England and the Netherlands.

1561. Dr. Howell, in his History of the World, vol. ii. p. 222, relates, "that Queen Elizabeth, in this third year of her reign, was presented with a pair of *black knit silk stockings*, by her silk woman Mrs. Montague, and thenceforth she never wore cloth ones any more." He further adds, "that King Henry VIII. that magnificent and expensive Prince, wore ordinarily cloth hose, except there came from Spain a pair of silk stockings, for Spain abounded very early in silk. His son, Edward VI. was presented with a pair of long Spanish silk stockings by his merchant, Sir Thomas Gresham, and the present was much
"taken

"taken notice of." Thus it is plain that the invention of knit silk stockings originally came from Spain.

1561.

The Admiral of France, Chatillon, early this year, sent out a fleet from Dieppe, under the command of John Ribalt. He arrived at a cape on the coast of Florida, which he named *Cape-François*, in about 30 degrees north lat. near which, on the first of May, he discovered and entered a river, which he called *May-River*. It is more than probable that this river is the same which we now call St. Mary's, which forms part of the southern boundary of the United States. As he coasted northwards, he discovered eight other rivers, to which he gave the names of several rivers in France. On one of the rivers, which he called *Port-Royal*, he built a fort, and named it *Fort-Charles*, not far distant from the place where *Charleston*, in South-Carolina, is at present situated; in which he left a colony under the direction of Captain Albert, the severity of whose measures excited a mutiny, in which, to the ruin of the colony, he was slain.

1562.

Mr. John Hawkins, assisted by the subscriptions of several gentlemen, fitted out three vessels, the largest of 120, and the smallest of 40 tons, in order to trade for Negroes; for which purpose he sailed to the coast of Guinea, and took in a load of Negroes for Hispaniola. This seems to have been the first attempt from England, towards establishing the Negro trade.

Chatillon sent René Laudonier, with three ships, to Florida. He arrived in June at the river May, on which he built a fort, and in honour to his King, Charles IX. called it *Carolina*.

1564.

In August this year, Captain Ribalt arrived at Florida the second time, with a fleet of seven vessels, to recruit the colony, which, two years before, he had left under the direction of the unfortunate Albert.

1565.

The September following, Pedro Melendes, with six Spanish ships, pursued Ribalt up the river on which he had settled, and overpowering him in numbers, cruelly massacred him and his whole company. Melendes, having in his way taken possession of the country, built three forts, and left them garrisoned with 1200 soldiers. Laudonier, and his colony on May-River, receiving information of the fate of Ribalt, took the alarm, and escaped to France.

Captain Savalet, of Gascony, in France, begins to fish at L'Acadie, and goes every year, until 1607, making in the whole forty-two voyages.

1566.

A fleet of three ships was this year sent from France to Florida, under the command of Dominique de Gourges. The object of this expedition was to dispossess the Spaniards of that part of Florida which they had cruelly and unjustifiably seized three years before. He arrived on the coast of Florida in April, and soon after made a successful attack upon the forts. The recent cruelty of Melendes, and his company, excited revenge in the breast of Gourges, and roused the unjustifiable principle of retaliation. He took the forts; put most of the Spaniards to the sword; and having burned and demolished all their fortresses, returned to

1567.

1568.

France.

1568. France. During the 50 years ensuing this event, the French appear to have enterprized no settlements in America.
1571. Manila founded in the island of Luconia, at present the capital of the Philippine Islands, the great mart between the Spanish settlements on the Pacific coast of America and Asia.
1572. The horrid massacre of St. Bartholomew, when seventy thousand Protestants were put to death in Paris, and other parts of France.
1575. Hakluyt records a circumstance in his 1st vol. p. 413, which proves the small skill of the English in the Newfoundland fishery at this day. "It is a request of an honest merchant, by a letter to a friend of his, to be advised and directed in the course of killing the whale," which was made this year; and the answer in substance was, That there should be a ship of 200 tons burthen, with proper utensils and instruments. But what is particularly to be noted is, *That all the necessary officers were then to be had from Biscay*; which shows that the Biscayans were the earliest whale fishers of any nation in Europe, excepting, however, the people of Norway, who were employed in that trade as far back as the 9th century.
1576. Captain Frobisher was sent this year to discover a north-west passage to the East-Indies. The first land he made on the coast was a cape, which, in honour to the Queen, he called Queen Elizabeth's Foreland. In coasting northerly he discovered the straits which bear his name. He prosecuted his search for a passage into the Western Ocean till he was prevented by the ice, and then returned to England. This appears to have been the second voyage made by Frobisher, for this purpose; the former having been undertaken, according to Captain Luke Fox, in his book titled the *North-West Fox*, about ten years before, viz. in 1567.
1577. Captain Francis Drake sails from Plymouth on a voyage round the world, and returns to Plymouth November 3, 1580, being the first British commander who circumnavigated the globe. He was knighted by Queen Elizabeth the 4th of April following, who gave directions for the preservation of his ship, that it might remain a monument of his own and his country's glory. In process of time the vessel decaying, it was broken up; but a chair made of the planks was presented to the University of Oxford, and is still preserved.
1578. Frobisher had brought home with him a considerable quantity of glittering stones and sands, which were supposed to contain gold ore. This circumstance, together with the hopes of a north-west passage to what they still called Cathai (China,) encouraged Queen Elizabeth to appoint commissioners to examine the ore, and the probability of such a passage, who reporting favourably, Frobisher was thereupon sent out the third and last time, with fifteen ships, and with miners for the ore, which was to be laden home the same year, and 120 persons were to be left behind, to inhabit the country called *Meta-Incognita*, with three ships to attend them. They arrived at the entrance of Frobisher's



new The Deep Rocks on the West Side of Hudson's River, viewed from the North.
C. Wetmore del.

T H E
NEW-YORK MAGAZINE;
O R,
LITERARY REPOSITORY:
FOR JUNE, 1791.

NUMBER VI.—VOLUME II.

C O N T A I N I N G,

	Page.		Page.
Meteorological Observations for May, 1791.	306	Inhuman Treatment of a Negro Slave,	338
Of the steep Rocks on Hudson's River,	307	A View of London,	339
Utility of Public Libraries,	ibid	Extent of the United States,	ibid
A set of Resolutions,	309	The right Constitution of a Com- monwealth examined,	340
On Love,	311	The Advantages of War,	343
On the Carpet Manufactory, at Philadelphia,	ibid	Anecdote,	345
Efficacy of the Black-Berry Jelly in curing the Stone & Gravel,	312	Narrative of the Death of the Hon. F. N.	346
A concise History of the rise and progress of the French Revo- lution,	313	Anecdotes,	351
On Cements,	318	Bounty Rewarded, or the Wor- thy Soldier,	352
A Love-Letter, written in the beginning of the last Century,	319		
Irus, from the German,	321	<i>The AMERICAN MUSE.</i>	
Description of the Canals in Holland,	322	ORIGINAL.	
The Scribbler.—No. IX.	326	To Miss ———'s Fan,	355
A new Method of making fine black Ink,	328	Morning,	ibid
Method of dying Wool and Cot- ton a beautiful & lasting black,	ibid	Lines written by the late Mrs. Ann E. Bleecker,	356
Method of extracting a beautiful blue from the Dog's Mercury,	ibid	Lost Willie, a Song,	ibid
A curious Sermon,	ibid	Veres written in Miss ———'s Fortune-Book,	357
Philosophical Speculations,	329	Ode for the 4th of July, 1791,	358
Juvenis.—No. XV.	331	SELECTED.	
Original Anecdotes of Peter the Great,	332	The Fairy's Answer to Mrs. Greville's Prayer for Indif- ference,	359
Letter on Female Society,	337	Sonnet to Tranquility,	360
		Intelligence,	361
		Marriages,	363
		Deaths,	364

To which is subjoined,

The AMERICAN CHRONOLOGY.

With a View of the Steep Rocks on Hudson's River.

NEW-YORK: PRINTED BY THOMAS AND JAMES SWORDS,
No. 27, WILLIAM-STREET.
M,DCC,XCI.

—Notes to Correspondents.—

R's. account of the *honey dew* came too late for this month—it shall appear in our next.

The lines on *Frailty*, signed A. T. are received, and under consideration.

J. B's. piece, relating the case of an unfortunate adventurer in a lottery, is received—It was too lengthy for insertion this month, were there no other reason for postponing its publication—Its incorrections, however, are too numerous to pass unobserved by the reader, and too easily amended, perhaps by the author, not to indicate the wish that his own pruning-knife and burnisher would once more be resumed for its embellishment. We suppose it the composition of an unexperienced writer, who, by application, and the critical instructions of some friend, may procure agreeable accomplishments of the literary kind.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS for May, 1791.

Days.	Degrees of heat by Fahrenheit's Ther.			Prevailing Winds.			Change & Full of Moon.	WEATHER, &c.
	8	2	8	8	2	8		
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.		
1	55	64	56	N. W.	S. E.	S. E.	New.	Clear, clear, clear.
2	54	60	56	N. W.	N.	N. E.		Do. do. do.
3	54	61	53	N. E.	S.	S.		Do. do. do.
4	53	56	54	S. E.	S.	S.		Dull, dull, rain.
5	54	56	54	E.	E.	N. W.		Rain, rain, clear.
6	50	54	51	N. W.	N. W.	N. W.		Dull, showery, cloudy.
7	47	59	55	N. W.	W.	S.		Clear, clear, clear.
8	51	59	54	S. W.	S.	S.		Do. do. do.
9	55	61	59	S. E.	S. E.	S. E.		Do. do. do.
10	56	64	58	N. W.	N. W.	S. E.	First Q.	Do. do. do.
11	55	67	61	S. E.	S. E.	S. E.		Do. do. do.
12	60	71	65	S. W.	S. W.	S. W.		Do. do. do.
13	64	70	60	S.	S. W.	N. E.		Dull, cloudy, rain.
14	53	55	55	N.	N.	S.		Rain, cloudy, clear.
15	56	63	57	N.	E.	S. E.		Cloudy, clear, clear.
16	59	67	59	N.	E.	S.		Clear, clear, clear.
17	56	64	62	N.	S. E.	S. W.	Full.	Do. do. do.
18	60	69	65	S. W.	S.	S.		Do. do. do.
19	60	70	62	S. W.	S.	S.		Do. do. do.
20	60	69	61	N. E.	S.	N. W.		Dull, clear, clear.
21	58	70	61	N. W.	N. W.	N. W.		Clear, clear, clear.
22	62	72	66	S. W.	S. W.	W.		Do. do. do.
23	63	70	65	N.	S.	S.		Do. do. do.
24	63	68	64	E.	S.	S. E.	Last Q.	Dull, cloudy, dull.
25	64	70	65	S. E.	S.	S.		Rain, cloudy, rain.
26	65	72	67	E.	S.	S.		Rain, clear, clear.
27	67	73	67	E.	S.	S.		Clear, clear, cloudy.
28	66	76	73	E.	S.	S.		Cloudy, clear, clear.
29	71	79	74	N. W.	S.	S.		Clear, clear, clear.
30	73	80	75	S.	S.	S.		Do. do. do.
31	74	67	65	S. W.	N. E.	N. E.		Clear, dull, rain.

T H E

NEW-YORK MAGAZINE;

O R,

LITERARY REPOSITORY:

FOR JUNE, 1791.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

Of the STEEP ROCKS on HUDSON'S RIVER.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING]

THIS remarkable range of rocks begins within a mile of Poles-Hook, and extends north upwards of 20 miles, being as far as the state of New-Jersey is bounded by Hudson's River. The summits of the loftiest projections are perhaps not less than 600 feet above the river, and a great part of that distance perpendicular.

The surprising height, and regular mural appearance of this stupendous mass, excites admiration in the most superficial stranger; and is not beheld without emotion by those who are the most accustomed to their appearance.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

On the UTILITY of PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

OF all forms of civil government, the republican depends most on an enlightened state of society, and this, among many other, is a strong proof of its superior excellence, that its very existence is intimately connected with the mental improvements of its citizens. The advantages resulting to a community at large, in consequence of a general attention to education, is too apparent, and too well understood in this quarter of the world, to need any comment.

The habits acquired by early education, deserve to be carefully cherished, by affording every means to gratify the passion of youthful curiosity, by easy access to books on every

subject. The circumstances of private families in general, are not adequate to the expence of extensive libraries, and though many persons may be able to furnish a book closet for the purposes of light reading, the catalogue necessary for universal and critical research, is by far too extensive for individuals in this country to aim at.

The united efforts of a city like this, may, however, be able to surmount this difficulty, and obtain the desirable object of founding a library on the most comprehensive scale; and happy am I to say that such an institution has been for some time on foot, which affords the flattering prospect of becoming extensively useful.

Perhaps

Perhaps few of the distressing circumstances which beset the devoted capital of this state during the late glorious struggle for American liberty, were more injurious than the loss of the library which had been founded some years before the war, and which had increased to a considerable collection of the choicest authors. The private losses of most of the citizens who returned to their desolate habitations, after a long and tedious exile, were too severe to permit any other attention for some time to any thing but private concerns. The spring, however, given to the human mind, by means of the American revolution, has, in no part of the union, been more fully evidenced than in New-York. This city, like a phoenix arising out of its parent's ashes, is rapidly soaring far beyond the flight of former times; and the numerous improvements, both public and private, while they attract the admiration and praise of travellers, really create astonishment in our citizens themselves, and "*who would have thought it!*" is the universal exclamation of every tongue.

The cause of science and literature at length arrested the public attention, nor has the call been in vain. A handsome subscription list was obtained, which has enabled the Trustees of the New-York Society Library to form a collection of upwards of *four thousand volumes*, within the short compass of *two years*. Many thanks are due to the indefatigable zeal of those gentlemen who have given such proofs of unremitted attention to the trust reposed in them.

A public library, under the care and inspection of persons of judgment, has this superior advantage over most private, and every circulating library whatever, that the books are carefully selected, and such works as might tend to corrupt instead of promoting the morals of youth, gain no

admittance. Moreover, the writings of voluminous authors, and expensive collections of history and works of science, which all may wish to dip into occasionally, but few to own, may here be found. Rare books, and ancient authors, difficult to be obtained, as well as costly in the purchase, fall generally within the compass of a public library. Of almost every subject that ever has been written upon, various writers have exerted their talents pro or con. Curiosity may wish to be gratified with the specimen of their talents, while it could not indulge in the charge attending it. The public library presents an opportunity for collecting gradually every thing that ever has been published, controversial or otherwise, and transmitting it to posterity. Interesting as the subjects may be, few individuals would be found adequate to the expence.

Much more might be said on the *utility of public libraries*, but the advantages must be so evident, that it would be an insult perhaps to the public to expatiate further. I shall therefore close this essay by a wish to impress the importance of fostering the library established in this city, and earnestly intreating such of my fellow citizens as have not yet become subscribers, to lend their assistance to this laudable institution, the whole benefit of which will result to each of their families respectively, with the peculiar advantage, that every share will yearly become more valuable, and in case of a wish to dispose of it, will shortly sell for more than it originally cost. I need not, on this occasion, I trust, point to the example of our sister city of Philadelphia, whose public library consists of more than 10,000 volumes, besides a valuable philosophical apparatus, maps, globes, astronomical and mathematical instruments. True, it sustained little or very partial injury by

by the war, whereas ours (as has been observed) was annihilated; yet, the great care and attention of its trustees, meets with extensive support from the citizens. A share in that valuable library now sells for ten pounds, double the original price.

This shortly will also be the case with our library; therefore, such as mean to subscribe had better make early application.

A Subscriber to the New-York Society Library.

A SET OF RESOLUTIONS.

TO live and to die in the public profession of the religion in which one was born and bred. To avoid all prophane talk and intricate debates on sacred topics. To endeavour to get the better of the intrusions of indolence of mind and body, those certain harbingers of enfeebling age. Rather to wear out, than to rust out. To rise early, and as often as possible to go to bed before midnight. Not to nod in company, nor to indulge repose too frequently on the couch in the day. To waste as little of life in sleep as may be, for we shall have enough in the grave. Not to give up walking; nor to ride on horseback to fatigue. To continue the practice of reading, pursued for more than 50 years, in books on all subjects; for variety is the salt of the mind as well as of life. Other people's thoughts, like the best conversation of one's companions, are generally better and more agreeable than one's own. Frequently to think over the virtues of one's acquaintance, old and new. To admit every cheerful ray of sunshine on the imagination. To avoid retrospection on a past friendship, which had much of love in it; for memory often comes when he is not invited. To try to think more of the living and less of the dead; for the dead belong to a world of their own. To live within one's income, be it large or little. Not to let passion of any sort run away with the understanding. Not to encourage romantic hopes nor fears. Not to drive away

hope, the sovereign balm of life, though he is the greatest of all flatterers. Not to be under the dominion of superstition or enthusiasm. Not wilfully to undertake any thing which the nerves of the mind or the body are not strong enough for. Not to run the race of competition, or to be in another's way. To avoid being jostled too much in the street, and not be carried even by curiosity itself into a large crowd. To strive to embody that dignified sentiment, "to write injuries in dust, but kindnesses in marble." Not to give the reins to constitutional impatience; for it is apt to hurry on the first expressions into the indecency of swearing. To recollect, that he who can keep his own temper may be master of another's. If one cannot be a stoic, in bearing and forbearing, on every trying occasion, yet it may not be impossible to pull the check-string against the moroseness of spleen or the impetuosity of peevishness. Anger is a short madness. Not to fall in love, now on the precipice of three score; nor to expect to be fallen in love with. A connection between summer and winter is an improper one. Love, like fire, is a good servant, but a bad master. Love is death, when the animal spirits are gone. To contrive to have as few vacant hours upon one's hands as possible, that idleness, the mother of crimes and vices, may not pay its visit. To be always doing of something, and to have something to do. To fill up one's time, and to have a good deal

to

to fill up; for time is the materials that life is made of. If one is not able by situation, or through the necessity of raising the supplies within the year, or by habit (for virtue itself is but habit) to do much ostentatious good, yet do as little harm as possible. To make the best and the most of every thing. Not to indulge too much in the luxury of the table, nor yet to underlive the constitution. The gout, rheumatism, and dropsy, in the language of the Spectator, seem to be hovering over the dishes. Wine, the great purveyor of pleasure, and the second in rank among the senses, offers his service, when love takes his leave. It is natural to catch hold of every help, when the springs begin to droop. Love and wine are good cordials, but are not proper for the beverage of common use. Resolve not to go to bed on a full meal. A light supper and a good conscience are the best receipts for a good night's rest, and the parent of undisturbing dreams. Not to be enfeebled by the flatulency of tea. Let the second or third morning's thought be to consider of the employment for the day; and one of the last at night to enquire what has been done in the course of it. Not to let one's tongue run at the expence of truth. Not to be too communicative nor unreserved: A close tongue, with an open countenance, are the safest passports through the journey of the world. To correct the error of too much talking, and restrain the narrativeness of the approaching climacteric. To take the good-natured side in conversation. However, not to praise every body, for that is to praise nobody. Not to be too inquisitive and eager to know secrets, nor be thought to have a head full of other people's affairs. Not to make an enemy, nor to lose a friend. To aim at the esteem of the public, and to leave a good name behind. Not to be singular in

dress, in behaviour, in notions, nor expressions of one's thoughts. Never to give bad advice, and to strive not to set a bad example. Seldom to give advice till asked; for it appears like giving something that is superfluous to one's self. To be affectionate to relations, which is a kind of self-love, in preference to all other acquaintance. But not to omit paying the commanding respect to merit, which is superior to all the accidental chains of kindred. Not to debilitate the mind by new and future compositions. Like the spider, it may spin itself to death. The leisure of the pen has created honourable acquaintance, and pleased all it has wished to please. To resolve not to be too free of promises, for performances are sometimes very difficult things. Not to be too much alone; nor to read nor meditate or talk too much on points that may awaken tender sensations, and be too pathetic for the soul. To enjoy the present, not to be made too unhappy by reflection on the past, nor to be oppressed by invincible gloom on the future. To give and receive comfort, those necessary aims to a distressed mind. To be constantly thankful to Providence for the plenty hitherto possessed, which has preserved one from the dependence on party, persons, and opinions, and kept one out of debt. The appearance of a happy situation, and opportunities of tasting many worldly felicities (for content has seldom perverted itself into discontent) has induced many to conclude, that one must be pleased with one's lot in life; and it occasions many to look with the eye of innocent envy. To resolve more than ever, to shun every public station and responsibility of conduct. To be satisfied with being master of one's self, one's habits, now a second nature, and one's time. Determined not to solicit, unless trampled upon by fortune; to live and die

die in the harness of trade or a profession. To take care that pity, humanity is not here meant, does not find one out in the endurance of any calamity. When pity is within call, contempt is not far off. Not to wish to have a greater hold of life, nor to quit that hold. The possible tenure of existence is of too short possession for the long night that is to succeed;

therefore not a moment to be lost. Not to lose sight, even of a single day, of these good and proverbial doctors—diet—merry-man—and quiet. Lastly, not to put one's self too much in the power of the elements, those great enemies to the human frame; namely—the sun—the wind—the rain—and the night air.

MEMORY.

ON LOVE.

NATURE has intrusted to Love the charge of future generations. In discharging this trust, it acts with power, gathers strength from opposition, and breaks through every obstacle.

Love gives a new character to the soul; a character of mildness and humanity. Hearts estranged from the pleasures of love are hard, savage, merciless. Behold in the seraglio human nature at the lowest point of abasement. Wretches there, maimed in body and in mind, know only to be cruel. They thirst for the misery of another to allay their own. A spectacle of wretchedness is necessary to make them forget for a moment that they are wretched. To crush a feeling heart under the despotism which has proved fatal to themselves, is their only joy.

While other passions concentrate man in himself, love makes him live in another, subdues selfishness, and reveals to him the pleasure of ministering to the object of his love.

Debauchery springs from a void in the mind, from egotism, from ennui, from an incapacity for noble sentiments. Love is the antidote. It is the companion of activity, of cou-

rage, of enterprise; and there are few men of genius who have not left in their writings some trace of that flame.

This precious sensibility is a virtue. In detaching us from self, it accustoms us to attach ourselves the more to others. It weakens pride, and sweetens ferocity. The constant and substantial good which it procures may well excuse the accidental evils. Perhaps, in the moment of its highest power, it may occupy the whole soul: But the moment of delirium will pass. Love cannot harden hearts, nor extinguish social virtue. The lover becomes a husband, a parent, a citizen.

Love communicates its amiable and generous sentiments; it inspires sublime ideas. We can discover, in writings which survive the grave, if their authors ever loved. That passion, so friendly to genius and to virtue, pervades their productions with a pleasing and penetrating warmth.

True love enters not into base and selfish minds, or it quickly transforms them. Its brightest triumph is over debauchery; that monster which assumes its mask, to debase our souls and obscure their worthiest faculties.

On the CARPET MANUFACTORY established at PHILADELPHIA.

AMONGST the many accounts of the flourishing state of the infant manufactures of America, it

seems strange that the *Carpet Manufactory* has been hitherto so little noticed. A correspondent who has lately

ly visited that establishment in the Northern Liberties, informs us, that he has seen some of the carpets manufactured there by William Peter Sprague, of those durable kind called *Turkey* and *Axminster*, which sell at 20 per cent. cheaper than those imported, and nearly as low as Wilton carpeting, but of double its durability.

The carpet made for the President, and others for various persons, are master-pieces of their kind, particularly that for the Senate chamber of the United States. The device wove in the last mentioned, is the *Crest* and *Armorial Achievements* appertaining to the *United States*. Thirteen Stars forming a constellation, diverging from a cloud, occupy the space under the chair of the Vice-President. The *AMERICAN EAGLE* is displayed in the centre, holding in his dexter talon an olive branch, in his sinister a bundle of thirteen arrows, and in his beak, a scroll inscribed with the motto *E pluribus unum*. The whole surrounded by a chain formed of 13 shields, emblematic of each state.

The sides are ornamented with marine and land trophies, and the

corners exhibit very beautiful *Cornus Copias*, some filled with olive branches and flowers expressive of peace, whilst others bear fruit and grain, the emblems of plenty.

Under the arms, on the *pole* which supports the cap of liberty, is hung the *balance of justice*.

The whole being executed in a capital stile, with rich bright colours, has a very fine effect, notwithstanding the raw materials employed, are of the refuse and coarser kind; so that this manufactory is an advantage to others by allowing a price for those articles which could not be used in the common branches of woolen and tow business.

Manufactures of all kinds will generally meet with the support of the friends of the country, and this in particular, which already gives employment to a number of poor women and children, will no doubt be encouraged. The article of carpeting is now imported in considerable quantities, for which, large sums are annually exported to Europe; but if due encouragement be afforded, there is every reason to believe that it may become an object of exportation.

Efficacy of the BLACK-BERRY JELLY in curing the Stone and Gravel.

BLACK-BERRY jelly, having been found remarkably efficacious in that dreadful disorder, the gravel and stone, it may be proper to communicate the following account of it.

A gentleman, who for many years had been afflicted with this dreadful complaint, was persuaded to take every night going to bed the quantity of a large nutmeg of this jelly. The effect of which was, that the stone was broken to pieces, and voided in grannels, some of them nearly the size of pepper corns, manifestly appearing to be portions of a much

larger substance. The gentleman, though more than four-score, is now enabled to discharge these stony particles without much difficulty, and finds no other inconvenience than a frequent irritation to urinate.

To make the jelly: take black-berries before they are quite ripe, when turned red; pick them and put them into a pot, tie them up close, and put them in a kettle of water. Let them stand over the fire, until they are reduced to pulp. Then strain them: and to a pint of juice put a pound of powdered sugar. Boil it to a jelly; and put it up for use.

A concise

A concise HISTORY of the Rise and Progress of the French Revolution.

From Kincaid's New Geographical Grammar.

[Continued from page 258.]

THESE assurances seem to have removed the apprehensions of the Assembly. They now proceeded to consider the dismissal of M. Neckar and his associates in the ministry; they presented an address to the King, in which they set forth the virtues of the dismissed ministers, assuring his Majesty that the nation neither could nor would have any confidence in the new ones. They represented the horrors of the scene which must ensue if the troops should act against the Parisians, and proposed to send a committee to the capital to prevent bloodshed. To this an unfavourable answer was given; the King refusing either to remove the troops, or to allow the committee to be sent to Paris. This answer produced a number of spirited resolutions; among which was the following: "That this Assembly, dreading the fatal consequences which his Majesty's answer may produce, must continue to insist upon the removal of the troops drawn together in an extraordinary manner in the neighbourhood of Paris and Versailles; and upon the establishment of armed bodies of citizens." These resolutions were taken on the 13th of July, and next day the people began to arm themselves; a party of troops entered the capital, but the French guards having joined the people, only a slight skirmish happened, in which two dragoons of the Duke de Choiseuil's regiment were killed, and two wounded. The troops then left the city, and the people proceeded to act openly in support of the cause of liberty. The police of the city was now entirely without influence, and its place was supplied by armed burghers; the shops were shut up; a general consternation prevailed all over

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 6.

the city; and it was proposed to raise a militia of 48,000 men.

The first exploit performed by these patriots, was forcing the convent of St. Laylare, where they found a considerable quantity of corn, as well as of arms and ammunition, supposed to have been brought thither from the arsenal as to a place of security. Next day the hospital of invalids was summoned to surrender, and taken possession of after a slight resistance. The cannon, small arms, and ammunition were seized, and thus all the citizens who chose to arm themselves were supplied with what was necessary. The ammunition lodged in the Bastille was then demanded the same evening. A flag of truce had preceded the body of people who made the demand, and was answered from within; but nevertheless the commandant gave orders to his troops to fire, and killed several of them. Enraged at this proceeding, they rushed forward to assault the place. The governor then consented to admit a certain number of them, upon condition that they should make no disturbance. This being readily agreed to, about 40 passed the drawbridge, which was instantly drawn up, and the whole party massacred. Exasperated at this, the people assaulted the fortress with such violence that it soon surrendered; and the governor, with some of the more active persons in this treachery were put to death, and their heads carried on pikes round the city. Only four or five prisoners were found in the Bastille.

The King now perceiving that all the troops he could command would be insufficient to quell the insurrection, repaired to the Assembly, and informed them, that he had ordered

T : the

the troops to retire to a certain distance from Paris and Versailles. This speech was received with universal applause; and soon after the troops had retired, the Marquis de la Fayette, who distinguished himself so much in the American war, was appointed to command the Paris militia, along with M. Bailly, Prevot de Marchands. The number of armed men in the capital were now computed at 150,000. The king put himself into the hands of the citizens, and passed through Paris to the Hotel de Ville, escorted only by them. On entering that place he declared that he appeared there only to gratify the wishes of the people, and to assure them of his readiness to do every thing in his power to restore tranquility to the city. In return he received every testimony of affection that could be expressed by a numerous and orderly people. This was followed by a dismissal of all his new servants, and the recall of Mr. Neckar.

All this time the patriotic party continued to gain ground. The capital was guarded by the militia; the troops removed speedily to the places from whence they came; the Duc de Chatelet resigned his command; and several changes were made in the ministry. The Duc de Liancourt was chosen President of the National Assembly in room of the Archbishop of Vienne, whose time was expired; and the King, hearing that a number of his guards had joined the militia, granted leave to the Marquis de la Fayette to retain as many as chose to stay; at the same time, he authorized the guards to enter among the militia, with a promise to continue their pay and maintenance till the city was reduced into a state of tranquility.

Though this extraordinary revolution was attended with much less bloodshed than what usually accompanies affairs of this kind, yet it was not wholly bloodless. Besides those

who perished immediately in the affair of the Bastille, several other victims were offered up at the shrine of liberty. One of these was M. de Foulon, late Intendant of Paris, who was accused of having caused, or increased the scarcity in that capital. To avoid the popular fury, he had spread a report of his death, and retired to his house in the country. Here he was discovered, and dragged to Paris, where he was first hanged, his head then cut off and carried upon a pole to meet his son-in-law, M. Berthier, the Intendant at that time, whose death had been already determined upon, and who had been seized at Compeigne. The Marquis de la Fayette interceded for Berthier as much as in his power, but to no purpose. In the provinces the most grievous disorders took place. In Brittany several regiments laid down their arms when ordered out against the insurgents. At Havre de Grace the whole garrison left the fort on hearing what had happened at Paris, and the burghers immediately took possession of it. A most melancholy affair happened at Besancon, which at once discovered the greatest cruelty and depravity in the perpetrators. The people there having resolved to celebrate the revolution at Paris by rejoicings, a nobleman of the opposite party, by name M. de Mesmay, projected the hellish scheme of pretending to enter into the views of the people, with an intention of destroying them at once. For this purpose he invited them to an entertainment at his castle of Quesnay. A great number of people attended, and were most barbarously massacred at once, by blowing them up with gun-powder, by means of a concealed mine. The wretch himself escaped, but his castle was demolished by the enraged populace, and not only that of Quesnay, but many others in the neighbourhood; and on this occasion

casion it is not to be doubted that several valuable buildings were destroyed. Among these was the rich Abbey of the order of Citeaux, frequently animadverted upon by Voltaire. On examining into this affair, however, by a committee of the National Assembly, it was said to have happened by accident, though it is difficult to conceive how it could be so.

While these disturbances were going on, the roads were beset by troops of banditti and robbers, chiefly foreigners. At Montmatre 5000 desperadoes began to level the platforms, with a view to erect batteries for destroying the city; but being dispersed by the citizens, they formed themselves into several bands, and committed many depredations; but at last intelligence having been received at the Hotel de Ville of these and other enormities, 200 citizens set out in quest of the robbers, whom they found dispersed in parties all over the country. They attacked the citizens with stones, &c. but being soon put to flight, and 200 taken prisoners, the country was restored to tranquility.

The impatience of the nation for the return of M. Neckar now grew to such a height, that the Assembly wrote a letter to the King, demanding it, in the following terms:

“SIRE,

“You came yesterday among us, and testified your confidence in our counsels, requiring us to give them in the present dreadful state of affairs. We were yesterday in the capital, where we saw and heard every thing. Your whole people are afflicted at the fate of Mr. Neckar, and demand him of your Majesty. Every body holds your present ministers in horror; the public indignation is at its height; we therefore, Sire, for the happiness of your kingdom, for your own happiness, advise you to recal Mr. Neckar.”

We may judge of the state of humiliation to which the mighty sovereign of France was now reduced, by his sending the following letter, addressed to Mr. Neckar, unsealed, to the National Assembly, for their inspection:

“The King of France to Mr. Neckar.”

“I have been deceived respecting you. Violence has been committed on my character. Behold me at length enlightened. Come, Sir, come without delay, and resume your claims to my confidence, which you have acquired for ever. My heart is known to you. I expect you with all my nation; and I very sincerely share in its impatience. On which, I pray God, Sir, until you return, to take you into his holy and worthy keeping.”

In consequence of this letter, Mr. Neckar hastened to Paris, where he was received by the people with the most excessive exultations, and by the King with the greatest cordiality and affection. He was attended to the Hotel de Ville by M. de St. Priest, the secretary of state, and escorted by a numerous company of the horse and foot militia. The people who were in the Place de Greve being impatient to see him, he was obliged to go into an adjacent room; and during the short time of his absence, the Assembly came to a resolution of passing a general amnesty, in consequence of the festival which existed by the return of Mr. Neckar, and that the same should be read in all the churches of France; which resolution was in the highest degree acceptable to the worthy minister on his return. On the report of this transaction to the States General at large, however, some disputes ensued, and it was urged by some, that the electors of Paris had no right to grant a general amnesty, as such power belonged only to the Assembly; and the same day a resolution was brought

brought forward, in which it was insisted, that a tribunal should be erected for judging of the demerits of such offenders as should be brought before it, on accusations of having attacked the safety, peace, or liberty of the public, though the people had a right to pardon them if they thought proper.

During this time of trouble and confusion, the English nation had become highly obnoxious to the French patriots. The reason of this was, that the people of England were reported to be such enemies to the French, that they had even denied them a morsel of bread in the time of their present calamity. The Duke of Dorset had written a letter to the Count d'Artois, which was found among the papers of the Baron de Castelnau; and this was said to be in favour of the noblesse, and the party of the Queen, who were inimical to the liberties of the people; though, in truth it was merely complimentary. News had likewise been circulated of an English fleet sailing from Plymouth, to make an attempt on Brest; and a pamphlet against the commons had been published by Lord Camelford. All these aspersions, however, were quickly wiped off, by a letter from the Earl of Dorset to the Count de Montmorin, and which was read in the National Assembly. On receipt of this letter, the Count de Liancourt, President of the Assembly, wrote a letter to the Count de Montmorin, in which he expressed the greatest satisfaction; and in consequence of this the English, from being treated as enemies, were held as the most affectionate friends, and the reconciliation was confirmed by some further correspondence betwixt Dorset and Montmorin.

The National Assembly having now in a great measure overcome all opposition, proceeded to new-model

the constitution. For this purpose twenty-two articles were formed; in which were included, an equal taxation; a renunciation of all privileges, whether personal, provincial, or municipal; redemption of feudatory rights; various suppressions and abolitions of particular jurisdictions, duties, and services; abolition of the sale of offices; justice to be executed without any expence to the people; admission of all citizens to civil and military offices; his Majesty to be proclaimed the Restorer of French Liberty; a medal to be struck, and *Te Deum* celebrated in memory of this remarkable event. On the representation of the minister, a loan of thirty millions was voted, in order to provide for the pressing exigencies of the state, until the finances could be properly regulated. The French guards were voted a medal of 50 livres; but, in the most patriotic manner, they sent three of their body to the Hotel de Ville, begging leave to decline this honour, on account of its expence; likewise refusing to accept of any pecuniary acknowledgment from their fellow-citizens; but, however, as a mark of their approbation, desiring a medal of six livres each, to wear at their buttons. They were to be incorporated with the city militia, and to have 20 sols *per* day.

While the Assembly were thus proceeding vigorously in their work of reformation, a report was spread of a mine having been formed from under the stables of the Count d'Artois to the hall of the Assembly, with a design to repeat the horrible scene at Quidnay. After the most diligent search, a vast hole of great depth was discovered in one of the cellars, but which did not appear to have any communication with any place in the neighbourhood; though, from hence it was concluded, that some such horrid plot had been in agitation. In other respects they were disturbed by intelligence

intelligence of dreadful disorders committed in the provinces; where, among many other shameful proceedings, it was proved, that a number of persons went from province to province, spreading false news, and encouraging the populace to insurrection; and even the authority of the King was pretended to be produced by these miscreants for every species of disorder. To remedy this atrocious evil they passed a decree, that all municipal bodies of the kingdom, as well in towns as in the country, should watch over the maintenance of general tranquillity; that, at their requisition, the national militia, and all the troops should come to their assistance, in pursuing and apprehending all public disturbers of the peace, &c. and to prevent any abuse of power, the national militia and soldiers should take a certain oath, of which the form was mentioned. This scheme was at first opposed by M. Mirabeau; but in a short time he dropped his opposition, and the resolution was carried unanimously, and had soon after the sanction of a royal proclamation to the same purpose.

The authority of the Assembly continuing still to increase, they next proceeded to take into consideration the revenues of the clergy, to examine the pension list, and to assign a particular sum for the royal revenue in time to come. The utmost extent of a country clergyman's revenue was fixed at 1500 livres, or 62l. their curates to have 25l. the city priests 100l. and their curates 53l. The bishops, and other beneficed clergymen to undergo a proportionable reduction. They began also to consider of the suppression of monastic orders, from which, and the proposed reduction of the clerical revenues, it was computed that the finances of the nation must be considerably augmented. From some calculations it appeared that the number of ecclesiastics,

secular and regular, with the nuns, amounted to 316,274; and that, for their support an annual revenue of 117,699,500 livres was required. Near 80,000 of both sexes were supposed to belong to the different orders, and there were 17,000 mendicants. The distressed state of the national finances now began to draw the attention, not only of the Assembly, but of the nation at large. In the beginning of September, it was announced to the Assembly, that there was a deputation of ladies from Paris, who came to offer their jewels and valuable ornaments for the service of their country. These fair patriots were received with the utmost politeness, and it was proposed by the ladies themselves, that an office should be established merely for the reception of jewels which should be sold, and the sum applied to the diminution of the national debt. An address of thanks was voted by the Assembly to these generous females; their names were ordered to be published in the votes of the Assembly; and they were authorized to wear a badge of distinction, on account of their having made such an honourable sacrifice. The example of the ladies of Paris in giving up their jewels was followed by a vast number of individuals throughout the kingdom, and many gifts of great value were every day brought in by patriots of all denominations.

But while matters were thus going on seemingly in the most successful manner for the patriots, the King, at the head of the aristocratic party, had so far strengthened himself, that he ventured to give a very unfavourable answer to most of the requisitions of the Assembly. This, however, was the last effort of royalty. The commons, conscious of their own power, adhered strictly to the principles they had laid down, and which the other two orders were by no means able

able to oppose. The following articles were finally determined, as part of the new constitution of the kingdom.

1. All powers flow essentially from, and can only emanate from the nation.

2. The legislative power resides in the National Assembly, composed of the representatives of the nation freely and legally elected.

3. No act of the legislative body shall be deemed law, unless consented to by the representatives of the nation, and sanctioned by the King.

4. The supreme executive power resides in the hands of the King.

5. The judicial power can in no case be exercised by the King, nor by the legislative body; but justice shall be rendered in the name of the King, by the tribunals established by the law, according to the principles of the constitution.

The distressed state of the national finances at last overcame every other consideration, and for some time engrossed the attention of the Assembly. A bill was brought in by Mr. Neckar, taking into consideration the urgent necessities of the state; and proposing certain reductions, in the royal households, pensions, clergy, &c. requesting also a contribution

from all the inhabitants of the kingdom, but which was to be made only once, and not to be renewed on any pretence whatever. The contribution was restricted to a nett fourth of the income, without any inquiry into the person's fortune; a list of contributions to be made out, and the money returned to them, if alive, in the year 1792, but their heirs not to be intitled to any benefit from it. None, whose income did not exceed 400 livres, to be included in the tax. This was followed by a donation of 100,000 livres from Mr. Neckar himself. The plan was laid before the King, with the articles of the new constitution; but his Majesty informed them, that though he assented to the plan of the new constitution, it was on this positive condition, that the general result of their deliberations should leave him in the full possession of the executive power. However, after making some remarks on the constitution, he acquiesced in it for the present, until a more perfect system could be adopted. This answer was deemed insufficient, and a deputation was sent to his Majesty, requiring his unequivocal assent to the new constitution.

(To be concluded next month.)

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

LETTER from SAMUEL L. MITCHELL, Esq; to JOHN PINTARD, Secretary of the American Museum.

SIR,

PERMIT me to present you, for the Museum of Tammany Society, a fossil specimen, elucidating much of the natural history of the earth. It is a congeries of quartzey stones, cemented together by iron; and what is somewhat singular, the iron is not merely blended with clay, as is common in these kinds of productions, but is actually in many parts of the specimen in a crystallized state.

Iron is more extensively dispersed through this earth than any other me-

tal; and wherever it happens to be, shews a strong affinity to the neighbouring substances: Therefore, if a key, an anchor, or other ferreuginous substance, be dropped and left in the salt-water, it is frequently found that as the iron is corroded, and decomposed by the marine acid, it acquires a disposition to concrete and cement the sand and gravel near it into a compact body. In this way, secondary fossils are plentifully produced by the attractive and cohesive quality of

of iron. But in order to make the metal shew this disposition, it is not necessary that it be acted upon by salt-water, for any other of the ordinary and natural modes of decomposition will answer the same purpose: Thus, *the soil of the state of New-Jersey has very much of a shelly or shaly appearance, owing, undoubtedly, to the operation of the iron so abundantly prevailing in it.*

In like manner does it appear how active iron is, not merely in the common earths and stones, but in the most precious gems, both as a *colouring and cementing ingredient: for the beryl, the ruby, the amethyst, the topaz, and the garnet, all contain more or less of this metal in their composition.*

But these and others of the works of nature, are not the only facts to be explained upon this power which iron possesses. It has been observed that

the dropping of water from *sign-irons, when hanging over the flagged pavements of streets, has hardened the free-stones* to a very great degree beyond those parts which had not been impregnated by the metal. Hence the works of art also admit of a solution, and a ready explanation is rendered why iron is useful in architecture as a cement, for by its agglutinating and hardening quality it cannot but be serviceable in mortar and plaster, applied for the purpose of rendering buildings durable and strong: But how, and in what manner it can be best applied, may be experimentally found out by the tradesman, though useful matter on this head may be found in Higgins's Essay on Cements.

I am, with esteem,

Your very humble servant,

SAMUEL L. MITCHELL.

Long-Island, May 26, 1791.

JOHN PINTARD, Esq.

A LOVE-LETTER, written in the beginning of the last Century.

A letter of thanks to Mrs. Elizabeth Brooks, that presented me with two apples.

Mrs. Brooks,

IT may justly be deemed a solecism in courtship, and very preposterous, if not a plain presumption, to send a letter to an unknown person; whereas indeed visits should precede epistles. But be it so, yet I know you carry so much candour in your breast as to remit an acknowledged error. Some, no doubt, may think it proper eno' to write first, before they come to an interview, that there may be some way made for their better acceptance and more easy carrying on their design. Words written, being the sentiments of the mind, differ not much from those that are *vi-va voce* delivered, in relation to the end and aim of both: though a good orator may possibly persuade more by speaking his mind in lively rhetoricke

than by writing in blacke and white. But, to say the truth, I was impatient of forbearing my thanks any longer for your kind present, the two fair apples you sent me by my good friend Mr. Smith, by which I made this interpretation unto myself, that I should not looke upon you as forbidden fruit.

By the description of your most excellent person and features that I have heard from sundry persons, I cannot but imagine yourself represented by them in some of your perfections.

The ripeness of them did mind me of your maturity, how fit you are to be taken in by some happy hand; for women and fruit have fit seasons to be gathered.

The exact mixture of the white and red may well adumbrate and shadow out the incomparable complexion of your face; that, by so happy a concurrence

concurrence of such colours, causeth such an amazing lustre; which indeed was one reason why I have not yet wayted uppon you, because I thought my eye to weake to fix uppon so great a shine of beauty; the sun can only be fully viewed by eagles.

The roundnesse may well signify the perpetuity of affection you will bestow uppon that person that shall be admitted to your love; as heretofore eternity was by the Egyptians represented by the hieroglyphicke and sculpture of a circle, that hath no end; or as time, whose instants are successive, was set forth by a snake that received his tayl in his mouth.

The smoothnesse of them may well signify your prime and flourishing years, that time and age have made no wrinkle nor furrow on your brow, but that you are like the gliding streams in calm weather, whose waters are without all manner of roughnesse.

The sweetnesse of the taste did put me in mind of your good temper, that you are like a true turtle without a gall, unacquainted with morosenesse, but always affable, and of good humour, not inflexible, but of great tendernesse, and a becoming compliance.

The coat, by which the inward substance was protected, was so thin to admiration, that it put me in mind of the finenesse of your skin, so transparent and diaphanous, as if it were ambitious to give the advantage of a prospect to the inward parts, or to be a casement to the heart; where no doubt doth reside such vertue that may altogether correspond to the external symmetry.

The moysture of them was so pleasing and palatable, that it minded me of your flowry age, that you are like a young tree full of juice and sap, and are so far from any thing of decay, that, like the sun in its meridian glory, you are ascended to the ze-

nith or prime of your age. And how well doth it suite with your name! the pleasant *Brooks* do not only fill themselves, but satiate such as drinke of their streams; the hunted *Hart* flies to them to quench his thirst, and so can you refresh the *Heart* that is wounded with another sort of arrow.

And what else can the sending of a pair impart, but that you judge the happinesse of your life to consist in society? Pierius, in his Hieroglyphickes, compares a single person to one millstone, that of itself cannot griend, but two perform it well. This worlde is like Noah's arke, wherein we go by couples. If you had sent a single apple, I should have thought you irremoveably resolved uppon a virgin state; but now I give myself the hopes of being the other to make up the pair.

Nor can I forget how full it was of fair kernels, which are the seed to preserve its kind: and what may be inferred from this, but that you may be the happy mother of a numerous offspring when joyned to a loving husband?

And the soundnesse must not be omitted; for oft times it happens that fair apples in view have rotten coars, like the apples near the Dead Sea; but these had not the least speck or tincture, which I did compare to the integrity and soundnesse of your heart.

And now, what can I return for so significant a present? Had I the golden apples that *Venus* gave *Hipomenes*, by which he overcame swift *Atalanta*; or had I the golden apples that were kept in the orchard of the *Hesperides*; or had I the golden apple that *Paris* once had when he was made umpire between *Juno*, *Pallas*, and *Venus*; I should soon (were there never so many fair competitors) adjudge it unto you, as that umpire did to *Venus*.

But I feare I am tedious, and therefore beg your pardon for it, and
for

for the boldness of this first address by letter; the next must be by a personal visit at Twiford, where I shall certainly find not only such embellishment in the degrees afore said, but

also much beyond it, as the Arabian Queen told Salomon, and that not half was reported to
Your admirer and humble servant.

I R U S.—*From the German.*

IRUS, the forsaken Irus, fed with bread and water, clothed in rags, and laid upon a bed of straw, was once the most fortunate mortal under the sun.

Fortune had raised him from the dust, and set him by the side of princes. He found himself in the possession of inexhaustible treasures: his eye was dazzled with the extraordinary splendour of gold: his palace was far more magnificent than the temples of the gods. Purple and embroidery were his ordinary apparel, and his table was the epitome of every thing luxurious; every thing that could gratify the most voluptuous taste. An innumerable crowd of flattering parasites attended his steps; and happy was the man to whom he vouchsafed a favourable look. He conceived that the name of *Irus* was a reproachful remembrancer of his former poverty; he called himself *Ceraunius*, or the *Blessed*; and the whole world applauded the generous alteration.

A poet, who had formerly known Irus in his state of obscurity, a hungry poet, discovered a truth which had been hitherto unknown, but which could not remain hid to a flattering bard; that Jupiter had fallen in love with the mother of Ceraunius, and had transformed himself into a bull to enjoy her love.

Now they erected altars to him; they swore by his name; and the priests were busied in discovering by the entrails of the sacrifices, that the great Ceraunius should become the only prop of their falling country.

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 6.

Toxaris, his former neighbour, a man, whom prudence, an indefatigable industry, and a reasonable frugality, had made a rich citizen, was the first victim of his unbridled desires. He had for some time hated him, as he still called him Irus: and now was the time to make him feel, that Ceraunius was not unable to wield the thunder of his father. Witnesses were suborned, who asserted that Toxaris had condemned the gods, had robbed the temples, ridiculed the priests, and by unjust means had accumulated his riches. He was sent to prison, and condemned to an ignominious death. His distracted wife, his innocent children, prostrated themselves at the feet of our unfeeling tyrant; but in vain. Toxaris must die, and all that belong to him be driven into banishment. Irus remained his sole heir.

Something was still wanting to complete his happiness. Ceraunius must be married. The chief people of the land were eager to contract an alliance with him; but Menippus alone was so happy. Irus threw his eyes on his fair daughter Euphorbia; for he hoped, that through a near union with the rich and respected Menippus, he might confirm his own good fortune. Besides this, Euphorbia was perfectly lovely, and her heart unengaged. The beauty of her flowing hair, her elevated forehead, her speaking eye, her charming mouth, her bewitching bosom, her majestic gait; in short, her whole form had enslaved the proud Irus; and all the poets in Italy swore, that Venus herself

U u self

self had become jealous of his bride. The wedding-night arrived, and the great son of Jupiter flew to enjoy his beloved. O! said he, folding her with rapture in his arms, O what ecstasy——

Here Irus awoke—His happiness

was but a dream; he found himself on the straw on which he had yesterday lain; his apparel was still but the rags with which he was yesterday covered. Ceraunius had vanished, and with him the danger of the innocent Toxaris.

DESCRIPTION of the CANALS in HOLLAND.—By M. de LUC.

HOLLAND is so low a country that were it not surrounded with dikes, the sea and the rivers would cover its whole surface. But it is secured on the greatest part of the sea-coast by natural dikes, or *douws*; where these are wanting, and all along the rivers, the land is defended by artificial dikes; and thus exists below the level of the rivers and the sea.

But here a question naturally arises, *What becomes of the rain-water, in a country which can never be drained?* This is the grand hydraulic problem which has been solved in Holland. Were the wind-mills to cease from pumping, were the people less diligent in watching the dikes and sluices, this flourishing country would become a vast morass. But at the same time that they thus secure their country by art, these waters that threaten its destruction, have been converted to a thousand useful purposes; it is to them that Holland owes its fertility, and a facility almost incredible for every kind of inland carriage.

The name of *Meuse* is given only to that river which is formed by one of the arms of the Meuse properly so called, and a branch of the Rhine. It runs along the west part of Holland; and, at the same time that it occasions its greatest danger, lays open an extensive commerce in the heart of the country. The art with which this dangerous river is managed, is one of the most interesting things ever executed by any nation.

Its banks are all fortified with dikes made of clay, drawn from the bed of the river, upon the Islands which it there forms. These dikes are at their base from 20 to about 50 feet in breadth, according to their position, and the force with which the river presses against them: their height is from 20 to 24 feet, reckoning from the level of the ground enclosed by them. They are placed, wherever it is possible, at some distance from the river, in order to give it an opportunity of widening before it strikes against them. Unluckily they have been built without any general plan, so that the course of the river is very crooked; and, by this means, while it dashes violently against them in some places, it runs slowly in others where there are any considerable bendings of its course; and there it deposits mud so as to contract its channel. This is an evil almost without remedy; but of which the consequences hitherto have only been an increase of labour.

But in raising dikes against the external waters, it was necessary to get rid of the rain water. This too has been effected by means of wind-mills, and large canals which terminate at the dikes. These canals, which they call *buissem*, are the principal veins of the country. They are formed by a double bank, more or less broad, which they name *thade*, (little dike); and their level is every where raised at least four feet above the highest ground in the country. They reach the river at the places where

where there are ports, which are in this respect like strong holds upon the frontier; for the salvation of the country depends upon them. These keys of the continent of Holland, on the side of the Meuse, are chiefly at *Rotterdam*, *Delfshaven*, *Schiedam*, and *Maastrandsluys*. In these cities the grand dike is open; but with every precaution necessary to render them masters of this opening. It is strongly walled; and gates of vast solidity keep the passage as they please, either open or shut.

These passages are called *sluys* (sluices); and hence are derived all the names with this termination; as *Helvoetsluys*, and *Maastrandsluys*. The particular dike which separates two waters, as an interior arm of a river from the river itself, is called *dam*; and this is the origin of those names which end in *dam*; as *Amsterdam* and *Rotterdam*, where the *Amstel* and *Rotter* are separated from the exterior water. There are also sluices in these *dams*.

The double gates of the sluices serve to admit small vessels or let them out. Do they come from the Meuse, which is often higher than the highest canals, the outer sluice is opened; they are brought in between the two gates, and are there shut up; a wicket is then opened in the inner door, through which the water of the little basin sinks to the level of the canal: the gate is then opened, and the bark enters. Do they come from the inland country, they are inclosed in the same manner between the two gates; a wicket is opened on the side of the Meuse, the water rushes in, the vessel rises; and when it is on a level with the river, the gate is opened for it, and it sails out.

Each of these sluices is thus the outlet of one of the *boefems* or canals. The last canal, which terminates at this outlet, is the re-union of a num-

ber of others which have passed thro' a large district. Each sluice then belongs to a separate system of canals, which it discharges; and yet as all these distinct combinations must terminate in one another, in order to facilitate the inland navigation, communications are established by means of the locks; which serve to keep all the different systems of canals in their proper level, by preserving the means of making vessels pass from one to another. It is always in a little basin, and betwixt two gates, that the vessel is raised or depressed, according as it should either rise or fall, in order to enter a new canal.

These canals are thus veins raised upon the soil of Holland, like the veins upon the under part of leaves; and yet it is by them that the rain-water must be drained off the whole surface of the country. To effect this, it is cut by ditches (*flooten*;) which enter likewise into one another, but only by districts, called *polders*. These districts are surrounded with little dikes, which divide them from each other; and each of them discharges its waters by itself and at its own expence. The little ditches of each of these districts terminate in one or more ditches; and these again in a canal, where the water is raised by one or more wind-mills, according to the extent of the *polder*. Although the landholders in each of the districts are obliged to drain them for their own private advantage, yet the state watches over their operations. Without this precaution, that indolence, which often renders men negligent in their own affairs, might be very detrimental to the public. They are therefore obliged to drain the water from the *polders*, whenever there is more than is necessary for the use of the country; that is, more than is necessary for separating different estates, adorning the meadows, and transporting

transporting the little boats, which serve all the purposes of carriage that agriculture and the necessity of the inhabitants demand.

By thus getting rid of the interior waters, the easiest navigation is every where procured. There are as many canals in this country as there are roads in others. The largest canals form the highways; the lesser form private roads for the benefit of the country.

By means of the *sluices* which are at the mouth of these canals towards the river, the interior water is kept at such an elevation, that the river, which is subject to the movements of the tide, is lower than the canals at low water. This is the moment seized upon for opening the *sluices*, in order to discharge the water of the canals which has been raised by the mills. But as soon as the tide rises, the *sluice* is shut, or it shuts of itself; and then, although the water of the river rises above the level of the canals, it cannot enter them.

It often happens in spring, when it is necessary to drain the surface of the meadows quite dry, that the river is not low enough during the ebb to permit the ordinary canals to empty themselves into it. They have contrived a resource for this. Near some of the grand *sluices*, at *Rotterdam*, for instance, there are basins raised from four to five feet above the ordinary canals, which are called *high canals*, in which wind-mills raise the water still higher, which may then discharge itself into the river at the moment that it is lowest.

Such then is the general mechanism, by which, of a country that otherwise would have remained in the bosom of the ocean, the most populous and fertile region has been formed. The rain-water, and that which sometimes flows out by accidental breaches in the dikes, is collected in the ditches, raised by the

wind-mills in the canals, and discharged by the *sluices*, on one side into the *Meuse*, on the other into the *Zuiderzee*, at two periods of the day in which the exterior water is low by the reflux of the tide. And if it ebb not enough for the level of the ordinary canals, the water is raised four or five feet at their extremity into the high canals; which again is accomplished by large wind-mills.

Some attention, no doubt, is necessary to contain the water within the canals, and to furnish the country with a sufficient quantity of wind-mills; but the greatest vigilance is required for the *sluices* and the dikes, as well those of the rivers as those of the sea, in the places where there are no *doums* formed. There is reason to dread, that the bed of the rivers may be raised so high by the mud, that the dikes, which must be raised in proportion, shall not be able to resist them in a great increase of water. This is an enemy continually to be combated. If the west winds have continued to drive for any time the waters of the Atlantic into the North Sea, and the north winds accumulate them upon the coast of Holland, the *Zuiderzee* and the *Meuse* rise, their waves beat against the dikes, and the fate of all Holland depends upon the resistance of these ramparts which are so furiously attacked. Hence nothing is spared to render them impenetrable.

Dreadful inundations happen from time to time in consequence of particular dikes giving way. A desolation ensues hardly conceivable; the sea and the river united seem to rush with combined fury upon that country which has been torn with them. When the water runs over a dike, it falls from such a height on the inside, that it forms a well of a monstrous depth; and the beds of clay being pierced, the water of the river rises up from the bottom. It is in vain

to endeavour to fill it up by heaping materials upon it; no solid bed can be formed, which the water thus springing up will not penetrate. The only resource is, to surround it with dikes, when the fall of the water in the river will allow it.

But this is not the greatest danger. Were nothing to be dreaded but the water which runs over the dike, the country is sufficiently extensive, and sufficiently provided against accidents, to receive this without any essential damage; for all those who apprehend any danger from the exterior waters are upon their guard against them. The openings in the dikes themselves are to be dreaded. These dikes, consisting only of an earthly clay, when the water gets above any particular part of them that has sunk thro' time, the stream running over tears the dike; and as soon as its thin covering of turf is carried off, a breach is made, through which the water rushes with increasing force, rendering its passage every moment wider and deeper. How much care then is required to maintain them every where impenetrable, and of a sufficient height!

The water which fills the canals and the ditches is almost entirely stagnant. The only circulation is caused by the rains, which fall on the whole surface, and which at last are carried off by the sluices. This is a great inconveniency to the cities in summer: For by the multitude of their canals the water circulates there more slowly than in other places; and I cannot comprehend how the *police* of Holland, so strict in so many other respects, have hitherto enacted no severe laws against throwing into the canals the filth of the cities; for that increases very considerably the unwholesomeness of these stagnant waters.

These lands rescued from the sea are exceedingly valuable from their

great fertility. The peat which covers a great part of them, is an ample provision of vegetable substance; and the clay which supplies its place in other quarters, and is often found below it, being deposited there by the rivers, is a soil quite ready for the production of plants. The water, in short, which penetrates every part of the soil, and with which it can be covered when occasion requires, bestows upon vegetables of every kind a vigour unknown in dry countries.

The soil enclosed betwixt the downs and the dikes is of different kinds, and requires different modes of cultivation. In those places where the clay appears on the surface, or covered with a little sand or peat, you may make of it what you please in a moment; garden, corn-lands, or meadows, only by mixing it a little. But when there is much sand or peat, the Dutchman, who is never content with a moderate fertility, carries off the superfluity.

They give the name of *deffablement* to that operation, by which the country behind the downs covered with sand is brought to a high degree of fertility; and under this sand, blown there by the winds from the sea, is found either *peat* or *clay*. This *deffablement* defrays its own expences, when performed with economy. Ditches are dug around the ground, which terminate at the great canals: by this means the sand is transported in boats, as also the superfluous peat which fell at a high price in the cities.

In those places where the peat is found immediately on the surface, but too deep to permit a high degree of cultivation, a great part of it is carried off, almost down to the clay or sand which forms the ground of it; and this operation does much more than defray itself, since the peat serves for fuel throughout all Holland.

land. But then it is necessary that these places be dried; for they are dug lower than the lowest natural level of any part of the country.

The ponds formed by these peat-pots are called *meiren*; and these they drain frequently in order to profit of the soil by cultivation. They are, for the most part, too deep to be drained by one range of wind-mills; for these machines act only by wheels revolving in a narrow box, and throw the water only four feet or four feet and a half higher into the canals which carry it off the country. If then the centre of the marsh is more than four feet and a half below the level of the large canals, the water must be raised as many times by new machines as there are spaces of four feet and a half below the level. They begin, then, by surrounding the whole pond with a small dike, and lower the water four feet and a half by the first range of mills. A dry surface is then formed all around the inside of the first dike, or only in some

part of it. Then a second little dike is made on the inside; and new mills, throwing the water into a ditch betwixt the two dikes, to be taken up again there by the first mills, lowers the water four feet and a half more. They thus multiply the range of dikes and mills until such time as the pond be drained. They then dig ditches on the ground to collect the rain water, and they spread upon it the earth taken from the ditches, which raises it somewhat.

It is a pity that Holland, which has so great occasion to raise her soil, should be obliged to sink it in order to get peat. It is much to be wished that they would encourage the plantation of trees in the immense *heaths* of Guelderland, in order to have a provision always renewed of combustible materials to supply the place of peat; the removal of which augments the danger of Holland, as it can never be reproduced; since, by drying the country, they destroy its principal cause.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

The SCRIBBLER.—No. IX.

"As our motives to virtue are stronger than those which are afforded to the rest of mankind, our guilt will be proportionably greater if we depart from it."

THE study and practice of virtue is the greatest ornament that can adorn the human mind. It is a principle which ought to hold a first place in our breast, and which never fails to carry with it indelible marks of respect and esteem. It is a misfortune, however, that ALL do not possess it; and where this is the case, the odious and disgraceful inclination to vice is generally prevalent. In our day we have too many sad proofs of this, and we find them neither confined to any particular class or sect of men. The rich and the poor, the high and the low, the learn-

ed and the unlearned, equally evince an inclination to virtue or vice, and dignify or disgrace themselves in proportion as they possess the one or the other principle. Habit urges them on, and action is the great criterion by which we are to judge of their progress.

Those whose inclinations lead to virtue, must remember that in the great scale of human beings they are not to be considered on the same footing with the vicious and ill-inclined; for, *from him unto whom much is given, much will be required.* If, from principle or education, we have greater inducements

inducements to the study and practice of virtue than others, we should endeavour to govern ourselves accordingly, and thereby shew a meritorious example to those of our fellow men who are not fortunate enough to possess the same ideas. We should try every lawful means, first to conciliate their regards, and then to bring them to a just sense of those duties and those ideas, the knowledge of which we may have acquired by superior advantages or conceptions.

But, with this knowledge should we despise the blessings which present themselves to our view, and disgrace ourselves by practising evil ways, we must recollect that we place ourselves far beneath those who are ignorant of that knowledge, who have not the same motives we ought to have, and who cannot see those blessings which offered themselves to our enjoyment. Not only this, but we must remember, that though we run no farther into vice than they do, yet our crime is much more heinous, inasmuch as we knew the way of truth, and turned from it, following the paths of the wicked, which lead to utter destruction: and in the world to come our punishment will not only be proportionate to the deeds we have done, but we shall receive an additional one for disobedience to those commands which we were so well acquainted with, and for refusing to accept of the blessing when proffered to us.

To depart from virtue in any one instance is a crime in itself, and evinces a disregard to the dictates of the Most High. It may be objected to this, that some there are who know not the practice of virtue: neither then will they ever know it, without seeking it: and if there be such, it only tends to aggravate the guilt of those who know it, and do not follow it. Man is a social being, sus-

ceptible of every impulse which nature can form, and endowed with reason and understanding: it is his duty to cultivate these, and if he does it not, he commits an offence against his Creator. If he neglect to improve himself by it, he is lost to moral goodness, and degenerates from that perfection which he might attain, to sensuality and baseness. By having a knowledge of, and motives to virtue, and refusing to practise it, we degrade ourselves beneath the level of brutes; and we shall one day find, that we thereby merit much more reprehension than those who have little knowledge of, and consequently few motives to follow her dictates.

As many prefer a life of pleasure to that of virtue, it will be well for them to remember, that pleasure is but temporary, and deceitful—it soon becomes joyless, and fleeth like a feather in the wind: but virtue is permanent and sincere, and leads to glorious mansions of eternal bliss. I am here reminded of a beautiful allegory in the *TATLER*, No. 97, which evinces the choice of *Hercules*, and which is well worthy every reader's attention. From it can be adduced much, as the arguments in favour of virtue or pleasure, are there elegantly but briefly expressed; and as from these, from education, principle, and habit, we are to receive impressions that will be lasting on our minds, and motives to good or bad deeds, so we ought to be particularly careful in our choice, and like *Hercules* take that which is solid and lasting. In receiving and accepting motives, we should be cautious to act up to them; and above all, we should ever recollect, that, "*as our motives to virtue are stronger than those which are afforded to the rest of mankind, our guilt will be proportionably greater if we depart from it.*"

S.

ExtraSs

Extracts from Crell's Chemical Journal. 1789.

M. VOGLER has discovered a method of making a fine black ink, which has the smell of roses. In an earthen vessel he boils seven ounces of rain-water with an ounce and a half of dried tormentil roots, (*tormentilla erecta*, Lin.)—When it has boiled sufficiently, he pours off the liquid, and adds to it a solution of three drams of copperas, and one dram of gum arabic; he then stirs the whole with a stick when it has grown cold, and the ink is ready for use.

The same Gentleman has, after many attempts, fallen upon a method of dying both wool and cotton a beautiful and lasting black colour. The following is the process:

Dissolve two ounces and a half of litharge in five ounces of nitrous acid diluted with a quart of rain-water; put this mixture in a warm place, and after a few days pour off the solution into a leaden vessel.

The wool or the cotton to be dyed must be steeped in this solution from ten to twelve hours; they are then taken out, washed three times in cold water, and dried.

Previous to this, half an ounce of galls must be bruised and digested for a quarter of an hour in a quart of rain-water, with an ounce and a half of common salt.

When the wool and the cotton are

dry, they are put into this latter decoction for a quarter of an hour, then taken out, washed three or four times in cold water, and carefully dried.

The wool and the cotton will now have assumed a yellow colour; to give them the black colour, they have to be immersed in a third solution.

Dissolve one ounce and a half of copperas, and one ounce and a half of common salt in a quart of rain-water. Into this solution put the wool or cotton already tinged yellow, and leave them for eight or ten hours; then wash them three or four times in cold water, and dry them, when they will have acquired a deep and lasting black colour.

M. Vogler has also procured a beautiful blue colour from the roots of the dog's mercury. (*Mercurialis perennis*, Lin.) The gross roots of this plant, when they appear on the surface, and are exposed to the air, assume a violet and shining blue colour. When these roots are immersed in very pure cold water, a fine blue tincture is extracted from them, which suffers no alteration from vinegar, from a solution of allum, or from concentrated alkaline ley. The slender fibres of the roots of this plant, which do not appear in the open air, do not afford this blue colour; but when treated in the same manner, they yield a beautiful red colour, like carmine.

The following Curiosity is extracted from the Cotton Library, Vespasian A. folio 53.

A SERMON preached by PARSON HYBERDINES, which he made at the command of certain Thieves, after they had robbed him, beside Harth-row in Hampshire, in the Fields, and spoke in their presence.

I GREATLY marvel that any man will presume to dispraise you thieves; and think the doer thereof worthy of death, considering that it is a thing cometh near unto virtue;

being used by many in all countries, and commanded and allowed of by God himself. Such things, perhaps, I cannot compendiously shew unto you at so short a warning, and in such

Such sharp weather; but I shall desire you, gentle audience of thieves, to take in good part these things which at present cometh to my mind, not misedubting, but that you, of your good knowledge, are able to add much more unto this which I shall utter unto you.—First, Fortitude and stoutness of courage, and also boldness of mind, is commended by some men to be virtuous, which being granted, who is it then that will not judge thieves to be virtuous? for they be of all men most stout, hardy, and most without fear. So thievery is a thing most usual among all men; for not only you that be here present, but many others in divers places, both men, women, and children, rich and poor, are daily of this faculty, as the hangman of Tyburn can testify, and that that is allowed of by God himself, as is evident from the following texts of scripture; for if you look into the whole course of the Bible, you shall find that thieves have been beloved of God; for Jacob, when he came out of Mesopotamia, did steal his uncle Laban's kid; the same Jacob did steal his brother Esau's blessing, and yet God said, "I have chosen Jacob and refused Esau." The children of Israel, when they came out of Egypt, did steal the Egyptian's jewels of silver and gold, and God commanded them so to do. David, in the days of Lebiathar the high priest, did come into the temple and

did steal the hallowed bread, and yet God said, "David is a man after my own heart." Christ himself, when he was here on earth, did take an ass and a colt that was none of his, and you know that God said of him, "this is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased." Thus, you see, that God delighteth in thieves.

But most of all I marvel that men despise you thieves: whereas in all points almost, you are like unto Christ himself. For Christ had no dwelling place; no more have you. Christ went from town to town; and so do you. Christ was hated of all men saving his friends; and so are you. Christ was laid wait upon in many places; and so are you. Christ at the length was caught; and so shall you be. He was brought before the judges; and so shall you be. He was condemned; and so shall you be. He was hanged; and so shall you be. He went down to hell; and so shall you do. Marry, in the one thing you differ from him; for he arose again and ascended into heaven; and so shall you never do, without God's great mercy, which I pray God grant you. To whom with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory for ever and ever. *Amen.*

Thus the sermon being ended, they gave him his money again that they took from him, as also two shillings to drink, for his sermon.

PHILOSOPHICAL SPECULATIONS.

THE idea on which Animal Magnetism is founded, has been not unpleasantly illustrated by an ingenious Frenchman in the following extract: It is well known that the chief and fundamental doctrine of this science is, that a fluid constantly issues from all bodies, by acting upon which, either repulsively or attractively, one man can produce

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 6.

different effects on the system of another.

"The day after our arrival in London, several tradesmen came to our lodgings, in order to sell us the commodities and curiosities of their country. Every one in the company fixed readily his attention on what pleased him most. Some bought gloves, others ribbons, and others silk stockings;

X x

stockings;

stockings; the merchandise which fell to my share, was several perspective glasses and microscopes. He who sold them was an excellent mathematician, a man of great capacity, and could speak French tolerably well. I kept him to dinner, and as he was mightily pleased with the entertainment, he told me after he rose from table, that he had a curiosity to shew me. He then took out of a shagreen box, in a tortoise-shell case, what proved to be a most excellent microscope. It not only discovered an infinity of bodies imperceptible to the naked eye, but even the atoms of Epicurus, the subtle matter of Descartes, the vapours of the earth, and such as derive to us here the influence of the stars.

The first experiment I made, was looking on the person from whom I received it at the distance of four or five paces, which gave me an opportunity of discerning an infinite number of little worms that were feeding most voraciously on his clothes, by which I perceived, that contrary to the common opinion, it is not we who wear out our clothes, but they are fairly eaten off our backs, by these invisible insects; I changed my situation, and considering my mathematician in another light, he appeared to me enveloped in a dark cloud. He told me that this appearance was owing to his perspiring strongly after dinner; and that this ought to convince me of the truth of what Sanctorius had delivered in respect to the proportions between this and other secretions.

We next went to the kitchen, where there was a large piece of beef roasting for the servants, and I had the pleasure of seeing with the same microscope, how the fire separates all the parts of the wood, upon which it acts, and darts them, by the violence of its motion, against the beef that turns before it, wounding it as it were,

with an infinite number of shafts, and so tearing it to pieces, some of which are converted into juice, and others into a delicate kind of smoke or vapour, which filled the kitchen, and was very sensibly distinguished by our nostrils.

Going out of the house, we saw four young men playing at ball. I, at first sight, felt a strong inclination in favour of one, and as strong an aversion against another, whence I began earnestly to wish that this might win and that might lose. I examined both with a microscope, and thereby easily distinguished the source of these passions. As the men were extremely heated by their exercise, they perspired strongly, so that clouds of matter flowing from them, reached us. My glass shewed me distinctly, that the matter perspired by him for whom I felt a friendship was exactly similar to what was perspired by myself; whereas the matter flowing from the other person was absolutely unlike to mine in all respects, and so jagged and bearded, that it seemed to wound and pierce me like so many arrows. Hence I discerned, that the true cause of one's sudden inclinations and aversions, consists in the matter perspiring from us, and from others, and in the union or contrariety of these insensible vapours.

We went out of the city, and at some miles distance we saw some gentlemen diverting themselves coursing a hare; as the poor creature passed almost close by us, I had just time to catch a glance at her with my glass. She appeared to me like a ball of fire, moving with prodigious rapidity, and leaving a mighty smoke behind her. This was the matter perspired by the animal, and I saw that the dogs followed exactly the tract of that smoke, and were never at all at a loss, except when the wind dissipated the cloud that issued from the flying hare.

For

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

J U V E N I S.—No. XV.

On the Folly of PRIDE.

THERE is no principle more universally prevalent in the human mind than that of *pride*. It affects all orders of society, and finds a place in the most abject, as well as in the most exalted minds; and however hateful its operations in one person may appear to another—however willing all men are to disclaim it in themselves, yet in all it is in some degree visible. Its folly is conspicuous. Who that surveys the state of mankind will not be forced to exclaim, that the deepest humiliation belongs to human nature? Compare the present with the past—How is the crown fallen from our heads! How is the fine gold become dim, and the most fine gold changed! Are we not depraved, and prone to the ways of iniquity? Have we not entailed from our first parents a woeful inheritance? We are dependent on our Creator for every enjoyment of life, and for the continuity of life itself. We are poor ignorant creatures. A cloud of impenetrable darkness obscures our minds. Man in his natural state, unimproved by the hand of education, is little superior to the brutes which perish. His very subsistence must be obtained by the labour of his hands, and “the sweat of his brow.” The earth which at first spontaneously yielded its increase to support him, must now be cultivated, manured, and carefully attended to, before it will afford him its produce. And even after all his toil and labour, an unpropitious season disappoints his expectations and his hopes. Thus all his previous industry and exertion are frequently vain and ineffectual. Is not this an evident proof that some disagreement exists between him and his Creator? Instead of being able from the time

that reason first begins to operate thro’ advancing years, to contemplate more satisfactorily the works of nature, and to gain wisdom intuitively, how must he labour away his youthful days in acquiring only the first rudiments of knowledge? How must he toil to discover truth, which in his state of original purity was evident to him independently on the deductions of reason.

In addition to all this, the seeds of death are sown in his nature. His life is checkered with distresses and trials of various kinds, from the cradle to the grave. How often do some of our race, just in the dawn of existence, withdraw behind the curtain of eternity! From infancy to extreme old age, every intermediate degree is subject to death. This is the final and terrific period, to which all, of necessity must arrive. This the period which will level all the distinctions of human life, and prevent the prince from disputing any superiority over the beggar.

“As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
“Receives the lurking principle of death;
“The young disease, that must subdue at length,
“Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength.”

Surely such considerations as these ought to divest us of every self-exalting idea.

The causes of pride are often the most trivial and absurd. A fine face is considered as a just argument for undue elation. An elegant person leads to vanity and self-importance. Mental qualifications operate in the way of arrogation and rightful prerogative. Fortune, great possessions, and honours influence to the most offensive usurpations and forgetfulness of the munificent Creator. All these, and more, are the consequence of human imbecility. O man! who hath

hath given thee being? who hath endued thee with reason and understanding? who hath preserved thee from sickness and from death? who hath restrained thee from the most flagrant crimes and outrages? who hath bestowed on thee the goods of nature or of fortune? who hath caused thee to be honoured among men?

is it not that God, "*in whose hands thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways?*" What is there either in thy nature or in thy power of which thou canst reasonably be proud. Dependence is one of the essentials, humanity is the ornament, but pride is the very disgrace of human nature.

June 9, 1791.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES of PETER the GREAT.

[From a German Work just published.]

FEW works excite so much curiosity as those which contain interesting and well-authenticated anecdotes of distinguished personages. Peter the Great, independent of that true heroism and superiority of genius which have justly ranked him high among the most celebrated men of his age, possessed an interesting singularity of character in every part of his public and private life.

This Prince was at all times careful to visit the works and manufactures of the countries through which he passed. Having gone to see the iron-works at Istria, he remained there for some time, in order to learn the manner of conducting the manufacture. When he left it, he had with his own hands wrought eighteen *puds* of metal, each *pud* weighing forty pounds. His attendants were employed in carrying fuel, lighting the furnaces, and blowing the bellows. At his return to Moscow, the Czar went to visit Hernier Muller, the proprietor of the work; and after bestowing great praises upon his manufacture, he asked him how much he paid his workmen for a *pud*. Muller said he generally gave them three copecks* or an altin. "Very well," replied Peter, "I have then earned eighteen altins." Muller immediately pulled out eighteen ducats, and presented them to him,

saying, that a workman like his Majesty ought not to receive less. "No," said Peter, stepping back, "I will have none of your ducats; I have wrought no better than a common workman, and therefore you must pay me only as such. With the money I have earned I intend to buy a pair of shoes, of which I am at present in great need." He then, showing him the shoes he had on, which were very much torn, and had already been soled, took the eighteen altins, actually bought a pair of new shoes; and every time he put them on, he enjoyed singular satisfaction in telling that he had procured them by the labour of his own hands.

Tirmend, one of his ablest surgeons, and to whom he was much attached, having died, his widow married a young barber from Dantzick, who was somewhat more expert in gallantry than in surgery. As he became very wealthy by this marriage, he made a great figure at Moscow. Being one day sent for by the Czar, he went to court in a magnificent dress, and in one of his most elegant carriages. Peter examined him roughly; told him he was a blockhead; and immediately called in a troop of valets and peasants, whom he ordered him instantly to shave. The gentleman barber was under the necessity of obeying, to the great amusement of the whole court, and

* The copeck is a small copper coin nearly equal to a half-penny.

and was then permitted to return with the same parade in which he had arrived.

In 1716, passing through Dantzick in his way to Holland, and finding that divine service had just begun, he desired that he might be conducted to church. The burgomaster immediately waited upon him, and conducted him to the most conspicuous seat, that of the chief magistrate. Peter having seated himself, obliged the burgomaster to sit down by him. He then listened to the sermon with great attention; but finding his head grow cold, he all of a sudden, and without saying a word, pulled off the magistrate's huge periwig, and gravely put it on his own head. They both remained in that ludicrous situation till the end of the sermon, when the Czar, with a nod by way of acknowledgment, returned the periwig.

At the famous affair at Pruth in 1711, the Czar's anxiety being much greater for his empire than for himself, he dispatched the following letter to his privy council at Peterburgh: "I have now to inform you, that without any fault of mine, but from false intelligence, I find myself, together with my whole army, surrounded by the Turks, (who are four times our number,) and cut off from every sort of provision. Without the immediate interposition of heaven I can expect nothing but a total defeat, or to be made prisoner by the Turks. If the last should happen, you must no longer consider me as your sovereign, nor execute any of my commands, although written by my own hand: if I should be cut off, you must immediately proceed to choose from among yourselves him whom ye think most worthy of being my successor."

The following is a striking instance of the intrepidity and presence of mind of this great man. During the

rebellion of the Strelitz, a company of his soldiers, under the command of two of their officers, Sikel and Sukawnin, had resolved to assassinate the Czar; and, the better to effectuate their purpose, to set fire to Moscow at different places at the same instant. Upon the day appointed, the conspirators assembled at the house of Sukawnin, dined there, and agreed to continue drinking till midnight. About eight o'clock, two of them, who were struck with the atrocity of their enterprise, having retired, they concerted measures between themselves, and finally resolved to go without delay to the palace, and discover the whole conspiracy. Returning then to their companions, they soon found a pretext for obtaining leave to be absent till the hour appointed, and engaged to rejoin them then at the place of rendezvous. They immediately hastened to the palace; and throwing themselves at the feet of the Emperor, made a complete discovery. As soon as the Czar had ordered them to be secured, he wrote with his own hand to the captain of the guards to assemble his company without noise, to draw them up about eleven o'clock before the house of Sukawnin; and the moment the hour struck, to rush in and seize every person he should find there. The captain punctually obeyed. Peter, however, forgot that he had appointed eleven o'clock, and thought he had mentioned ten; he therefore imagined that all would be over half past ten. Becoming impatient about that time, he went down to the street, and was greatly enraged at not seeing a single man of the company of guards. He, however, entered the house, followed by only one domestic, and went directly to the room where the conspirators were assembled; and saluting them, said, that having observed light in the windows as he was passing along, he

he concluded they must be making merry; and as it was not yet bedtime, he wished to drink a glass with them. The conspirators expressed their happiness on account of this unexpected visit, drank to his health, and he frankly pledged them. In a few minutes one of them made a signal to Sukawnin, and said to him in a low voice, *Brother, it is time*. Sukawnin answered with another signal, *Not yet*. That instant the Czar rushed forward like a lion, giving him a blow on the face with his poignard, which brought him to the ground; cried, "If it is not time for you, villain, it is time for me." The conspirators immediately fell at his feet, and confessed their crime. The hour of eleven now struck, and the captain with his soldiers entered the room. Peter ordered the conspirators to bind one another; and then turning to the captain, in the first transport of his rage he struck him, and reproached him with failing to come at the hour appointed. He, on the other hand, produced his order; which Peter had no sooner glanced at, than he threw his arms about his neck, embraced him cordially, and, declaring that he was a good and faithful officer, committed the prisoners to his charge.

Those who may look on such relations as romantic, know but little of the life of Peter the Great, which is full of such incidents — The following, of a similar nature, is translated from *Pieces Intéressantes*, &c. lately published at Brussels.

During the troubles occasioned by the insatiable ambition of the Princess Sophia, Peter the Great's eldest sister, it is well known that the revolt of the Strelitz* brought the empire to the brink of destruction.

A brother of the famous *Tottelawitau*, the colonel of that corps, lost

his life on the scaffold. This brother, named *Osakoi*, whose goods were confiscated, left a son in the utmost misery. This unfortunate child was saved as by a miracle from the pursuits of the Emperor's emissaries, and concealed in a village by an old slave of his father's. When he was grown up, this domestic informed him of the secret of his birth, and suggested to him the means of avenging his family, by the murder of the Czar. The youth shuddered at this proposal, but dissembled. Upon which the slave, who imagined he had made an impression on him, engaged him to depart for Moscow, where he would find conspirators, he said, ready to assist him in his designs. Whether from weakness or the hope of revenge, *Osakoi* followed his conductor; and arriving in the night, they stopped at an inn near *Kremlin*, the residence of the Emperor.

There the slave found his friends; and it was resolved that that very night a council should be held in the ruins of a house not far from the palace.

Osakoi, who hitherto had not been able to learn from his companion who these conspirators were, urged him anew to satisfy his curiosity, but in vain.

"The hour of meeting draws near," said the slave; "you go to find men animated with the desire of vengeance, and who, notwithstanding your youth and inexperience, wish to have you for their leader. The humiliating state to which you are reduced, and the blood of your father still warm, ought to fire your courage, and make you despise the dangers that stand in the way of your revenge."

These words made the young *Osakoi* tremble, and with reason, for the inn was crowded with Russians, who,

* The Strelitz were a military corps resembling the Roman Pretorian bands, or the Turkish Janizaries, but more barbarous than either.

who, according to the custom of the country, were getting drunk with their usual expedition. It is true, the slave spoke low, and in a provincial dialect unknown to the people of Moscow; but as guilt is generally blind, and often betrays itself, he did not consider that it was possible he might be overheard.

The slave and Osakoi repaired to the house where this fatal council was to be held, and found the conspirators already assembled.

"You see," said one of them to Osakoi, "a number of wretches who have escaped the tyranny of the Czar: that barbarian, by whose own hand, or by that of the executioner, the greatest part of our brethren the Strelitz have fallen, has not been able to sacrifice us to his rage. Heaven hath preserved us to accomplish its vengeance; and the time at last is arrived. Consider, young Osakoi! these eyes beheld the blood of your unfortunate father, whom I followed to the scaffold, but could not save! The gloomiest deserts having now for ten years been our abode, the horror of our situation obliged us to take by force a subsistence which our quality of soldiers and citizens ought to have entitled us to. But after tomorrow, this cruel tyrant and his principal courtiers shall be the victims of our revenge. Young man! we loved your father; he was our chief, as we wish you to be now; and may your courage make you worthy of our choice! When a sovereign hath overleaped the bounds which law prescribes to his power, misery overwhelms his subjects; and the means they adopt to emancipate themselves, ought in like manner to extend beyond the limits of duty and humanity."

Osakoi perceiving, that, circumstanced as he was, there was no time to deliberate, and that the very shadow of timidity would be his sen-

tence of death, affected a courage he did not feel. It was agreed at parting, that the conspirators should meet again next day at the same hour; and that for the greater security Osakoi and the slave should return to the inn by different roads.

Osakoi had proceeded but a few steps, when he found himself escorted by a Russian, who begged he would follow him: the youth supposing him a conspirator, allowed himself to be conducted. They at last came to a very narrow stair-case, which they ascended with difficulty; and entering a little closet, the Russian shut the door.

"Don't be surprised," said he to Osakoi, "at my behaviour; what I have to say to you demands the utmost secrecy. I have just left like yourself that assembly in which the death of the Czar hath been determined. Like you too, I have been there for the first time, and like you I have wrongs that make me the irreconcilable enemy of my sovereign. But if his blood is due to the cruelties with which he is reproached, the success of our enterprize is not very certain. For who are these conspirators? They are guilty subjects, stained with crimes, who have escaped the justice of the laws. They are Russians who wish only for murder, for robbery and plunder. And who are their accomplices? The chief people of the state, say they; and yet they have not ventured to mention a single name. Who would abase himself so far as to associate with such banditti? what plot have they laid open to us? of whose revenge are we the instruments? for whom do we hazard our lives? we know neither their schemes, their power, nor their resources; and yet they require us to be the blind perpetrators of such an atrocious deed. These, young Osakoi, these were my doubts and fears while I remained in the assembly.

The

The conspirators have named you for their leader, and I approve of their choice ; but I beseech you to explain to me this impenetrable mystery, and you may depend on my assistance."

A heart, under the guidance of nature alone, which chance hath removed from the intrigues of the city and the poison of courts, is incapable of treason and unsuspicious of deceit. Ofakoi was struck with the confidence of the Russian ; and this confidence emboldened him to trust him in his turn. " You may have remarked my surprise," said he, "when I found myself in the midst of such an assembly. Satisfied with my own condition, I lived in my cottage without ambition, and enjoyed a tranquillity undisturbed till now : But my eyes have been opened, and I am told I have an innocent father to revenge ; and that in order to revenge him, I must massacre my prince. Alas ! as I never had the happiness of knowing my father, I am ignorant of his innocence or of his guilt. Yet in this uncertainty I am required to assassinate my master ! These maxims, I confess, are repugnant to my nature : for who am I that I should judge the Emperor ? or what authority has heaven bestowed on me that I should punish him ? That proposal made me shudder ; but the fear of death kept me silent. Since you have opened to me your heart, I will disclose to you what passes in mine. I abhor guilt, and especially the guilt of such an action as this. A voice within me exclaims, Love and respect your sovereign. Have pity then on my youth ; I resign myself to your advice. Save me from the fury of those barbarians who have selected me as the executioner of our common lord : For if I must either perish or attempt the life of the Czar, let me perish in innocence."—

" You shall not perish, my child !" cried the Russian, " it is the Czar

himself who speaks to you, and who will reward the noble ingenuousness of your heart."

It was actually the monarch himself, who, under the disguise of a slave, had overheard something of the plot in the inn. This discovery suggested to him the idea of mixing in the assembly where his destruction was to be sworn. Here he observed the confusion of Ofakoi, marked the faltering of his tongue, and resolved to save him if he was not really guilty.

This Prince, who chose to see with his own eyes, often disguised himself, and went to those public assemblies where debauchery takes away circumspection, and makes the tongue communicative. To this activity was owing the discovery of many conspiracies that were formed against him. Thus his people, who feared as well as respected him, often said, " Let us beware, the Emperor overhears us."

After having comforted Ofakoi, by loading him with commendations and caresses, he ordered him to rejoin his companion at the inn, and to excuse his late return from his ignorance of the streets of Moscow.

The slave was satisfied, and Ofakoi went with him next day to the meeting. There it was resolved to set fire to the palace, and to plunder it during the confusion occasioned by the flames ; Ofakoi was to head a party to join the conspirators in the castle, who were now named, and who proved to be the chief people of the state ; then he was to advance to the Emperor's apartment, and assassinate him. They were just about to take the oath that was to bind together this barbarous association, when the guards of the Czar burst in upon them and seized them. They were all thrown into prison, and their accomplices arrested. Ofakoi rose at once to the pinnacle of fortune, while the rest were that very day delivered to the executioner.

For

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

A LETTER written by the Author of JUVENIS, to Mr. Z—— P——,
at Greenfield, in Connecticut.

My dear Sir,

New-York, 16th July, 1790.

I Promised you in my last that you should soon hear from me again, and as I have now a leisure hour, I will occupy it in writing you a letter. It is a question which I have heard determined in the negative, whether a student ought to associate much with the female sex, and I think it will admit of some discussion. To estimate the advantages and disadvantages attending the company of the ladies, to a young gentleman engaged in the pursuits of science, is the subject which shall at present employ my thoughts. That a student ought very much to frequent their company, or not at all, seem both of them to be erroneous assertions. It cannot be denied that their company is attended with some advantages and with some dangers; and it has been doubted whether the benefit arising from it, is equivalent to the danger and loss of time. It has been said that a student, in order to avert the evils which may arise from visiting the ladies, ought wholly to deprive himself of their society, and direct all his attention to the great object of his pursuit; and that when he has obtained it, he may then with advantage devote some of his time to them.—Should he wait so long, I imagine he would make a very awkward figure in a fair circle. He would appear in the most unfavourable light, and be apt to create a prejudice in their minds against learning itself. The scholar would appear very far inferior to the man of the world, and much less agreeable. He would feel himself embarrassed in company, and want that ease and agreeable familiarity which are a necessary recommendation. He would be entirely unacquainted with female

manners, and would not know how to converse, except on some branch of science, or on some abstract metaphysical point.

The company of the fair I believe to be a happy mean to soften and refine the manners, and to wear off that awkwardness and squeamish bashfulness which are natural to young men when first they appear in polite circles. It properly civilizes the scholar, because they awaken all the finer feelings and sympathetic passions of the soul. It has a tendency to make us humane, because they admire, encourage and support humanity. To be peevish and fractious is not uncommon to young gentlemen who lead sedentary lives. The society of ladies not only removes this, but also exhilarates their spirits, which are propense to dejection from close confinement to study. It gives them animation and vivacity, which brighten all their literary acquisitions. The fair sex are generally allowed to excel us in vivacity and warmth of passion. They are often distinguished for a brilliancy of wit and quick apprehension; and on this account they may be serviceable to the youthful scholar. But there is nothing so well suited to relax the mind, no recreation so happy after intense application to study, as female sprightliness and sociability. Melancholy, ill-temper, and sullenness are not admitted in the presence of ladies. I allow, however, the danger that a student may grow over-fond of their company, when he finds it so pleasing, and perceives the happy effect which it has on his mind. He may neglect his studies to spend his time more facetiously with them.

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 6.

Y y

And

And yet I cannot but think, that the extreme of visiting them too often, is better than the extreme of not visiting them at all, though both of them are detrimental. He ought, therefore, to keep a guard over himself, that his mind be not diverted from his main pursuit. He should not permit his study hours to be interrupted. These he should faithfully and invariably observe, and then no harm can result from mixing in female associations.

The scholar who lives so recluse as scarcely ever to see company, is commonly pedantic and imperious, which never fail to disgust and operate to his disadvantage. Nothing perhaps will more effectually remedy this,

than the society of ladies. They have a natural aversion to pedantry; and thus he will see the necessity of being modest, and yielding to their sceptre, in order to please and to succeed. Young ladies think it their peculiar province to govern, and all opposition in the gentlemen they consider as infractions of their right. All ideas of austerity and command terrify and lead them, to conclude, that gentlemen who are fractious and imperious before marriage, will after it be intolerably so. I shall add no more on this subject, but submit what I have said to your inspection and judgment—and am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,
D. S. B.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

NOTWITHSTANDING what the learned Mr. J—— has said respecting the want of finer feelings in the blacks, I cannot help thinking that their sensations, mental and external, are as acute as those of the people whose skin may be of a different colour; such an assertion may seem bold, but facts are stubborn things, and had I not *them* to support me, it is probable I should not attempt to oppose the opinions of such an eminent reasoner.

In the interior parts of this state lived (a few years ago) a man of property, who owned a number of blacks; but formed in nature's most savage mould, his chief employment was inventing punishments for his unfortunate dependants, and his principal delight in practising the tortures he had invented. Among the number of his slaves was an old Negro, who, in his younger days, had been a faithful servant, but captivity and sorrow had at length broken his spirit, and destroyed that ambition which actuates the free, and gives energy and life to all they perform. This was

a proper subject for the cruelty of Mr. A—— to act upon. Upon the commission of the smallest fault, or the most trifling neglect, he would himself tie Mingo, (as butchers do sheep intended for slaughter) and after having beaten him till the blood followed every stroke of the whip, he would retire, leaving the wretch weltering in his gore, exposed to the burning rays of summer or the gelid gales of winter. When rested he would return, and after a repetition of his amusement, would release the sufferer, lest a few more minutes of such extreme agonies should shorten the period of Mingo's woes, and—his master's felicity. However, this mode of punishment becoming a little troublesome to Mr. A——, he thought of another which he believed would answer nearly as well: he caused a large ox-chain to be made, and putting it to Mingo's waist, he brought it round his neck, and there fastened it again, leaving an end of about four yards, to which he nailed a piece of wood weighing upwards of forty weight. With this clog the slave was obliged

obliged to work—and this at night was placed in the master's chamber, (the chain passing through a hole in the door) while Mingo slept on the ground out side of the house, from which uncomfortable couch nothing but the most bitter cold excused him.

Seven long years did the miserable being groan under this load, when the captain of a vessel, hearing of his hard fate, out of pity bought him.

After having paid the money he went home, and sending for Mingo,

told him he was free:—"You are your own master," said the humane sailor; "but you are old, and helpless—I will take care of you."—Overpowered with joy, the old man clasped the captain's knees; he wept aloud—he raised his swimming eyes to heaven—he would have spoken his thanks;—but his frame was too feeble for the mighty conflict of his soul—he expired at his benefactor's feet!

ANTONETTA.

New-York, June 17, 1791.

A View of the Number of the INHABITANTS, and Consumption of PROVISIONS, in London, from a late Calculation.

THERE are in and near the city of London, one hundred almshouses, twenty hospitals and infirmaries, three colleges, ten public prisons, fifteen flesh-markets, one ditto for live cattle, two for herbs, and twenty-three for corn, coals, hay, &c. fifteen inns of court, twenty-seven public squares, forty-nine halls for companies, eight public or free-schools, 131 charity ditto, which provide education for 5054 poor children, 207 inns, 447 taverns, 551 coffee-houses, 5975 ale-houses, 1000 hackney-coaches, 400 hackney-chairs, 7000 streets, lanes, courts, and alleys, and 130,000

dwelling-houses, containing one million of inhabitants.

Provisions consumed annually.

Black cattle, - - -	98,274
Sheep and lambs,	
Calves, - - -	194,760
Swine, - - -	186,932
Pigs, - - -	52,020
Poultry and wild fowl innumerable.	
Mackrel sold at Billingsgate, - - }	14,740,000
Oysters, bushels, -	105,530
Small boats, with cod, had-dock, whittings, besides great quantities of river and salt fish, }	11,431

EXTENT of the UNITED STATES of AMERICA.

FEW people are able to form an adequate idea of the extent of the districts ceded to the United States of America, at the conclusion of the late war. It will not be amiss, therefore, to compare them with countries, with whose situation and extent we are more acquainted. The following measurements are made with accuracy.—

The river Ohio is navigable from Fort Pitt to its mouth, which is 1164 miles. The lands on the banks of the Ohio, and between the Alleghany

mountains, the lakes Ontario and Erie, and the Illinois and Mississippi rivers, contain 233,200 square miles, nearly equal to Great-Britain and France, whose contents are 235,237 square miles.

The lands between the Illinois, lakes Huron and Superior, and the Mississippi at the falls of St. Anthony, contain 129,030 square miles, nearly equal to Great-Britain and Ireland, which are 131,800 square miles.

The lands from St. Anthony's Falls to the south line, from the Lake of

of the Woods to the head of the Mississippi, contain 53,000 square miles, which is more than Holland, Flanders and Ireland, which are 47,908 square miles.

The Thirteen States of America contain 207,050 square miles, nearly as large as all Germany, Flanders, Holland and Switzerland, which contain 207,483 square miles.

The right CONSTITUTION of a COMMONWEALTH examined.—Extracted from Dr. ADAMS's (Vice-President of the United States) Defence of the Constitutions of Government of the United States of America.

[Continued from page 289.]

Thirteenth } **T**HE thirteenth
Arg. reason is, "because in free states there are fewer opportunities of oppression and tyranny than in other forms."

This is very true, and most cordially admitted; but then the question occurs, What is a free state? In the aristocracy of Venice and Poland there are opportunities of oppression and tyranny; and although our author's Right Constitution of a Commonwealth has never been tried, the unanimous determination of all nations having been against it, and almost the universal voice of individuals; yet the instantaneous effects of it upon human nature are so obvious, that it is easy to foresee it would afford more opportunities for tyranny and oppression, and would multiply such opportunities more than aristocracy, or even monarchy; because the leaders of the majority in the house would be supported and stimulated by their parties continually to tyrannize and oppress the minority. The reason given by our author in support of his position is directly against it: "It is ever the case of free commonwealths to preserve not an equality, which were irrational and odious, but an equability of condition among all the members." Equality, it seems, was not his favourite: this would not do in England, to be sure, any more than America. What his distinction is between equality and equability is not known: he defines it, "that no man

be permitted to grow over great in power." But how much is over great? this is reduced to no standard. "Nor any rank above the ordinary standard." What is this? Excellencies, honourables, gentlemen, yeomen, and labourers, are really as distinct ranks, and confer as different degrees of consideration, respect, and influence, among a people who have no other distinctions, as dukes, marquises, earls, and barons, in nations that have adopted these titles, and the higher are as eagerly coveted by the lower. But at last the secret comes out—"to assume the state and title of nobility." The house of lords had been voted useless, and it was our author's system to keep it down; without considering that the thing would still exist, call it by what name you will.

"Preserving the equability secures the people's liberty from the reach of their own officers, in camp or council." But no people ever yet were provident enough to preserve either equality or equability. Their eternal fault is too much gratitude to those who study their humours, flatter their passions, and become their favourites. They never know any bounds in their praises, honours, or rewards, to those who possess their confidence, and have excited their enthusiasm. The reputation of their idol becomes as complete a tyranny as can be erected among men: it is a crime that is not to be born, to speak a word, to betray a look, in opposition

tion to him ; nay, not to pronounce their most inflamed hyperboles in his praise, with as ardent a tone as theirs, is envy, disaffection, ambition.—“ Down with him ! the Tarpeian rock ! ” as soon as Manlius dares to think a little higher of his own services, and a little lower of Camillus, than the fashion. Aristocrats are anxious and eager to prevent any one of the nobility from overtopping the rest ; monarchies are jealous of any very great near the throne ; but an unmixed, unbalanced people, are never satisfied till they make their idol a tyrant. An equal mixture of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, is the only free government which has been able to manage the greatest heroes and statesmen, the greatest individuals and families, or combination of them, so as to keep them always obedient to the laws. A Marlborough, a Pulteney, or a Pitt, are here harmless beings : but in Rome a Marlborough would have been worse than Marius, Sylla, or Cæsar ; in Athens, worse than Themistocles, Pericles, or Alcibiades ; because, with all their ambition, he had more avarice, and less sense.

“ Not allowing any rank above the common standard secures the people from the pressures and ambition of such petty tyrants as would usurp and claim a prerogative, power, and greatness, above others, by birth and inheritance.” These expressions have all the keenness and bitterness of party rancour ; and although they were, at that time, no doubt, music to his friends, and death to his enemies, they are so difficult to avoid in such times, that on the one hand candid philosophy will extenuate their ferocity, but on the other political wisdom will for ever be on its guard against their seductions.—“ These,” that is a nobility, “ are a sort of men not to be endured in any well-ordered commonwealth.” If these words

are true, no well-ordered commonwealth ever existed ; for we read of none without a nobility, no, not one that I can recollect, without an hereditary nobility—Sparta, Athens, Rome, Venice, Bern, Holland, even Geneva, and St. Marino, &c. where shall we look for one without ? It would be an improvement in the affairs of society, probably, if the hereditary legal descent could be avoided ; and this experiment the Americans have tried. But in this case a nobility must and will exist, though without the name, as really as in countries where it is hereditary ; for the people, by their elections, will continue the government generally in the same families from generation to generation. Descent from certain parents, and inheritance of certain houses, lands, and other visible objects, will eternally have such an influence over the affections and imaginations of the people, as no arts or institutions of policy will controul. Time will come, if it is now or ever was otherwise, that these circumstances will have more influence over great numbers of minds than any consideration of virtues or talents ; and whatever influences numbers, is of great moment in popular governments, and in all elections. “ They always bear a natural and implacable hate towards the people.” This is too strong and universal. The Romans observed certain families, as the Valerii, &c. who were constant friends and lovers of the people, as well as others, the Claudii, &c. who as constantly hated them. It has been before admitted, that such a body naturally encroaches both ways, on the people on one side, and on the king on the other. The people hate and envy them as much, and endeavour equally to encroach : but the same sentiments, passions, and enterprizes, take place between the democratical body and the aristocratical,

tical, where the last is not hereditary, but annually elective. Our author's next argument is still more grossly erroneous. "If any great man arrives at so much power and confidence as to think of usurping, these are the first that will set him on, mingle interests with him, and become the prime instruments of heaving them up into the seat of tyranny." It is true, that some few individuals of a nobility may join such a man in his conspiracy, in hopes of enjoying high stations and great emoluments under him; but such an usurpation was never set on foot by a body of nobility: it has ever been the people who have set up single despots, in opposition to the body of the nobility; and it is the people who have furnished the men and money to support the standing army by which he is defended. If any one example of the contrary is to be found, it has escaped a diligent enquiry.

It is very unnecessary to produce "examples, to shew that states have lost their liberties by permitting one or a few to be over great." Every monarchy, oligarchy, and aristocracy, is an instance and a proof of it. The very notion of a free people's losing their liberties, implies the setting up one or a few with too much power. This will be readily admitted; but it is contended, that the people in a simple democracy, collectively, or by representation, are necessarily the most addicted to setting up individuals with too much power. To say that it is their duty not to do it; that their happiness forbids it; that their interest is against it; that their liberty will be ruined by it, is to exhort and to preach to be sure. The clergy exhort and preach in favour of religion and morality, and against prophaneness and vice; but there are numbers, multitudes, we find, who will not regard them; and laws, checks, power, are the only security

against these. The thirty tyrants of Athens, Pisistratus, Hiero of Syracuse, Dionysius and Agathocles of Sicily, are very oddly introduced here, when every despotism, empire, monarchy, oligarchy, and aristocracy, that ever had a being, is as much to the purpose. Melius and Manlius are cited very improperly. The Decemviri, Sylla, Cæsar, are no more to the purpose than all tyrannies or absolute governments; all of which are proofs of the people's indiscretion, and constant disposition to set up idols, as much as they are of the danger of permitting individuals to be too powerful.

Florence and Cosmus, Milan and Switzerland, and Holland and the family of Orange, are all proofs against our author. There is not a stronger instance to be found than the house of Orange, which has been supported by the people, I mean the plebeians, against the aristocracy, and who in their course have sacrificed to their deified protectors, Barneveldts, Grotius, and De Witts', patriots that one need not scruple to compare to Aristides's, Phocions, and Camillus's; and, horrid as the sacrifice has been, one need not scruple to say, that all the liberty there has been in Holland for the common people, has been preserved by this alliance between the house of Orange and them, against the encroaching disposition of the aristocracy, as much as the liberties of Sparta were preserved by the oath of the kings and Ephori. It would, nevertheless, be an infinite improvement, if the power of the prince and common people were defined, limited, and made constitutional and legal.

The author's principle is excellent and eternal, "to keep any man, tho' he have deserved never so well by success or service, from being too great or popular;"—"it is indeed a notable means (and so esteemed by all

all free states) to keep and preserve a commonwealth from the rapes of usurpation."—But the question between us still is, how it is to be done? In a simple aristocracy it is impossible; with all their pride, jealousy, and envy, some one, and some few of the nobles, obtain more influence than the rest, and would soon obtain all power, if ballots and rotations, and innumerable intricate contrivances, were not used to prevent it. In a simple democracy no ballots or rotations can prevent it; one single tyrant will rule the whole commonwealth at his pleasure, respecting forms and appearances a little at first, but presently throwing off all restraint. How can you prevent a man in such a government from being too popular? There can be nothing to prevent him from making himself as

popular as his abilities, fortune, or birth, will enable him to be; nothing to prevent him from employing the whole executive and judicial power, nothing to prevent him from applying the public purse to the augmentation of his own popularity and power: in short, nothing but the mixture we contend for can prevent it. The king and lords are interested to prevent any commoner from being too popular and powerful; the king and commons are interested to keep any lord from being too popular and powerful; and the lords and commons are interested to prevent the king from being too popular and powerful, and they always have the means. There is not a stronger argument against our author's form, nor in favour of the triple composition.

(To be continued.)

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

The ADVANTAGES of WAR.—Burlesque.

THE world has often produced many remarkable geniuses, who were the boast and glory of their own nation, and have been held up to the admiration of all succeeding ages. But, there are perhaps none, in any period or country, who deserve to be ranked in the same illustrious order with those, who possess the admirable talent of proving white to be black, or pleasure to be pain. Among these, it will not be inconsistent to place those extraordinary intellects, who can demonstrate, that *war* is a positive blessing; and that the happiest events are always the consequence of drenching the earth with human blood.

Really, every considerate mind must perceive, that we should be in the most eligible situation, if mankind would, by acting uniformly wise, ensure the invaluable blessings which would result from a state of

uninterrupted war. Instead, then, of being lulled into an inglorious ease, or lifeless stupor, we should be excited to the most vigorous action. Instead of enjoying what indolent blockheads are pleased to call the tranquil sweets of peace, our ears would be charmed with the most delightful confusion of legions shouting to the onset—of the victor's triumphs, and the groans of the vanquished. Indeed, when we state the arguments which have been invented by the geniuses before mentioned, it must be a dull brain truly, which does not immediately see, that war is not only necessary, but also convenient.

And here an observation may be introduced, which, it is to be hoped, will strike the voice of opposition dumb, and change murmuring and complaint into universal approbation. Wars are allowed by all to be necessary. And a necessary event can by

no

no means be frustrated : this itself is sufficient to occasion the acquiescence of all. But again, a necessitous event absolutely involves in it the idea of a pre-existing decree, and must, therefore, be coincident with the Divine will. Of course, when we pray, "Thy will be done," we ought to desire, that among other good things, we might be visited with war, destruction, and bloodshed.—By the way, indeed, I have met with the most irrefragable argument ever invented, in favour of infidelity, or its politer name, deism. It shall be offered for the consolation of those who support this truly noble cause. The tendency of the *Gospel* doctrines and precepts, is the promotion of universal "peace on earth, and good will towards men." But it is clear as day, from arguments before adduced, that peace is contrary to the will of God. Ergo, the whole string of consequences, * * * * * and joy to the infidel !!!

Without any more ado, I proceed to mention those irrefutable arguments, on which the benevolent advocates for war found their opinion. Activity is the glory of every intelligent being. But the lovers of peace are a paltry tribe of mortals, who are excited into terrible consternation, by what they consider to be disorders in the moral or physical system of things. Possessing a frame too nicely delicate, and nerves too finely spun, they are put into an awful tremor by any thing which is uncommonly great or grand. The sublimity of action, therefore, which appears remarkably in battle, overpowers all their faculties, and makes them faint at the splendour of the scene. They may be aptly compared to those tender optic'd beings, who would suppose the world on fire when the sun shone. It is for the honour of human nature, that all men are not such despicable mortals ;

that there have lived, and do yet live, heroic and divine spirits, undistinguished by the effeminate traits of humanity and benevolence. It must certainly be glorious to imitate beings of a superior order ; and to be engaged in continual war, would assimilate us very near to a *certain class* of angels. Rise, ye sons of men, for your honour rise ! rush to war, and render this world the hall of Pandemonium !

Strange events sometimes happen ; and if some persons had the superintendence of affairs, they would much oftener happen. If it were in the power of some easy souls, they would forsooth bury us in the still and lifeless state of uninterrupted peace—the dreadful consequences of which will afford another argument for war.

Peace and war stand immediately opposed to each other ; therefore, in proportion as the one is a curse, the other must be a blessing. If we consider in what a handsome situation we should be, by a long prevalence of tranquillity, we shall immediately explode the notion of universal and continual peace. Does not every person who has a brain know, that if there were no means to remove men from the earth, their numbers would soon increase by such an amazing accumulation, that in a short time there would not be a place large enough to breathe in ? This would be terrible indeed, as every one knows from woeful experience, who has ever been in a close croud. It is, therefore, absolutely necessary to dispatch a certain number, in order more comfortably to accommodate the rest.

But, it may be objected by some faint-hearted fellow, that there are innumerable other modes of removing people to the other country besides that of war. He would perhaps shew us the pictures of consumptions, gouts, fevers, and the whole train of disorders. Must this fool be told, that,

that, lest the Governor of the world, in furnishing us with these means of conveniency and comfort, should mistake as to their producing the desired effect, men have wisely undertaken to add to their number? And does not experience prove the truth of their conjecture? That natural death is not capable of preventing a surplusage of inhabitants, is obvious from the numerous emigrations which are constantly made from Europe. There is the grand theatre of war; and indeed if it were not for this happy expedient, heaven knows how the Europeans could subsist. If in the midst of slaughter they are under the necessity of transporting thousands of their inhabitants on account of their thick population, what would a peace of forty-five long years produce? Why, the inhabitants would be so numerous that their breath would contaminate the air, and they would die, like distempered sheep, of the plague.

Another very powerful argument is, the great advantages which death in the field has over every other kind of death. The consumption kills by inches; the dropsy is a gradual and irresistible deluge; the gout, like a restless worm, is perpetually gnawing our toes; fevers scorch our livers to cinders; and, more terrible than all, *disappointed love* preys like a vulture upon our heart-strings, or directs to the dagger, the halter, or the deadly

bowl. Besides, the acute pains which natural disorders bring, keep the mind in such a state of anxiety and perturbation, that we can have no opportunity to prepare for death. But in the field of battle we are in health and spirits; we are not screwing our mouths in torture, nor swallowing gallons of doctor-stuff; but death advances with the swiftness of lightning, and generously dismisses us at once. Before the engagement too, every person may prepare for death, by meditation and prayer, which cannot well be attended to in case of sickness. And the consciousness of the noblest intention, is sufficient to make death even desirable, for all mankind are richly benefited by the indiscriminate butchery of a part. How highly then to be applauded are the Cæsars, the Herods, and the Catharines of the earth, for their most strenuous exertions to render the human race consummately happy! What splendid crowns will they wear in that world of complete retribution, whither they have hurried millions of their fellow creatures! It is therefore very evident, that death by the hand of man, is more eligible and glorious than death by the hand of God; and that we act agreeably to the divine will, when we are vigorously active in shedding the blood of creation's rightful lord!

HORTENSIO.

June 17, 1791.

A N E C D O T E.

THE celebrated Michael Angelo having received some insult from one of the Cardinals of Rome, in revenge painted a most striking likeness of his enemy, and placed him among the damned suffering the torments of hell. The satire had its effect. It was the topic of general admiration and merriment. The Cardinal, stung with the bitterness of the caricature, complained to his Ho-

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 6.

linefs. Pope Leo X. was too much the lover and patron of the fine arts, to gratify the Cardinal's desire—and he therefore told him, that he had it not in his power to punish the offender. "If (said he) the insult had been laid in heaven, on the earth, or even in purgatory, I could, perhaps, have redressed you, for I have something to say in all those places; but I have no interest in hell."

Z z

For

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

Messrs. SWORDS,

The following remarkable Narrative of the Death of an Infidel and Apostate, I would be glad to see inserted in your useful and entertaining Publication. Perhaps it may serve as a Warning to avoid those Rocks on which others have split. It is a melancholy and awful Example of the Judgments of the Deity on a presumptuous and bold Offender. Let others, by this Example, be admonished to believe and repent before it be too late.

HONORIOUS.

NARRATIVE of the DEATH of the Hon. FR—— N——T.

A T sixteen he was sent to the university of ——, perfect in Latin and Greek, where he continued five years, and behaved so agreeable to his religious education, that he was looked upon as a blessing and an ornament to his family. At 21 he came to town and entered himself at ——, to study the law. His new acquaintance began to rally him for his religion; to whom he would say, "Gentlemen, you who pretend to reason can't think laughter a conclusive argument. If religion is so absurd as you would have me believe, why don't you give some fair reasons against it?" This some of them would attempt; and though their arguments at first were as unsuccessful as their raillery, yet the poison sunk in by degrees, and at last tainted him as deeply as themselves. He was adopted into their society, which met to lay down rules for being so critically wicked that the law should not be able to take hold of them. He had too much prudence to lay himself open. He still kept a fair correspondence with his friends, and in strange places was sober and reserved; but in secret, and among his acquaintance, as wicked as good parts, abundance of temptations, and a fair estate, enabled him to be. On the —— of —— he was taken ill, and found (notwithstanding all his precautions) he had not yet shook off the expectation of another life. This made him throw himself upon his bed, and break into

these expressions—"Whence this war in my breast? what argument is there now to assist me against matter of fact? do I assert there is no hell, while I feel it in my own bosom? am I certain there is no after-retribution when I feel a present judgment? do I affirm my soul to be as mortal as my body when the body languishes, and the soul vigorous as ever? O that any one could restore to me my ancient guard of piety and innocence! Wretch that I am, whither shall I flee from this breast? what will become of me?" One of his old companions coming in here said, "How now, brother? why this melancholy look and posture? what's the matter?" "The matter," replied he; "it is you and your companions have instilled your principles in me, which now, when I have most need of them, leave me in confusion and despair: what advice or comfort have you to fortify me against the fearful expectations of another life? are you certain the soul is material and mortal, and that it will dissolve with the body?" "So certain," replied the other, "that I venture my whole upon it." Here I interrupted them by coming into the room, and applying myself to the sick person, told him that I was a stranger to him, but hearing of his illness, I thought it my duty to offer him what service I was capable of. "I thank you," said he, "and would desire you to engage that gentleman who sits there, and prove to

to him that the soul is not matter, nor mortal." "That," said I, "is easily proved; matter is universally allowed to be indifferent to motion or rest; that if it be in rest, it will rest to all eternity, unless something else move it; and if it be in motion, it will eternally move, unless something else stop it. Now, you who think the soul matter, say, that it first moves the animal spirits, they the nerves, and these the limbs; but to say this is to say that matter moves itself, which is absurd, and contrary to the maxim just mentioned; therefore, the soul is not matter, and consequently not liable to be dissolved as is matter."

The sick gentleman answered only with a groan, whilst his friend made haste out of the room. I was surprised at such an effect, and desired to know the reason of his discontent. "Alas! Sir," said he, "you have undeceived me, now it is too late; I was afraid of nothing so much as the immortality of the soul; now you have assured me of that, you have assured me of hell, and of a portion among those who have apostatized from their religion. You have now sealed my damnation, by giving me an earnest of it; I mean an awakened conscience, that brings my sins into my remembrance, by reckoning up the numerous catalogue for which I must go and give an account. Oh! apostate wretch, from what hopes art thou fallen! Oh that I had never known what religion was; then I had never denied my Saviour, nor been so black an heir of perdition!" I stood speechless sometime at these strange expressions, but as soon as I could recollect myself, said, "Sir, I would desire you would take care how you violate the mercies of God, and think so slight of the sufferings of Christ, as if they were not sufficient for the redemption of the greatest sinners. This may be a delusion of

the devil's. If you are convinced the soul is immortal, I hope it is to a good end. If you had died ignorant of it, you had been miserably undeceived in another world; now you have sometime to prepare for your welfare." To which he replied, "As to the mercies of God in Christ, I once knew and tasted what they are, which is now past; to my curie, in that I am now sensible of my loss. They are, I grant you, sufficient for those who have any share in them: But what is that to me who have denied Christ, who have daily crucified him afresh, and put him to an open shame? The devil has nothing to do with the torture I undergo. It is no delusion of his, but the just judgments of God; and your convictions are also part of my heavy judgment, in that you have given me a sensible horror of my sin, by proving my soul immortal. Had I gone straight to hell, in my old opinion, I had endured but one hell, whereas I now feel two. I mean not only an inexpressible torture, which I carry in my breast, but an expectation of I know not what change. O that I were in hell, that I might feel the worst! and yet I dread to die, because the worst will never have an end."

All this he spoke with so much eagerness, and such an air of horror, as is scarce to be imagined. He was now got to bed, refusing all sustenance, and exceedingly sweating through the extremity of his torments. Before I took my leave, I desired to pray by him; which, with much reluctance, he consented to. In the midst of prayer, he groaned extremely, tossing himself as if he were in the agonies of death. When prayer was over I asked him the reason of it. He answered, "As the damned in hell who lift up their eyes in torment, and beheld afar off the saints in Abraham's bosom, have their torments thereby doubled; first, by reflecting on the misery

misery they are in ; and, secondly, by observing the happiness they have lost : so I, knowing myself to be hardened, and sealed unto damnation, hearing the prayers of the righteous, to which God's ears are always open, this increases my torment to think how I am excluded from such a privilege, and have no other portion left me, than blaspheming, weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth for ever." "Pray, Sir," said I, "consider there is a vast difference between you and them that are in hell ; they are lost irrecoverably for ever more, without any opportunity of reprieve or hope of pardon ; you are yet alive, and have promises belonging to you in common with other sinners. Christ died for sinners, and God has sworn by himself, *I delight not in the death of a sinner, but would rather that he turn from his wickedness and live.*" He replied with his usual earnestness, "I will grant you there is as much difference between me and those that are in hell, as between a common devil and a devil incarnate. If these are irrecoverably lost, without opportunity of reprieve, or hopes of pardon, and I am yet alive, oh what then ! what's the consequence ? Not that the promises belong in common to me with other sinners, nor to any sinners but such as believe and repent ; but though I would I can do neither ; I have outlived my day of grace, and am an hardened reprobate. If God delights not in the death of sinners, it is of such sinners as repent and turn unto him ; but his justice will vindicate itself on such obstinate sinners as me, who have denied his power and providence, both in my words and actions. Now he has met with me for it, and O ! it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God ! If God was not against me, I should not value all the power and malice of man joined to engage me, though all the legions of hell

contrived to torture me with the most consuming pains ; but when an irreconcilable God looks down upon his creatures in wrath, and consigns him over to eternal vengeance, this is intolerable ! inexpressible ! Ah ! who can dwell with everlasting burnings ? O ye that have any hope, that have not yet passed your day of grace, cry mightily to God day and night ! think no labour too much to secure you from the wrath of God ! Oh ! who can stand before him when he is angry ? what stubble can resist that consuming fire ?"

This, and more to the same purpose, he spoke with so deep a concern, the tears all the while trickling down his cheeks, that no one in the room could forbear weeping, which he perceiving, said, "And can you weep at the image, and bare relation of the effects of God's wrath ? what then do I suffer who actually lie under the very weight of his fury ? Refrain your tears for me, it is in vain ; pity is no debt to me ; nothing is so proper for me as some curse to complete my misery, and free me from the torments of expectation." Here he paused a little, then looking towards the fire he said, "Oh that I was to lie and broil upon that fire an hundred thousand years, to purchase the favour of God, and be reconciled to him again ; but it is a fruitless wish, millions of millions of years will bring me no nearer to the end of my tortures than one poor hour. O eternity ! eternity ! Who can discover the abyss of eternity ? who can properly paraphrase on these words, *For ever and ever ?*"

It began to grow late, so I took my leave of him for this night, promising to come again the next day, when I found his mind in the same condition still, but his body much weakened. There were with him three or four divines, who had been at prayer, which they told me had the same effect

felt on him as before. One of them reminded him that St. Peter denied his master with oaths and curses, and was yet again received into his favour. He replied, "It is true, St. Peter did deny his master, as I have done; but his master prayed for him that his faith should not fail, and accordingly he looked him into repentance, and assisted him, by his spirit, to perfect it. Now, if he would assist me to repent, I should do so too; but he has justly withdrawn his intercession from me. I have so often grieved the Holy Spirit, that God has taken it away from me, and in the room thereof has left me the spirit of impenitence and reprobation, and given me a certain earnest of a fearful inheritance in another life."

He spoke little more that day—Much company pressing on towards night, orders were given to prevent it. At six o'clock we all looked upon one another what course to take. No text being offered in his favour but which he readily turned another way. While we were thus musing, he cried out with the utmost vehemence, "How long, O Lord! shall thy wrath burn against me? shall thy eternal justice forever exact upon a poor despicable worm? what is my value or worth, that thou shouldest pour out full vials of wrath upon me? O that thou wouldest let go thine hand, forever forget me, and let me fall into my first nothing. As my righteousness could have profited thee nothing, so my impieties could have done thee no hurt; therefore annihilate me, and let me perish. Be not angry with me that I thus expostulate with thee; it will be but a little time before thy wrath shall force the dreadfullest blasphemies from me. Oh that thou wouldest take away my being or misery! neither of them can encrease or diminish thy happiness, and therefore let them both cease, and let my name be known no more:

or if I must be, and be immortal, and thou wilt punish me because I have despised thee, let a privation of thought suffice, and let me pass my eternity in a dream, without ever being awakened by the pangs of torment, or by the gnawing of the worm that never dies. But, O fruitless desires! I am expostulating with a God who has forever shut out my prayers, and only protracts my breath a little longer, to make me an example unto others. O ye rocks and mountains, that ye would hide me from the wrath of an incensed God! but I cannot flee from his presence. What he hath begun he will finish. He will extend his wrath against me forever and ever."

Here some one knocked at the door, and it proved the postman with a letter for him, which being told him, "How," said he, "a letter for me! a little longer and I expect another sort of a messenger—I am very quickly to give up my accounts of every secret action I have done, and I have a mind to make an experiment, to see how I can bear it. Pray, Sir," added he to me, "do me the favour to read this letter. The contents I know not, but I suspect it comes from some of my old acquaintance." I desired to be excused, alledging there might be something in it improper to be divulged. "Nothing," replied he, "can affect me now; I have no honour, no reputation, and what is yet worse, no heaven to lose by this or any other act." Upon this I broke it open, and read as follows:—

"DEAREST SIR,

"Understanding you are fallen dangerously ill, and that it has had a melancholy effect upon you, I could not (considering our strict friendship) but endeavour to remove those evils your mind may lie under, which perhaps is an office no less grateful than making the body sound. Sicknefs and death are the common lot of mankind,

kind, and to repine and grieve at this lot, is to combat the laws of nature, and fight against impossibilities. What wise man repines at the heat in summer, or the cold in winter? A common evil ceases to be an evil. But perhaps your melancholy suggests to you that it is a dismal thing to launch out in an unknown abyss. I answer, I dream sometimes of dreadful things, but when I awake all vanishes. Thus, if we examine death, and its supposed consequences, by our reason, these formidable monsters grow tame and familiar to us. I would demand of him who asks me, what estate I shall be in after death, what estate he was in before life? Pain and pleasure will leave their impressions upon a human spirit; therefore, if I was either happy or miserable before I was born, I must still retain the impression; but I do not now, therefore I shall not hereafter. I came out of nothing, and shall return into it. As the flame of an extinguished candle dissolves and loses itself in the circumambient air, even so the taper of life vapishes into pure æther, and is no more when once the laws of the vital union are broken. Death itself is nothing, and after death is nothing, why then should I be afraid of nothing? Take courage man! either die like yourself, matter of your own fate and happiness so long as it is to be kept, or recover and live worthy the character of a person who knows how either to live or die. So wishes

Your real friend and servant."

This letter was but fuel to the tormenting flame before burning in the breast of the sick gentleman, who immediately dictated the following answer:—

"SIR,

"Being not able to use my own, I have borrowed another hand to answer your's. You say well, it is a greater office to endeavour to remove the disorders of the mind than of the

body. What you urge of the common lot of mankind, as death and sickness, I could wish were my case, but my affliction is, that despair and hell are the common lot of atheist. Now your arguments cannot reach my case, unless you first prove that atheism is as inevitable as death and sickness; and that therefore the effects of it are to be borne patiently, unless a man will combat necessity, and fight against the laws of fate. I have formerly used this way of arguing myself, but wonder now how I could ever think it conclusive. You say, that if we examine death and its supposed consequences by our reason, those formidable monsters grow tame and familiar. If by our reason you mean either that peculiar to atheists or the common reason of human nature, I am sure these monsters will grow less tame and familiar the more we think of them. Since no reason shews what an unexperienced death is, or what the change consequent upon it, how can we judge of things we know not? Reason on such as long as you please, and you will be at last as far from truth and satisfaction as when you began. Your arguments are extremely weak about a pre-existence and future state. I retain no impression of past happiness or misery, therefore there is none to come. How that is a consequence I do not see. Next you would have me believe, upon your bare word, that death is nothing, and that after death there is nothing. Pray how do you know either, having not yet tried? There are a great many say the contrary. I have only concerned myself with the rationality of your letter, that you might believe that I am not distracted; which I would desire you to believe, that what I am going to say may not have the less weight with you. It is true, and whether you believe or not, you will at last find it to be so. If I could force you to believe me, I would;

but

but all I can do is to deal with you as a reasonable creature, by opening my breast to you, and then leaving you at liberty to act as you please. While we are in health and business, we may act contrary to our intentions, and plead for things we believe not; but when we come to die, the visor is taken off, and the man appears as he is. This is my condition, and therefore I can have no motive to impose upon my friends.

“Religion is no imposture, heaven and hell are real, and the immortality of the soul as certain as the existence of the body. For a time we have officiously deluded and cheated one another out of religion and happiness! and God, who will not always be despised by his creatures, has chosen me as an example to you all, and a warning to the lazy and indifferent christian. But who, alas! can write his own tragedy without tears? or copy out the seal of his damnation without horror? That there is a God I know, because I continually feel the effects of his wrath. That there is a hell I am equally certain, having received an earnest of my inheritance there already in my breast. That there is a natural conscience I now feel with horror and amazement, being continually upbraided by it with my impieties, and with all my sins brought fresh into my remembrance. Why God has marked me out for an example of his vengeance rather than you or any other of our acquaintance, I presume is because I have been more

religiously educated, and have done greater despite to the spirit of Grace. What egregious folly is it for dust and ashes to contend with its Creator! to question his justice, his power, nay, his very being! when, at the same time, without this God every such wretch would immediately fall into nothing, being without him not able to exist one moment. What vile ingratitude is it scurrilously to reflect on his religion, who died to reconcile such reflections to himself? Don't mistake yourself, it is not a light matter to question and contend with the God of Nature; to abuse religion, and deny its author; and, what is worse than all, apostatize from it as I have done. Behold, God has met with me for it, after a long forbearance of my inveterate impiety and prophaneness. Let me intreat you, by my example, to leave off your sins. Who knows but God may yet receive you. I speak not this out of any love for virtue or hatred for vice, for I am hardened, and an impenitent reprobate: but, like Dives, I am unwilling my brethren should come in this place of torment. Make what use you please of this, only remember, that if it does not reclaim you, it will enhance your guilt possibly to be overtaken in this world as I am, by the just judgments of God; if not, be sure they will be light on you hereafter, which is all, and I wish I could say enough, from Your's, &c.”

(To be concluded.)

AN E C D O T E S.

AN *Irish* gentleman who sat in the stage-box at a large representation of Mr. *McNally's* opera, observed, upon hearing *Robin Hood* reprove *Little John* for his cruelty in attending *bull-baiting*, that the author shewed himself a worthy son of *Ireland*, by standing up in defence of **BULLS!**

TWO brothers were once executed of the name of Vowel—“I have been seeing the Vowels hanged,” said a gentleman to his friend:—“Thank heaven,” exclaimed the friend, turning to a third person, “it was neither *You* nor *I*.”

BOUNTY

BOUNTY REWARDED, or the WORTHY SOLDIER; a real History.

A FRENCH soldier (one of those whom Voltaire pleasantly calls 'the Alexanders at a groat a-day') had obtained a furlough to see his friends. One evening he was trudging along with his knapsack on his back, rich in honour and courage, but with a pocket of the lightest; notwithstanding which he sung his old songs with that heart of gaiety and ease, which, under the most penurious circumstances, is peculiar to his thoughtless countrymen.

In this merry mood he met a clergyman, whom he soon conjectured to be the vicar of some village, and whom he instantly conceived, moreover, to be a good man. Nor was he mistaken: there was an air of benignity in this clergyman that bespoke an excellent heart; and a careless frankness in our honest soldier, that prepossessed one in favour of his. The conversation (for two Frenchmen are never at a loss for conversation) turned at first on the military profession; and the good vicar was delighted to see the animation and loyalty which appeared in every gesture and every speech of the gallant veteran. At length, on the point of parting, the soldier said, 'How happy is your Reverence! You do not seem to be thirsty; while I—I am absolutely choaked; I have travelled so many miles to-day.' 'If your way lies through my village, I will give you some refreshment. I have some tolerable good wine; and there, to the left beyond those trees, is my snug little parsonage.' 'Thank you, Sir, for all your civilities; but I am obliged to take a direct contrary way—I must be at my journey's end as soon as possible. However, I will not conceal it, some good wine would rejoice my eyes exceedingly. And why should I be ashamed to confess it? You seem to be a worthy clergyman: our pay is so very poor! Ah, please your Reverence, a shilling would make me as rich as Cræsus.'

The vicar, smiling, put the shilling into his hands. 'There, my honest friend, I give it with pleasure; drink my health with it.'—'Heaven bless your Reverence! On the faith of a grenadier, you are more generous than a king. Adieu, Sir, goodnight, and a thousand, thousand thanks.' They then parted, the grateful soldier continually repeating, 'Oh! what a good clergyman! What a good clergyman is this!'

The vicar, on his part, felt the most sensible pleasure in this adventure. He admired the blunt frankness and apparent sensibility of the soldier; and, on a sudden, he took the resolution to rejoin him: 'Comrade,' said he, as he came near him, 'return me that shilling.—What! your Reverence, do you repent of having made a poor devil happy? But here it is—I did not extort it.'—The vicar received it; and giving him a crown-piece in its stead, 'I beg your pardon,' said he, 'this trifle was not worth having; I have thought better of it.'—'A crown, your Reverence! A crown! Do you mean to tempt me? I assure you that shilling was sufficient.'—'But it was not sufficient for me,' replied the good-natured vicar: 'pray accept this trifle, and you will greatly oblige me.'

It is impossible to express the variety of sensations by which our pedestrian hero was overpowered. Nor could his worthy benefactor forbear from expressing how much he was affected by the exquisite sensibility which this humble and uncultivated mind displayed. In every gesture, in every word, there was that consciousness, yet pathetic eloquence of expression, which nature teaches, and which no refinement can surpass.—Their mutual satisfaction, it may be imagined, could scarce admit of being heightened. The poor veteran, who

who now thought himself 'as rich as Cræsus,' was the happiest of men; and the generous ecclesiastic, whose income was far from affluent, yet who set himself not the poorer for this bounty, enjoyed a felicity which none but the virtuous and the good can feel. They parted once more.—'O! the excellent man! the excellent man!' said the soldier, when he found himself alone: 'after having obliged me my own way, to come after me again, and oblige me still more! The good vicar! the good vicar! May he live a hundred years!'

The soldier had for some time made a considerable progress on his journey, when at last he perceived that the village where he had proposed to lodge that night was still so very distant, that, after all, it would be much better to turn towards that which the vicar had pointed out, and take up his quarters there.

One would be tempted here to imagine, that that vigilant and invisible Providence, which the ancients called *Destiny* (*Fatum*), had determined the soldier to change his purpose, and to repair to the village in which this beneficent vicar lived. If we explore the pages of history, we shall find numberless examples of that protecting Power, which seems, as it were, to create miracles for our preservation; and, what is more astonishing, the ingratitude of man is such, that he is either insensible of this heavenly interposition, or regards it with an indifference equally unwise and culpable.

Conducted then by a kind of guardian genius, the soldier directs his steps towards his benefactor's village. Attentive at this moment to economy, he enters a wretched alehouse. "Comrade," said he, "bring me a pint of wine; and, hark ye, let it be the best. I am intolerably thirsty." The landlord placed him at the same table where three honest peasants were conversing with great volubility.—

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 6.

'Sit down here,' said one of the peasants; 'you will not be too much; we love gentlemen of your cloth: they serve the King, and fight for us.' Then turning to his companions, 'I tell thee, Claude, he is the jewel of men! Did you observe with what good judgment he judged in that there affair of Gaffer Matthew?'—'And you, Nicholas, do you remember what care he took of the poor family of Robert *that's dead and gone*, and how he cried over them?'—'Ah!' said Christopher, 'he is one that does as he says, and so I gets his sermons almost by heart.'—'My good friends,' interrupted the soldier, tossing off a large bumper of wine, 'you are praising some honest fellow: may I know who he is?'—'Mr. officer, it is our vicar.'—'Your vicar! Here, boy, bring me another pint. Your vicar—and all that you say is true?'—'True? what, we *an't* yet said half enough. There *isn't* his fellow upon earth. Hark ye, would you believe it, we *an't* had a single law-suit since he has been in the parish! He is the best creature in the world!'—'My good friends,' again interrupted the soldier, 'give me your hand. Do you know what pleasure you have just given me? You praise a man who has obliged me like a prince. And I—I would put to death the man that could only think of hurting him.'—He then related, and he could scarce refrain from tears, how good the vicar had been to him. 'Had you but seen him,' said he, 'turn back to give me a crown—Here it is—I won't carry it away. Comrades, we will sup together, on condition we all drink his health.'

He instantly orders the landlord to spread a supper on the table; and the conversation continues:—'Hark ye, my friends, I have just thought of it; I cannot leave this place without having visited my good vicar. I am not satisfied with myself: I have not thanked him enough. But it is now

A a a

late:

late: I shall sleep here to-night, and to-morrow morning early I will go and see him.'—'And why not this evening, Mr. Soldier? The visits of such brave fellows as you are always acceptable. I'll answer for it, he will give you both supper and lodging with all his soul. Poor man! he has some rascals of nephews that torment him, and who are for getting whatever they can from him.'—'They torment him! Let him turn them over to me: I'd manage them. I'll go then this instant to the good vicar: but I scarce know my way.'—The three peasants, with one voice, offer to be his guides; the reckoning is discharged, and they all set out; the conversation on the way turning continually upon the excellent character and actions of their common benefactor.

They arrive at the door of the parsonage-house: they knock, and they knock again. No answer is returned: not the slightest noise is heard.—'What,' said one of the peasants, 'what can be the meaning of this? I don't half like it.'—They now knock with greater violence; but all is silent still; and even the great dog is not heard to bark. Their fears increase.—'This is very singular: he is always at home at this hour: we must absolutely make somebody hear.'—'They won't open it, my friends. I know an excellent way to enter: we must burst open the door.'—The soldier instantly applied to this work: the door soon yielded to his efforts: he enters the first: with what an object is he struck! A man hanging upon a beam: he runs to him; he recollects the good vicar; it is impossible to express his agitation: he perceives some signs of life; he quickly cuts the rope; he takes him in his arms; he revives him.—'I hear some noise,' said he; 'shut the door;

take care of this good man, and I'll do justice to the wretches that have treated him thus.'—He perceives the dog killed; he goes up stairs into the vicar's apartment; and he there finds three wretches endeavouring to conceal themselves. Finding themselves discovered, they took the resolution to fall upon the soldier with daggers in their hands.—'Wretches,' said he, undaunted by numbers, 'and is it thus you have treated the good vicar?' With these words he lost no time; he killed one of the assassins; he seized the two others, after severely wounding one of them; and he brought them below. The poor vicar was by this time recovered.—'My nephews!' he exclaimed; 'and oh, my good deliverer!'—'Your nephews! The monsters! I will instantly deliver them over to the *maréchaussée*.*' In vain the forgiving uncle implored compassion on his guilty nephews: the whole village had now gathered to the spot; the assassins were delivered over to the hands of justice, and suffered the punishment due to their atrocious crime.

The vicar would not permit his deliverer to leave him. 'My gratitude,' says he, "is inexpressible. You are my friend, my relation, my all. My whole life is your's: you have rescued me from death, and we will never part.'

The good man hastened to purchase the discharge of the worthy soldier; and they ever after lived together. The vicar never recollected his happy meeting with him, without adoring the superintending Providence of God; and the soldier, released from the hard fare of military life, had the satisfaction of seeing a thousand good actions, that endeared to him still more and more the best of men, the virtuous vicar of ****.

* *Atrop of horse, that patrolle the country in France, to apprehend robbers, &c.*

T H E
A M E R I C A N M U S E.

O R I G I N A L P O E T R Y.

To Miss ———'s Fan.

W H E N o'er the earth, from noon-day sky,
Sol beams th' intense, the fervid ray,
Then hither bid each Zephyr hie,
And o'er dear *Delia's* bosom play.
Bid them to ply the airy wing
O'er that dear seat of truth and love,
Their cooling fragrance there to fling,
And Sol's oppressive power remove.
But should'st thou in her heart espy,
For me one spark of kind esteem,
O thither waft Affection's sigh,
And fan it to Love's gentle flame.

IMONA.

M O R N I N G.

T H E spicy morn, with purple ray,
Faintly illumines the eastern skies,
While from each dew besprinkled spray
Ambrosial odours gently rise;
Silence still holds the wide domain,
The Zephyrs slumber in the shade,
The stream that creeps along the plain,
Scarce murmurs to the list'ning glade:
No songstress breathes her artless lay,
No footsteps print the dewy vale,
O'er the broad lawn no lambkins stray,
For sleep still nods o'er hill and dale.
Where pensive grief forgets to sigh,
There Morpheus still thy station keep,
And with thy signet seal the eye,
The eye which only wakes to weep.
But while I speak the prospects change,
The warblers dance upon the air,
The fleecy tribe the pastures range,
Refresh'd with sleep, and free from care:
All nature bows—all nature sings,
And to its author homage pays;
Each part a grateful tribute brings,
The whole creation gives him praise.

Be

Be thou not, oh ! my languid soul,
 An indolent spectator here,
 While clouds of cheerful incense roll
 To him who rules above our sphere :
 Before him pour the lay sincere,
 When Morning's beams thine eyes shall bless,
 And let the shades of Ev'ning hear
 That still thou dost his name confess.

ELLA.

LINES, written by the late Mrs. ANN E. BLEECKER.

ALAS ! my fond enquiring soul,
 Doom'd in suspence to mourn ;
 Now let thy moments calmly roll,
 Now let thy peace return.
 Why should'st thou let a doubt disturb
 Thy hopes, which daily rise,
 And urge thee on to trust his word,
 Who built and rules the skies ?
 Look back thro' what intricate ways,
 He led thy unfriended feet,
 Oft mourning in the cheerless maze,
 He ne'er forsook thee yet.
 When thunder from Heav'n's arch
 did break,
 And cleft the sinking ship,
 His mercy snatch'd thee from the
 wreck,
 And from the rolling deep :
 And when Disease, with threat'ning
 mein,
 Aim'd at thy trembling heart,
 Again his mercy interven'd,
 And turn'd aside the dart.
 When Murder sent her hopeless cries,
 More dreadful thro' the gloom,
 And kindling flames did round thee
 rise,
 Deep harvests to consume ;
 Who was it led thee thro' the wood,
 And o'er th' ensanguin'd plain,

Unseen by ambush'd sons of blood,
 Who track'd thy steps in vain ?
 'Twas pitying Heav'n that check'd
 my tears,
 And bade my infants play,
 To give an opiate to my fears,
 And cheer the lonely way.
 And in the doubly dreadful night,
 When my *Abella* died,
 When horror struck—detesting light !
 I sunk down by her side ;
 When wing'd for flight my spirit stood,
 With this fond thought beguile,
 To lead my charmer to her God,
 And there to claim my child ;
 Again his mercy o'er my breast
 Effus'd the breath of peace ;
 Subsiding passion sunk to rest—
 He bade the tempest cease.
 Oh ! let me ever, ever praise,
 Such undeserved care ;
 Tho' languid may appear my lays,
 At least they are sincere.
 I never will distrust thee more,
 Tho' Hell should aim her dart ;
 Innocuous is infernal pow'r,
 If thou protector art.
 It is my joy that thou art God
 Eternal, and supreme—
 Rife nature ! hail the power aloud,
 From whom creation came.

LOST WILLIE: A SONG.—Tune—" *Banks of the Dee.*"

'TWAS soft smiling May, and fresh verdure was springing,
 Fields sprinkled with daisies, and lambkins at play ;
 Aloft the blithe birds their wild love notes were singing,
 Each breeze breathing odours, and nature all gay ;

A youth

A youth from the hall of *Columbia* then straying,
His sad pensive look, his keen heart grief betraying.—
“Alas!” cri’d the youth, “my fond fancy’s surveying,
“The worth of *lost Willie!* our pride and our glee.”

Our *Willie* on *Liffy*’s green banks lay reclining,
When Learning’s fair hand wove a wreath for his brow.
“My son,” said the power, “where the new stars are shining,
“You’re a gift to that country, I gladly bestow:
“Repair to my seat on yon flood* that is teeming
“With wealth of the waves, and where Industry’s streaming;
“Where the Muses may dwell, and bright Science sit beaming,
“There, be of fam’d *Hudson* the pride and the glee.”

With Learning’s blest’d treasures our young minds he stored,
And bade our scan’d language with gracefulness flow;
Persuasion’s sweet form to the view he restored,
And taught our charm’d ears their true station to know.
By him the dull Monkish remains were displaced;
The pure Attic taste was inspir’d and encreased;
And Sloth, through the love of fair Fame, far hence chased,
By *Willie*, of *Hudson* the pride and the glee.

Ah me! what foul fiend, by misrule has defeated
A plan so auspicious, and drove him away?
Our prospects are blasted—the task uncompleted,
And hopes of an age become dreams of a day:
No joy o’er our mind now e’en genius diffuses;
The bright flow of wit our chill’d fancy refuses,
Since *Willie*’s not found in the haunts of the Muses,
Nor longer of *Hudson* the pride and the glee.

New-York, 1788.

ATTICUS.

* *Hudson’s River.*

VERSES, written in *Miss ——’s Fortune-Book.*

A S thro’ the garden’s sweet domain,
The bee from *leaf* to *leaf* will rove;
Will cull its sweets with anxious pain,
Then bear its treasures to his love:

So from these *leaves* which bring to view,
Things hid by fate in Time’s dark reign,
With care I’d cull, dear girl for you,
The richest blessings they contain:

But *Fortune* here our power restrains,
Nor leaves her blessings in our hand;
The *wish* alone, to *us* remains,
The *gift* is still at *her* command.

Take then, sweet maid, this *wish* sincere,
Which in a friendly heart doth glow,
A heart that will thy worth revere,
’Till Life’s rich streams shall cease to flow.

On

On the fair *morning* of thy life,
 May *Love* beam forth his brightest ray;
 May Friendship's joys, unvex'd by strife,
 Gild the *meridian* of thy day.

And when *Life's* solemn *ev'n* shall come,
 And time to you shall ever cease,
 May then *Religion* cheer the gloom,
 And light thy path to endless Peace.

IMONA.

O D E, for the 4th of July, 1791.

WHILE changeful seasons shall on earth appear,
 And with their varied forms salute the year,
 Let each return of this auspicious day,
 Ye sons of Freedom! wake the grateful lay.

The face of heav'n is all serene,
 And beauty smiles upon the scene
 Where war's dire thunder lately spread
 Enslanguin'd fields with heaps of dead.

On a resplendent cloud, return'd from toils,
 See Peace descending with angelic smiles,
 Immortal flowrets round her head entwine,
 And grace is utter'd in her voice divine;
 Hark! with increasing rapture swells the sound,
 And heav'nly music fills the ether round.

"The mildest suns of heav'n rise
 "To beam upon these western skies,
 "To dissipate the clouds of night,
 "And ope' new glories on the sight.
 "Awhile the gath'ring tempest shed
 "Portentous gloom around your head;
 "Awhile the patriot's bosom broke
 "Those sighs which inward anguish spoke.
 "But soon the fire of liberty
 "With ardor blaz'd and set you free,
 "Dispers'd the gloom and cast a ray,
 "Which "kindles darkness into day!"
 "Beyond the far resounding main
 "Where despots held their iron reign,
 "Behold fair Freedom's form divine,
 "Now shines and shall forever shine.
 "All nations soon shall catch the blaze,
 "And bask beneath her cheering rays;
 "While shouts are heard from sea to sea,
 "Columbia made the nations free!!"

Still louder pæans raise
 Ye favor'd sons of heav'n!
 And teach the nations whom to praise
 For the rich blessings to them giv'n.

STREPHON.
 SELECTED

SELECTED POETRY.

The Fairy's Answer to Mrs. Greville's Prayer for Indifference.

BY THE COUNTESS OF C——.

WITHOUT preamble, to my friend,
These hasty lines I'm bid to send,
Or give if I am able;
I dare not hesitate to say,
Tho' I have trembled all the day—
It looks so like a fable.

Last night's adventure is my theme,
And should it strike you as a dream,
Yet soon its high import
Must make you own the matter such,
So delicate, it were too much
To be compos'd in sport.

The moon did shine serenely bright,
And every star did deck the night,
While Zephyr fann'd the trees;
No more assail'd my minds repose,
Save that yon stream which murm'ring flows,
Did echo to the breeze.

Enwrapt in solemn thoughts, I fate,
Revolving o'er the turns of fate,
Yet void of hope or fear;
When lo! behold, an airy throng,
With lightest steps and jocund song
Surpris'd my eye and ear.

A form superior to the rest,
His little voice to me addres'd
And gently thus began:—
"I've heard strange things from one of you,
"Pray tell me if you think 'tis true,
"Explain it if you can.

"Such incense has perfum'd my throne!
"Such eloquence my heart has won!
"I think I guess the hand;
"I know her wit and beauty too,
"But why she sends a pray'r so new,
"I cannot understand.

"To light some flames, and some revive,
"To keep some others just alive,
"Full oft I am implor'd;
"But with peculiar pow'r to please,
"To supplicate for nought but ease—
"Tis odd upon my word!

"Tell

" Tell her with fruitless care I've sought,
 " And tho' my realms with wonders traught,
 " In remedies abound ;
 " No grain of cold indifference,
 " Was ever yet ally'd to sense,
 " In all my fairy round.

" The regions of the sky I'd trace,
 " I'd ransack ev'ry earthly place,
 " Each leaf, each herb, each flower,
 " To mitigate the pangs of fear,
 " Disspel the clouds of black despair,
 " Or lull the restless hour.

" I would be gen'rous, as I'm just,
 " But I obey, as others must,
 " Those laws which fate has made ;
 " My tiny kingdom how defend,
 " And what might be the horrid end
 " Should man my state invade ?

" 'Twould put *your mind* into a rage ;
 " And such unequal war to wage
 " Suits not my regal duty !
 " I dare not change a first decree,
 " This doom'd to please, nor can be free,
 " Such is the lot of beauty."

This said, he darted o'er the plain,
 And after followed all his train ;
 No glimpse of him I find :
 But sure I am the little sprite,
 These words, before he took his flight,
 Imprinted on my mind.

SONNET—*To Tranquility.*

BY W. H. REID.

TRANQUILITY, balm of the toil-worn breast,
 Oh say, where now at ease thou sit'st reclin'd,
 Fann'd by the balmy whispers of the wind,
 Where Peace and Innocence alone's carell !
 Still art thou seen upon the mountain's brow,
 Ere breaks the mist from the translucent tide,
 And heard blythe chaunting to the delving plough ?
 But baneful luxury and modern pride,
 Have now the sweets of rural life deny'd,
 To swell the city of enormous size,
 Where pleasure fades upon the sickly brow :
 Ah me ! what plaints for thy lov'd bosom rise,
 That never, never shall their wish obtain
 Till death, undreaded, chills the breast of pain.

INTELLIGENCE.

I N T E L L I G E N C E.

LONDON, March 22.

THE followers of the late John Wesley have instituted two solemn fast days in honour of his memory—the first is to take place on the 6th of April, and the other on the 13th of July following.

—VIRGINIA.—

George-Town, June 4. On Saturday last Mr. Ellicot, the Geographer General of the United States, completed six main lines of the Federal city: he is now engaged in clearing and bounding the lines of the district of ten miles square.

Extract of a letter from Amsterdam, dated April 1, 1791.

“It is with peculiar pleasure I inform you that the credit of the United States in this country, is firmly established—large loans have lately been obtained by Congress and individuals on the same terms as granted to other nations. Your public securities it is expected will soon rise above par.

“The emigration from Germany to America it is expected will be greater this year than ever—the Princes of that country, fearing the fate of France, have lately granted more liberty to their subjects than usual—they arrive in divisions from 3 to 400 in this city, in order to take shipping for the land of liberty and peace.”

—MARYLAND.—

Baltimore June 14. According to a memoir just published, there was lately found, in Sweden, during a period of eight or nine years, 2036 men and 3540 women about the age of 90; 212 men and 328 women between 100 and 102; 31 men and 36 women between 106 and 110; 22 men and nineteen women between

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 6.

111 and 120; one man aged 122 and one woman 127.

—PENNSYLVANIA.—

Dover, June 2. Sunday last was thought to be as warm as any day last summer—the thermometer stood at $97\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$,—within half a degree of blood heat.

Philadelphia, June 8. Yesterday afternoon Colonel Procter arrived in town. He informs that on the 21st of last month he held a conference with the chiefs of the Six Nations, who appeared perfectly disposed to remain at peace with the United States. Col. Pickering is to hold a treaty with them on the 15th inst.

A letter from Paris, of March 10, contains the following information:—That the National Assembly has decreed, that the importation of oil from any country but the United States of America, shall be prohibited. The oil imported from the United States in *French* or *American* vessels, to pay a duty of twelve livres per quintal.

Extract of a letter from Boston, dated May 18.

“An action was tried here a few days since before a Justice of the Peace, in which black *Peter*, a negro, was counsel for the plaintiff, and Mr. —, a lawyer of several years standing, counsel for the defendant. The latter complained at being pitted with such an antagonist, and observed that it was unjust, and a manifest dereliction of every principle of propriety—a discouragement to every effort to acquire a competent knowledge of the profession of the law, to obtain which much study was requisite, and great expence necessarily incurred.—The Justice observed in reply, that by the laws of the state the plaintiff

B b b

had

had a right to employ whom he pleased—and if Mr. — had any thing to say for his client, he might go on.—It is said that Peter and the Squire beat the lawyer hollow, who lost his cause, and was very much chagrined."

—NEW-YORK.—

Albany, June 13. Thursday last was the hottest day ever remarked in this city. At three o'clock, P. M. Fahrenheit's thermometer stood at 97°! wind westerly, and a serene sky. About nine o'clock in the evening a long extended cloud, darkening the western hemisphere, approached with an awful display of the Divine Majesty. During its continuance over this city, which was nearly an hour and an half, an incessant flashing of lightning from every direction smote with universal terror, and the consequent peals of thunder added horror to the scene.

A small house on Arbor hill was struck with the lightning, and a man and his wife, as they lay in bed, were much scorched, as also several places in the bed in which they lay. We at present know of no other damage it may have done, except a house in New-Scotland and Lansingburgh, which sustained some injury.

New-York, June 1. Recent accounts from Curacao mention, that the Dutch West-India Company are dissolved, and that the immediate government of the Dutch West-India possessions is assumed into the hands of the States General of the United Netherlands. The new regulations are to be in force the first day of December, 1791.

June 2. Thomas Tredwell, Esq; is chosen a member of Congress of the United States, for the southern district of this state.

June 8. A Quaker deputation was heard at the bar of the National Assembly, in February last, and in-

dulged in their austerity of manners; they spoke covered.

What they had to propose was, the transplantation of themselves, their families, and their wealth, to France, requiring only the transcription by births and marriages, exemption from war, and taking the oaths. The President, in reply, promised that their case should be considered, complimenting them for all their discourse, except their parting with the natural right of defence when assailed by oppression.

Philip Schuyler, Thomas Tillotson, Jacobus Swartwout, William Powers, Samuel Jones, and Joshua Sands, Esquires, are returned members to serve in the Senate of this state.

June 13. By the English Chronicle of April 9, it appears that the Attorney-General of Great-Britain has received instructions to prosecute Mr. Paine for his pamphlet on the Rights of Man.

June 17. Under the head meteorological observations in the (Philadelphia) General Advertiser, we find the thermometer, Tuesday 4 o'clock, P. M. stood at 94°.

A society of gentlemen of the Revolution and Constitutional Societies, in London, have raised, by subscription, a sufficient sum for the purchase of 25,000 of that most admirable treatise, written by Mr. Paine, entitled "the Rights of Man," which they mean to distribute gratis, viz 7000 in that metropolis, 10,000 in England, Wales, and Scotland, and 8000 in Ireland.

June 20. An act has passed the legislative council of Quebec, to which the Governor General has given his assent, "To reward Samuel Hopkins, Angus M'Donald and others, for their inventions of two new and improved methods for making pot and pearl ashes."

Accounts

Accounts from Genoa, of February 18, mention the appointment of Joseph Revira, Esq; as Consul from that Republic to the United States.

June 22. It is said that M. De Ternant, who served in America during the late war, is appointed Minister Plenipotentiary from the Court of France to the United States, and may be expected in five or six weeks.

June 25. The President of the United States has appointed Oliver Wolcott, Esq; Comptroller of the Treasury of the United States, vice Nicholas Eveleigh, Esq; deceased.

June 28. A London paper of the 26th of April last says, "Friday last Dr. Harwood, professor of anatomy, gave a public lecture on the subject of transfusion, to a very crowded audience, at the schools in the Botanic Gardens; after which he performed the experiment of changing the blood of a dog to that of a sheep, which he executed with the utmost facility and success; and we can assure the public, that the dog is now alive and in perfect health."

—CONNECTICUT.—

Danbury, May 26. Sunday of last week, the wife of Mr. D. Mallery, jun. of Reading, in a dropsical case, had taken from her 55 quarts of water, which weighed 123 pounds. In perfect health, Mrs. Mallery was supposed to weigh 100 pounds.

May 30. The Mercury in Fahrenheit's thermometer, on the 28th inst. in a dead shade, stood at 89°, and on the 29th, in a shade, where the thermometer was exposed to the influence of the current of the circumambient atmosphere, it stood also at 89°, which, with several other days and nights, shews that the heat has been greater this month, than has been known to be, in the month of May, for twenty years.

New-Haven, June 8. Last week the corner-stone of the first abutment of East-River Bridge, was laid, under

the direction of the mayor of this city, attended by the Rev. Dr. Stiles, and other gentlemen of the clergy—the aldermen and other officers of the corporation—the civil magistrates of the town, and a number of gentlemen and ladies: the ceremony was closed with three huzzas. The preceding day having been wet, rendered it unsafe for the company to partake of a cold collation in the field, and they repaired to the house of Alderman Dagget (one of the contractors for the bridge) and were entertained with elegance and hospitality. On the stone was the following inscription—

E R E C T E D,

May 31st,

A. D. M,DCC,XCI.

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE
XV.

Hon. ROGER SHERMAN,
MAYOR.

—MARRIAGES.—

In New-York.—In the capital, Mr. C. L. Camman, to Miss Maria Margaretta Oswald.—Charles W. Peale, Esq; of Philadelphia, to Miss Elizabeth De Peyster.—Mr. Matthias Crane, to Miss Jane Ferris.—Mr. David Pepper, to Miss Nelly Johnston.—The Rev. Mr. Hillyar, of New-Jersey, to Miss Jane Ricker, of Newtown, (L. I.)—Jacob Morton, Esq; to Miss Catharine Ludlow, daughter of Cary Ludlow, Esq.—Mr. George Snowdon, jun. to Miss Maria Carman.—Eliphalet Brush, Esq; to Miss Sally Grenell.—Mr. Gilbert Aspinwall, to Miss Ann Sowers.—Mr. T. Haswell, printer, to Miss Catharine Shafferer.—Mr. Neidas Halfey, to Miss Polly Brower.—Mr. Isaac Livesay, druggist, to Miss Jane Lawrence.—Mr. Anthony Ogilvee, to Miss Elizabeth Cowdery. Mr. Paul Richard Place, of Bermuda, to Miss Jauncey.—Mr. Alexander Anderson, to Miss Cretia Wright.

In

In Ulster county, William Cross, Esq; to Miss Catharine Sly.

On Long Island.—At Brookhaven, Dr. David Woodhull, to Miss Irena Wetmore.—At Smith-Town, Mr. William Smith, jun. of the manor of St. George, to Miss Hannah Smith.

In *New-Jersey*.—At Burlington, Mr. Bartholomew Fisher, to Miss Orpha Forker, both of the city of New-York.

At Schraffenburgh, Mr. Nathaniel Nichol, to Miss Ann Freleigh.

In *Pennsylvania*.—In the capital, the Rev. and venerable Dr. Witherspoone, President of New-Jersey College, to Mrs. Ann Dill, a young widow lady of beauty and merit, aged 24 years.—Mr. James Potter, merchant, to Miss Duffield.

In *Maryland*.—In Ann Arundel county, Mr. ——— Heermance, of New-York, to Miss Maria Wootton.

In Baltimore, Captain Jesse Fearson, to Miss Hannah Wells.

In *Connecticut*.—At Danbury, Mr. Daniel Hickok, jun. to Miss Lucy Hoyt.—Mr. Matthew Trowbridge, to Miss Rachel Hickok.

At Stamford, Mr. Daniel Cotton, jun. to Miss Eliza Watson, both of New-York.

—DEATHS.—

In *New-York*.—In the capital, Mr. Edward C. Caldwell.—Mr. Lewis Nichols.—Mr. Jacob Albright.—Very suddenly, Mrs. Mary Beckman, in the 63d year of her age.—Mr. Robert Gault, merchant.—Mr. John H. Merkler.—Dr. Jacamiah Smith.

In *New-Jersey*.—At Allentown, James Rogers, Esquire.

At Ramapough, the Rev. P. Light, Minister of the Reformed Dutch Church Congregation at that place.

In *Pennsylvania*.—In the capital, Miss Shippen, daughter of Joseph Shippen, Esq.—Mrs. ——— Lander.—Mr. Michael Goodman.—Mr. —

Bell.—Mr. Joseph Carson, in his 53d year.—Mrs. Elizabeth Byron.—Mr. Robert Roberts, aged 48 years, supposed by incautiously drinking cold water.—Mrs. Willing, relict of the late Charles Willing, Esq; aged 81.—Dr. John Jones, a very eminent physician and surgeon, aged 63.—By casualties, Mr. James Inghand, and Miss ——— Taylor.

At Andover, Miss Priscilla Abbot, aged 100 years wanting seven weeks and six days.

In *Virginia*.—In James city county, Mrs. Alice Graves.

In *Connecticut*.—At Danbury, Mr. David Boughton, sen. aged 63.—At Brookfield, Deacon Joseph Ruggles, aged 91.—At Norwalk, Mr. Nathan Blossom.

In *Rhode-Island*.—At Providence, Nicholas Brown, Esq; many years a respectable merchant of that place.—Mr. Richard Whitehorn, aged 89.

In *Massachusetts*.—At Concord, Col. John Butterick, in his 60th year.

At Roxbury, William Erving, Esq; member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and formerly an officer in the service of his Britannic Majesty. Among other charitable donations, he has bequeathed 1000l. to the University, the interest of which he has appropriated, by his will, to the Professor of Chemistry for the time being.

—FOREIGN DEATHS.—

In *France*.—In Paris, the celebrated Mons. de Mirabeau.

In *England*.—At Newington-Green, near London, the Rev. Dr. Price, celebrated as a divine, a philosopher and a politician.—At Shirehampton, the Rev. Walter Chapman, D. D. an eminent literary character and distinguished divine.

In *Scotland*.—At Inch-Keith, on the north-west coast of the Highlands, Mr. Archibald Cameron, an ancient piper, in the 122d year of his age.

Frobisher's Straits, and after encountering many difficulties and hazards by ice and storms, they returned home one by one, after having loaded about 300 tons of the supposed treasure, but without leaving a settlement behind them. This imaginary ore proved, on a further experiment, to be only a glittering sand.

In these old northern voyages, an island is frequently mentioned, called Friesland, which probably was part of the main land of Labrador or Greenland, concerning which there were sundry romantic stories in those times, and even later. There is also in the old voyage books of those times, a romantic story of two Venetian brothers, named Zeni, who were said to have been shipwrecked on this supposed island, about 300 years ago; the whole of which is most probably a fiction.

Under this year Hakluyt gives us an account of the Newfoundland fishers from Europe in the preceding year, which it may be curious to insert, viz. "100 ships from Spain, 50 from Portugal, "150 from France, and 15 from England. That the English "had the best ships and therefore gave the law to the rest, being "in the bays the protection of others; for which it was then, and "had been of old, a custom to make them some sort of an acknowledgment as Admirals, such as a boat-load of salt, for guarding "them from pirates, and other violent intruders, who often drive "them from a good harbour. He says the fishery of the English "at Iceland, was the reason they had not then such numbers of "ships at Newfoundland; that the Spaniards had then, next to "the English, the best ships there; that there were also *twenty* "or *thirty* ships from Biscay, to kill whale for train oil." There being no mention made of whale fins, or whale bone, of so much value at this time, shews its use for women's stays was not then known. His friend, in a letter from Newfoundland, is earnest for the English to settle at the isle of Cape-Breton, for the benefit of the fishery, and on another island at the mouth of the great river St. Lawrence. Hakluyt was in those times a most indefatigable enquirer after new trades and discoveries, and was undoubtedly of great use to adventurers, by giving them much light into the nature and means of discoveries, and seems to have been a public blessing to England.

Sir Humphry Gilbert procured from Queen Elizabeth a patent, dated at Westminster, wherein he had full power given him to undertake discoveries, and to inhabit or possess any lands hitherto unsettled by any christian power, or their subjects, provided he would take possession within six years. Immediately on obtaining these letters patent, Sir Humphry applied himself to procuring associates, in which he at first seemed to be highly successful; yet, when the project came to be executed, many departed from their agreements, by which his schemes were much perplexed. It appears, however, from some dark accounts, without date or circumstances, that he made a voyage this year to Newfoundland; and that on his passage home he met with some Spanish vessels, from which he extricated himself with great difficulty.

June 11.

1580.

A fourth unsuccessful attempt was made this year, by the English Russia Company, to discover a north-east passage through the Straits of Wygatz. They sent out Pett and Jackman, with two barks—After many perils and difficulties from the sea, and intense cold, one of them returned, but the other was never heard of more.

Coaches are said to have been first introduced into England this year, from France, where they had been in use for some time before.

1582.

This year the style was altered by Pope Gregory, who ordered ten days to be cut off from the common reckoning. The year hitherto having been calculated at 365 days and six hours, occasioned an excess of eleven minutes annually, by which means one day was gained in about 132 years, consequently from the year 325, when the Council of Nice was held, to this year, ten whole days were gained. Augustus Cæsar first regulated the year by ordering leap-year to be but once in four years, and the month *Sextilis* to be called *Agust*, eight years before Christ. The Gregorian style was received by the French December 15th this year, but was not adopted by the English and their colonies in America until September 2d, 1752.

1583.

Captain Carlisle, son-in-law to Sir Francis Walsingham, Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth, endeavoured to raise a subscription for making a settlement in North-America, which does not appear to have ever been carried into effect. From a treatise which he published, he seems to have formed a very judicious estimate of the benefits that would accrue to England by making a settlement in North-America, "Such as the great consumption
" of our woollen manufactures; the taking off our idle and burdensome people; the great likelihood of rich mines, and still
" more of our raising naval stores in America, which we are now
" obliged at high prices to take of other nations. That this proposed settlement may also be greatly helpful to the fishery in
" those seas, and as there are grapes in plenty in America, and
" olives may be easily propagated there, both wine and oil may
" be had in abundance, as also furs and skins."

June 11.

Sir Humphry Gilbert sailed from Plymouth for America with two ships and three small vessels. 1st, The Delight of 120 tons, in which went the General, Sir Humphry Gilbert, and under him Captain William Winter. 2d, The bark Raleigh, a stout new ship of 200 tons, Vice-Admiral, built, manned and victualled at the expence of Sir Walter, then Mr. Raleigh, under the command of Captain Butler. 3d, The Golden Hind, of 40 tons, Rear-Admiral, commanded by Captain Edward Hayes, who was also her owner. 4th, The Swallow, of the like burden, Captain Maurice Brown. 5th, The Squirrel, of 10 tons only, under the command of Captain William Andrews.

On the 13th of June the Raleigh returned, the crew falling sick of a contagious distemper. On the 30th of the same month the rest of the fleet had sight of Newfoundland. They landed, and the General read his commission, which was submitted to by

Aug. 3.

all

all the English vessels upon the coast. He took possession of the harbour of St. John's in the name of the Queen of England, and granted, as her patentee, certain leases unto such as were willing to take them. At the same time a discovery was made of a silver mine, supposed to be very rich, by one Daniel, a Saxon, an able miner, brought by the General for that purpose.

1583.
Aug. 5.

Sir Humphry now inclined to put to sea again, in order to make the best use of his time in discovering as far as possible; and having sent home the Swallow, with such as were sick, or discouraged with the hardships they had already undergone, he left the harbour of St. John's, in $47^{\circ} 40'$ N. lat. himself in the small sloop called the Squirrel, because, being light, she was the fitter for entering all creeks and harbours; Captain Brown in the Delight, and Captain Hayes in the Golden Hind. They found themselves, on the 27th, in the latitude of 45° , and though the weather was fair, and in all appearance like to continue so, yet, on the 29th in the evening, a sudden storm arose, wherein the Delight was lost, twelve men only escaping in her boat. This accident happened on the shoals of *Sablon*, and was a fatal blow to Sir Humphry, not only with respect to the value of the ship, and the lives of the men, but also in regard to his future hopes, for in her he lost his Saxon miner, and with him the silver ore which had been dug in Newfoundland, and of which he was so confident as to tell some of his friends, that, upon the credit of that mine, he doubted not to borrow ten thousand pounds of the Queen for his next voyage.

20.

27.

29.

He went on board the Golden Hind, in order to have his foot dressed, which, by accident, he had hurt in treading on a nail. He remained on board that day, and those who were in that vessel did all that lay in their power to persuade him to make his voyage home in her, which he absolutely refused to do, affirming, that he never would desert his little crew, with whom he had escaped so many dangers. A generous but fatal resolution! for the vessel being too small to resist the swell of those tempestuous seas, about midnight, on the 6th of September, was swallowed up, and never seen more. In the evening, when they were in great danger, Sir Humphry was seen sitting in the stern of the bark, with a book in his hand, and was often heard to say with a loud voice, "*Courage! my lads, we are as near heaven at sea as at land.*" Thus he died like a christian hero, full of hope, as having the testimony of a good conscience. Mr. Edward Hayes, who accompanied Sir Humphry in this voyage, and who hath left an account of it, affirms, that he was principally determined to his fatal resolution of sailing in the Squirrel, by a malicious report that had been spread, of his being timorous at sea. If so, it appears that death was less dreadful to him than shame; but it is hard to believe that so wise a man could be wrought upon by so weak and insignificant a reason. The other vessel arrived in safety at Falmouth shortly after.

Sept. 6.

22.

This same year, according to Anderson, a ship of 250 tons, belonging to Southampton, sailed on a voyage to Brazil and Rio de

1583.

de la Plata; but was, in going thither, unfortunately lost on the coast of Guinea.

1584.

Mar. 25.

Notwithstanding the unfortunate loss of Sir Humphry Gilbert, his brother-in-law, then Mr. Walter Raleigh, did not lose sight of the advantages which these northern discoveries seemed to promise to his country. He digested into writing an account of the advantages which he supposed might attend a prosecution of such a design; and having laid his paper before the council, obtained the Queen's letters patent in favour of his project. It is remarkable that in this and some other patents of those times, there was no distinct place, longitude nor latitude fixed, an omission which afterwards was the cause of many disputes between the different English colonial governments in America, respecting their boundaries.

April 27.

Mr. Raleigh sends Captain Philip Amidas, and Captain Arthur Barlow, in two barks, from the Thames. After sailing the then customary rout by the way of the Canaries and the West-Indies, they fell in with the coast of Florida, that being the name which all this northern continent, from Cape-Florida, then bore. They followed the coast about 120 miles before they found any convenient harbour, the first they saw they entered, about seven leagues west of Roanoke, and landed on what they at first took for the main, but afterwards proved to be an island of 15 miles in length, and six in breadth, called *Wococon*, between Cape-Hatteras and Cape-Fear. On the third day after their landing they discovered the natives in a canoe, who traded with them in a friendly manner with fish. The next day the King's brother came, named *Granganameo*, the King was called *Winginna*, and the country *Wingandacoo*. A friendly intercourse took place between them.

July 2.

Captain Amidas, with seven more, ventured up the river *Occam*, as they called it, which must be Pamptico Sound. The next evening they came to the island of Roanoke, at the mouth of Albemarle Sound, on which they found a small town of about nine houses, in which *Granganameo* lived, but he was absent. His wife entertained them with great courtesy and kindness. After taking possession of the country in the name of Queen Elizabeth, they returned to England, where they arrived the middle of September, taking with them two of the natives, *Manteo* and *Wanchese*. The news of this discovery was so pleasing to the Queen, that she herself gave the country the name of *Virginia*, not Sir Walter Raleigh, as has been generally surmised.

1585.

April 9.

June 20.

Sir Richard Grenville sails from Plymouth with seven ships, and following the usual course by the Canaries, fell in with and captured two valuable Spanish prizes. He made the continent near Cape-Fear, and was in great danger of being lost upon it. He anchors at *Wococon*, and after spending some time, in which he made but few or no discoveries, leaves a colony of 108 persons, under the care of Mr. Ralph Lane, as Governor, and returns to England. On his passage he took another Spanish prize of 300 tons, richly laden, and arrived at Plymouth the 18th of September. This expedition was fitted out by Sir Walter Raleigh.

Sir

c.

07

08

id

09

14

15

id

16

17

id

19

id

20

21

24

bid

bid

k.

DS,

1
1

1
N

A

Je

1581
Ap
Jun

THE
NEW-YORK MAGAZINE;
O R,
LITERARY REPOSITORY:
FOR JULY, 1791.

NUMBER VII.—VOLUME II.

CONTAINING,

	Page.		Page.
Meteorological Observations for		Observations on Hyberdines'	
June, 1791, - - - - -	366	Sermon, - - - - -	407
Description of the Map, - - -	367	Anecdotes, - - - - -	408
Curfory Remarks, &c. - - -	368	A Visit to Jupiter's Tomb, - -	ibid
A concise History of the rise and		National Prejudices overcome,	
progress of the French Revolu-		or the History of Sir George	
tion, - - - - -	373	O—, - - - - -	409
Of the Honey-Dew, - - - - -	378	Anecdote of Sylla, - - - - -	414
Essay on a curious Meteorolo-			
gical Phenomenon, - - - - -	379	<i>The AMERICAN MUSE.</i>	
Letter by the late Dr. Franklin		ORIGINAL.	
on the same subject, - - - - -	381	A Salute to the Fourteenth An-	
Letter on Contentment, - - -	382	niversary of American Inde-	
Queen Alla's Lamentation, - -	383	pendence, - - - - -	415
Narrative of the Death of the		Eliza, or, Amiable Sorrow, -	ibid
Hon. F. N. - - - - -	385	Address to Miss ———'s Hand-	
On Infidelity and Atheism, - -	389	Screen, - - - - -	416
Account of a Phenomenon ob-		A Complaint, - - - - -	417
served upon the Island of Su-		Thanksgiving-Day; or, the	
matra, - - - - -	392	Sow's Lamentation, - - - - -	ibid
The Landlord, - - - - -	393	SELECTED.	
Curious Discovery, - - - - -	395	Verses written by M. Bruce, -	419
The right Constitution of a Com-		The dying Prostitute, - - - -	ibid
monwealth examined, - - - -	396	Songs, said to be written by	
Historic Scrap, - - - - -	399	Robert Burns, - - - - -	420
Juvenis.—No. XVI. - - - - -	400		
Letter concerning the new me-		Intelligence, - - - - -	421
thod of finding the Longitude, -	401	Appointments, - - - - -	424
The Miscellanist.—No. I. - - -	402	Marriages, - - - - -	ibid
On Refinement of Manners, - -	406	Deaths, - - - - -	ibid

To which is subjoined,

The AMERICAN CHRONOLOGY.

Ornamented with a Map of the Country from Newark to Powles-Hook.

NEW-YORK: PRINTED BY THOMAS AND JAMES SWORDS,
N^o. 27, WILLIAM-STREET.
M,DCC,XCI.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS for *June*, 1791.

Days.	Degrees of Heat by Farenheit's Ther.			Prevailing Winds.			Change & Full of Moon.	WEATHER, &c.
	8	2	8	8	2	8		
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.		
1	65	68	65	N. E.	N.	N.	New.	Rain, dull, dull.
2	66	72	67	S. E.	S.	S. E.		Clear, clear, clear.
3	68	73	67	S. E.	S. E.	S. E.		Clear, cloudy, clear.
4	67	70	67	S.	N. W.	W.		Dull, cloudy, cloudy.
5	65	73	71	N. W.	N. W.	S.		Clear, clear, clear.
6	65	71	67	N.	S.	S.		Do. do. do.
7	62	68	65	N.	S.	S.		Clear, cloudy, cloudy.
8	65	73	70	S. E.	S.	S.		Clear, clear, clear.
9	73	84	80	W.	S. W.	S. W.	First Q.	Do. do. do.
10	76	77	75	W.	N. W.	S. W.		Clear, cloudy, clear.
11	68	74	72	W.	N. W.	S.		Clear, clear, clear.
12	70	81	75	S. W.	S. W.	S.		Do. do. do.
13	75	86	78	S. W.	S. W.	S.		Do. do. do.
14	78	87	75	S. W.	S. W.	N.		Do. do. do.
15	70	74	70	N.	S.	S.		Do. do. do.
16	67	74	70	S.	S.	S.	Full.	Do. do. do.
17	73	86	75	S. W.	S. W.	S.		Clear, clear, dull.
18	73	78	73	N. W.	S.	S.		Cloudy, cloudy, clear.
19	70	72	65	N. E.	N. E.	N.		Dull, rain, rain.
20	60	66	65	N. W.	N. W.	S.		Clear, clear, clear.
21	63	69	66	N. E.	S.	S.		Do. do. do.
22	66	71	68	E.	S. E.	S.		Do. do. do.
23	70	75	72	S.	S.	S.	Last Q.	Clear, cloudy, clear.
24	75	82	74	S.	S.	S.		Cloudy, cloudy, clear.
25	76	84	77	S.	W.	W.		Cloudy, rain, clear.
26	74	80	74	S.	S. E.	S.		Clear, cloudy, rain.
27	70	74	69	S. W.	S. W.	N. W.		Rain, clear, clear.
28	66	76	68	S. W.	S. W.	W.		Clear, clear, clear.
29	67	75	72	S. W.	S. W.	S. W.		Clear, dull, cloudy.
30	71	78	70	S.	S.	N. W.		Cloudy, clear, dull.

T H E
 NEW-YORK MAGAZINE;
 O R,
 LITERARY REPOSITORY:
 FOR JULY, 1791.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MAP.

THE Map which accompanies this number of the Magazine, is a view of the country between Powles-Hook, in the county of Bergen, state of New-Jersey, and the town of Newark; surveyed by order of the commissioners for erecting bridges over the Hackensack and Passaic rivers.

The courses described in the map are the several routes proposed to lead to different stations at the rivers, at one of which it may be judged most advantageous to erect the bridges. The distance from Newark Court-house to Powles-Hook, by the several routes, is as follows:—

	Miles.	Chains.	Links.
No. 1. Camp's Dock Route,	9	13	76
2. Hedden's do. do.	7	65	86
3. Beef-Point do.	8	18	41
4. Present Road,	8	59	7
5. Do. do. shortened.	7	52	6

The length of causeway required over the meadows is as follows:—

	Miles.	Chains.	Links.
No. 1. Camp's Dock Route,	4	1	62
2. Hedden's do. do.	3	55	40
3. Beef-Point do.	3	5	42
4. Present Road,	2	26	75
5. Do. do. shortened,	2	44	77

The breadth and depth of the rivers are as follow:—

Hackensack River.

	Feet.	Inches.
1. At the place where the present ferry is established,		
Breadth,	144	8
Depth at the eastern shore,	8	8
Do. western do.	8	11
Greatest depth in the channel,	25	4
2. At a place more northerly, called Douw's-Ferry,		
Breadth,	84	6
Depth at the eastern shore,	19	10
Do. western do.	12	
Greatest depth in the channel,	35	8

Passaic

Passaiack River.

	Fect.	Inches.
1. At the place where the present ferry is established,		
Breadth,	676	
Depth at the eastern shore,	8	6
Do. western do.	9	6
Greatest depth in the channel,	17	
2. At a place more northerly, called Beef-Point,		
Breadth,	799	
Depth at the eastern shore,	11	
Do. western do.	4	5
Greatest depth in the channel,	13	4
3. At a place more northerly, called Hedden's-Dock,		
in the town of Newark,		
Breadth,	526	
Depth at the eastern shore,	4	5
Do. western do.	10	8
Greatest depth in the channel,	15	11

The commissioners have not yet determined upon the place where the bridges are to be erected. Some steps have been taken to obtain contracts for executing them; and the evident utility that will result to the community at large, leads us to hope that this laudable improvement may meet with every encouragement and success.

To the EDITORS of the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE,

GENTLEMEN,

When I began the following Reflections, they were never designed for publication, but only intended for my private amusement. A consideration that I have often times derived satisfaction and pleasure from a perusal of your Magazine, and a wish to promote the interest of a work that I conceive useful to the public, has induced me to send the following pages to you for the purpose of insertion.

I am, Gentlemen, with the greatest respect, yours, &c.

New-York, July, 1791.

T. W.

CURSORY REMARKS

On the late Pamphlets of the Right Hon. Mr. BURKE, and of Mr. PAINE; with Reflections on the Revolution in France, and also on the present State of Government in England.

"There is no prescription in favour of tyranny against liberty."

"To God, who is the principle of justice and of order, tyrants are an abomination. God has imprinted on the heart of man this sacred love of liberty. He wills not that slavery disfigure and debase his noblest work."

ABBE RAYNAL.

AMONG the many different periods that have taken place in the history of mankind, there are none, I conceive, that have been more replete with great events, there are none that more warmly demand

the attention of the patriot and of the historian, than the latter part of the eighteenth century.

During the last twenty years, we have seen two large, extensive, and mighty empires emancipated and delivered

livered from flavery and from bondage. We have feen Liberty triumphant, and Tyranny and Defpotifm in a great meafure driven from the civilized world. We have feen revolutions in the sentiments and opinions of mankind—changes in philofophy, and alterations in politics and in government.

But it is in America, and in France, that thefe alterations and changes are moft vifibly feen. There they appear in the ftrongeft colours, and are placed in the moft ftriking point of view. It is in America that we have feen millions of men combating with fuperior force, and eftablifhing, by the moft arduous, animated and fuccefsful conflict, the glorious rights of man. We have feen the generous contagion crofs the vaft Atlantic, and irrefiftibly fpread, and difseminate its influence through the extenfive dominions of France. And it is in that country that we now fee twenty-fix millions of men throwing off the chains and the shackles of a tyrannic and a defpotic dominion; and we now fee the representatives of their united wifdom eftablifhing a fyftem of government, to be founded upon the principles of equality of freedom and of liberty, upon the principles of a refined, an extended, and a liberal philofophy. Thefe are events which will be looked upon with wonder and with amazement by pofterity; they will meet with the approbation and the admiration of fucceeding ages.

The revolution and change in the politics and in the government of France, has been the dignified fubject of many able and eloquent writers; but there are none that have met with and excited the attention of the public in fo great a degree, as have the productions of the celebrated Burke, and thofe of the illuftrious and the patriotic Paine.

I have read the late pamphlet of Mr. Burke with the ftrictelt attention,

and I have perufed that of Mr. Paine with admiration and applaufe. In the following remarks, it is my intention to divelt myfelf of partiality and prejudice, and to purfue the ftrictelt rules of candour and moderation. I am fully fenfible of the magnitude and importance of the fubject, and that the prefent attempt is extremely arduous and difficult: and I am fearful, that in hazarding my sentiments I fhall be liable to the imputation of arrogance, of impudence, and of prefumption.

To begin with the pamphlet of Mr. Burke. The whole feries of this work upon the face of it appears to be an illiberal, an unprincipled, and an unjuftifiable fyftem of abufe upon the whole French nation, their National Affembly, and their army—upon the Revolution and the Conftitutional Societies, and upon the worthy, the liberal, and the much refpected Dr. Price. Throughout the whole pamphlet, we find that Mr. Burke has advanced every argument, that he has exhausted all his eloquence and all the force of his rhetoric, in endeavouring to prove the *jure divino* right of kings, and the conſequent rights and privileges of ariftocratical peers.

Happy would it have been for the reputation of Mr. Burke, nay, fortunate for the caufe which he fo fincerely intended to ferve, had his recent “Reflections on the Revolution in France, and on the Proceedings in certain Societies in London, relative to that event,” never been written or published; had they been configned to the deftructive power of the flames, or buried in the dark womb of eternal oblivion—Happy, I fay, for his character, for pofterity would have recognized him as the friend, the affeſter, and the protector of liberty—Fortunate for his caufe, for its fallacy would perhaps have never been expofed by the energetic and
the

the unanswerable writings of Mr. Paine.

I cannot help thinking that Mr. Burke has, in a great measure, helped and assisted the popular cause, by his late publication. That publication most certainly was the latent cause, and the instrument which called and aroused into action the celebrated, and the indefatigable author of *Common Sense*. Mr. Burke has courted and sought for public discussion. He has been weighed in the balance, and has been found too light.

When I reflect upon the changes and the vicissitude of human events, I can behold the above-mentioned transactions without an extraordinary degree of astonishment or wonder; because I can pretty competently trace the causes and the reasons from whence they sprang. But when I reflect upon the abilities, the talents, the learning, and the experience of Mr. Burke, and recollect what were his sentiments upon the revolution in America, my surprize and amazement is inconceivable, and I cannot help saying in the language of the Jewish monarch, "How are the mighty fallen!" I cannot help exploring the pinnacle of greatness from which he has so rapidly descended, and the heresies of which, like another Tertullian, he has been guilty and fallen into in his elder days; but these are all general. I will now proceed to particular observations.

Mr. Burke, without any manner of reason or just ground, and without making the least apology or excuse, begins with an unjustifiable and an ungenteel attack upon the Revolution and Constitutional Societies.

These are societies established in London, and are composed (if I am credibly informed) of some of the first personages in the British nation, whether they are regarded on account of their rank, their distinguished talents, or their love to their country.

Living as I do at the distance of three thousand miles from the place where these societies keep their meetings, and unfurnished with any information, in the smallest degree, of their proceedings, I would find myself totally unable to defend them from this attack of Mr. Burke, were such a measure proper or necessary. But I conceive that their proceedings and their transactions will be remembered with thanks and with gratitude by their country, when this illiberal and impolitic attack of Mr. Burke shall have long been forgotten.

From this attack Mr. Burke proceeds to take into his consideration, a sermon that was preached by Doctor Price, at the Old Jeury, on the 4th of November, 1789. This he calls "a very extraordinary miscellaneous sermon;" and upon this he has made a number of ill-natured strictures, and motley and undigested remarks. But the grand matter upon which Mr. Burke rests his exceptions in the present instance, are certain truths contained in that sermon, which were warmly advocated and asserted by Dr. Price, and which are pointedly contradicted and denied by Mr. Burke. These points in controversy, which he calls "a new and hitherto unheard-of bill of rights," are, that the people of England have a fundamental right,

1st. "To chuse their own governors."

2d. "To cashier them for misconduct."

3d. "To frame a government for themselves."

These assertions, strange and novel as they may appear to a person bred within the verge and confines of a court, and to the corrupt and mercenary flatterers and sycophants of arbitrary princes and despotic monarchs, contain in them nothing but what is strictly consonant and agreeable to truth, to justice, and to the inalienable

inalienable rights and liberties of mankind.

That men are born with certain inalienable and inherent rights; that by nature none can claim dominion or superiority over the other, but that all were created perfectly equal, are truths which appear to me as undeniable, clear and self-evident, as that both light and heat are afforded and produced by the rays of the sun, or sensation imparted by the susceptibility and sensibility of our nerves:—they are as clear to me as my very existence and being. Yet, by Mr. Burke they are treated with contempt, with derision, and with scorn.

Considering the above axioms as clearly and undeniably true, I will now proceed to vindicate and to assert the above-mentioned propositions of Dr. Price; and it is upon this principle of natural equality that I have founded all my ideas of government—it is one of the ruling principles in my political creed.

It will not be improper, I believe, in order to prove the truth and the justice of the above observations, to take into our consideration, for a moment, the nature and the origin of civil society, and of civil government, and also the reasons upon which they were instituted and founded.

Civil society was produced from that social temper and disposition which is natural to man, from a mutual and an evident consciousness of his weakness and debility when in a state of nature; and in order that the united strength and wisdom of a community might form a sufficient safeguard and security against those dangers which individually they were not able to sustain.

Civil government was instituted for regulating and preserving civil society, for managing and directing its concerns, and in order that the more simple and the weaker part of the community might be protected and

secured from the force, the violence, and the designs of those who are more crafty and more strong. Civil government is essentially necessary for the preservation and existence of civil society—they are nearly related, and mutually dependent upon each other.

Man, when entering into a state of society, expressly gives up and relinquishes a certain proportion of his natural rights; and he submits himself, and his actions, to certain restraints, in order that he may be secured in the enjoyment of his civil rights, or those which belong to him as a member of society. He in some measure divests himself of the power of doing wrong to others, that in return he may be secured in the enjoyment of his life, his liberty, and his property.

As government is intended solely for the benefit and the convenience of the whole community, it follows, that it must entirely depend upon their approbation and consent; and that its form, and its duration, must be left entirely to their choice and discretion. If they find that it no longer answers the end and the purposes of its institution, they may either change, or abolish, or alter it. What a whole nation thinks proper to do, no power under God has a right to hinder.

Having thus briefly pointed out and shewn the origin of civil society and of civil government; having premised that it is founded upon human weakness and necessity, and that it is intended for the protection, the convenience, and the support of every individual in a community, I trust that it will appear sufficiently plain and apparent, that not only the English nation, but also, that every other state or society has a just, an equitable and a natural right “to frame a government for themselves.”

The same principles that prove the right of a nation to form and establish

blish a government for themselves, must consequently at the same time prove, that they have a right to chuse any persons they may conceive proper for their rulers and magistrates, and to continue them in their posts just as long as they see fit and convenient. But if Mr. Burke, or any other of the numerous asserters and advocates of monarchy and hereditary succession, or the whole of their united wisdom, learning, reasoning and eloquence, can prove, that one man is born with just power and authority to rule over his fellows, or that kings are born with crowns on their heads, then I will acknowledge all their principles, and assent to all their doctrine.

That the British nation, and every other community, have a natural right to chuse their own governors and magistrates, is a proposition which I esteem clearly consonant to the strictest rules and principles of reason and of natural right, and it must appear plain to every disinterested person who has been pleased to bestow the least attention upon the subject.

Mr. Burke, when he wishes to prove the legality of the title of his present Majesty, King George III. and of the Hanoverian family to the crown and dominions of Great-Britain, most positively and dogmatically denies the only circumstance, the only fact which would authorize him to claim them, that is, the choice, the consent, and the approbation of the people. He regards the crown as a matter of inheritance, without taking for a moment into his consideration the law which directs the succession. And when Mr. Burke says that the King of Great-Britain "holds his crown in contempt of the choice of the Revolution Society, who have not a single vote for a King

amongst them, either individually or collectively;" and that "his Majesty's heirs and successors, each in his time and order, will come to the crown with the same CONTEMPT of their choice with which his Majesty has succeeded to that he wears," I make no doubt but that he would have wished to go still farther, and to say that they will succeed with the same contempt of the choice of the whole nation.

It is an established and fundamental point that all power, all authority, and all majesty resides, and is vested in the grand body of the people, and that it is by them expressly delegated to their magistrates and rulers.

If the majority of the people think fit, they may appoint Harry Duke of Lancaster, or John Earl of Abingdon, or even Edmund Burke himself, to the succession of the English crown—I say, in contempt of all the power and authority, and all the *jure divino* right possessed by George William Frederick Guelph, the Elector of Hanover, or which he has derived, or pretends to claim from all his progenitors.

Whenever kings are guilty of a breach or violation of the compact subsisting between themselves and the people; whenever they cease to execute justice in mercy, and when they no longer regard the oath which they so solemnly take and subscribe at their coronation, they forfeit all right and title to their crown, and are liable to be "cashiered" for their misconduct by the grand body of the community. To use legal phrases in imitation of Mr. Burke, I consider kings in the light of mere tenants at sufferance, removeable at the will and pleasure of the people.

(To be continued.)

A concise HISTORY of the Rise and Progress of the French Revolution.

From Kincaid's New Geographical Grammar.

[Continued from page 318, and concluded.]

THIS was followed by most violent tumults. A new regiment of troops happening to arrive at Versailles, were sumptuously entertained by the Gardes du Corps in the palace. The King and Queen themselves honoured them with their presence, by which the whole assembly were so elevated, that among other instances of their exultation, they tore the national cockades, the badge of patriotism, from their hats, trampled them under their feet, and supplied themselves with black ones. This produced such disturbances at Paris, that all the districts of the capital were summoned, and the Marquis de la Fayette was ordered to proceed immediately to Versailles at the head of a large body of troops, and bring the King under his guard to Paris. The Marquis hesitated at first, but was soon glad to comply, on hearing that a gibbet was prepared for himself, and another for the mayor, in case of his refusal. In consequence of this peremptory command, he set out at the head of 20,000 men, and attended by several of the magistrates of Paris. The flame of patriotism, however, had now extended itself even to females of the lowest class. Eight thousand fish-women had preceded the Marquis, and about two o'clock next morning had entered the palace with an intention to seize and kill the Queen. It was afterwards found that several of the French guards had mixed among them in women's dresses. On their arrival, they forced their way to her Majesty's apartment, who instantly ran to that of the King, with only her shift on. The mob, however, were fortunately repulsed by the guards, of whom a greater

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 7.

number than ordinary had been ordered to sleep in the anti-chambers adjoining to the Queen's apartment. On the arrival of the Parisian troops, a skirmish ensued betwixt them and the guards, in which several were killed on both sides, and among the rest several women who had mixed themselves with the patriotic soldiers. The regiment of Flanders, notwithstanding the affection they had pretended for the King, laid down their arms, and refused to fire. The body guard resisted as long as they were able, but at last were overpowered and put to flight; however, by the authority of the Marquis de la Fayette, the Parisians were prevented from entering the palace. In a little time the Marquis was introduced to the King, along with some of the magistrates of Paris, by whom the desire of the people was communicated to his Majesty that he should remove to the capital. As he knew that resistance would be vain, he complied with their desire, on assurance of protection; and, the royal equipages being ordered to be got ready, he set out with the Queen, the Dauphin, Monsieur the King's brother, and the King's aunts, attended by the Marquis de la Fayette, and about 5000 guards. The road was so crowded with people, that though 50,000 of the Parisian troops had been sent out to keep the way clear, it was six hours before they reached the Hotel de Ville, though the distance is only twelve miles. In this humiliating procession it is not to be supposed but their Majesties must have met with many insults, sufficiently disagreeable to people in their high station, abstracted from all considerations of personal safety. Indeed even of

D d d

this

this there seemed now to be very considerable danger. The Queen particularly was abused by the patriots of her own sex, who called loudly for her to be given up to them, that they might put out her eyes and cut off her ears. On their arrival at the Hotel de Ville, the King was harangued by M. de St. Mery, who assured his Majesty that he had only been conducted to Paris for his better security, and that he would find himself more happy among his loyal children there than he had been at Versailles; after which he was conducted to the palace of the Thuilleries, an old and ruinous place, which had not been inhabited since the time of Louis XIV. and where no preparations had been made for the reception of the royal family.

Thus was the finishing stroke given to the authority of the French monarch. He instantly caused it to be announced to the National Assembly, that he complied with their demands in the fullest extent. Since that time he has continued a kind of prisoner, inasmuch, that he has not the freedom of going any where; even to the shortest distance, for the purpose of amusement, without the attendance of some persons under the name of guards. Having once spoke of taking the diversion of the chace, he was instantly informed that 1000 of the Paris militia were ready to attend him; on which he declined the amusement. The Marquis de la Fayette, touched with the miserable situation to which his sovereign was reduced, made a proposal for recalling his own guards; but this excited such murmurs among the people at large, that it was thought proper to drop the scheme altogether. At first the royal pair were overwhelmed with addresses and congratulations, many of them of a very disagreeable kind. The Queen was constrained to give audience to a deputation of

females of the very lowest class, some of whom were among those who had attempted to murder her a few nights before. These, by one whom they had chosen for their president, demanded the liberty of all prisoners who were not malefactors, deserters not excepted. The Count de Luxembourg then demanded in the name of the Queen, the pardon of those princes of the blood royal who had been obliged to fly into foreign countries, viz. the Count d'Artois, the Princes of Conde, and Conti, which was agreed to. The fair president of this illustrious band is said to have appeared so pretty in the eyes of the King, that he did not suffer her to depart without a kiss.

The mob having thus presumed so far, soon ran into the greatest excesses; and, assuming the power of life and death, shewed a determination to proceed to execution in a summary way against every one who was obnoxious to them; but having put to death in this manner a baker, with some circumstances of barbarity, the Assembly instantly determined to put the capital under martial law. This was attended with so good an effect, that in a short time the disturbances ceased, and the Assembly were no more interrupted in their deliberations. Only a single attempt has been made to rescue the King, and this ended very unfortunately for the projector, the Marquis le Faveras. In consequence of the discovery, this nobleman, with his wife, who is also Princess of Anhalt Chambourg, were taken into custody. One of the witnesses against them was M. de St. Priest, secretary of state. He deposed, that, about the middle of August, he was accosted by an unknown gentleman, who afterwards owned himself to be the Marquis le Faveras. This stranger told him that he felt for the King and royal family, and was ready to sacrifice himself if he could preserve

preserve them from the disasters which threatened both them and the kingdom in general. The privileges of the clergy and nobility, he said, ought to be supported; and he had a force of 1200 men ready to act against the National Assembly, and the Marquis de la Fayette. The design is further said to have been that the Marquis, M. Bailli, and the mayor, should have been murdered in the first place; after which the King and Queen were to have been escorted to Lille in Flanders, by a band of 3000 volunteers. The guard at the barrier towns, it is said, had been gained over to this scheme, and a loan of three or four millions procured for putting it in execution. A committee of enquiry was set on foot, and it having appeared to them that the Marquis was really concerned in the affair, he was impeached, tried, and condemned by 21 judges against 19, to make the *Amende Honourable*, and then to be hanged; but as the new regulations required that four fifths of the judges should be unanimous before a prisoner could be condemned, the execution of the sentence was suspended: but on the 18th of February, 1790, he was again condemned to make the *Amende Honourable* before the gate of the cathedral of Notre Dame, from thence to be drawn in a cart to the Place de Greve, with his head and feet bare, a lighted flambeau of two pounds weight in his hand, and clothed in a linen frock covered with brimstone, having a label on his breast, with the words CONSPIRATOR AGAINST THE STATE, wrote upon it in large characters. And lastly, having confessed, on his knees, the crimes meditated against his country, and begged pardon of God, his country, his sovereign, and justice, he was to be hanged on a gallows erected for the purpose.—This severe sentence was put in execution next day, without the least mitigation.

Though the National Assembly of France have not yet thoroughly settled the new constitution on a firm basis, they have made several very excellent regulations, which promise to make that kingdom, from one of the most despotic in Europe, a greater seat of liberty than even Britain itself. No institution, however, does the Assembly more honour than the unlimited toleration in religious matters which has at length taken place in that once intolerant country; and, what is very remarkable, this important point was carried without a division. By this act of toleration, every person, of whatever profession, the Jewish only excepted, is entitled to bear offices in the state, whether civil or military; nor can any thing be accounted an unlawful impediment, except disobedience to some of the decrees of the National Assembly.—Thus it appears, that Catholics at last can shew unlimited toleration to Protestants, while the latter cannot bear with one another without the security of a *Test Act*; and while they are thus new-modelling the government, we cannot help observing that every method is used to extinguish the debts of the French nation, without overburdening the people with taxes; a consideration which seems to have been long forgotten in this country, as we can scarce remember a tax taken off after being once laid on; while the produce seems to be employed for the purposes of luxury and idleness to individuals, rather than to supply the exigencies of the state. Even the Jews at Bourdeaux, and some other places, have had their privileges confirmed to them, which are very considerable, viz. a liberty of partaking of the rights of citizens, of purchasing property, voting at elections, serving offices military and civil, and discharging the duties of them, even on the sabbath day. Another resolution is said to have been made, that there shall;

shall be no distinction of orders in France, in consequence of which the whole body of nobility must be annihilated at once. A third resolution determines, that it shall not be lawful for the officers of the police to imprison any person, by way of correction, for more than three days, without bringing him to a trial. A new division of the kingdom has taken place, according to the following plan: "Each district to be divided into cantons of about four square leagues each, with at least one Primary Assembly in each canton. If the number of citizens in a canton do not amount to 900, there is to be only one Assembly; but if they amount to that number, there are to be two Assemblies of 450 each. Each ordinary Assembly to consist, as nearly as possible, of 600, which shall be the mean number; the least to be 440. The number of deputies sent to the National Assembly by each district, to be in proportion to the population, taxes, and territory, jointly considered."

Among the patriotic exertions of the people, we must reckon the destruction of the Bastille to have been the most remarkable. The demolition of it began instantly after its reduction by the people in the month of June, 1789. It is much to be wished that a particular history and description of this celebrated engine of tyranny were made public. At present we can only inform our readers in general, that in it were found the most horrible machines, calculated for grinding to mummy those unhappy criminals whom the cruelty or jealousy of the monarch, or even his favourite mistress, had determined to destroy. An iron cage, about twelve tons in weight, was found with the skeleton of a man in it, who had probably lingered out a great part of his days in that horrid mansion. Among the prisoners re-

leased by its destruction were major White, a Scotsman, and the earl Mazarine, an Irish nobleman. The former appeared to have his intellectual faculties almost totally impaired by the long confinement and miseries he had endured; and, by being unaccustomed to converse with any human creature, he had forgot the use of speech. Earl Mazarine, after having left Paris, narrowly escaped being detained at Calais, but luckily escaped the danger, possibly owing this good fortune to his being taken for a madman. On his arrival at the British shore, he eagerly jumped out of the boat, fell down on the ground, and kissed it. It doth not appear that any remarkable particulars concerning the treatment of prisoners in the Bastille have transpired from the accounts of these two persons. This cursed building is now totally destroyed. The last stone of it was presented to the National Assembly in the beginning of the month of February, 1790, by these brave soldiers and citizens who had exposed their lives in storming the place. M. Maillard, who presented the gift of these patriots, made the following speech: "Gentlemen, we are poor, and can therefore only offer the *Poor Man's Mite*, but we accompany it with an offering which, we flatter ourselves, will prove acceptable to our country, and, we hope, glorious to ourselves. It is the *Last Stone of the Bastille*." The gift was received with the loudest applause.

The demolition of this place, where people, without any crime, except perhaps having given offence to a strumpet, might be suddenly imprisoned for life, or even destroyed in a short time, must give pleasure to every friend to humanity. Unluckily great numbers of the papers belonging to it were burnt by the mob; but such as have been preserved, abundantly shew the way in which the prisoners were

were sometimes treated. The following letter, from M. S—e, intendant of the police at Paris, to de Launay, the governor of the Bastile, killed by the mob, was much spoke of. “My dear de Launay, I send you F——, an atrocious offender. Keep him eight days, after which order matters;” i. e. let him be put to death. A memorandum was found in de Launay’s hand-writing, intimating, that, after the time specified, he had sent to S—e, to know under what name F—— should be interred.

The destruction of the Bastile has again called the attention of the public to a piece of history which engaged the pens of several authors of the last and beginning of the present centuries. In the year 1661, a short time after the death of the cardinal Mazarine, an unknown prisoner was sent to the island of St. Margaret in the Mediterranean, near Provence. This person always wore a black mask, supposed to be of iron, but on examination found to consist of black velvet and whalebone. It was fastened on by steel springs, and fixed with a padlock, in such a manner, that he could not put it off himself, though he could eat and drink without being greatly incommoded by it. He was treated with the greatest respect, inasmuch, that the governor of the castle where he was kept always waited on him bare-headed, and never sat down in his presence; but it was understood that any discovery of himself would be attended with immediate death. He was exceedingly well made, and had something engaging in the sound of his voice; and, according to the account of an old physician, who had seen the lower part of his face, in examining his tongue when sick, his complexion was very dark, and the skin of the rest of his body brownish. He never complained of his situation, or discovered

the least inclination for liberty. He amused himself with playing on the guitar, and orders were given to supply him with every thing he required; but his chief passion seemed to be for fine laces and linen. His rank and quality were undoubtedly very high, as appeared from the respect shewed him not only by the governor, but by the prime minister of France, who once paid him a visit during his confinement in the isle of St. Margaret, and never sat down in his presence. The prisoner himself, however, did not at any time drop the least hint by which it might be conjectured who he was; but it seems that had it been in his power to make a discovery of himself, which might have been accounted accidental, it would undoubtedly have been done. The room in which he was confined had but one window, which looked towards the sea. A barber one day perceived something white floating under the prisoner’s window, and taking it up, found it to be a very fine shirt carelessly folded up, which he had filled from one end to the other with writing. The unsuspecting barber carried it to the governor, but his officiousness cost him dear. He was found dead in his bed a few days after, murdered undoubtedly by the cruel instruments of oppression and despotism, by whom the prisoner had been so long confined. Another time the prisoner wrote some words with a fork upon a small silver dish, and threw it out of the window towards a fishing boat which had approached almost to the foot of the wall; but this being also carried to the governor, the fisherman was in danger of sharing the same fate with the barber, had not the governor been assured that he could not read. In 1698 he was removed from this place of confinement to the Bastile, where he remained till the time of his death, November 19th, 1703. After his death

death the head was separated from the body, cut into small pieces, and interred in different places. Orders were given to burn all his clothes, linen, matras, and coverlets. Even the panes of glass in the windows of his room were destroyed, the walls of it scraped and new plaistered, lest he should have wrote something on them which might tend to a discovery.

Such extraordinary secrecy could not but excite the curiosity of the public in a proportionable degree; but it would have been death to any of those concerned in it to divulge the least article. M. Chamillard was the last minister to whom the secret was known. When on his death-bed, his son-in-law, Marshal de Feuillade, conjured him to tell him who this prisoner was; but he replied, that it was a state secret, and he had sworn not to reveal it. While the prisoner remained in the Bastile, he found means to converse with another person confined in an adjacent apartment, through the funnels of the chimnies. The latter asked him why he concealed his name, and why he was shut up there; but he replied, that his confession would cost him his life, and occasion the destruction of all those to whom he might reveal the secret. Many conjectures have been formed concerning this extraordinary personage. Some have imagined that he was the Duke of Beaufort, a turbulent nobleman, who took an active part in the civil wars during the minority of Louis XIV. and was said to have been killed by the Turks at the siege of Candia. But this opini-

on is undoubtedly refuted by the profound respect on all occasions shewn to this prisoner by the greatest personages in the kingdom. Others imagine that he was the Count de Vermandois, a natural son of Louis XIV. The cause of his imprisonment is said to have been his giving the Dauphin a box in the ear; but this cannot be the case, if it be true that the man with the iron mask was first confined in 1661, and that the Count de Vermandois was only born in 1667. A third party suppose him to have been the Duke of Monmouth, who rebelled against James II. He was sentenced to be beheaded, and the sentence said to be put in execution, as we have related in the history of England. A report, however, went, that the Duke did not really suffer; but that one of his followers, who resembled him, had the courage to die in his stead. This opinion is still more untenable than the former; but it is now said to be fully manifest, from an original letter from the Princess of Modena to the Duke de Fronzac, that he was a twin-brother of Louis XIV. and born only four hours after him. Thus the unfortunate Prince, through the jealousy and bigotry of the times, was forever concealed from the eyes of the world all his life time, and lingered out an useless and melancholy life. This account seems to be the only probable one, as it explains at once the very great respect shewn to the prisoner, and likewise the circumstance, otherwise unaccountable, that, at the time of his confinement, no person of consequence disappeared in Europe.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

Messrs. SWORDS,

IF all the phænomena of nature were faithfully registered, besides the satisfaction resulting to the public from novel relations, natural history would receive important additions.

On the 18th day of the last month, I was surveying in the woods about a mile west from Hudson's river, and eighty miles north of the city of New-York. At noon, the sky being

ing perfectly clear, and the sun shining hot, I remarked that the whole forest glistened in a manner not less uncommon than beautiful.

I at first imagined it occasioned by either rain or dew, till, upon a moment's reflection, I found it could not be the former, as there was not a cloud to be seen, nor the latter, as it must long before have disappeared in a day so warm and serene. Some of the company declared they had observed similar appearances before, and called it *boney-dew*. Every green leaf on the trees, as well as those that were dry under our feet, were covered with a substance perfectly transparent, and in taste not inferior to dissolved sugar-candy. We could not refrain continually drawing the foliage between our lips to taste a syrup thus fresh from heaven.

The preceding night had been clear and still, and a small southern

breeze blew all the morning. It is probable that this modern manna would have been discernable by the taste in the morning, but it was not noticed till the heat of the meridian sun inspissated and gave it the appearance of an elegant varnish.

I have seen accounts of this phenomenon in the Connecticut newspapers, which determine its extension above an hundred miles—perhaps it has covered a considerable part of North-America. When it is considered that every leaf of every tree, and each blade of grass upon the thousand hills of an extensive country was perfectly candied over with the purest sugar, palpable to the touch, visible to the eye, and poignant upon the palate, the quantity must have been prodigious.

R.

June, 1791.

On the different Quantities of Rain which fall, at different Heights, over the same Spot of Ground. By THOMAS PERCIVAL, M. D. F. R. S. S. A.

IT is a reflection which may mortify pride and humble arrogance, but ought certainly to animate the spirit of patient attention, and console us under the disappointments of philosophical pursuits, that many of the most interesting laws of nature have remained undiscovered, till some happy coincidence of circumstances hath pointed them out to inquiry or observation. Thus the energy of fire must have been known and felt from the creation of the world; but the regularity of the expansile power on different bodies is a modern discovery of uncertain date. And the real nature of this subtle element, which pervades and actuates all matter, and is continually perceptible to our senses, is yet but imperfectly explored. The ancients were acquainted with the magnifying power of dense mediums; and Seneca has noticed, that

small letters appear larger and brighter when viewed through a glass globe filled with water. He has remarked also, that apples are more beautiful when swimming in such a vessel. But these observations, which must have been made by numberless spectators, in a long succession of years, were regarded as solitary facts; and it was not till the 13th century that spectacles were constructed, in consequence probably of the experiments made by the Arabian philosopher Alhazen, and our justly celebrated countryman Roger Bacon. Yet though magnifying glasses came then into general use, and must have been daily handled by artists and others, three hundred years elapsed before it occurred to any one to put them together, so as to form a telescope. The collection of watery vapours in the air, the figures of clouds, and the descent

descent of rain, could pass in no age unnoticed by mankind, and have long been the subjects of attentive investigation. Yet it is a very recent discovery, which we owe to the sagacity of a most ingenious physician and philosopher, that a manifest difference subsists in the quantity of rain which falls, at different heights, over the same spot of ground.

A comparison having been made between the rain which fell in two places, in London, about a mile distant, it was found that the quantity in one of them constantly exceeded that in the other, not only every month, but almost every time it rained. The apparatus used was very exact; and this unexpected variation did not appear to be owing to any mistake, but to be the regular effect of some cause hitherto unnoticed. The rain-gage, in one of these places, was fixed above all the neighbouring chimneys; the other was considerably below them: and there was reason to suspect, that the difference in the quantity of rain might be owing to the different situations of the vessels in which it was received. A funnel was therefore placed above the highest chimneys, and another upon the ground of the garden belonging to the same house; and the like diversity was found between the two thus near together, which had subsisted when they were fixed at correspondent heights in different parts of the town. Similar experiments were made on Westminster Abbey; and repeated at Bath, Liverpool, Middlewich, and other places, with nearly uniform results. The observations, therefore, however new and singular, are too well authenticated to admit of the least degree of doubt; and it is the office of philosophy to furnish an adequate and rational solution of them. Dr. Heberden conjectures, that the phenomenon depends on some unknown property of elec-

tricity. To me it appears probable, that the common laws, by which this power influences the ascent and suspension of vapours, are sufficient to explain their precipitation in rain, and the lately discovered mode of its descent. And in a memoir, written some time ago, I endeavoured to prove, that the electrical fluid is strongly attracted by water; and that by destroying the cohesion between its particles, and repelling them from each other, it becomes a powerful agent in evaporation, and in the formation of clouds. Thus, when two clouds, containing different portions of electric fire, come within the sphere of mutual attraction, they will rush together; and the electrical fluid being diffused thro' a larger space, the particles of water will unite, and forming themselves into drops, a shower will be produced: that as the rain descends thro' an atmosphere containing little electric fire, it will be continually communicating it; the drops will coalesce more and more together, by the progressive diminution of the power which counteracts their mutual attraction; and consequently in a given space, a much larger quantity will fall near to, than at a distance from the surface of the earth. And lastly, that to this effect the precipitation of the vapours contained in a dissolved or diffused state, in the lower regions of the atmosphere, will, in some degree, contribute; for it has been observed to be fair upon the top of the cathedral at York, at the time when there were small drizzling rains, with thick mists, in the streets below.

The memoir of which I have here given a brief view, was distributed among my literary correspondents, and procured me many curious and interesting observations on the subject. And I trust my friend Dr. Franklin will forgive the liberty I take in com-

communicating to the society the following letter, with which I was honoured by him on this occasion. The opinions and conjectures of so eminent a philosopher may almost be deemed common property; and on the point in question they are of peculiar value and authority.

Extract of a Letter from BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, L. L. D. &c. to Dr. PERCIVAL.

ON my return to London, I found your favour of the 16th of May (1771). I wish I could, as you desire, give you a better explanation of the phenomenon in question, since you seem not quite satisfied with your own; but I think we want more and a greater variety of experiments, in different circumstances, to enable us to form a thoroughly satisfactory hypothesis. Not that I make the least doubt of the facts already related, as I know both Lord Charles Cavendish and Dr. Heberden to be very accurate experimenters; but I wish to know the event of the trials proposed in your six queries; and also, whether in the same place where the lower vessel receives nearly twice the quantity of water that is received by the upper, a third vessel placed at half the height will receive a quantity proportionable? I will, however, endeavour to explain to you what occurred to me when I first heard the fact.

I suppose it will be generally allowed, on a little consideration of the subject, that scarce any drop of water was, when it began to fall from the clouds, of a magnitude equal to that it has acquired when it arrives at the earth: the same of the several pieces of hail; because they are often so large and weighty, that we cannot conceive a possibility of their being suspended in the air, and remaining at rest there, for any time, how small

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 7.

soever; nor do we conceive any means of forming them so large before they set out to fall. It seems then, that each beginning drop, and particle of hail, receives continual addition in its progress downwards. This may be several ways: by the union of numbers in their course; so that what was at first only a descending mist becomes a shower: or by each particle in its descent thro' air that contains a great quantity of dissolved water, striking against, attaching to itself, and carrying down with it, such particles of that dissolved water as happen to be in its way; or attracting to itself such as do not lie directly in its course, by its different state with regard either to common or electric fire; or by all these causes united.

In the first case, by the uniting of numbers, larger drops might be made; but the quantity falling in the same space would be the same at all heights, unless, as you mention, the whole should be contracted in falling, the lines described by all the drops converging; so that what set out to fall from a cloud of many thousand acres, should reach the earth in perhaps a third of that extent, of which I somewhat doubt. In the other cases we have two experiments.

1. A dry glass bottle, filled with very cold water, in a warm day, will presently collect from the seemingly dry air that surrounds it, a quantity of water that shall cover its surface and run down its sides; which perhaps is done by the power wherewith the cold water attracts the fluid common fire that had been united with the dissolved water in the air, and, drawing that fire through the glass into itself, leaves the water on the outside.

2. An electrified body being left in a room for some time, will be more covered with dust than other bodies in the same room not electrified;

E c c

which

which dust seems to be attracted by the circumambient air.

Now we know that the rain, even in our hottest days, comes from a very cold region. Its falling sometimes in the form of ice shows this clearly; and perhaps even the rain is snow or ice when it first moves downwards, though thawed in falling; and we know that the drops of rain are often electrified: but those causes of addition to each drop of water, or piece of hail, one would think could not

long continue to produce the same effect; since the air through which the drops fall must soon be stripped of its previously dissolved water, so as to be no longer capable of augmenting them. Indeed very heavy showers of either are never of long continuance; but moderate rains often continue so long as to puzzle this hypothesis: so that, upon the whole, I think, as I intimated before, that we are hardly ripe for making one.

[*New Ann. Reg.*

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

A Letter from DAVID S. BOGART, to a Friend in the Country, intended to show the Duty and Propriety of Contentment in every Condition of Life.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE taken up my pen to write an answer to your letter of the 10th of April, which I lately received. I have been for some time past very much indisposed for writing, or I should before now have performed this office. Sickness and fatigue have together contributed toward my present languor and inactivity. Should my letter therefore drag heavily along, you will be able to assign the cause. I assure you that writing is among the most laborious things with me when the moments of inspiration are not present.

I was happy to hear of your safe arrival at your new place of residence; but believe me, my dear friend, I sympathize in your difficulties and distresses. It is unnecessary, I am persuaded, to remind you of the duty and necessity of resignation to the dispensations of Divine Providence. They are indeed sometimes grievous, but generally the reason why they are so, is the wrong and opposite temper of our minds. Happiness, as to externals in this world, it appears to me, is greatly in our own power. We may be happy or miserable in almost any situation, according as our

New-York, 5th May, 1791.

minds are disposed. Why are we not always happy? This question may be easily and rightly answered in the following manner—Because blind mortals naturally wish to dispense every thing for themselves. They view things in their apparent existence. They desire events to take place upon conjecturing their probable circumstances. They form attachments, and see not the *sufficient* reason why they ought not to be adhered to. They connect the future situation of things with what they desire, and are unacquainted how widely different it will be in reality. From their ignorance of futurity, they may suppose their happiness to depend on the attainment of a certain object. Hence they are anxious in its pursuit: but they are prevented from attaining it, they rail against Providence, they lament their cruel destination. How stupidly absurd their conduct! Perhaps had they been permitted to have attained the desired object, their ruin would have been certain. Are we not convinced in the common experience of life, how frequently we desire things which afterward we are happy were not

not granted us? How foolish, how criminal is it then that we should place our happiness in the existence of any thing future, and that we should be discontented when events do not happen in the preposterous order which we have assigned them?

Futurity is impenetrably veiled from our limited view. Let us cease, therefore, any more to desire that certain events may take place. We cannot investigate nor ascertain their consequences. Is there not an infinitely wise and merciful God who rules and directs the universe? And has not that God the happiness of his creatures in view? Why then should we be concerned about, or refractory under his government? You are convinced that nothing can exist without his will. Discontentment, therefore, in any situation, is a degree of opposition to it. Could we always remember this, I imagine we should not presume so often to murmur and complain. Let us determine to be happy, and fully believe that though we may be unable to develope or to reconcile the ways of Providence; yet, that they are, that they must be right. But have we any cause for discontentment, when we reflect that we are depraved and sinful creatures—that we are ungrateful and rebellious—that we are dependent for every

blessing which we enjoy—that we have no merit which entitles us to the favours of Heaven—and that we have more and better than we deserve? Let us not, therefore, arrogate to ourselves what we have no right to expect. Let us reflect how far superior our situation is to that of many others in the world. Let us consider that if one person has larger possessions than another, he has with them more care and anxiety, and perhaps repines as much at his portion; that if one man has more knowledge than another, more is expected from him, his crimes are more aggravated. Let us recollect that even the poor often enjoy peace, and a tranquil mind, and that they are both less censured and less envied than the rich. Should our minds be exercised in this way, our quiet would increase and be secure: we would willingly and unreservedly commit all our concerns into his hands *quo seeth not as man seeth*, and be perfectly satisfied with all his distributions.

I can add no more to this letter. If what I have said serve the purpose of assisting you in your meditations on this subject, it will afford great pleasure to

Your sincere friend, and
Most humble servant.

D. S. B.

QUEEN ALLA'S LAMENTATION.

[*Translated from the Irish Poem on which Carolan, called by Handel the Irish Orpheus, founded his Fairy Queen. By Charles Wilson, Esquire.*]

HOW solemn is the hour of night! when all things listen to the voice of love!—Hail awful shades, all hail your placid gloom. But hark! it is the lark that calls upon the morn: The note awakes the ear of night; and see the young-eyed messenger of day, sings on the breast of Heaven, while the star-dropt waves of Allen seek the peopled shore. Sweet were your charms, ye moon-tinged waves,

ye hazel wilds, ye rocks and willows green; when gentle Binna smiled on you all, as on his lips love budded in a thousand forms; the song of Salla rested there, sweeter than the breath of roses.

Whither art thou fled from thy disconsolate Queen?—Listen ye rocks and willows to my song. O thou that art beautiful among the children of spring, return to my disconsolate Queen.

Queen.—The rocks hear my sorrows, and the trees attend to my sighs; but thou art absent and cannot hear. My eyes hang on thy return, and my sighs steal to meet thee. O thou, that art fairer than the visions of the morning, return, and light up joy once more in the soul of Alla. My ear drinks in the breezes; but thy accents are not there. O where shall I find thee, or whither bend my flight? The Queen of Farra detains thee; her charms have bewitched thy soul. She has lulled thee on her bosom, and the melody of water-falls prolongs thy dreams—the linnet sprinkles the air with notes, the breezes steal thy breath, and the roses thy complexion. I see, I see the blushes crimson thy cheek—I see, I see—Ah! cease to upbraid—thy Prince is true, no eye invites his constant soul; his Queen alone employs his thoughts; nor whisper this complaint, ye listening winds, that Alla should suspect her Binna's faith. O! from love and me, say, whither art thou fled? Has Sela's straggling host seized on my love? Yes, thou art seized; I see thee bound; I hear thee call; but ah! in vain, I cannot help; no pitying spirit there to lend its aid. I hear thy voice, yes, sure I do; the breezes tell me thou art there.

Oh! why on our return did I desert my Prince, to prepare the rosy wreath, the cooling beverage, and the shady bower—my dreams forewarned me of the sad event—the wreath too withered, and the morning's stars shone faintly on the violet pale, and joyless was the solitary bower. Perhaps now in the bower of death, new-cropp'd, you lie, the loveliest floweret there—the dart of Dana pierced thy bleeding breast—it did, thy ghost glided by me, on the pinions of a dream, like a flake of snow on the blast of winter. I felt thy kiss cool as the dews of April. I grasped the vision, and it melted into air. Ah!

why did I leave my Prince in the valley of Arva?

There the dart of Dana sought thy bosom—there the thicket hid the foe. Ah! why did I leave thee when danger was nigh?—I should have shared it with thee: my ardent breast should have interposed, and shielded from the foe. We should have fallen together, and the bards would sing our loves, and the virgins of Corra wave our garlands.—O thou, that wast swift among the roes of Barra, pleasant were thy streams, O Barra! There I first beheld my Prince. Assail my plaint, ye streams of Barra—on thy banks I first beheld my love.—Thy murmurs invited him to sleep, and thy willows watched over his slumbers.—His cheeks spoke the language of roses, and his countenance was the harbinger of love. His hair was spun from the blossoms of Edur—beautiful were thy flowing locks, like a flight of linnets. Thy forehead shone smooth as polished yew, and mild as the opening gleam of water: thy chin was like a rose bud, and thy lips like the fresh cut fallow root: thy limbs lay careless like the branches of the new fallen oak. Thy charms sunk deep in my heart, and my eyes floated in mist. I beheld thee like some fair form in a vision, and the music of thy voice melted my soul; for it was sweeter than the streams of Barra: and sweet are thy streams, O Barra! Oft let the flowerets shade thy blue-eyed margin—Oft let thy circling wave reflect the wand'ring moon; for on thy banks I first beheld my love.

But thou art gone, and the midnight shows me how you fell amidst the enemy, far from thy unhappy Queen.—Thy eye sought me as it sunk in death; but I was not there to close it. Had I been there thou hadst not died—my tears would have softened death—nor would his dismal shade have been spread over thee.

But

But thou art fallen far from the presence of thy Queen; thou didst not sink upon her faithful bosom—no weeping flowers expired upon thy breast, nor mint upon thy feet. The stranger's finger cloied thy eye; no friend was there to woo thy cheek to life—O thou, that wert beautiful among the flowers of Barra; thou, whose accents woo'd the linnet, now art pale, and sunk in death—thou sleepest among the sons of youth—No, thou wilt not speak to thy Princess—She bedews thy cheeks, but kisset not away her tear: thou dost not hear her sighs, nor dost thou press her hand—Thou art lovely in the arms of death; thou art pale as the fresh pour'd moon beam! No more thy smile lights up my soul. Ah! sure thy spirit is not fled! thy latest sigh would have reach'd me here—What trembling motion of the troubled air now wafts, on full spread pinions, sounds of woe?—How every flower droops low its head, nor cheerful linnet swells the morning note.—O thou that art beautiful among the vales, return to thy Princess; receive the gift wrought with thy much lov'd hair, thro' which thy snowy shoulders would appear like to the lily, shining through the dew-spun web of

fairy elves.—Still on thy lips I feel thy parting kiss, sweet as the drops of rose buds. O canst thou leave thy Queen in the valley of Arva? In sighs she wears the night away—the lute is sickly, the dying string no more shall charm the grove, nor soothe the heart of Alla.

Will not the spirit of Binna return? Will not love wing his flight to hover o'er his dying Alla? Will he not sigh to hear her moan? O thou that wert strait as the furrows of Edur and beautiful among the breezes of the morn, whose fingers were like the joints of Lorra's reeds, and eye brows soft as the down of willows.—No more I'll listen to the airy harp of Allen. Ah! whither art thou fled? The sickly primrose droops for thy return, nor can the sun-beam dry her tears.—On friendship's wings you flew to the vale of Corra, and didst return. On the wings of battle you rushed to Darra, and didst return. On pleasure's wings you sailed to Allen, and didst return—but now thou'rt gone, and wilt return no more!—O then farewell, ye banks of Bana! Once more adieu—but still flow mournful on, ye streams of Barra!—Oh! Barra's banks farewell!—

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

NARRATIVE of the DEATH of the Hon. FR——N——T.

(Continued from page 351, and concluded.)

AS soon as the letter was read and an answer sent, the night being far worn, we all took our leaves, wishing him good rest and a happier condition the next day: to which he replied, "Gentlemen, I thank you; but my happiness is at an end, and as for any rest to-night, all the ease I expect will be in wishing for the day as in the day time I wish for the night: thus I spend the little remainder of my miserable moments, in a

fearful expectation of my dissolution, and the account I must make upon it. But, gentlemen, a good night to you, and remember me to confirm you in the religion I have disowned, that you may stand more cautiously by my folly, and secure the happiness I have forfeited."

The next day came several of his friends out of the country, having had an account of his circumstances. One of them told him that he and several

several more of his relations came to town on purpose to see him, and were sorry to find him in so weak a condition as his appearance indicated, (for now he was nothing but skin and bone, the agonies he lay under doing the work of the quickest consumption). He answered, "I am obliged in common civility to thank you all: but who are my relations? Our Saviour said that such only as did the will of his heavenly father were his relations—I may properly say, that none but the atheist, the reprobate, and all such as do the work of the devil, are my relations. 'This little tie of flesh and blood will dissolve in a moment; but the relation I have to the damned is permanent. The same lot, the same place of torment, the same exercises of blasphemy, and the same eternity of horror, will be common to us all: so that similitude of torments, place and duration, will join us in a very strict union.'—His friends, who had only heard he was distracted, hearing him deliver himself in such terms, were amazed, and began to enquire of some of us what made him talk at such a rate. He hearing them whispering together, and imagining the cause, called them all to him, and said, "You imagine me melancholy or distracted—I wish I were either; but it is part of my judgment that I am not: no, my apprehension of persons and things is rather more quick and vigorous than it was when I was in perfect health; and it is my curse, because I am thereby more sensible of the condition I am fallen into. Would you be informed why I am become a skeleton in three or four days? Know then, I have despised my maker and denied my redeemer—I have joined myself to the atheist and prophane, and continued this course under many convictions, till my iniquity was ripe for vengeance, and the just judgments of God overtook me, when my secu-

rity was the greatest, and the checks of my conscience the least. Since I have denied that salvation which cometh by Christ Jesus, there is no other mediation or intercession for sinners: if there be, who is he that can redeem my soul from hell, or give a ransom for my life? No, no; if we sin wilfully after we have received a knowledge of the truth, there remains no more sacrifice for sin; but a fearful looking for judgment and fiery indignation, which shall consume the adversary. There remains no more sacrifice for sin!—that's the wound that pierces my soul. Christ Jesus was the only expiatory sacrifice God would accept—I not accepting I would say. Despising this, there now remains no other for me to accept of—no other to make an atonement and satisfaction for me. There is no other name under heaven given but the name of Jesus, whereby we may be saved; and it is this Jesus whom I have reproached, ridiculed, and abused in his members—nay, to whom I have induced others to do the same. Methinks your breasts are all open to me, and in the midst of your pity and surprise, you would bid me hope, believe, and supplicate the mercy I have abused.—That Jesus Christ came to save sinners, and to bring them to repentance; these I know are your thoughts. Alas! how fain would I hope and believe? Can a man in torments not desire to be freed from them? No, assure yourselves I would upon any terms: but the wrath of God obstructs the power of hoping and believing; and though I would, I can do neither. I know not what some divines mean, who say, he who desires to repent, in some measure does it. I experience the contrary—A fruitless wish that comes not to act, is no more than a conviction which shall lay such person under a greater damnation. You would have me sup-

supplicate that mercy I have abused. Alas ! I have no hopes but what depend upon abused mercy ! But why said I hopes ? I have no hopes ! My hopes are frustrated—my expectations are cut off—and what remains behind ? Why, I am bid to hope and believe. Oh, what mockery is this upon me, to find me in misery and bid me be happy, without affording me any power of being so ! Indeed, should Jesus Christ say so to me it would be comfort ; but for you to say so, is the same thing as if you should bid a malefactor shake off his chains and assume his liberty, or call upon the dead to rise out of their graves, and challenge their estates and honours again. How idle is it to bid the fire not burn, when fuel is administered—to command the seas to be smoothe and calm in the midst of storms ? Such is my case, and such is the comfort of my friends.—But I am spent, and can complain no more. Would to God the cause of my complainings would cease !—The cause of my complainings ! This again renews my griefs, and summons up the little strength I have left to complain again : like an extinguished flame, that re-collects at once all its elementary matter for one great blaze before it expires. 'Tis just so with me. But whither am I going ?"—As he said this he fainted away, and lay in a swoon for a considerable time ; but by the help of some spirits we brought him to himself again. As soon as he opened his eyes, he said, " O cruel unkind friends, to awaken me from a dream in which I had a cessation from my torture."—This he spoke with so lively a concern, that no one of his relations could refrain from tears.—" You weep (said he), but your very tears come too late. Was I like another person that goes out of the world, it would be one of my greatest troubles to see you weep, at least it would add much to my pains ; for he must

be unnatural and senseless that would not be troubled at the afflictions of others, especially his friends and relations. But the case is otherwise with me : my cup is full, and runs over already : the bitterness of my soul is as great as it possibly can be in this world, and my heart is full of horror and anguish. No grief can add to mine, being already so great that it is incapable of receiving more. Perhaps this may seem a paradox to you at first ; but what think you of time and eternity ? Can one add an hour to eternity, which comprehends and swallows up all time ? Can one add any thing to the wrath of God, which includes the fury of devils and men, this being derivative from and dependent on that ? And can any one add to my grief and torture, who am fallen into the hands of the living God ? No, no ; reserve your tears for your sins, and cast them not away upon one who is neither the better nor the worse for them."

You may easily imagine what an impression this would make upon the spirits of his friends : however, in the midst of their grief and amazement, they had the prudence to think of the reputation of their family, and to provide for as much secrecy as possible. They therefore conveyed him by night to other lodgings ; but he was grown so weak that he fainted away several times in the chair.—They got him into his chamber, and to bed as soon as possible. After a little rest he yet found strength to express himself thus :—" I am not concerned to enquire whither you have brought me, or your reasons for so doing. It had been something had you changed my state with my lodgings : but my torments are rather greater than before ; for I see that dismal hour just at hand when I must bid you all a sad farewell."—The physicians were now sent for again, but they still declared they could do nothing

nothing for him, and only ordered him some cordial jalap, which they said might perhaps strengthen nature to hold out three or four days longer. My business calling me away for a day or two, I returned again on Thursday morning pretty early.—When I came in, I enquired of his friends how he spent his time. They told me he had had little company, and his expressions were much shorter than usual; but that what he did speak, seemed to have more horror and despair in it than before. I went to his bed-side and asked him how he did. He replied, “Damned and lost for ever.” I told him the decrees of God were secret; perhaps he was punished in this life to fit him for a better. He answered, “They are not secret to me, but discovered, and my greatest torment. My punishment here is for an example to others, and an earnest to me of my own damnation. O that there was no God, or that this God could cease to be! for I am sure he will never have mercy upon me.”—“Alas! (said I) there is no contending with our Creator, and therefore forbear such words as may provoke him more.”—“True (replied he) there is no contending: I wish there was a possibility of getting above God—that would be a heaven to me!”—I entreated him not to give way to so blasphemous a thought, for——. Here he interrupted me—“Read we not in the Revelations of those that blasphemed God because of their pains? I am now of that number. O how I do envy the happiness of Cain and Judas!”—“But (replied I) you are yet alive, and do not feel the torments of those that are in hell.”—He answered, “This is either true or false—If it be true, how heavy will those torments be of which I do not yet feel the uttermost? But I know that it is false, and that I now endure more than the spirits of the damned; for I

have the very same torture upon my spirits as they have, besides those I endure in my body. I believe that at the day of judgment the torments of my mind and body will both together be more intense; but as I now am, no spirit in hell endures what I do. How gladly would I change my condition for hell! How earnestly would I entreat my angry judge to send me thither, were I not afraid he would out of vengeance deny me!” Here he closed his eyes a little, and began to talk very wildly, every now and then groaning and gnashing his teeth; but soon after opening his eyes, he grew sensible again, and felt his own pulse, saying, “How lazily my minutes go on! When will be the last breath, the last pulse that shall beat my spirit out of this decayed mansion into the desired regions of death and hell! O, I find it is just at hand. And what shall I say now? Am I not afraid again to die? Oh the forlorn hope of him that has not God to go to! nothing to fly to for peace and comfort!” Here his speech failed him—we all believed him to be dying, and went to prayer, which threw him into an agony in which, though he could not speak, he turned away his face, and made what noise he could to hinder himself from hearing. Perceiving this, we gave over. As soon as he could speak, which was not till after some time, he said, “Tygers and monsters, are ye also become devils to torment me, and give me a prospect of heaven to make my hell more intolerable?”—“Alas, Sir, (said I) it is our desire for your happiness that casts us down at the throne of grace. If God denies assistance, who else can give it? If he will not have mercy, whither must we go for it?”—He replied, “Aye, there is the wound! God is become mine enemy, and there is none so strong as to deliver me out of his hands. He consigns me over to eternal

nal vengeance, and there is none that is able to redeem me. Was there such another God as he who would patronise my cause, or was I above or independent on God, I could act or dispose of myself as I please: then would my horrors cease, and the expectations and designs of my formidable enemy be frustrated! But this

cannot be, for I——." Here his voice failed again, and he began to struggle and gasp for breath, which having recovered, with a groan so dreadful and loud as if it had been more than human, he cried out, "O the insufferable pangs of hell and damnation!" and expired!!—

Erratum in the narrative, page 347, second column, and tenth line from the top, for 'which is now past; to my curse,' read, 'which is now part of my curse.'

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

ON INFIDELITY and ATHEISM.

But if man loses all when life is lost,
He lives a coward, or a fool expires.
A daring infidel,
Of all earth's madmen, most deserves a chain.

Young.

THE object which every creature seeks after is self-preservation and happiness. This is one of the first principles implanted in his nature. This guides, directs and governs him through all the vicissitudes of life; and it is this principle which 'points out an hereafter, and intimates eternity to man;' but such is the depraved state of mankind, and such the perverse turn of those whose minds are so debauched with brutal pleasures, that they prefer the unsatisfying and fleeting enjoyments of time and sense, to the solid and lasting comforts and pleasures which religion affords to rational minds. Such exclude eternity altogether from their thoughts—they forget and deny their Creator. Religion is the properest object and fittest exercise for our reasoning powers, and it is this only which can and undoubtedly will make us happy both here and hereafter. This the atheist denies, but from what principle I know not: certain I am it is not from reason; for reason, the grand characteristic of our natures, is that power of thinking with which our Creator has endowed us, to qualify us for tracing the first cause of all things, and to learn the chief end for which we were made. By means of

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 7.

this heavenly prerogative we are wiser than the fowls of heaven, or the beasts which perish. It assists us in acquiring the knowledge of useful, moral, and divine truths. It enables us to behold and contemplate the glory, the majesty, and excellency of the great Supreme in all his works of nature, providence and grace. Reason was given us to direct our choice, which was left free, that we might deserve and be rewarded for doing well. Reason was given us to guard us against evil lusts and desires. Reason was given us to shew us our absolute dependence on the Creator, for every blessing we enjoy, and to fill our souls with gratitude, love and admiration for these bounties of our beneficent Creator. Reason was given us to complete and secure our happiness, by living according to the rules prescribed by our almighty Maker, in his most sacred word, the revelation of his most holy will. But alas! how is the gold changed, the fine gold become dim! To what wretched purposes has man employed this highest gift of God? By his own folly and perverseness, it is become the instrument of his misery and ruin, by being misemployed, and by substituting false reason in its room.

F f f

Reason,

Reason, instead of restraining his brutal lusts and appetites, has been made use of to encourage and quicken them;—instead of leading men to see their duty, it has been employed to draw them farther from it;—instead of discovering the boundless perfections of the Deity, man's dependence on him and the necessary connection between right and wrong, rewards and punishments, it has fatally been made use of to hide the Deity from the sight of man, and to erect man in a self-existent and independent being, to abolish all hopes or fears, rewards or punishments, and to make happiness center in what is truly the disgrace of human nature, life void of joy, and prelude of eternity in pain. As strange as all this may appear, it is notwithstanding true. The doctrine of rewards and punishments in another world, our modern infidels absolutely deny. But it will be in vain for those candidates for pleasure and sensuality, to endeavour to overturn this doctrine, or to persuade themselves it is a fiction, for it has God for its author; vain then are all the cavillings of men—he has said it, and left it upon record for our admonition. Because justice is not executed speedily, therefore their hearts are fully set in them to do evil—Because their punishments are delayed in this world, they flatter themselves with false hopes, and expect to feel nothing of it in the next; but this is highly presumptuous, for it is out of mercy to good men that the bad are not punished; for if we consider the necessary connection between them, and how their interests are united—if we consider that no signal calamity can befall the bad man, unless the good man must in some measure share in it, and become a partaker of it, it does not create much wonder to a contemplative mind, that their sins pass unpunished. But let not infidels build their hopes upon this sandy founda-

tion—their punishments here are only delayed, and will awfully burst upon their devoted heads in the world to come: and because the long suffering and patience of God delays deserved punishments, unhappy self-deluding mortals are ready to harden themselves in a belief, that there is no God—who flatter themselves with hopes, that as they live like brutes they shall die like brutes, and by ceasing to be, escape vengeance: but,

Heav'n starts at an annihilating God:
Annihilation is an after thought,
A monstrous wish! unborn till virtue dies.
And oh! what depths of horror lie inclos'd
For non-existence! No man ever wish'd
But first he wish'd the Deity destroy'd.
Young.

Fear, say they, first made God; but if there be no God, as they foolishly imagine, to reward or punish, from whence then does their fear proceed? Why are they so continually haunted with the apparition of a Deity? If it be not natural to the human mind, but proceeds purely from some defect of the understanding, why is it so universal that neither difference of age, temper, education, nor nation, is exempt from it? Why does terror seize the breast? and on the approach of death, why do the apprehensions of futurity plant thorns in the pillow, and daggers in the heart of the unhappy creature? The heathen nations, who are not blessed with the light of the gospel, are still impelled by the light of nature to worship their gods of stocks and stones—and it is the universal voice of nature, that there is a God:—on the contrary, we are not only blessed with the light of nature, but likewise with a divine revelation to lead us to a knowledge of the Supreme: but this revelation is treated by them with the same indifference and contempt with which they treat its divine author.—If men will not look so far into themselves as to see and feel their miserable condition—if they are so well contented with the pleasures they

they now enjoy or anticipate, that they look for no other,—or, if their immersion into sensual pleasures and gratifications prevents their entertaining those honourable notions of the Deity and of his services, which are contrary to their present pursuits and schemes of life, it is no wonder that they should not listen with attention to information which would break down all their schemes of happiness, and sour all their sensual pleasures, but which promises in exchange, an enjoyment for which, alas, they have no taste or desire. What pains and trouble do they not take to shut out from their minds the rays of divine light which the gospel gives, notwithstanding they are not sure of enjoying long the comforts they propose themselves from it even in this life? Perhaps some unfortunate event, not before thought of, some swift change in family, person, or estate, may destroy his animal spirits, bring down all their high imaginations, and give them up to the cruel torments of cool reflection. Then infidelity, their prop, will sink beneath them—fear return with redoubled force—everlasting destruction continually presented to their view, and not the least ray of comfort or hope will be found to enter their distracted hearts:—and the wretch, driven to despair which he has brought on himself, will curse the God who gave him being.—For the truth of these remarks, witness the awful example in the preceding narrative; witness the last and bitterest hour of this unhappy dying infidel—an hour of woe and despair, wherein the soul, convinced of its demerits, anticipates the pains of hell and suffers the very torments of the damned—in which it feels the worm that never dies beginning to sting, and lies expiring amidst the terrors of guilt and despair, without power either to think of God, or to forget him.

And is it not a lamentable truth, that notwithstanding the awful and dreadful manner in which the Almighty sometimes vindicates his cause on bold transgressors, yet that so many should persist in these sins, and fly in the face of their Almighty judge? Is it not astonishing that so many are still sinning away their day, and putting far from them the evil hour, eagerly pursuing and hastening their own ruin, till at length they are suddenly and unprepared overtaken by death, and, overwhelmed with confusion and dismay, fall into destruction!

And fall he must, who learns from death alone,
The dreadful secret, that he lives for ever.

But as amazing and unnatural as this conduct may appear, it is, alas, too prevalent in this our enlightened age. Infidelity and atheism appear evident in the conduct of many—some indeed are not ashamed to make a profession of it: but let such be warned by the example recorded in the narrative already alluded to, and no longer trifle with immortality and the salvation of their souls, and set at defiance the God in whose hands is their breath, and whose are all their ways; for the wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations which forget God. But happy, thrice happy are those who know their master's will, and doeth it; who are found faithful unto death, and shall certainly obtain a crown of life; who, when the bridegroom cometh, shall enter in with him to the marriage-supper of the lamb, and shall be forever with the Lord. Let all those who wish for happiness, and seek their own preservation, join in that wish of Balaam, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and my last end be like his."

HONORIOUS.

New-York, July 9, 1791.

ACCOUNT of a PHÆNOMENON observed upon the Island of SUMATRA.

[By William Marsden, Esq.]

DURING my residence on the island of Sumatra in the East Indies, I had occasion to observe a phenomenon, singular, I believe, in its kind, an account of which may not perhaps be uninteresting to the curious.

In the year 1775, the S. E. or dry monsoon set in about the middle of June, and continued with very little intermission till the month of March in the following year. So long and severe a drought had not been experienced then in the memory of the oldest men. The verdure of the ground was burnt up, the trees were stripped of their leaves, the springs of water failed, and the earth every where gaped in fissures. For some time a copious dew falling in the night supplied the deficiency of rain; but this did not last long: yet a thick fog, which rendered the neighbouring hills invisible for months together, and nearly obscured the sun, never ceased to hang over the land, and add a gloom to the prospect already but too melancholy. The Europeans on the coast suffered extremely by sickness; about the fourth part of the whole number being carried off by fevers and other bilious distempers, the depression of spirits which they laboured under, not a little contributing to hasten the fatal effects. The natives also died in great number.

In the month of November, 1775, the dry season having then exceeded its usual period, and the S. E. winds continuing with unremitting violence, the sea was observed to be covered to the distance of a mile, and in some places a league from shore, with *fish* floating on the surface.—Great quantities of them were at the same time driven on the beach, or left there by the tide, some quite alive, others dying, but the greatest part

quite dead. The fish thus found were not of one, but various species, both large and small, flat and round, the Cat-fish and Mullet being generally most prevalent. The numbers were prodigious, and overspread the shore to the extent of some degrees: of this I had ocular proof or certain information, and probably they extended a considerable way farther than I had an opportunity of making enquiry. The first appearance was sudden; but though the numbers diminished, they continued to be thrown up, in some parts of the coast, for at least a month, furnishing the inhabitants with food, which, though attended with no immediate ill consequence, probably contributed to the unhealthiness so severely felt. No alteration in the weather had been remarked for many days previous to their appearance.—The thermometer stood as usual at the time of year, at about 85°.

Various were the conjectures formed as to the cause of this extraordinary phenomenon, and almost as various and contradictory were the consequences deduced by the natives from an omen so portentous; some inferring the continuance, and others, with equal plausibility, a relief from the drought. With respect to the cause, I must confess myself much at a loss to account for it satisfactorily. If I might hazard a conjecture, and it is not offered as any thing more, I would suppose, that the sea requires the mixture of a due proportion of fresh water to temper its saline quality, and enable certain species of fish to subsist in it. Of this salubrious correction it was deprived for an unusual space of time, not only by the want of rain, but by the ceasing of many rivers to flow into it, whose sources were dried up. I rode across the mouths of several perfectly dry, which

which I had often before passed in boats. The fish no longer experiencing this refreshment, necessary as it would seem to their existence, sickened and perished as in a corrupted element.

If any thing similar to what I have

above described has been noticed in other parts of the world, I should be happy by a comparison of the attendant circumstances, to investigate, and ascertain the true causes of so extraordinary an effect.

The LANDLORD.—By Mr. PRATT.

A DRASTUS, a man of deep erudition, profound reading, and a philosophical turn of mind, chose principally to reside in the country, for the pleasure of uninterrupted contemplation. He had not only learning and probity, but philanthropy, and was equally celebrated in his neighbourhood for his generosity as his wisdom. It happened that one of his tenants, although he rented the smallest farm, and had a very large family depending on its cultivation, was by far the most cheerful and well-disposed. His cottage was dressed by the hand of neatness; frugality and simplicity attended upon his happy family. All situations, and all seasons, from the beginning of spring to the end of winter, were rendered delightful by the happy bias of a constitutional benignity, which enabled him to turn all events to advantage. In sorrow he was humiliated, in prosperity he was grateful. He had lived as a tenant when the father of Adrastus first took possession of that estate, of which it was a part; nor had he ever made a failure in the payment of his rent, nor at any time had a quarrel in the parish. His toil was sweetened by the pleasing thought of providing for his offspring; and his constant employment not only inspired health, but did not allow him leisure to indulge the whimsical wants of imagination; at the same time that it protected him from all improper, impertinent, or vicious passions.—He had, in his time, put many alienated hands together; reconciled many pet-

ty peevish differences; settled many family breaches; suggested, while he was church-warden, many a little scheme for the benefit of the poor; and never felt one emotion of envy at surveying the possessions of the rich. These unassuming, though solid virtues, gained him such a reputation in the country wherein he resided, that he obtained, as it were proverbially, the appellation of the *Contented Cottager*; he was, in truth, like Goldsmith's Priest,

Passing rich with forty pounds a-year.

An account of him was transmitted to Adrastus, who went to pay him a visit, in order to see how true report had characterized him; for tho' Adrastus lived and did much good in the country, yet his abstracted philosophical and sedentary situation made him *personally* but little acquainted with even his own tenants, who were generally turned over to the steward for the conversation and business of quarter-day. A man of the Contented Cottager's disposition was, however, too important an object not to excite the curiosity of a philosopher; and accordingly he set apart an evening for this entertainment. Adrastus arrived at the farm about half an hour after sun-set; when

twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad.

The farmer, whose name (if you please, reader) shall be Matthew Mendland, was sitting at the door of his little cottage, smoking his pipe, and surrounded by his children—His wife was leaning over the fire, preparing

preparing a decent and wholesome supper. The tenant knew his landlord personally; and rose as to a superior, offering him the best seat in his homely cottage. "Here your honour finds me (said the farmer) in a small but happy place. I have liv'd upon your ground these many days; and if you think good to renew my lease, which expires at Michaelmas, I shall most likely end my life in your service. If your honour likes me, I like you; your dues are always ready to the hour; and I have no more reason to complain of my landlord than I trust he has of his tenant. And so —" Adrastus interrupted him by desiring to see the lease, and to have a pen and ink for the purpose of renewing it upon the spot. "As to pen and ink, Sir, (replied the farmer) I have no use for them; and so I never keep any by me: I never write, and I cannot read; and so such things are of no service; but if your honour wants to write, I can send to the shop for paper and ink, and one of my boys can go to the green to pick up a quill; or if your honour is in a hurry, Tom shall borrow a feather from the old gander, who is, I see, just waddling to his bed." "It don't signify at present, farmer (said Adrastus); I'll sign it at another time. — But I actually thought you was a scholar; that you gathered your notions of oeconomy, industry, and paternal propriety from historic examples, or traditionary annals."—"No, really, Sir, not I (said the farmer); I am a very illiterate man, and no scholar at all. My father could not afford to give me an education, and I have had neither time nor opportunity since. Nature and my eyes have been my only instructors; and if I have been able to live reputably to the age of threescore, and even to rear up my children soberly, cleanly and virtuously, I owe it merely to them. Indeed, to say the truth, my business

as a farmer threw in my way a thousand instructive objects. My yard is stocked with improvement. At the end of that small slip of a garden, I have a bit of a bee-hive, filled with little industrious animals, who tell me what a shame it would be to lead the life of a drone. My maxim upon this is, Sir, that he who don't make some honey, ought to eat none; and so this made me indefatigable to earn my meal before I sat down to it. — Nay, in this part of my duty, I was farther instructed by the little creatures who inhabit the mole-hill: I have rested upon my spade, Sir, on purpose to look at their labours; and then I have gone to work again, lest they should have the sense to chide me for minding other people's business more than my own. — I have an old house-dog, your honour — Here — Honesty! — Honesty! — Where are you Honesty? — There, Sir, that aged animal has kept my clothes by day and my cottage by night, till he has not got a tooth in his head; and he does for me what I would do for one Thomas Trufty, whom I have loved since I was a brat no higher than my hand: he once did me a piece of service when it was most wanted, and while I have breath I shall never forget it. He, Sir, who has no gratitude has no nature; and an unnatural man is better dead than alive, you know; because, when a person does no good to his neighbour, he has no farther business here. We are all born to do something; and he who does a kindness deserves to be well remembered. To this dear old dame I have been lawfully married forty-six years, and I can't think what great folks are about: I find a pleasure in my constancy, that I am sure I could not receive from its reverse; and the smiles of a good woman are a rich reward. With regard to the love I bear to these little ones, I am taught the duty, which as a father I owe to them,

them, by every living thing around me: the wren that builds her nests under my hovel, the very hog that litters in my sight, and the mare that foals in my pastures, teach me to be affectionate to their persons, and anxious for their preservation."—Here the good man paused, and directed his eldest daughter to draw some of his best harvest-home beer —

Adrastus was astonished at his simplicity of manner, and at the soundness of his sense, as well as the propriety of his remarks—"Farmer (said he), you have distressed me as well as delighted me. I came prepared to offer you assistance, and you have left me nothing to bestow. I have nothing that *you* have not, but a greater proportion of money; and you are so truly happy as you are, that any addition would perhaps disconcert the œconomy of your plan. You are a happy farmer and a natural philosopher, without the use either of large systematic folios, or the *toil* of a sedentary life. Give me, however, the lease, that I may put it in my pocket; I will tear the lease, and——" 'How, your honour! (said the poor alarmed farmer) *Tear* my lease instead of *renewing* it! Has then my freedom or my happiness offended you?' 'Yes, Mr.

Mendland (replied Adrastus), I will tear the lease, because you have no farther use for it.—The little spot of ground you have so long enriched by your care, shall henceforth be a patrimony to your inheritance; you are the proprietor of it from this day: call on me to-morrow morning, and the writings of surrender shall be made out for you: for the time to come, I must be considered not as your landlord but as your friend. Let me often see you at my table and in my garden; in short, as frequently as the business of your family will permit. Let me get that wisdom and understanding, which surpasseth mere mechanical science, in the society of the Contented Cottager.'—

The farmer would have dropt upon his knees, but Adrastus prevented him, saying, 'Rise, Mr. Mendland; the obligation is on my side: I have been obliged, in exchange for a few acres for which I have no occasion: you have given me a set of maxims and sentiments that are the purified thrice-refined gold of Ophir, and shall never depart from me.' From this moment Adrastus and the farmer were intimate companions.—Ye landlords and tenants! 'go ye, and do so likewise!'

CURIOUS DISCOVERY.

ABOUT the 10th of March last (1791), as some labourers were digging to lay the foundations of three new houses, behind the Charity-school, Margate, (England) about two feet below the surface they found the remains of several bodies, which were interred in graves hewn out of the solid chalk; and which, in contradiction to the modern method, were in a north and south direction, and are an objection to the general received opinion, that men

were formerly of a larger stature than they are now, as neither of these graves were more than six feet long; and from a medal found in one of the graves, it is supposed they have lain there upwards of 1500 years. It has on it an Emperor's head, crowned with a radial crown; and from the legend, tho' every letter is not distinguishable, there remains no doubt of its being one of Pupienus's, who reigned in the year 237. On the reverse is the whole length of the figure

gure of a man, bearing a lance in his right hand, in a running attitude; a very bold relieve: the inscription is not legible. The bones, when found, were very entire; but on being exposed to the air, soon crumbled into dust; and though they were probably the remains of some noble Romans,

or more hardy Danes, yet might we say unto them, with Pope,

'How lov'd, how valu'd once, awaits thee not,

'To whom related, or by whom beget:

'A heap of dust, alone, remains of thee;

'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.'

The right CONSTITUTION of a COMMONWEALTH examined.—Extracted from Dr. ADAMS's (Vice-President of the United States) Defence of the Constitutions of Government of the United States of America.

[Continued from page 343.]

Fourteenth } THE fourteenth
Arg. } and last reason is, "because in this form all powers "are accountable for misdemeanors "in government, in regard of the "nimble returns and periods of the "people's election; by which means "he that ere while was a governor, "being reduced to the condition of a "subject, lies open to the force of "the laws, and may with ease be "brought to punishment for his offence."

In a free government, whose legislature consists of three independent branches, one of which has the whole executive, this is true. Every member of the two houses is as amenable to the laws as his poorest fellow-citizen: the king can do nothing but by ministers, who are accountable for every act they do or advise; and this responsibility is efficacious to protect the laws from being trampled on by any person or persons, however exalted in office, reputation, or popularity. But in our author's "Right Constitution" no member can be responsible to any but his constituents; and by means of the influence of the executive power and the offices it bestows, by means of perversions of the judicial power, and even of the public treasure, which his party will assist him in applying to his purpose, he will be able to procure a pardon among his constituents in a single city

or borough, and a re-election; nay, he will be able to procure applause and rewards for that very criminal conduct which deserved punishment. There is no form of government, not even an absolute monarchy, where a minister will find it so easy to elude enquiry;—recollect the instance in Poland.

"He that was once a governor, "will generally continue always a "governor, because he will apply all "the executive and judicial authority, and even the public money, as "well as his personal and family influence, to increase that party in "the legislature," i. e. the single assembly, upon whose support he depends.—By a governor here is no doubt intended a person appointed by the assembly to manage the executive power. Such a governor will generally be continued; but if he is not, he will be succeeded by another of the same party, who will screen and support him, while he again takes his station in the house, and supports or rules his successor. But if opposition prevails in the house and nation, and the minority becomes the majority, they will be so weak as not to dare to look back and punish; and if they do, this will again render them unpopular, and restore the reins to their antagonist: in this way, after a few vibrations of the pendulum, they must have recourse to arms to decide the

the contest. These consequences are so obvious and indisputable, that it is amazing to read the triumphant assertions which follow. "Such a course as this cuts the very throat of tyranny, and doth not only root it up when at full growth, but crusheth the cocatrice in the egg, destroyeth in the seed, in the principle, and in the very possibilities of its being, for ever after."—"The safety of the people is," indeed, "the sovereign and supreme law!" and if "laws are dispensed by uncontroulable, unaccountable persons in power, they will never be interpreted but in their own sense, nor executed but after their own wills and pleasures." But it is unaccountable that our author did not see that it is precisely in his Right Constitution of a Commonwealth that we are to expect such uncontroulable and unaccountable persons, at least as certainly as in a simple monarchy or aristocracy.—The only "establishment" then, in which we may depend upon the responsibility of men in power, and upon their being actually called to account, and punished when they deserve it, is the tripartite balance, the political trinity in unity, trinity of legislative, and unity of executive power, which in politics is no mystery. This alone is "the impregnable bulwark of the people's safety, because without it no certain benefit can be obtained by the ordinary laws." This alone is "the bank against inundations of arbitrary power and tyranny."

Our author asserts very truly, "that all standing powers" (meaning unlimited, unbalanced standing powers, as hereditary simple monarchies and aristocracies) "have, and ever do assume unto themselves an arbitrary exercise of their own dictates at pleasure, and make it their only interest to settle themselves in an unaccountable state of dominion; so

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 7.

"that, though they commit all the injustice in the world, their custom hath been still to persuade men, partly by strong pretence of argument, and partly by force, that they may do what they list; and that they are not bound to give an account of their actions to any but to God himself."—This is perfectly true, and very important. But our author did not consider, that the leading men in a single popular assembly will make it their interest to settle themselves in a state of dominion; that they will persuade men, by strong pretence of argument, by force, by the temptations of offices, civil, military, fiscal, and ecclesiastical, and by the allurements and terrors of judgments in the executive courts of justice, to connive at them while they do what they list, and to believe them God's vicegerents. Our author forgets, that he who makes bishops and judges, may have what gospel and law he pleases; and he who makes admirals and generals, may command their fleets and armies. He forgets that one overgrown Sagamore in the house, with his circle of subordinate chieftains, each with his clan at his heels, will make bishops, judges, admirals, generals, governors of provinces, &c. in as great number, and with as much facility, as an absolute monarch. This inadvertence in our author is the more remarkable for what follows. "This doctrine of tyranny hath taken the deeper root in men's minds, because the greatest part (i. e. the greatest part of mankind) was ever inclined to adore the golden idol of tyranny in every form; by which means the rabble of mankind being prejudicated in this particular, and having placed their corrupt humour or interest in base fawning, and the favour of the present great ones, therefore, if any resolute spirit happen to broach and maintain true principles

G g g

"principles of freedom, or do at any time arise to so much courage as to perform a noble act of justice, in calling tyrants to an account, presently he draws all the enmity and fury of the world about him." It is really astonishing that any man could write these words, and not see that they totally overthrow the whole system of government that he calls the Right Constitution of a Commonwealth. "The greatest part of men was ever inclined to adore the golden idol;" yet his Constitution places the golden idol in the midst of the people, without any check or restraint, that they may fall down and worship as soon as they will. He places all power in the hands of that very "rabble of mankind," who have "prejudicated in favour of tyranny:" he places "great ones" in the midst of these, who "have placed their corrupt humour and interest in base fawning, and the favour of those present great ones." Human nature is not honoured by this account of it, nor has it justice done it.—Without supposing the majority so bad, if we suppose one third or one quarter of this character, and another third or quarter indifferent, neutral, luke-warm, or even enough in love with private life and their own industry to stay at home at elections, this is enough to demonstrate the tyranny and ruin to which such a simple democracy would rush. But our author's device for extricating himself out of this difficulty, is more curious still. Although the greatest part of men always incline to worship the golden calf Tyranny, yet "in commonwealths it is, and ought to be otherwise. The Greeks and Romans were wont to heap all the honours they could invent, by public rewards, consecration of statues, and crowns of laurel, upon such worthy patriots as had the courage to call tyrants to account." Here

he can only mean the stories of Harmodius and Aristogiton, Brutus and Cassius; so that all the security which freedom is to have is, that as soon as a great one arises in his assembly, and the majority begin to fawn, some Harmodius or Cassius will arise to assassinate him. But we know that the murder of Hipparchus only inflamed Hippias, and that of Cæsar entailed the empire in his family, and the murder of Alexander by Lorenzo completed the despotism of the Medici. The ill effects of liberty, in those instances, ought to be a warning against such attempts in future, rather than precedents on which to build all the hopes of the cause of liberty. The right of a nation to kill a tyrant, in cases of necessity, can no more be doubted, than that to hang a robber, or kill a flea: but killing one tyrant only makes way for a worse, unless the people have sense, spirit, and honesty enough to establish and support a constitution guarded at all points against tyranny; against the tyranny of the one, the few, and the many. Let it be the study, therefore, of law-givers and philosophers, to enlighten the people's understandings, and improve their morals, by good and general education; to enable them to comprehend the scheme of government, and to know upon what points their liberties depend; to dissipate those vulgar prejudices and popular superstitions that oppose themselves to good government; and to teach them that obedience to the laws is as indispensable in them as in lords and kings.

Our author contends, "that the honours decreed to tyrannicides by the Greeks and Romans, were bestowed out of a noble sense of commonwealth interest; knowing that the life of liberty consists in a strict hand and zeal against tyrants and tyranny:" but he should have recollected, that in Rome these honours were

were decreed to senators, for supporting the standing authority of an hereditary senate against single men who aspired to popular favour, but never in any instance in support of such a government as he contends for. In Greece too, there is no instance of any honours decreed for destroying tyrants, in defence of any such government. The government of Athens was as different as possible from that of a single assembly of successive representatives of the people. It is agreed, that "persons in power cannot be kept from all occasions of tyranny better than by leaving them liable to account;" but it is denied that persons in power can ever be brought to account, unless by assassination (which is no account at all) in a government by a single sovereign assembly: and it is asserted, that this "happiness was never seen yet under the sun, by any law or custom established, save only in those states where all men are brought to taste of subjection as well as rule," ἀρχὴν καὶ ἀρχοῦσθαι, by a government of three branches, reciprocally dependent on each other.

"In Switzerland the people are free indeed, because all officers and governors in the cantons are questionable by the people in their successive assemblies." What does he mean? in the aristocratical assem-

blies? The people have no assemblies, and officers are called to account only in standing councils. In the democratical cantons there is nothing to account for but milk and cheese. But why should England be forgotten, where all officers are questionable, and often have been questioned, by the people in their successive assemblies; and where the judicature in parliament is digested with infinitely more prudence than in any canton in Switzerland, or any other republic in the world?

It is agreed, that "freedom is to be preserved no other way in a commonwealth, but by keeping officers and governors in an accountable state;" but it is insisted, that all "standing powers" in the English constitution, as the lords and ministers, who conduct the prerogative of the crown, may at any time be called to account without the least difficulty, or involving the nation "in blood and misery." But it is denied that powerful men, in our author's "Right Constitution," can be called to account, without the utmost difficulty and danger of involving the nation in blood and misery; and therefore it is concluded, that the English constitution is infinitely preferable to any succession of the single supreme assemblies of the representatives of the people.

[Having proceeded thus far in this work, and completed all the Arguments, the Editors, by desire of a number of very respectable patrons, propose to defer the further continuation of it until a future period. It would have given them pleasure to have completed it without interruption; but the many complaints made to them of its engrossing too great a proportion of their publication, and repeated requests for its suspension, have induced them to lay it aside for a time—in full assurance, that those who are pleased with its appearance in the New-York Magazine, will not take offence at this attention to persons whom they conceive it their duty to oblige.]

HISTORIC SCRAP.

THE first Printing-Press erected in America, was at Cambridge, in the year 1638. The first work printed was the Freeman's Oath—the

next an Almanack, made for New-England, by Mr. Pierce, a mariner, and then the Psalms newly turned into metre.

For

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

JUVENIS.—No. XVI.

Omnia homines, qui de rebus dubiis consultant, ab odio, amicitia, ira atque misericordia vacuos esse decet.

SALLUST.

WRITERS and speakers, all denominations of men whatever, profess, in their enquiries, to be searching after truth. Especially in doubtful things, and on subjects which admit of controversy, prefatory policy never omits to declare, that truth undisguised is the sole object of pursuit. However ingenuous and disinterested this may appear in the public eye, enquiries after truth are seldom conducted in a fair and unbiassed manner. In conversation and in writing, the passions are too apt to influence the parties. In case of differing with a friend, the probability of a candid and true decision lies much against us. In opposition between persons who harbour mutual animosity, or when opposition is connected with insolence on either side, there can be no rational discussion. Hatred creates contempt; anger, obstinacy. Friendship creates partiality; and pity, indulgence. To the operation of these passions, it may be ascribed that men frequently differ more in sentiment, after having endeavoured to accede to a point of coincidence, and that so much error finds a refuge in the world.

It is difficult, it is an exertion of benevolence to be faithful with a friend. We are often partial to his opinions; or if we perceive his mistakes, we commiserate his imperfections, and by being too indulgent, leave him in his errors. The passions are fallacious mediums, thro' which error insinuates itself into the understanding. The understanding is the eye of the mind. The passions are like cataracts which hinder the sight. Those which I have enumerated, may be called the cardinal obstacles in the

search after truth. To deliberate wisely on a subject concerning which various opinions are entertained, it is necessary first to consider the end which we have in view. This ought to be truth, divested of every appendage received from the passions. In the next place, it is indispensable that we should disengage ourselves from the shackles of prejudice and prepossession, arising from the love of our own sentiments, or of the sentiments of our friends, on the subject of discussion. The mind should be cleared of every impediment, and act independently on interest, pleasure, or attachment. The decision will be tinged in proportion as these predominate. Free from inclining to any opinion, until we have fairly examined the subject in every possible view, we may then, from the greatest combination of motives, with safety fix our belief. This, however, is a process which seldom obtains. Petulance, rashness, self-interest, partiality, previous attachment, anger, and hatred, all intrude themselves into calm deliberation, and speak each in turn. The design of consultation is frequently defeated by pettishness and abuse, proceeding from opposition.

Some men determine immediately on the presentation of a subject—They form their opinion, and then begin to consider its consistency. Inverted order of deliberation! Surely there is far greater probability of arriving at truth, first to consider, and then to determine. There are others who say—'We will not believe him, because to us he is disagreeable, and his character odious.' How unhappy is the world, that they are so often deceived

deceived by their own volition, that they ingeniously and strenuously endeavour to impose on themselves?—It is not an uncommon case, that a production or a sentiment is approved of, until the author is discovered, when some unhappy argument against his person or character degrades its reputation, and at length contributes to its being censured or rejected. We are often led into the belief of falsehood, because it is maintained by a person whose character we venerate. These things are evidently wrong and injurious. Sensible as all must be, of the inconvenience and infelicity which they occasion, they ought carefully to be avoided. In all consultations, the understanding ought to have a sovereign controul over the passions, for in this way only it is possible to arrive at truth.

But it is a happy consideration, that mankind are now more enlightened than ever, and that they are still verging to greater illumination. Freedom of debate and of opinion are now looked upon as constituents in the idea of liberty. Harmony and peace are spreading over the earth; and a fervent zealousness for useful information is seizing the minds of nations, as well as of individuals. Mankind

are more disposed than ever, to reconcile clashing opinions for their united interest. The friendly passions obtain greater influence, and are prompt to receive the light of wisdom and knowledge, without any reference to the hand which offers it. The cause of error totters on its basis, and in the course of time must irrecoverably fall. Happy anticipation! when peace and liberty shall universally reign, and the beams of truth, darting in upon the human mind, shall dispel the mists of error and delusion by which it has been so long perplexed. These are not the idle reveries of delirious fancy. America is already free—France is free—Spain is almost beginning to be free. O slavery! thou accursed monster! thy tyranny, with all its hideous deformities, shall be borne down before the magnificent, the be- atifying and irresistible car of liberty! —Thy flame, O liberty! which long since hath begun to burn, shall, by a rapid and wide-spreading conflagration, consume error, ignorance, and lawless oppression! Then shall the sun of wisdom and science ascend to a vertical and stationary position in the regions of universal peace.

July 7, 1791.

Erratum, in Juvenis, No. XV. last line but two of the piece, for 'humanity,' read 'humility.'

The following letter is from a person of high rank in Europe, concerning the new method of finding the Longitude. The accounts from that part of the world, on this occasion, generally breathe a spirit of liberality unknown in any other age. It is hoped that some things therein contained may be useful to the public, and excite such of the American navigators, and others who have it in their power, to lend a hand to bring this scheme to the test.—

SIR,

SINCE my last, having applied to my friend, the King's principal astronomer, Mr. Bernouilly, at Berlin, for a more exact note of the memoirs of the Swedish Royal Academy at Stockholm, relative to your subject, particularly Mr. Wilke, I received

Hamburgh, April 2, 1791.

the enclosed answer, by which means I soon got sight of them. They are many, very instructive, and peculiarly interesting, for *establishing* your theory, being the result of many thousand observations, carefully made by several members and sea-captains, both

both in regard to the magnetic needle's declinations and inclinations, at various times and places, both regular and irregular; accounting, very minutely, for the effects of electricity, thunder, lightning, tempeſts, and hurricanes, ſtill more for thoſe of the frequent aurora borealis, viſible and inviſible, happening in the day time as well as night, and much ſtronger towards the poles than towards the equator, to a far greater extent.

To collect all theſe, and to tranſlate them into Engliſh, with the neceſſary maps and figures, would take up at leaſt ſix month's application; but would furniſh you with a rich ſupply of new and uſeful materials for your work in hand.*

The German edition, made by profeſſor Kæſtner, at Leipzig, containing the philoſophical tranſactions of the Royal Swediſh Academy of Sciences, with many copper-plates, and two copious alphabetical indexes, conſiſts of about fifty volumes, in octavo, and coſts, at Leipzig, a dollar each volume in ſheets. Perhaps the Philoſophical Society is already furniſhed with a complete copy, and underſtanding either the Swediſh original, or the German learned tranſlation of Mr. Kæſtner, with his remarks, ſtands in no need of Engliſh

extraſts from the ſame. But, ſhould it be otherwiſe, and my further aſſiſtance, on this and other occasions, prove acceptable to the Congreſs, or any of the confederate ſtates, or their learned and patriotic ſocieties, or to yourſelf, friends and patrons in particular, you may freely command and diſpoſe of my time and labour, whiſt living and unengaged, for whatever compenſation of unavoidable expences and trouble ſhall be thought adequate and equitable; it being ſtill, though far advanced in age, (being born in 1723) my utmoſt ambition, as it was that of my deceased friends, Doctör Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Hollis, Gen. H. Laurens, (of South-Carolina,) &c. to promote, even in my narrow ſphere, every philanthropic purſuit, agreeably to the duties of our various powers and deſtinations in life.

Theſe were the motives which prompted me to direct the whole of my preſent communication to your great protector Gen. Waſhington, with an intimation of my readineſs to cheerfully obey any commands of his Excellency, and of doing you, alſo, what further ſervices you may wiſh for, within the reach of, Sir, your humble ſervant, * * * *

To Mr. John Churchman.

* *The Magnetic Almanack.*

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

Messrs. EDITORS,

Enjoying ſome leiſure hours, and deriving pleaſure from writing, I purpoſe to preſent to the public a number of pieces, under the title of 'The Miscellaniſt.' I will not obligate myſelf by a promiſe to offer them one every month; but when nothing prevents, they may rely on my labours. From the title, it will be expected that the productions be conſiderably diverſified; I ſhall therefore make my appearance ſometimes under a gay, and ſometimes under a ſerious form; but if I can conveniently avoid it, will never frown. H.

THE MISCELLANIST.—No. I.

Every tyranny of fancy is a temporary degree of insanity.

Percival.

IT has been often obſerved, that the pleaſantneſs or vexation of our lives ariſes frequently from circumſtances apparently trivial. The ob-

ſervation is founded in truth; for no man views the behaviour or the ſituation of another exactly in the ſame light that he would do, if he himſelf were

were in the same predicament. Persons are very different, considered with regard to that degree of attention which they give to the actions of others. Many inadvertencies are unnoticed, which, if examined with an eye too critically nice, would perhaps be construed into impoliteness or disregard. Some persons require a peculiar delicacy of treatment, and yet more in particular cases. Those tempers which are subject to irritability, are most apt to be ruffled by the carelessness or freedom of others. Every thing which does not accord with their ideas of propriety, is attributed to a want of taste, or of breeding. One may easily perceive, and if he examine mankind, will readily know with what mathematical exactness we must conduct ourselves towards characters of such squeamish notoriety.—To gain their favour, would be surprising; to preserve it, miraculous.

But persons who possess by nature the most happy temperature of mind, may be in so peculiar a situation, that actions or events, unimportant in themselves, may give rise to perturbation and anxiety. The following letter will exhibit such a situation, and develop the cause.—

“ *My room in — street.*

“ *My dear friend,*

“ THE unequivocal friendship which you have, since our first acquaintance, always discovered for me, emboldens me to lay before you my distresses and my fears. You are acquainted with the amiable *Cleanthe*, and you know how frequently I have repeated my visits to her. My heart, as you can witness, is susceptible of friendship, which is a sufficient proof that it is susceptible also of love.— Could I then have an opportunity of seeing her, and of conversing with her so often, and not feel a growing attachment and an increasing flame? Every interview represents her more

and more lovely, and makes the intermediate times appear longer and more tedious. But what evil would tedious hours and restless nights be, if future prospects exhibited a scene of success? But, O my friend! I will open my heart; I will let you see my wretchedness, and shew you the cause why my hope languishes. Lovers, perhaps, cannot judge with that accuracy which is easy to unoccupied minds. But where the case is clear, they may venture an opinion. I will, however, relate the circumstances, and request your direction and advice.

“ Would a lady who has the least affection for a gentleman, refuse, in walking, to take his arm? It is an act of common politeness to offer, and only an acquiescence in that politeness to accept. Obliging one in this respect, would not be any thing like an indication of particular esteem—By no means; but the refusal seems an intentional mark of disapprobation.— Now, what do you think of my former expectations, when the lovely *Cleanthe* has made some plausible excuse, such as, “ Sir, I am obliged to hold my gown?” I never saw her yet hold it with both hands, and why could she not take my arm with the other? But I apprehend quite a different meaning. “ Sir, I dislike your particular attention.” How cutting the thought! but I must bear it. Besides, when she does condescend to take my arm, which I believe she has done once or twice, she touches it only with the ends of her fingers—and do you call that *leaning* on a gentleman’s arm? I once indeed, rather inadvertently, reached over and pulled her hand farther. But, if you had seen the sudden start! her hand flew away in a moment, and she would not come near me again. My heart trembled to such a degree, that I did not for my life dare to offer my arm a second time.

“ What

“What can you think of another case? When we have been crossing a gutter, or ascending a stoop, common civility dictates the propriety of offering my hand to assist her; and common civility ought to induce her to present hers: but, instead of that, she either puts it out of my reach, or, if I should chance to be too quick and take it, she’ll close it and give me her fist. This looks so formidable, that it has kept me dumb for the space of an hour. You must explain it, and if you can do it in my favour, you’ll deserve all the love I have to spare.

“I’ll mention another right down proof of her dislike. If she is sewing or knitting, or even making tea, or doing the easiest thing imaginable, yet she keeps her eyes fixed on her business; and whither she is silent or talking, or whither I am silent or talking, it is the same thing; she seems never to observe me. Now and then indeed she will just throw her neck about to relieve it from the pain of a constant position, and so give me a casual look; but it is an unmeaning stare, and shews that she would take as much notice of a pillar or statue: however, the smallest glance of her brilliant eye increases my distress, by shewing the sweet expression of her countenance, and at the same time declaring a prohibition to my happiness.

“But what excites an internal conflict of love, and jealousy, and rage, is the very remarkable attention she pays to every other person. If she be in ever so silent a mood, if ever so intent on her work, or ever so out of humour, and a gentleman comes in, she is at once all life and chat and beauty. The look which, if turned on me at all, is marked with coolness or disdain, is directed towards the other with the sweetest smile and the most winning expressions of approbation. This puts me almost beside myself. I silently accuse her of in-

gratitude, of injustice, of pride, and even of impoliteness. My dear friend, what I mentioned before is dwindled into insignificance, is very nothing compared to this. This subverts my reason. I burn, I am chilled; I hate, I love by turns. I call her devil—I call her angel: I stamp the earth, and invoke sudden vengeance: again I call on heaven to bless her supremacy. In this perturbed state is my soul. Whether these internal tumults have stamped congenial marks upon my countenance, I cannot tell: but certainly I have lost all my cheerfulness. I am dead in company, especially if she be present. This must make me more disagreeable to her, and increase, if possible, her dislike. Her smiles only can drive away the demon of melancholy, and restore me to myself: and of her smiles, I have reason to despair.—Do let me hear your advice—Hasten to bring back the angel of tranquility, before I fall a victim at the dreary shrine of despair.

“In prosperity and in adversity,

“Yours sincerely,

“HONESTUS.”

My friend requests advice on this affair, to him so replete with woe. A state of passion, however, is by no means favourable to argumentation and rational conclusion. And tho’ one should demonstrate the absurdity of yielding his soul to the empire of grief, because a woman frowns, yet his affection is too intense to be wrested from her, and too ardent to resign her over to the abyss of oblivion. I am inclined to think that his love has been so violent as to hurry him on, first to suspect her unkindness, and then to act in conformity to such a suspicion.

But who knows that she may not have cause to behave as she does, even admitting she loves him? She will not *lean on his arm*: a pretty reason

to

to be sure, for him to pass whole nights without a wink of sleep. But, *it is a mark of her unkindness*. That may not be true; prudence may dictate to her such conduct. *Honestus* is a lover, and like all other lovers, he no doubt feels inclined to express his endearments, whenever he is with his lady: and while walking, perhaps he crowds too near, and sometimes ruffles her gown, or treads on her feet. This he might do through the ardour of affection, without once knowing it to happen. The natural law of self-preservation, therefore, dictates to her to keep out of the way of harm; and as a lover, I wonder how he can object to it. His mentioning the circumstance of her touching his arm only with *the ends of her fingers*, is truly laughable, and shows how lovers delight in magnifying. *Honestus* does not consider the policy of this, setting aside the fashion. She certainly can mean nothing else than to hint to him, that she would be a very *light burden* in the connubial state. What can be more favourable to his wishes? She could not give him greater encouragement.

It must truly strike a dread into any heart, especially into the heart of a lover, when a beautiful lady makes a signal of attack, or, as *Honestus* expresses it, *gives her fist*. I should be apt to scud in a moment, without daring to look behind. But it may be that *Cleanthe* has acted with all necessary circumspection. Perhaps, when they have been in the parlour, she has experienced the effect of one of his love squeezes, and does not like to run a second chance of having her fingers broke. A gripe of one of these desperate lovers, is like the gripe of a drowning man. I was one evening in company with a young gentleman of this description, and his charmer. She said something that pleased him very much; and he, to express his delight, made a grasp

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 7.

at her hand, but casually seized mine, which lay in the way, with such violence, that he made it all crack again. I was obliged to cry out, but comforted myself for having saved the lady's wrist from being broke.

Honestus continues his complaint. *Cleanthe* does not look enough at him. When she is sewing, or doing any other work, he is not regarded. Now and then she sees him, but immediately pursues her business again. Terrible indeed! It is a wonder the earth did not shake! a still greater wonder that he did not faint away! Poor fellow! every thing he takes quite by contraries. He looks thro' an inverted tube, and sees every object distorted from its natural situation. I suppose, if *Cleanthe* were to look on him with one perpetual smile, he would construe even this to his disadvantage. Must he be told, that a few side glances are worth more than the full stare of an hour? Is not ogling the very harbinger of love? and does it not convey the sentiments of the heart long before the tongue dare to slip them? I would not wish a better signal; and *Honestus* cannot reasonably expect fuller proof yet.

But one thing he represents to be more dreadful than all; and that is, the attention *Cleanthe* pays to other gentlemen, while, as he thinks, she slights him. I shall be serious here, for his sake, and for the sake of others who may be in the crisis of a similar situation. Must *Honestus* be reminded, that genuine love is by no means loud and noisy, but that it is rather silent, and timid, and reserved? A greater freedom with other gentlemen is far from being a proof of greater regard and love to them. There is in true love a peculiar delicacy, which inspires the mind with a species of fear. This exerts itself in many ways, which to superficial observers seems to indicate unfavourable symptoms. Diffident lovers especially are most in

H h h

danger

danger of giving it a wrong interpretation. If *Honestus* will but reflect, he shall find, that even he is much more lively and agreeable in the company of other ladies, than of his beloved *Cleanthe*. Let my friend then re-assume his wonted tranquility; let him shake off that melancholy which preys on his vitals; let him guide his passion with the reins of reason, and then visit his fair one; and I will almost insure him success. If the worst were to happen, he should not make such a dreadful case of it. Fall at

the shrine of despair! What does *Honestus* mean? A single reflection ought to make him ashamed of such a dangerous weakness. He would then surely incur the displeasure of his maker, of all good men, and even of his adorable *Cleanthe*. I would rather believe these words proceeded from inadvertency, than from sedate deliberation; and shall conclude with expressing a hope of seeing *Honestus* in a very short time the happiest of mortals. HORTENSIO.

July 13, 1791.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

ON REFINEMENT OF MANNERS.

THERE is nothing more common than to observe among polished nations, a claim of superiority over those who are in a more uncultivated state. The idea of their own importance arises chiefly from a supposed greater degree of refinement of manners. This, in their opinion, entitles them to no inconsiderable esteem in the eyes of those who are not distinguished by that character. But previous to our assigning them a more exalted station among mankind, it is necessary to examine what is the result of that attainment.

It is certain we are profited by all our accomplishments, whether natural or acquired, in proportion as their influences are consistent with their original design. What advantage results to us from remarkable abilities, or a large fund of knowledge, unless through their medium we distinguish ourselves in being useful or exemplary? What profit can the husbandman derive from an orchard, which, tho' its vernal appearance is highly promising, yet in autumn yields him no fruit? In like manner are we compensated by knowledge which is merely speculative; nay, it tends to

render our misconduct more inexcusable.

If this refinement of manners, as we think proper to term it, does not promote a mutual respect and attention among the different classes of our citizens, there is certainly a direct contradiction in the expression. What does the idea of politeness or refinement among a people suppose? Is it not this, that they cultivate intimate friendship; that they mutually sympathise with the misfortunes of each other, and that a passionate glow of affection is promoted? But does this enthusiastic attachment discover itself, when two of the same country, of the same city, nay, sometimes intimate connections, terminate the most insignificant quarrels by aiming destruction at each others bosoms? Charity itself will not suffer us to entertain the idea. Can sympathy predominate in the breasts of those who furiously attempt each others immediate ruin, to the wounding of society, and the piercing groans of surviving relations? Through the influence of such conduct, seeds of enmity are implanted in the hearts of their respective connections, which are transfused from family to family, with all the force

force of electricity, until large bodies of people consider themselves in the faction. This, truly, is an evident proof of refinement. But while we mention this practice with indignation, can we refuse a generous tear for some illustrious characters, who, to the infinite loss of their country, have fallen victims to this phantom of honour?

We have numerous instances of the ancients deciding controversies of importance in single combat, but from motives very different, and infinitely more noble. It was not to satiate an inhuman pride; it was not to indulge an unjustifiable ambition: but, the preservation of the lives of their fellow citizens prompted them to engage; and the idea, "that it was glorious to die for their country," animated them to contemplate with intrepidity the solemn scene.

When ancient history, at any time,

becomes the subject of conversation, we very familiarly make mention of the Scythians, with the epithet *uncultivated*, or *barbarous*; yet this nation has left examples of mutual friendship and attachment unparalleled, nay, which might cause Americans to blush. Let us not vainly imagine, that our future reputation, as a people, depends merely upon the title of refinement at present. Nations shall yet spring up, who will examine our actions with the strictest severity. Although we may now sparkle in theory, yet the hour approaches, when we shall be divested of this garb, and our conduct lie exposed to be judged of, as to its propriety, by others: and have we not reason to suspect, that many of our actions, which are now considered as glorious, shall then meet with no considerable approbation?

July 15, 1791.

ATTICUS.

To the CONDUCTORS of the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

IN your magazine of the last month is inserted a sermon, said to have been delivered by a parson Hyberdines, and prefaced as a curiosity extracted from the Cotton Library, folio 53.

This production is profane and wicked, without the least alloy of wit or humour, and can serve no other purpose than to countenance the vicious and harden the profligate.

Every thing which tends to corrupt the public manners ought to be frowned upon by the friends of morality and decorum: the piece above mentioned certainly has this aspect; and the indulgence you have shewn

it illy comports with the professions which ushered in your *Literary Repository*.

After these remarks, which unfortunately to be just must be severe, I in justice to you declare, that the subject of them is the first essay I have seen in your magazines from which religion or virtue ought to turn away; and that it requires no very great exertion of charity to believe, that the hurry of publication betrayed you to be the editors of a blasphemous narrative that ought long since to have mouldered in oblivion.

R.

July, 1791.

[The Editors have inserted the foregoing strictures on the publication alluded to, in order to evince the impartiality with which they ever mean to conduct the New-York Magazine. They admit with the writer of the remarks, that an unfavourable construction may be drawn from the sermon; though they are convinced, that the friend who sent it for insertion, considered it a piece of ingenuity, in which light alone the Editors themselves viewed it, and which will, no doubt, be accepted as an apology for its having been admitted.]

For

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

ANECDOTES.

TWO chiefs of the Caghawaga's, with their cook, going to visit Albany, stooped by the way at the house of an Attorney, who treated them freely with cyder. They had not drank long before they began to feel their importance; and least their entertainer should take them for common people, they undertook to tell him who they were. "You know

me, (said Joseph)—I great man—I captain—I gentleman."—"I greater as him, (said the other)—I gentleman too—but I Bold Peter."—"And what are you? (said the Attorney to the cook)—Are you gentleman too?"—"No, Sir, (replied Claus, smiling at his own insignificance)—no, Sir, I no gentleman—I n-n-nothing but lawyer!"

The King and the SAILORS.

WHEN Admiral ——— returned to England after the late war, his Britannic Majesty paid him a visit on board the vessel. Upon the first appearance of his Royal guest, the Admiral took off his hat, and the sailors, supposing the visitor to be *somebody*, did the same. However, his Majesty did not return this civility, which one of the tars observing,

resolved to give him a *hint*: "Harkee Jack, (said he to one of his messmates, loud enough to be heard)—d'ye see how that great land-lubber keeps on his hat before our Admiral? Why, he's got no manners."—"Manners! (replied Jack with a sneer)—manners! I wonder where *he* should learn manners! Why, I suppose he's never been to sea in his life!" ILLIA.

*A VISIT to JUPITER's TOMB.**[From M. Savary's Letters on Greece.]*

WE were about four leagues to the south-east of Candia, and employed in climbing a very steep path, when our guides apprised us that we were passing near the *Tomb of Jupiter*. We laboured up the mountain to view this ancient monument, but saw nothing but a heap of stones, half eaten away by time, which the inhabitants of the country call the tomb of Jupiter.

Both the fables and histories of antiquity agree that a Jupiter died, and was buried in the island of Crete.—The third Jupiter, the son of Saturn, was born there, and his tomb is still shewn there. Jupiter having ended his days in Crete, his relations and friends, in obedience to his last commands, erected a temple and a tomb to his memory. This temple still sub-

sisted in the days of Plato; but time, or earthquakes have destroyed it.—This philosopher, who was well acquainted with the places he describes, speaks of it thus:—"The road which leads from Cnossus to the cavern and temple of Jupiter, is very pleasant. We continually meet with alleys of large tufted trees, whose foliage shelters us from the scorching beams of the sun. If we proceed still further, we find woods of cypress trees, of surprising height and beauty; by the side of which are delightful meadows, where travellers may repose and converse."

From all these authorities we may conclude, that a man called Jupiter, who, by great actions, merited well of his subjects, and on whom divine honours were bestowed, died in the island

island of Crete; that a temple was erected to him, which has been destroyed by time; that his tomb was shewn with an inscription on it, until the time of the Roman Emperors; and that at present there is to be seen, about three leagues from Cnossus, an eminence, commonly called Mount Icarus, on the top of which the in-

habitants of the country point out a heap of stones which they call the tomb of Jupiter. As for the sacred cavern, in which he was brought up, and to which Minos repaired every ninth year, to converse with his father, and receive his laws, it may be presumed not to have been far distant from this place, but we did not see it.

National Prejudices overcome, or the History of Sir GEORGE O——. A True Story, translated from the French of M. ARNAUD.

WAR has generally been considered as the cause of national hatred and jealousy, and it has been found to exist more frequently between neighbouring nations than between those that are remote from one another. But in governments where the people imagine that they have a share in the general administration, this animosity appears to be almost incurable: there, hatred of enemies and rivals is esteemed a patriotic virtue; and even the more enlightened part of the nation encounter the greatest difficulties, in divesting themselves of a jealousy which renders them as blind and unjust as the lowest of the people. The following is a recent example of the truth of this remark.

In the course of last war, a French squadron under the command of Count de Barras, had landed some troops at Newport, on Rhode-Island; and in order that they might not be incommoded with those that were unfit for service, it was resolved to send all the sick into the country. Capt. B——, of the regiment of ——, being extremely ill of the scurvy, was of this number; and upon an order of the major of the provincial army, he was quartered about six miles from Newport, in the house of Sir George O——, an English planter. The Chevalier L——, nephew of the Captain, and an ensign in the same regiment, obtained permission to ac-

company his uncle, that he might take care of him during his illness; with express orders to return to headquarters the moment the service should require it.

The two officers accordingly took their departure, accompanied by a guide, who served them as an interpreter. Upon their arrival, they were received with a coldness which surprised the Chevalier as much as it did his uncle. Sir George insisted upon seeing the order which had brought two Frenchmen to his house; and after reading it with great indifference, he declared that he had only one bed to give them. Nevertheless, added he, since one of you appears indisposed, the other, who will probably wish to attend you, may sleep upon a bale of furs, which has lain there these three years, and which this unfortunate war has prevented me from sending to Europe. The interpreter explained to the Captain what Sir George had said. The Chevalier indeed might have performed this office, as he was sufficiently well acquainted with the English language; but by the advice of his uncle, he pretended to be ignorant of it, in order to be able the better to discover the character and disposition of their landlord.

Sir George O——, whatever he might think, was extremely selfish, although he imagined himself a profound politician, because he read the gazette

gazette and hated the French. The grand object of the approaching liberty of his country affected him infinitely less than the actual interruption of commerce, and the waste and ruinous state of his lands. His family consisted of a daughter and three sons; the two eldest of whom, greatly against the inclination of their father, were serving in the provincial army; the third, named *Charles*, shared with *Maria* his sister, the management of the farm and the house. Sir George was a widower. His sons were admonished to avoid with care every connection with the French: as for *Maria*, every communication with them was positively forbidden. The weak state of the Captain's health, however, required continual care and attention; nor could *Charles* absolutely refuse his assistance, at the earnest intreaties of the Chevalier; besides, he was fond of pronouncing with him some French words he had learned at the university of Philadelphia. He had now entered his 19th year, which exactly corresponded to the age of the Chevalier; these reasons, therefore, were more than sufficient to create a quick and lively friendship between them, notwithstanding the severe injunctions of the father.

Sir George, now sixty years of age, had become a complete slave to the ancient prejudices of his education: he had fought the French in the preceding war; and he still persisted in viewing that nation in the light of an enemy, who now assisted in recovering the liberty of his native country. From the first moment he saw the Captain, he dissembled not his sentiments upon that subject. 'To what strange circumstance is it owing, said he, that your sovereign, has sent an army into our provinces?—Because you have asked their assistance.—It is not I, it is the Congress.—And are you not now

about to conquer our southern provinces?—We are only going to defend you from a common enemy; and free you from a yoke which has become insupportable to you.—That is to say, you intend only a change of masters.—No indeed.—What reward then does France expect for so great services?—Your liberty.—But what will you gain by that?—The glory of showing our generosity in contributing to your happiness.—This generosity is very grand indeed; but what real advantage will you reap from it?—You imagine, I suppose, that the sovereigns of Europe perform good offices without any real interest to themselves, and merely from the pleasure of doing good?—Our sovereign, at least, now shows an example of this virtue; and at the end of the war——At the end of the war will not your claims upon us be very considerable?—No doubt they will.—And what will France be able to procure from us in return?—A great deal.—How many provinces?—None.—What then?—Your friendship; which I am more desirous of than I am afraid.—Sir George instantly changing the conversation, asked the Captain how he found himself?—I think, replied he, that a little milk and some fresh provisions would greatly contribute to the establishment of my health.—Charles, go desire *Maria* to procure some milk, and order a sheep to be killed.—The Captain, greatly moved at this sensibility, was going to express his acknowledgments; but Sir George prevented him by hastily quitting the room.

The name of *Maria*, which he now heard for the first time, having made a deep impression upon the mind of the Chevalier, no sooner had Sir George left the room, than he anxiously enquired at *Charles* who this *Maria* was. She is my sister, said *Charles*; follow me, and you shall

shall see her. They both went in search of this amiable girl, whom they found at work in her chamber. At sight of the Chevalier, she was struck with astonishment; but her brother soon removed her fears, and begged of her, in compliance with the orders of their father, to perform the services to the uncle of his friend. Maria raised her lovely blue eyes upon this friend, but quickly fixed them on the ground; and hastily quitting her work, she led them to the meadow, and with her own hands milked the first goat she met with; and giving the vessel to her brother Charles, Lose not a moment, said she with the most delightful sweetness, in carrying this milk while it is warm to the uncle of your friend; and, stealing another glance of the Chevalier, she hastily retired covered with blushes; leaving the friend of her brother to admire the figure of an angel, and a heart ever ready to assist the unfortunate.—In their way home the Chevalier dwelt upon with delight, and frequently made Charles repeat, the sweet words of Maria, although they were already deeply engraven upon his heart. They immediately repaired to the Captain's room; and the nephew, in presenting the milk to his uncle, spoke to him with such rapture and enthusiasm of the amiable Maria, that his uncle imagined his head was turned. And in reality such was the case, if love, and particularly a first affection, is deserving of so harsh an appellation.

The Chevalier, who had spent sixteen years at a military academy, and three aboard the fleet, had as yet felt no tender attachment; and the heart of Maria, who had now entered her sixteenth year, was as little engaged as his. At their age the first interview is frequently decisive; and Maria, the sweet Maria, now conceived less than ever why her father entertained such a hatred against the

French. How foreign to her mind was such an unjust sentiment! The tender attachment of the Chevalier for his uncle and for her brother Charles, was to her a continual subject of reflection. She concluded from this, that he must have a most excellent heart: and the lovely daughter of Sir George now began to feel an attachment for France, in which politics had no share.

This first interview had so deeply affected the Chevalier, that he never ceased speaking to Charles of the happiness he should have in frequently seeing his sister. But how was he to elude the severe injunctions of Sir George? for he could hardly bear to see the growing connection between the Chevalier and his son. If Charles even spoke before him a few French words, he was immediately checked. The uncle and the nephew had frequently represented, that the union which was likely to take place between the French and the Americans, would make it necessary for them to speak the same language. Very well, he would say, let them learn ours.—Charles said, that in order to do so, it was necessary the French and English should frequently converse together; but a look from Sir George ever put an end to a conversation which he so little relished.

This excessive severity of the father, however, produced an effect very different from what he intended; the two friends, indeed, met less openly, but their friendship did not on that account abate. It was to these stolen interviews, that the Chevalier ventured to propose introducing Maria; and you will serve, said he to Charles, as an interpreter in the French and English lessons which we all three will give one another: for she is even more ignorant of my language than I am of her's; and if ever my expressions should betray a want of respect for this amiable sister, my friend

friend will correct me. Although Charles saw no danger in these conversations, he delayed, however, the proposing them to Maria; but the Chevalier pressed them with so much eagerness, that he was at last obliged to comply. Ah, but my father! exclaimed Maria, the moment it was mentioned to her.—He will know nothing of the matter.—But if the Chevalier should love me? He will not love you, replied the innocent Charles, transported at the thoughts of being able to oblige his friend. And he was not much mistaken, for the Chevalier already loved her to distraction; and Maria herself, when she expressed her fears of being loved, spoke not the language of her heart. Possessed of such sentiments of friendship, a short period was sufficient for them to form privately a mutual attachment. Their first anxiety was to understand the language of one another: it therefore became the chief subject of their conversation. The Chevalier was every moment upon the point of betraying himself by the too great progress he made in the language of Maria; but he saw the error he was guilty of, and confined himself to the knowledge of few words.

Maria became every day more uneasy and more cautious to conceal from her father her private conversations with her brother and his friend. Let it not be thought, however, that they were unfaithful, either the one to her duty, or the other to hospitality. The hearts of both were guided by honour, and Charles was ever witness to their mutual attachment.

The Chevalier was too full of his love to be able to restrain himself. He was, however, more on his guard with Sir George; but knew no reserve in pouring out the secrets of his soul to his uncle. And this affectionate uncle, at the very time he pretended to find fault with the love of

this young man, formed, without telling him, the project of an overture of marriage to Sir George; but it was necessary beforehand to root out the prejudices he entertained against the French; an enterprise equally hazardous and difficult. The news that the Captain often received from Newport, and which he communicated to his landlord, had established betwixt them a kind of political intercourse, which grew more frequent than it had been at its commencement.—Every event of the war furnished Sir George a new subject for declaiming against what he called the ambition of France. At every arrival of the forces of that nation, he always insisted that the French had secret designs on some part of the American continent. But the Captain firmly maintained, that the moment the provinces were in security, the French would depart. Every conversation ended with additional obstinacy on the part of Sir George, and gave rise to new and still warmer debates; which prevented these two politicians from being so warmly attached to one another as the three friends.

During these conversations, intelligence was received, that the French army under the command of Count de Rochambeau had, by a long circuit, joined the Continental army near York-Town, and that the naval armament from the Antilles was going to take post in the entrance of the Chesapeake. Sir George, always blinded by prejudice, saw nothing in this scheme but a design he had always accused France of, to conquer a great part of the continent of America. And seeing, towards the evening, an express coming from Newport, he did not doubt but it was an order to recal the Captain and his nephew.

The express addressed Sir George, who ran to seek the Chevalier at his uncle's, who was then in bed; but his nephew was not with him. He
sought

fought him in vain every where ; at last he came to Charles's chamber, the door of which he hastily opened. But what was his surprise and his rage at finding there his son, his daughter, and the Chevalier, in close conversation with one another ! His daughter he treated with the utmost severity, he thrust Charles out of the room, and loaded the Chevalier with deepest reproaches ; who, flying for refuge to his uncle's apartment, was soon rejoined by Sir George. Here a torrent of the most violent imprecations was poured out against France and Frenchmen. The Captain opposed nothing to this fury but phlegmatic tranquillity. At last, when his landlord exhausted with fatigue and anger, could speak no longer, he severely reprimanded his nephew, and dismissed him from his presence. Being now alone with Sir George, he agreed that the Chevalier had been highly criminal in having transgressed his orders ; but, added he, you shall see him no longer, as he is going to join his regiment. I am already acquainted with his love for your daughter ; I know also the honour both of one and the other ; and that Charles has never left them alone.—See how generous these Frenchmen are, said Sir George muttering. Yes, they are so, replied the Captain ; and I lay a wager, that after the success of the grand expedition now in agitation, they will abandon your provinces, and leave them happy and triumphant under the empire of liberty.—Would you lay much ? cried Sir George.—All I have most dear in the world ; my nephew.—What do you mean !—He loves your charming and respectable daughter ; promise me to give her in marriage to him if there does not remain a single Frenchman in your country, after the combined armies shall have procured its liberty.—In promising you this, I believe I promise but little.—Pro-

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 7.

mise me then this little.—Be it so, upon the word of an Englishman.—And they shook hands.

The three friends separated ; and in great consternation anxiously waited the terrible effects of Sir George's resentment. Maria, a prey to the most bitter anguish, was sitting lamenting her unfortunate situation, when she beheld her father enter.—At this moment she expected nothing but death. Sir George, in a deep and dismal tone, ordered her immediately to write to her brothers, and inform them of all that had past in their absence. He accompanied this order with no other words, but that it was necessary this letter should be ready against to-morrow morning ; and then went out.

The Chevalier having returned to his uncle, found him serene, and even gay : he was at a loss to imagine what could be the cause of this sudden change. But the Captain addressing him, You go to-morrow, said he, for the army : I will send with you a letter ; but you must give me your word of honour, that you will not open it till you shall know that our forces both by sea and land have left this country. The Chevalier promised he would not ; and went to prepare himself for his departure.

Maria passed the whole night in writing ; beginning again, tearing to pieces, and writing anew the letter for her brothers. What embarrassment to her ! Yet she must obey her father. She must tell every thing ; and yet she doubted not but Sir George must needs see this so difficult letter : and she was even ignorant who was to be the bearer of it.

Charles, meanwhile, assisted his friend in getting ready ; and during this occupation, the day began to dawn. His father came early in the morning, and ordered him to go and call Maria, and conduct her to the Captain's apartment, where he in-

I i i

tended

tended giving breakfast to the Chevalier before his departure. The appointed hour arrives; the trembling Maria appears for the first time before her father, the Captain, the Chevalier, and her brother. The breakfast was but a melancholy one. Sir George at last demands of his daughter the letter for her brothers. She drew it out from her pocket, and with a trembling hand gave it to her father without being sealed. Why is it not sealed? said he; do it immediately. Maria obeys, and presents it to him again. It is not to me—it is to the Chevalier you must give it; he is just going to join the army. She stretched out her arm to the Chevalier, her strength failed her, she dropped the letter, and fainted away. The Chevalier threw himself in tears at her feet. This affecting scene even moved at last the stern Sir George; and looking attentively at the uncle, I wish, said he, I may lose my wager. Maria was now recovered from her swoon; and the Captain had the cruelty to demand, that she should herself give the letter she had made up for his nephew. Scarcely had he it in his hands, when he snatched himself by flight from a terrible situation which he could no longer support, and parted.

It is impossible to describe the distressing situation they were all in at this separation. Let us follow the Chevalier. The affair of York-Town was soon ended: One of the brothers of Maria was wounded, and the Chevalier took a truly brotherly care of

him. As soon as the capitulation was signed, the French army embarked, and set sail for the Antilles. The Chevalier then opened his uncle's letter: it contained only these words: "If all the French army quits the continent, come instantly with the sons of Sir George, to réjoin your friend and all you have most dear in the world." The Chevalier, full of hope and love, obtained a passport, and brought along with him the two brothers to Sir George's house. He had beforehand instructed his uncle; so that at their arrival, the uncle, Sir George, Charles, and Maria, were convened to meet the three warriors: and Sir George, addressing himself to the Chevalier, presented him his daughter, saying, I have lost my wager; there is your bride.—The felicity of this happy family was greatly increased by this marriage, and the re-establishment of the Captain's health. And after a few months the new-married couple returned to France with their brother Charles. Sir George Olivier, recovered of his error, loaded them with presents, and requested that his daughter's first child should be called George-Louis.—This honest planter was anxious also to make amends for his former injustice. The French, said he incessantly to his children, are generous as their king: love them as I have done since I have become acquainted with them. We have much to do in order to acquit ourselves towards them and their sovereign.

A N E C D O T E.

IN the celebrated action which decided the fate of the Boeotians, the Romans were retreating in confusion, when Sylla, frantic at the sight, leaped off his horse, seized one of the ensigns, and rushing among the fugitives, 'Here,' cried he, 'shall

' I die with honour: and you, Romans, when asked where you betrayed your general, remember to tell it was at Orchomenos.' Shame and a sense of honour stopped their flight, and turned the fortune of the day.

T H E
A M E R I C A N M U S E.
O R I G I N A L P O E T R Y.

A SALUTE to the Fourteenth Anniversary of AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

ALL hail to thy return,
O! ever blest auspicious morn,
By Mercy's author giv'n :
See ! to greet the happy day
Sol expands his brightest ray,
And not a cloud obscures his way,
Nor shades the face of heav'n.
More sweet *this* day, the cannons martial roar,
Than all the dulcet sounds which music's soul can pour ;
For ev'ry gale that o'er Columbia flies
Bids on its balmy wings some Pæan rise,
Some song of *liberty* ;
And ev'ry peal that mounts the skies
In solemn tones of grandeur cries
" AMERICA IS FREE !"
Sound, O Fame ! thy clarion strong,
Bear the golden notes along,
Let *Gallia* hear the song ;
Beat each heart with pleasure high,
Flush each cheek with purest joy,
Let rapture glitter in each eye,
And tune each grateful tongue.
Hail ! O LAND !—long may old time behold
FREEDOM o'er thee her standard wide unfold,
While ages shall roll on,
'Till to a *chaos* sinks again this ball,
'Till worlds to primogenial *nothing* fall,
And quench'd thy blaze O sun !

ELLA.

ELIZA; or, AMIABLE SORROW.

Written on seeing a Lady in Tears.

YE shepherds attend to my lays,
For *Eliza*'s the theme of my song;
And sweet is such merited praise
When it flows from the heart with
the tongue.
'Tis not the soft glow of her face,
The languish that charms in her eye,
A feature, an air, or a grace,
Nor the bosom which snow doth
outvie.

'Tis not her dear elegant form,
By Symmetry's pencil design'd :
These beauties your bosoms may
warm,
But *mine* is inspir'd by her mind.
There all the soft virtues unite,
Resistless those raptures impart
That fill with extatic delight,
Engage and embellish the heart.
What

What innocence beams from her eye!
In her bosom what gentleness reigns!
She's mild as sweet showers from the
sky

When Flora enamels the plains.

Her temper's serene as young day,
When blossoms their fragrance dis-
fuse;

Her accent is Philomel's lay,
'That vibrates afloat on the Dews.

Expression illumines her face;
There pity, benevolence, love,
Celestial are pregnant with grace
As the smiles of a scaph above.

Such modesty, candour and truth,
From her soul so engagingly beam,
That she equally charms age and
youth,

And attracts e'en her rivals esteem.

But shepherds! no language can tell
How tenderly wounding appears
The lovely, all-cloqueting swell
Of *Eliza's* too exquisite tears.

All silent I saw them descend,
With sympathy, sentiment fraught,
Impearling the woes of a friend,
And her own by sad destiny wrought

Oh why ye stern fates! must each day
On *Eliza* fresh sorrows bestow?
Misfortunes, ah! why do ye prey
On the heart that is burking with
woe?

Like the willow that saddens the mead
And weeps as it kisses the brooks,
Meek, lowly, more beautiful plead,
Distressful her soul wounding looks.

Ah! say, shall no gleam of relief
Prosperity's sunshine relume,
Disperse the sad deluge of grief,
Restore her contentment's sweet
bloom?

But if, O! ye powers divine!
Such virtue claims not your *first* care,
Then grant that *her sorrows* be mine,
And bestow all *my* joys on the fair.
J. B. C.

Addressed to Miss ——'s Hand-Screen.

DEAR favour'd screen, how blest that fate,
Which plac'd thee with this charming fair?
Ah! sure not all the charms of state
Could give thee pleasures so sincere.

With that dear maid, whose matchless pow'r
Each feeling bosom owns with pride,
To thee, how must each passing hour
With sweet content and pleasure glide!

Fortune for thee reserves with care,
The fairest pleasures in her train;
Pleasures I oft' have sigh'd to share,
But yet, alas! have sigh'd in vain.
Oft' times to those sweet lips thou'rt prest,
(Sweeter than Hybla's honied cells);
Oft' on that bosom dost thou rest,
Where ev'ry gentle virtue dwells.

O! could I change for thy dear state,
And make her bliss my only care,
No more I'd then repine at fate—
And this should be my only pray'r:

That

That thro' life's vales, where endless harms
 With ceaseless fears the bosom fill,
 I might enfold her in my arms,
 And screen her from each threat'ning ill.

IMONA.

A COMPLAINT.

[WRITTEN BY THE LATE MRS. ANN E. BLEECKER.]

TELL me thou all pervading
 mind,
 When I this life forsake,
 Must ev'ry tender tie unbind,
 Each sweet connection break?
 How shall I leave thee, oh! my love,
 And blooming progeny;
 If I without thee mount above,
 'Twill be no heav'n to me.
 Ah! when beneath the arching vault
 My lifeless form's remov'd,

Let not oblivion sink the thought;
 How much, how long I lov'd.
 Come oft my grassy tomb to see,
 And drop thy sorrows there;
 No balmy dews of heav'n shall be
 Refreshing as thy tear.
 There give thy griefs full vent to flow
 O'er the unconscious dead,
 With no spectator to thy woe
 But my attendant shade.

THANKSGIVING DAY; or, the Sow's LAMENTATION.

Written during the late War.

THE darken'd sky obscures the breaking dawn,
 And black'ning clouds hang heavy o'er the lawn;
 Deep glooms the morn, all nature's aspect low'rs,
 And sympathetic weeps, a fate like ours:
 Sad omens these, to heart distress'd like mine,
 Torn at the ills prepar'd for you my swine:
 For this the day by destiny decreed—
 The day on which, my piglings! you must bleed!
 Bend your young throats to the relentless knife,
 And e'er you scarce have liv'd, relinquish life.

Ah, how shall I endure the tragic blow!
 Ah, how support the mighty weight of woe!
 Doom'd by consuming pains to slow decay,
 Of griefs incessant the perpetual prey.—

Forever blasted be his hated name,
 Complete his mis'ry, and his portion *shame*,
 Who first propos'd this barb'rous mode of praise,
 And usher'd in these dire thanksgiving days!
 A day, for which in earliest youth must die,
 The fairest pigs that ever grac'd a sty.
 Say, could nought else compose the chosen feast?
 Or save from slaughter the devoted beast?
 What then avails, that goodly pumpkins grow?
 Or from the stalks they force new sweets to flow?
 Not all the pumpkins that their fields afford,
 Nor treacle plenteous streaming o'er the board,

Nor

Nor frothing flip, nor richly ginger'd pyes,
Can save; my throats must fall a sacrifice!

Oh, had I died while pregnant yet and big!—
Curs'd be the hour when I conceiv'd with pig!—
Far happier me, that I had ne'er been born,
To glut with swill, or taste of Indian corn;
To run, to root, or wallow in the mire,
Than live to see my offspring thus expire!
Hark from yon pens what doleful sounds arise!
What piteous squeaks! what agonizing cries!
What horrid gruntings echo through the vale,
While ev'ry hog repeats the sadden'd tale!
Alas! too fruitless are our heaviest moan;
Fruitless the kindred sigh, the parent groan:
Hopeless we weep, in wild despair complain,
And grunt our sorrows, but we grunt in vain!
Not such our lot in golden days of yore,
When Israel's sons their mild dominion bore,
From deaths like these we claim'd the full release,
Secure we wallow'd, and we swill'd in peace;
No savage eye predestin'd us for food,
Nor cruel hands were stain'd in swinish blood.
Then sows in safety litter'd on the plain,
And pigs were left to run and pig again:
Ah! blissful days to pigling sow and boar,
Blest æra past, to be recall'd no more!
A sad reverse of all alone we see,
The contrast dire of past felicity!
Where shall I go, ah! whither fly to find
A gleam of peace to sooth my tortur'd mind?
Thrice have I litter'd on the verdant mead,
Thrice have *thanksgiving days* destroy'd the breed;
And lo, a fourth th' Assembly doth enjoin,
A fourth must die, that yankee guests may dine!
Receive my last embrace, my pigs draw near,
Too dear before, in sorrow doubly dear.
Ye hog presiding pow'rs! (if such there are,
Nor yet are hogs beneath a genius' care)
Again to us those happy days restore,
When these thanksgiving days shall be no more;
When Presbyterians shall no more abuse,
And yankee saints be circumcis'd for Jews;
Convert the churches into synagogues,
And be the guardian of the race of hogs;
Indulgent prove, with aspect more benign,
Regard the suff'rings of us wretched swine;
The ardent pantings of a soul distressed,
Compose her sorrows, and return her rest;
In deep afflictions see thy suppliant bow—
Deign to relieve an agonizing sow!

SELECTED POETRY.

VERSES written by Michael Bruce, a young Man who lived in a remote Village in Scotland, on his approaching Dissolution. He died at the Age of 21, of a Consumption.

NOW spring returns; but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known :
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.
Starting and shiv'ring in th' inconstant wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd,
And count the silent moments as they pass:
The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
No art can stop, or in their course arrest ;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them that rest.
Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate ;
And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true.
Led by pale ghosts, I enter death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of light and life adieu.
I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe ;
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
Which mortals visit, and return no more.
Farewell, ye blooming fields ! ye cheerful plains !
Enough for me the church-yard's lonely mound,
Where Melancholy with still Silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.
There let me wander at the close of eve,
When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes,
The world and all its busy follies leave,
And talk with wisdom where my DAPHNIS lies.
There let me sleep, forgotten, in the clay,
When death shall shut these weary-aching eyes,
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.

The DYING PROSTITUTE.—An ELEGY.

WEEP o'er the mis'ries of a wretched maid,
Who sacrific'd to man her health and fame ;
Whose love, and truth, and trust were all repaid
By want and woe, disease, and endless shame.
Curse not the poor lost wretch, who ev'ry ill,
That proud unfeeling man can heap, sustains ;
Sure she enough is curst, o'er whom his will,
Enflam'd by brutal passion, boundless reigns.

Spurn

Spurn not my fainting body from your door,
 Here let me rest my weary weeping head;
 No greater mercy would my wants implore,
 My sorrows soon shall lay me with the dead.
 Who now beholds, but loaths my faded face,
 So wan and fallow, chang'd with sin and care?
 Or who can any former beauties trace,
 In eyes so sunk with famine and despair?
 That I was virtuous once, and beauteous too,
 And free from envious tongues my spotless fame;
 These but torment, these but my tears renew,
 These aggravate my present guilt and shame.
 Expell'd by all, enforc'd by pining want,
 I've wept and wander'd many a midnight hour;
 Implor'd a pittance Lust would seldom grant,
 Or sought a shelter from the driving show'r.
 Oft as I rovd, while beat the wint'ry storm,
 Unknowing what to seek, or where to stray,
 To gain relief, entic'd each hideous form,
 Each hideous form contemptuous turn'd away.
 Where are my virgin honours, virgin charms?
 Oh! whither fled the pride I once maintain'd?
 Or where the youths that woo'd me to their arms?
 Or where the triumphs which my beauty gain'd?
 Ah! say, insidious Damon! Monster! Where!
 What glory hast thou gain'd by my defeat?
 Art thou more happy for that I'm less fair?
 Or bloom thy laurels o'er my winding-sheet?

SONG, said to be written by R. Burns.

A Rose-bud by my early walk,
 Adown a corn-inclosed baw,
 Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
 All on a dewy morning;
 Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
 In a' its crimson glory spread,
 And drooping rich the dewy head,
 It scents the early morning.
 Within the bush her covert nest
 A little linnet fondly prest,
 The dew sat chilly on her breast
 Sae early in the morning.
 She soon shall see her tender brood,
 The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
 Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd
 Awauk the early morning.
 So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,
 On trembling string or vocal air,
 Shalt sweetly pay the tender care
 That tents thy early morning.
 So thou sweet rose-bud young and gay

Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
 And bless the Parent's evening ray
 That watch'd thy early morning.

ANOTHER, by the same.

WHERE braving angry Win-
 ter's storms,
 The lofty Ochels rise,
 Far in their shade, my Peggy's charms
 First blest my wondering eyes.
 As one who by some savage stream,
 A lonely gem surveys,
 Astonish'd doubly marks its beam,
 With arts most polish'd blaze.
 Blest be the wild, sequester'd shade,
 And blest the day and hour,
 Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
 When first I felt her pow'r!
 The tyrant death with grim controul
 May seize my fleeting breath,
 But tearing Peggy from my soul
 Must be a stronger death.

INTELLIGENCE.

PORTSMOUTH, (N.H.) *June 23.*

AN act has passed the legislature for calling a convention on the first Wednesday of September next, to meet at Concord, for the revision of the constitution of this state.

Thursday the 17th day of November next, is appointed to be observed as a day of public thanksgiving and praise throughout this state.

The Episcopal convention of the commonwealth of Massachusetts met last month in Bolton. They have adopted the Constitution and Prayer-book, as formed by the late general convention.

The Rev. Dr. WM. WALTER is arrived at Cambridge from Shelburne, Nova-Scotia, and has accepted the care of the church in that town, and of the North Church in Boston.

We hear that a company of British merchants propose to emigrate to this country shortly, in order that they may carry on their commercial plans free and unmolested.

Newbury-Port, June 29. During part of the last and present week, between one and two hundred men have been employed in digging a canal between this town and Hampton, in the state of New-Hampshire. The distance they had to dig was about a mile and a quarter, which unites two small rivers, so as to form an inland navigation between the two towns, much for the convenience of both, as well as many of the neighbouring towns. The business is nearly completed.

Providence, June 23. A bank is about to be established in this town, to consist of 200 shares, of 200 specie dollars each, making in the whole a capital of 40,000 dollars, which may be hereafter enlarged, should the stockholders think it necessary.—

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 7.

Three quarters of the proposed shares were subscribed in two days, and the subscription will undoubtedly be filled in a few days from this time, about thirty shares only remaining unsubscribed.

Richmond, June 28. On Sunday the 20th March last, Capt. Thomas Reynolds was killed by the savages, on his way from Slate-Creek iron-works to Morgan's station, in Kentucky. It may be truly said, that the death of this young man is not only a loss to his relations and friends, but a loss to his country.

George-Town, June 29. Monday last the President of the United States, agreeable to appointment, arrived in this town, where he was met by the Hon. T. Johnson, D. Carrol, Esq; and Dr. Stewart, commissioners appointed to superintend the survey of the permanent seat of government.

Yesterday the President, attended by the commissioners, and a great cavalcade of gentlemen, viewed and selected the situations for the federal buildings.

And, this day the proprietors of the federal ground, collected for that purpose, signed deeds of conveyance, in trust, to the mayor and recorder of this town, for their respective possessions, within the lines of the federal city; after which the President was pleased to point out the following situations for the public buildings, viz. The houses belonging to the legislative department, on a rising ground known by the name of Jenkins's Hill, on the east side of Goose Creek, the property of D. Carrol, jun. Esquire. The houses for the executive department on a rising ground in that part of the federal city called *Hamburgh*, near Burnes's Gate, about two miles distant from

K k k

the

the first mentioned buildings; and the other public edifices, exchange, offices, &c. to be distributed between the above two mentioned situations.

Baltimore, June 28. A letter from France mentions, that "President Washington's letter to the National Assembly of that kingdom, congratulating the nation on its revolution, had been read with great applause in the National Assembly, and ordered to be printed."

Philadelphia, July 2. The two Mr. Choates, who were captured in January last by the Delaware Indians, at Big-Bottom, are returned to their friends at Leicestcr, Massachusetts—They owe their liberty to the generosity of the British commanding officer at Detroit.

We are informed that his Excellency the Governor of this commonwealth, pursuant to power vested in him by law, has formed two very advantageous contracts, which are founded on undoubted security, for removing obstructions, and improving the navigation of the Delaware and Schuylkill.

Accounts from various parts of the continent mention a great destruction in the vegetable world, by caterpillars, canker-worms, cut-worms, &c. They are in such swarms in many places as scarcely to leave the appearance of verdure behind them. The late rains, we trust, have put a stop to their depredations.

July 5. Yesterday morning the commissioners appointed to receive subscriptions for the Bank of the United States, met at the Bank in this city. At an early hour many respectable gentlemen of this and other states assembled before the doors were opened, for the purpose of delivering in their subscriptions, which, we learn from the best authority, amounted to twenty four thousand shares—four thousand more than could be received. The number of persons,

ready to subscribe, was so great, and the amount of their intended subscriptions so far exceeded the limits prescribed in the constitution of the Bank, that the commissioners thought proper to adjourn, in order to form some rule by which to regulate the business, so that no preference or partiality should prevail in the establishment of an institution that so much concerns the welfare of the United States, and the interests of the individuals who are disposed to become stockholders.

It may be proper to observe here, that the number of shares limited by law is 25,000, of which the United States retain 5000, consequently 20,000 only can be subscribed for. About 24,000 were yesterday offered, but a few subscriptions only received, for the reasons above mentioned.

July 6. Yesterday the subscribers to the Bank of the United States assembled at the Bank-house in this city, for the purpose of adjusting the difficulty resulting from the great number of surplus subscriptions over and above the number limited by law, which had been given in—and we hear that the gentlemen, from a spirit of compromise, agreed that a deduction should be made from the respective subscriptions, so that the whole number of subscribers should be proportionably accommodated.

July 9. Wednesday last the President of the United States arrived in this city from his tour to the southern states, in perfect health; which pleasing event was announced by the ringing of bells, firing of artillery, &c.

Monday last Doctor Shippen was unanimously chosen Physician to the Pennsylvania hospital, in the place of Dr. Jones, deceased.

July 20. Peyrouse, the great Gallic circumnavigator, is safe. Accounts are received from him, with maps, charts,

charts, &c. of his course, down to his arrival at Botany-Bay.

Remittances to the amount of 160,000*l.* were received from the United States by the British merchants in the Portland Packet, which arrived at Falmouth the beginning of May.

A very interesting and important treaty is now holding at Newton, on the Tioga, by Col. Pickering, with a large body of Indians—600 of whom arrived there on the 29th ult. On the 3d instant the business was opened by a conciliatory speech from Col. Pickering. The treaty appears so far to be strongly marked with traits of peace and friendship, which lead to a hope that it will terminate favourably on both sides.

NEW-YORK.

July 6. Last Monday, being the anniversary of the independence of our country, the morning was ushered in by the ringing of bells, and the day celebrated with great demonstrations of public joy. At 9 o'clock the Tammany Society, escorted by a handsome military corps, and accompanied by all the military officers not on duty, moved in procession, from their Wigwam, in Broad-street, to the New Dutch Church, where were convened the largest and most respectable auditory that ever perhaps graced that venerable building. The Grand Sachem, after some judicious prefatory reflections, read the declaration of Independence; and the Rev. Dr. Lynn preached an occasional sermon: which for apposite and well adapted thoughts, elegance of composition, and animation of delivery, in our opinion, equalled, if not excelled, any thing of the kind we have ever heard. After divine service, several select and rich pieces of music were performed to great satisfaction; and, at the conclusion, a generous and large collection was made for the benefit of the charity school.

From the church the procession moved to the battery, where the artillery fired a federal salute, and the infantry a feu-de-joye. Three cheers were then given by all present, and the concourse immediately dispersed.

The Society of the Cincinnati were also attentive to the day. After making their annual election, and transacting some other necessary business, about 4 o'clock they sat down to a dinner at Corre's, where they spent the evening in that social and agreeable manner peculiar to old soldiers.

On this occasion, the officers of the Revenue Cutter deserve to be noticed for the handsome manner in which she was decorated: ensigns of various nations of the world were displayed upon her, and at noon she fired a salute.

In the evening the great Wigwam of the Tammany Society was illuminated.

July 8. Yesterday 50 dollars were given in Philadelphia, for the receipt acknowledging the first payment of 25 dollars, in part, for a share in the Bank of the United States.—They have since been sold in this city for 58 dollars.

July 9. This day an express arrived at Philadelphia from Pittsburgh, with dispatches from Major-General Butler, which were immediately laid before the President of the United States by the Secretary of the Department of War.

July 16. Samuel Osgood, Esq; of this city, has resigned the office of Post-Master General of the United States.

July 20. A letter from London of May 5, says, "Yesterday morning Pedestrian Stuart set off for Falmouth, on his intended journey to explore the interior parts of America. He intends going on board the New-York packet."—He has since arrived in this city.

This

This day a superb entertainment was given by the Corporation of the Chamber of Commerce of this city, to **ALEXANDER HAMILTON, Esq;** Secretary of the Treasury of the United States.

We can assure the public, with much satisfaction, that Judge Cooper, of Otsego county, has collected this season about 70,000 lb. of maple sugar, which is brought to market in boxes, after the Spanish manner, containing 300 lb. each; about 15,000 lb. is in cakes, the remainder is all grained and equal to Muscovado.—The quantity this public spirited gentleman collected last year, was only 20,000 lb.

—APPOINTMENTS.—

William Smith, Esq; of Baltimore, Auditor of the Treasury Department.

William Lewis, Esq; of the city of Philadelphia, Judge of the District Court for the District of Pennsylvania, vice **F. Hopkinson, Esq;** deceased.

William Rowle, Esq; United States Attorney for the District of Pennsylvania, vice **William Lewis**, appointed Judge.

Major Jackson, Post-Master-General of the United States, vice **Samuel Osgood, Esq;** resigned.

—MARRIAGES.—

In *New-York*.—In the capital, **Alexander Macomb, Esq;** to **Mrs. Rucker**, widow of the late **John Rucker, Esq.**—**Mr. Caleb Boyle**, to **Miss Eliza Stanton**.—**Mr. John Richey**, to **Miss Johannah Denton**.

On *Staten-Island*, **Mr. Mackay**, of *New-Jersey*, to **Miss Eliza Micheau**, of *Staten-Island*.

In *New-Jersey*.—At *New-Brunswick*, the **Rev. Elijah D. Rattoon**, Minister of the Episcopal Church at *Brooklyne*, to **Miss Beach**, daughter of the **Rev. Dr. Beach**, of *New-York*.

At *Newark*, **Mr. Thomas Johnston**, to **Miss Cornelia Stonehouse**.

In *Pennsylvania*.—At *Pottsgrove*,

Robert Smith, Esq; of *Philadelphia*, to **Miss Rebecca Potts**.

In *Connecticut*.—At *Ridgefield*, **Mr. Eliphalet Bennett**, to **Miss Hannah Mead**.

—DEATHS.—

In *New-York*.—In the capital, **Mrs. Maria Barclay**, relict of the late **Mr. James Barclay**.

At *Huntington*, (*Long-Island*), **A. Judson, Esq;** in the 68th year of his age.

At *Crab-Meadow*, (*Long-Island*), accidentally, **Mr. Samuel Grumman**, jun. **Mr. John McKee**, and **Mr. Abijah Hoyte**, all of *Narwalk, Connecticut*.

In *Albany*, **Jelles Fonda, Esq;** aged 65, a gentleman distinguished for his patriotism, philanthropy and hospitality.

In *Rhode-Island*.—At *Providence*, **Miss Nancy Graves**.

In *Connecticut*.—At *Canaan*, **Mrs. Susannah Carter**, in her 22d year.

At *North-Stamford*, **Mrs. Heusted**, in her 38th year.

In *Pennsylvania*.—In the capital, **Mr. Samuel Lowry**, very suddenly.

—**Mrs. Sarah Riche**, in her 61st year.

—**Mr. Daniel De Bray**, supposed of an apoplexy, having gone to bed in apparent good health, and found dead next morning on the floor of his bed-chamber.

At *Lancaster*, **Sebastian Graff, Esq;** a member of the state senate.

In *Maryland*.—At *Elk-Ridge*, **Major Henry Ridgely**, aged 63 years.

—FOREIGN DEATHS.—

In *England*.—At *Brussels*, near *Oxford*, **Dr. John Burkenhout**, long distinguished for his productions in various sciences.

In *London*, **Dr. Alexander Garden**, of *Cecil-street*, late of *Charleston*, (*South-Carolina*).—The **Right Rev. Father in God Thomas Thurlow**, **Lord Bishop of Dunstan**, and brother to the **Lord Chancellor**, in his 59th year.

Sir Walter was also concerned in Captain Davis's undertaking this year for the discovery of the north-west passage, who sailed with two barks from Dartmouth, as high up as 66 degrees north into the straits that bear his name. He returned home the same year, without effecting any important discovery.

1585.

The colony left in Virginia under Mr. Lane, instead of cultivating the land and maintaining a good understanding with the natives, bent their whole attention to acquire gold, and plundered and abused the Indians, with whom they soon embroiled themselves in a war, and were reduced to the utmost distress, for the want of provisions; when, fortunately for them, Sir Francis Drake appeared on the coast, on his return from an expedition against the Spaniards, in the West-Indies, where he had taken St. Domingo, the capital of Hispaniola, and Carthagena. He also burned St. Anthony and St. Helena, on the coast of Florida. By order of Queen Elizabeth, he stopped at Virginia, to assist the infant colony. To supply their wants, he appointed them a ship of 70 tons, with 100 men, and four months provision; but an unlucky storm drove her out to sea, with several other ships. Sir Francis Drake thereupon concluded to take the colony with him to England, for which he set sail, and arrived at Portsmouth about the end of July. Thus, this first attempt towards a settlement by the English in America, proved abortive.

1586.

Jan. 1.

May 26.

June 9.

June 18.

Mr. Lane, and his companions, carried home some *tobacco*, which Camden thinks was the first ever brought to England. A ship of 100 tons, laden with necessaries for the settlement, and fitted out by Sir Walter Raleigh, arrived shortly after the departure of the colony, and having spent some time in search of it, returned the same summer to England.

About a fortnight after the sailing of this ship, Sir Richard Grenville arrived with three ships more; but he neither found that ship, nor could he hear any news of the colony. After a vain search in quest of them, he returned to England, leaving behind him 50 men on the island of Roanoke, plentifully supplied with provisions for two years.

This year Capt. John Davis made a second voyage to attempt a discovery of a north-west passage. He sailed through the straits which bear his name, and as far as 83 degrees north lat. but returned unsuccessful.

Mary Queen of Scots was beheaded at Fotheringay-Castle, in England, by order of her rival Queen Elizabeth, in open violation of the sacred rites of humanity and hospitality.

1587.

Feb. 8.

Sir Walter sends out another company in three ships, under the command of Mr. John White, appointed Governor of the colony, with twelve assistants as a council, with a charter, and incorporated them by the name of the Governor and Assistants of the City of Raleigh, in Virginia. They arrived at Hatteras, and went immediately to Roanoke, to look for the colony left by Sir Richard Grenville, but found nothing except the bones of a man. Where the plantation was, the houses were not destroyed, but overgrown with weeds, and the fort was defaced.

July 22.

Q

Manteo,

1587. *Manteo*, who is supposed to have gone a second time to England and to have returned with this expedition, was, according to the order of Sir W. Raleigh, baptised, being the first native who received that ordinance in this part of the New World. As a reward of his fidelity to the English, he was stiled *Lord of Roanoke and Daffamonpeake*.

18. The Governor's daughter, wife to *Annanias Dare*, one of the Council, was delivered of a daughter, which being the first English child born there, was called *Virginia*.—The Governor was chosen to return to England to procure supplies; for which he failed, and arrived there, after some difficulty, by the way of Ireland, about the time when Great-Britain was threatened by the invasion of the famous *Spanish invincible armada*, which the the following year was destroyed in the Channel of England.

Captain John Davis undertook a third voyage this year, with three ships from Dartmouth, for the discovery of a north-west passage to China. In this voyage he met with a Biscay ship, on a whaling voyage. Having gone up the straits which bear his name, he returned home without finding any passage. All these three voyages were much encouraged by the Lord Treasurer Burleigh, Sir Francis Walsingham, Secretary of State, and other noblemen and merchants.

1588. The Spanish invincible armament this year, in attempting a descent on England, was destroyed. *Fire-ships* are said to have been first introduced on this occasion by the English.

The fleet intended for the relief of the colony in Virginia, was suspended in consequence of the threatened Spanish invasion, and the vessels intended for the purpose, were stopped for the defence of England. Governor White, however, with strenuous exertions, sent off two small barks from Biddeford, which, instead of prosecuting their voyage, went a cruising against the enemy, and after a severe handling were obliged to return to England, to the utter destruction of the colony, as it proved, and the great displeasure of their patron.

- These disappointments gave much vexation to Sir W. Raleigh, who had by this time expended, as we are authentically assured, not less than 40,000*l.* sterling upon the enterprise: which circumstance, together with being much engaged in public affairs, induced him to make an assignment, by indenture, bearing date 1589. 7th March, 1589, to Thomas, afterwards Sir Thomas Smith, with other merchants and adventurers of London, and to Governor White and other gentlemen, for continuing the plantation of Virginia. By this indenture he grants, to the aforesaid parties, according to a charter formerly granted for the city of Raleigh, free liberty to carry to Virginia, and there inhabit, such of her Majesty's subjects as would willingly accompany them; as also, to them, their heirs or assigns, free trade and traffic to and from Virginia, or any part of Virginia, or any other part of America, where the said Sir Walter, his heirs or assigns, did or might claim any interest, title or privilege. And he did further, for their encouragement, and for the common utility, freely and liberally

liberally give them one hundred pounds, to be employed for planting the Christian religion in those barbarous and heathen countries. He made no reserve, excepting one fifth of all gold and silver mines.

1589.

In this year, William Lee, M. A. of St. John's College, in Cambridge, invented an engine, or steel loom, called the *Stocking frame*, for knitting or weaving stockings.

The new assignees of Sir Walter Raleigh's patent, were not as enterprising as might have been expected, which probably was owing to the public attention being directed against the Spaniards; for it was not until a year after obtaining their indenture that any thing was undertaken for the colony: when Mr. White, with three ships, set sail from Plymouth, and going by the usual track of the West-Indies, fell in with the Spaniards, from whom they took considerable booty. On the 3d of August they fell in with some low sandy islands to the westward of Woccon. From thence they went to Croatan, and so to Hatteras. On their arrival, they found the place where Governor White had left the colony three years before, abandoned. Searching up and down the island, they found the word CROATAN carved on a large post in fair capital letters. This had been agreed upon between the colony and the Governor, when he left them, that in case of a removal of their residence, they should write the name of the place to which they intended going, on some tree or post, with the sign of a cross over it in case of distress: but no cross was carved over it, which Mr. White considered as a favourable omen. On returning aboard their ships that night, a violent storm ensued, and on weighing anchor next morning to proceed to Croatan, which was an Indian town on the south part of Cape Lookout, one of their cables broke, and carried off the anchor of a second with it. Discouraged with these misfortunes, and with but one anchor left, their provisions near spent, they gave over all further search for the present, and sailed for the Western Islands on their return home. The hope of obtaining more plunder from the Spaniards, it is conjectured, was the chief cause of abandoning the object they were sent out upon, and discontinuing the search after the infant colony, which being thus deserted, fell a prey probably to the natives, for they were never seen or heard of afterwards.

1590.

Mar. 20.

Aug. 15.

In or about this year the telescope or spying-glass was invented, being justly esteemed one of the most useful and excellent discoveries of modern times, owing to mere chance. The common account is, that two children of one Janssen, a spectacle-maker at Middleburg, in Zealand, being at play in their father's shop, and looking through two pieces of glass between their fingers, which were at some small distance from each other, the weather-cock of the church steeple appeared to them unusually large and much nearer. Of this they instantly told their father, who, surprised also at first, made the experiment of fixing two such pieces of glass in brazen circles or cylinders, so as they might be placed nearer or farther at pleasure. Janssen very soon improved this discovery

1590.

discovery so much, that he presented a telescope twelve inches long to Prince Maurice, and another to the Arch-Duke Albert. Some make this noble invention to have happened eleven years later, and that J. Baptista Portu, a noble Neapolitan, was the first inventor; but the general belief is as above. Sir Isaac Newton was the inventor of reflecting telescopes, which since his time, and particularly of late years, have been much improved by the celebrated British astronomer Herschel. The *microscope*, which magnifies the smallest object so as to be distinctly viewed, was discovered in the year 1621; and it is said this happened both in Naples and Holland at the same time.

From this period the idea of establishing a settlement in Virginia, appears to have been for some time suspended. The resources of the adventurers became exhausted by repeated fruitless expeditions, and the government appears to have taken no part in supporting them. Every thing was done in the way of discovery by the exertion of individuals.

1593.

Some English ships, according to Hakluyt, made a voyage this year to Cape-Breton, for the purposes of morse and whale fishing. Although they met with no whales, they found on the island 800 whale-fins, where a Biscay vessel had been lost three years before; and this is the first mention of whale-fins or whale-bone by the English.

Some indecisive efforts appear also to have been made towards the discovery of a north-west passage, and Sir W. Raleigh encouraged them. About this time he was in disgrace at court, in

1594.

consequence of an intrigue with one of the maids of honour, whom he afterwards married. During his retirement he meditated the discovery of the rich and spacious empire of Guiana, a noble country in South-America, which the Spaniards had then only visited, and to this day have never conquered. Having obtained the necessary information, he fitted out a squadron of ships at his own expence and his friends, Lord High Admiral Howard and Sir Robert Cecil. He sailed from Plymouth, and arrived at the island of Trinidad. He captured St. John's, a

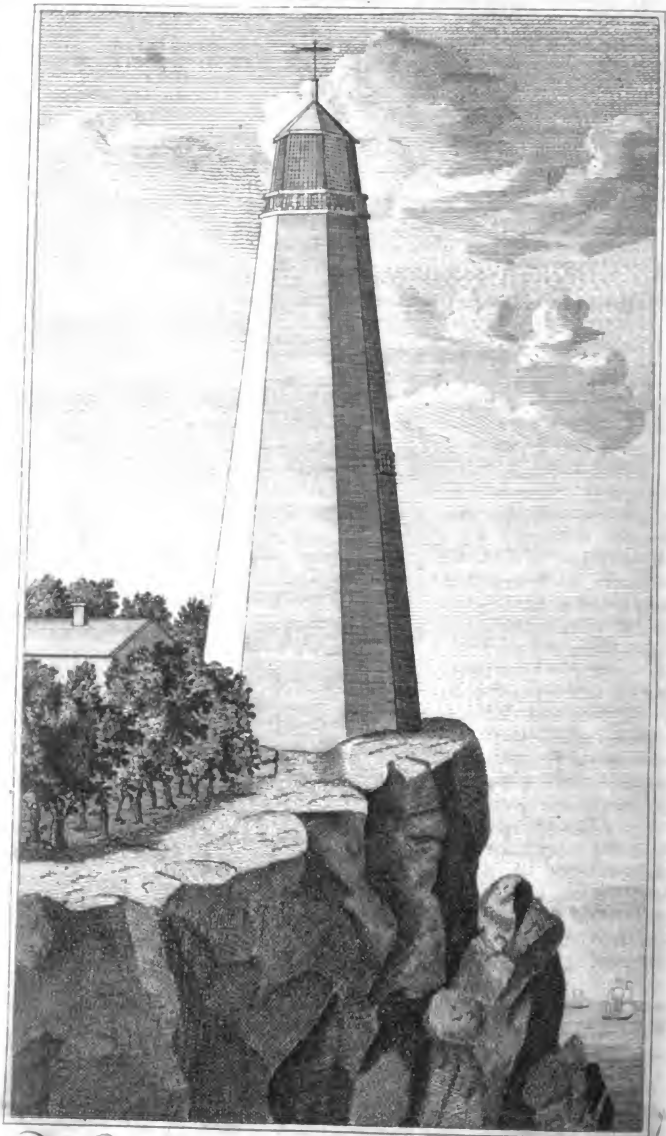
1595.

Feb. 6.

Mar. 22.

small city in the island, and made the Governor prisoner, who gave him a full and exact description of the neighbouring continent. On which information he left his ship at Trinidad, and with a hundred men in several little barks proceeded up the river Oronoque 400 miles, in search of Guiana. Of the whole of his proceedings, the manner of his entering this hidden country, and making a farther progress there in a month than the Spaniards had done in half a century; of the nature of the soil, and the certainty of finding many and rich mines of gold, Sir Walter has left us so fair, so copious, and so well written a relation, that, if his subsequent unfortunate voyage in 1617, had not thrown a shadow over so bright a prospect, we could scarce render a reason why Guiana should not, at this time, have been as thoroughly known and as completely settled as Virginia.

The States of Holland, and Maurice Prince of Orange, sent out *Barents* this year, with seven ships, on a second voyage for the



View of Shelburne Light House.

T H E
NEW-YORK MAGAZINE;
O R,
LITERARY REPOSITORY:

FOR A U G U S T, 1791.

N U M B E R V I I I . — V O L U M E I I .

C O N T A I N I N G,

	Page.		Page.
Meteorological Observations for		Silent Expression of Sorrow, -	453
July, 1791, - - - - -	426	Singular Instrument of Punish-	
Description of the Plate, - - -	427	ment, - - - - -	456
The Scribbler.—No. X. - - -	ibid	A Description of the Highlands	
Description of a Monument in-		of Scotland, &c. - - - -	ibid
tended to be erected in Phi-		Singular Case of a Boy, - - -	458
ladelphia, - - - - -	429	Juvenis.—No. XVII. - - - -	459
Letter on Merit, - - - - -	430	Observations on Holland, - -	460
About Taib: An Eastern Tale, 431		Anecdote, - - - - -	463
Curfory Remarks, &c. - - -	433	The Miscellanist.—No. II. -	464
Satire of M. Voltaire, a Prophecy, 438		The Musical Pigeon, - - - -	468
The Last Will, - - - - -	440	Power of Love and Filial Duty, ibid	
Letter on Morfe's Geography, 442		<i>The AMERICAN MUSE.</i>	
Aphorism, - - - - -	ibid	ORIGINAL.	
Natural History of the Polypus, 443		The Country Boarding-School, 475	
Account of the Characters, Dis-		An Evening Prospect, - - - -	ibid
positions, and Numbers of the		A Hymn, - - - - -	476
Indians in North-America, 444		On Divine Love, - - - - -	ibid
Letter from Juvenis, introduc-		SELECTED.	
tory to a Correspondence, -	447	An Evening Contemplation in	
Account of a living Bitch, born		a College, - - - - -	478
totally deprived of her two		Intelligence, - - - - -	481
fore Legs, - - - - -	ibid	Appointments, - - - - -	487
Account of the burning of the		Marriages, - - - - -	ibid
Spanish Floating Batteries at		Deaths, - - - - -	ibid
Gibraltar, - - - - -	448		

With a View of the LIGHT-HOUSE at *Port-Rosserway, Nova-Scotia.*

NEW-YORK: PRINTED BY THOMAS AND JAMES SWORDS,
N^o. 27, WILLIAM-STREET.
M,DCC,XCI.

✧ ON account of the recent intelligence from France, our readers are this month presented with *four* pages extraordinary under that head ; which, as the matter is extremely interesting, we presume will be perfectly agreeable to our respectable patrons.

The *Chronology* is unavoidably postponed. Indispensible business prevented its compilation in time for this number.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS for *July*, 1791.

Days.	Degrees of Heat by Fahrenheit's Ther.			Prevailing Winds.			Change & Fullof Moon.	WEATHER, &c.
	8	2	8	8	2	8		
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.		
1	66	71	68	S.	N.W.	N.	New.	Clear, cloudy, clear.
2	64	73	67	S.	N.	S.		Clear, clear, clear.
3	65	70	64	N.	N. E.	S. E.		Do. do. do.
4	66	72	68	N. E.	S.	S.		Do. do. do.
5	67	71	68	N. E.	N. E.	S.		Clear, clear, cloudy.
6	66	73	71	N.W.	S.	S.		Cloudy, clear, clear.
7	72	82	79	S. W.	W.	S.		Clear, do. do.
8	74	86	79	W.	N.W.	W.	First Q.	Do. do. do.
9	74	76	73	S.	S.	S.		Clear, rain, clear.
10	74	82	76	S. E.	S. E.	S. E.		Clear, clear, clear.
11	76	84	80	W.	S. E.	S.		Do. do. do.
12	79	88	80	S. W.	S.	S.		Do. do. do.
13	80	86	78	S.	S.	S.		Clear, showery, clear.
14	81	88	81	S.	S.	S.		Clear, clear, cloudy.
15	79	87	79	S.	S.	S.	Full.	Clear, cloudy, cloudy.
16	79	82	76	S.	N.	W.		Cloudy, dull, rain.
17	74	78	71	N.W.	N.W.	N.W.		Cloudy, clear, clear.
18	64	74	72	W.	N.W.	N.W.		Clear, clear, clear.
19	68	74	70	N.W.	N. E.	N. E.		Do. do. do.
20	68	78	74	N.W.	N.W.	N.		Do. do. do.
21	72	80	74	N.	S. W.	S.		Do. do. do.
22	74	82	77	S.	E.	S.	Last Q.	Cloudy, cloudy, clear.
23	74	85	76	N.W.	N.W.	W.		Clear, clear, clear.
24	76	86	75	S.	S.	N.		Do. do. do.
25	70	78	74	N.W.	N.W.	W.		Do. do. do.
26	73	79	70	E.	S. E.	S. E.		Cloudy, cloudy, clear.
27	75	80	72	N.	S. E.	S. E.		Clear, clear, clear.
28	71	83	76	N.W.	N. E.	S. E.		Do. do. do.
29	75	82	73	S.	SSW	SSW		Do. do. do.
30	74	79	75	E.	E.	S. W.	New.	Cloudy, cloudy, clear.
31	75	80	74	W.	W.	N.W.		Clear, clear, cloudy.

T H E
NEW-YORK MAGAZINE;
O R,
LITERARY REPOSITORY:
FOR AUGUST, 1791.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

Description of the LIGHT-HOUSE at Rort-Roseway, Nova Scotia.

[WITH A VIEW OF THAT BUILDING.]

Misfrs. Swords,

ENCLOSED I send you a view of a Light-House lately erected at the entrance of this harbour. You will greatly oblige a number of your customers, and perhaps be of infinite service to the eastern ports of your continent, if you can give it a place in your useful Magazine. The view is from the westward, being taken from Cape-Negro Island; which appears preferable, as from any other position the keeper's house cannot be seen.

It is erected on the S. E. end of *Roseway* Island, (called in Des Barres's Chart, *Roseneath* Island) upon a head of land, sometimes called M'Nutt's Head, sixty-five feet perpendicular above high-water mark, and it is ninety feet high from its foundation, making in the whole height above high-water mark one hundred and fifty-five feet. It is to have two lights, to distinguish it from Halifax Light-House: in the top five lamps, and in the beau-window, which is thirty-five feet from the foundation, three lamps. It is frequently seen in the day time five leagues and better at sea, and at first sight has been taken for a sail.

The utility of this Light-House must appear evident to every one, as there is no vessel bound to the American ports, eastward of New-York, or to the Bay of Funday, or this coast, but must be benefitted by it. It is really an elegant, excellent piece of workmanship, built altogether of stone, and has a stone gallery, breast high, round the lanthorn. At a little distance behind it is the keeper's house, a neat frame building, twenty-eight by sixteen feet, in which Capt. Cockain, (late of New-York,) the present keeper, resides.

Des Barres lays down the latitude of the Head to be $43^{\circ} 40'$, longitude $65^{\circ} 12'$.

Shelburne, July, 1791.

H.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

The SCRIBBLE R.—No. X.

“People never value much what is entirely in their power.”

IT is perhaps wisely ordered by the omnipotent Creator, that mankind, with respect to possession, are variously diversified, and not less unequal in their influential powers. From the sceptered monarch to the beggared pauper, we see a chain of many links, interwoven with a prodigious

digious number of appendages, or rather depending auxiliaries, which are in a continual zig-zag motion, endeavouring to gratify the various impulses which stir them on in their several movements. In this chain we behold the human species, engaged in their different pursuits. Among these, the desire of possessing unenjoyed objects stands foremost; and such is the peculiar disposition of this principle, that little or no gratification flows from the possession of that which, prior to its attainment, seemed to engross the whole attention, and to be the sole basis of the happiness of the deluded mortal.

As man comes forward in the world, the desires which actuated his infancy, give place to those of as foolish and ineffectual a nature. His mind is continually employed in the search of new objects, and as soon as he gets the possession of one, his attention is immediately directed to another, without his realizing that advantage which his eagerness to procure it would indicate it possessed.—When we behold things at a distance from us which we suppose to be advantageous, or to have peculiar beneficial properties, we are moved by a variety of causes and propensities to possess them: indeed, we consider them essential to our welfare, nay, to our very existence: but when we come to enjoy them, these imaginary blessings sink from view—we find no addition to our happiness, and our existence is not in reality rendered more pleasing than before:—thus, what we conceived to be an emerald in value, proves nothing more than a pebble from the street; and the delusion, instead of damping our curiosity for novelty, only adds fuel to its flame, and urges us on still farther, that we may fall deeper in the delutory abyss.

When we have any particular object in view which we wish to possess,

there is scarcely any thing that will deter us from attempting its attainment: the very great, tho' imaginary value we set upon it, stimulates our pursuit, and augments our desire; and the obstacles that rise like so many towering mountains in our way, only present themselves to enhance its value and spur us on to the possession.

It is frequently the case, that these objects are in themselves very trifling, and can give no advantage from their possession—of course, our folly in the pursuit is great, and we find ourselves disappointed in those pleasing anticipations which we had fondly imagined would be realized upon having the wished-for object in our power. And it is likewise the case, that sometimes what we wish to attain will be a thing of real utility, and necessary on many accounts for us to possess, as having properties needful for our happiness and improvement, and which we ought to study and cultivate with all the diligence in our power. But in this view the weakness of man is as evident as in the former, and we find him acting the same unsteady part with the substantial as with the superficial. Though endowed with reason, his unabating desire for novelty will not let him form a just judgment of any thing he may have at his command: and thus we see, that what is entirely in a person's power, very seldom is justified by a due acknowledgment of the advantage it may possess, or the merit to which it may be entitled.

This fickleness and inattention is perhaps as great an oversight as man can be guilty of. In the first place, his mind is never at rest, but continually on the rack in search of new objects, which rise to view much faster than they can be attained. In the next place, his eagerness in the pursuit of these affords him not time to estimate the value of what he may be possessed; consequently his labour

is

is lost without the least advantage; and by spending his time in feeding a passion which can never be gratified, he loses a profit immense in itself, and which could be derived from a very little attention to things which he considers of no value, but which probably have properties that will exalt his mind, and teach him *the true politics of his nature*.

We are too apt to think the goods of our neighbour better than our own; but if we would give ourselves time to reflect, we would find that therein we are deluded by ideal fancies. The rational enjoyment of life is in the power of every man; and though each do not possess an equal share of the good things of it, yet there is nothing but the foolish and unmanly conceits of the mind to prevent an universal equality of real pleasure and happiness. It is not very likely, however, that this will ever be the case, except there be a thorough reformation in the disposition of mankind, when they will act in unison, and view themselves in a proper light.

The state upon which we are founded directs us to value every thing according to its real utility, to act with constancy, and to judge *with a good judgment*: but how much

do we observe this? Surely our superficial and fickle dispositions derogate far, very far from it; and to what end? To render our existence a continual round of misery and contempt!—If this be the case, what is the boasted greatness of man, the lord of the creation, and the first of this planetary system? Alas, he dwindles into nothing!—"Tis true, he may review a life spent he knows not in what; but in the course of his soarings after new objects, without profiting by what he has already received, if by chance he casts his thoughts towards futurity, he may there have his attention arrested for a while, and from this prolific source will be taught, to his astonishment and sorrow, that he has been the dupe of an immoderate passion, and that his pursuits have been so much blended with fancy and novelty, and the merit of his attainments so little attended to, that he has fatally, though justly lost every beneficial effect which might flow from them; and thereby forfeiting all the importance of which he might have been to himself and to society, he sees too late his error, falls into contempt, and sinks at once into the maze of his own insignificance.

S.

Description of a MONUMENT intended to be erected in Philadelphia.

AN Italian artist lately arrived in Philadelphia, has it in contemplation to erect a monument, designed to perpetuate the memory of American Liberty. It is said he is patronised by several persons of distinction, and if duly encouraged will immediately commence his work, having already made a miniature thereof, of which the following is a description.

A rock is represented, on the summit of which is an equestrian statue of the American hero; around which

are four allegorical groupes, alluding to events, which have been completed; to our present situation, and to most probable future incidents. He wears a *Chalmys* over antique armour. Recourse has been had to antiquity on this occasion (as on others) in order to combine elegance of taste with grandeur of conception. The *federal constitution* is placed in his right hand.

In one of the groupes appears the figure of *Mars*, reclining near his trophies, having been restrained by *Policy*,

Policy, from further exertions : From her he receives an olive-branch, the emblem of *peace*, for the grand purpose of establishing a *republican government*. A *genius*, in the form of an *infant*, clasps a *wolf*, and indicates that *ferocity* is subdued by *virtue*. A female figure, expressive of *Policy*, attempts to soften the furious spirits of the *God of War*. *Allegorical wings*, which are veiled, are placed on her head, and under her arms is a geographical volume, expressive of foreign *politics* and internal *government*. An elderly man, clad in a consular habit, holding the *fascies*, and trampling on a *crown*, is exhibited ; and the flaming *altar of Liberty*, near which he stands, affords a competent idea of *republican government*.

In another groupe *Apollo* appears celebrating the praises of the *new states*, which are registered by *Clio* on the tables of *history*.

A third groupe shows us the triumph of *America*, with respect to *arts*, *agriculture*, and *commerce*. She

sits on the sea coast, holding the *cap of Liberty* in one hand, and in the other a *sceptre*. A *rattle-snake* is on her helmet, and stars beam from her *Aegis*.

Benevolent Nature issues from a cavern, holding a *cornucopia* in one hand, and with the other expressing from her ringlets the sources of rivers. She is crowned with *thirteen towers*, and over-head four infants, representing the seasons, are ready to receive and enjoy her bounties. On the opposite side *Neptune* is seated between two rivers, exhorting *Mercury* to advance ; under his protection, *American commerce*, and the glory of the *American flag*.

The fourth and last groupe represents *Minerva*, the patroness of *arts* and *sciences*, sitting on a fragment of an Egyptian *obelisk*, leaning on a figure of *Osiris*, and holding the *papirus*. Near her stands a genius with a *flambeau* in one hand, and in the other a butterfly, expressive of the grand principles of fire and animation.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

Messrs. Swords,

THE perusal of your useful Magazine has often afforded me much pleasure and entertainment, more especially as I have found it to contain many excellent and judicious tributes to real worth, which, from their appearing in so respectable a manner, operate as forcible *stimuli* to promote a like meritorious conduct in others.

Merit, wherever centered, should certainly have the approbation of the public ; and for this purpose it ought to be an object of those who are tenacious of its rights, and fond of seeing it rewarded, to convey it in such a manner as to make it generally known, that it may the more readily receive its due reward.

The cause of humanity has recently received a new spring from the

noble, the philanthropic endeavours which have, within a few years past, been made to suppress the nefarious traffic pursued in what is called the *slave-trade*. Communities, as well as individuals, have rendered themselves highly deserving of praise by their strenuous exertions to accomplish this great end ; and though as yet they have not been as generally successful as could be wished, still they have been of infinite service in procuring, in some parts, almost a total abolition of slavery ; in many instances an emancipation of such as were held in bondage, and in general an alleviation of the miseries of those unfortunate people, whose only reason for being doomed to wear an endless chain during their pilgrimage on this earth, seems to be a difference in colour

colour from ourselves; for, that they are made of the same materials, that they possess the same feelings, the same passions, and in every respect are equal to the most perfect of our race, are truths as notorious as incontrovertible. One article, however, they are deficient in, and that is what may be termed acquired knowledge, a knowledge which has directed us to hold them in bondage, to make a traffic of them, and to load them with miseries insufferable, inhuman, disgraceful and outrageous!

Among the many meritorious characters who have stepped forth in the cause of humanity, to procure an abolition of a practice which disgraces mankind, it is worthy of record, that the two greatest ministers at present acting on the great theatre of the world, stand with the foremost. An HAMILTON in America, and a PITT in Great-Britain, are equally strenuous in their exertions to put an entire stop to the slave-trade; and he must be possessed of little humanity

indeed, whose conscience will not bid him wish success to their endeavours. The character of the former of these two gentlemen is distinguished indeed, and even his enemies, if he has any, cannot but speak of him in terms of superior merit and ability: while that of the latter, if general report dissimble not, weighs an equal balance. They are men of very uncommon talents—they are ornaments, or rather blessings to their country; and they may be said to be equally impressed with the force of the two divine principles of Truth and Justice.

Who would not wish to imitate these great men? Who would not applaud their actions?—But I will not proceed farther in detail of this subject, and shall only add, by way of conclusion, that to follow in their footsteps, and to keep the track which they have already beaten, will be the greatest pride of, Gentlemen, your very humble servant,

Aug. 1791.

HOMO.

ABOU TAIB:

ABOU TAIB, Emperor of India, ascended the throne of his fathers amidst the acclamations of his people, and blessed with all that nature or fortune could bestow to confer happiness. His treasures surpassed computation, and forty nations submitted implicitly to his sceptre. His seraglio was filled with the greatest beauties of the East, his table constantly furnished with a round of the most luxurious dainties, and nothing which sense can desire, or capricious fancy invent, was denied to Abou Taib.

One day as he walked in his palace, reflecting on his power, his wealth, and the various means of pleasure he possessed, a messenger arrived to inform him, that one of the principal nobles of his court was suddenly dead. —This melancholy and unexpected event entirely occupied his thoughts.

An Eastern Tale.

Alas! said he, what is every thing that ambition can attain, or wealth procure! One end happeneth to all, and death, which concludes the woes of the beggar, shall one day terminate the power and splendor of the Emperor of Indostan. Were life eternally to endure, what I enjoy were indeed much to be prized; but of what value are riches, pleasure, or power, while the loss of them is thus certain?

At the same moment, a burst of thunder shook the palace to the foundation, and the genius Abaddon stood before the monarch.

Repining mortal, said the ethereal vision, I have heard thy murmurs, and that thou mayest no longer have reason for such complaints, take this talisman, and at the end of any day hereafter, which thou hast spent in pleasures and delight, apply it to thy forehead,

forehead, forming a wish that the next may be perfectly like it; and thou shalt find each following one exactly the same in every event and enjoyment, nor shall they cloy by repetition; thou shalt be new to the pleasures of each successive day, as if the preceeding had never been. The day thou wilt fix on is left to thy choice; only be careful how thou usest my gift, and chuse that, the delights of which thou wouldst perpetuate with prudence; for, having once employed the charm, thou wilt have no power to reverse it, but wilt be necessitated continually to repeat the felicity first chosen. So saying, the genius disappeared.

Abou Taib received the talisman with inexpressible joy, believing now that an immortality of pleasure was in his power, and not doubting but he should soon be able to fix on the day of which the constant return should produce a never-ceasing round of perfect happiness.

But this was not so easy as he had at first supposed. Every evening, when he came to reflect on the circle of hours that had just fled, he constantly found something too unsatisfactory in the pleasures they had presented for him to expect much delight from their repetition. Hope continually allured him on to look forwards to some happier moments, which might deserve better perpetuity. This felicity, however, was continually expected, but never arrived. Every successive day pleased him still less than the past.

In the mean time, age crept upon Abou Taib. Those enjoyments which he had found so imperfect in the fervour of youth, appeared still less satisfactory in his declining years. Yet, strange insatiation of the forceless Hope! his chimerical expectations of greater happiness to come, daily increased.

At last, while fancy was amusing him with scenes of future, and for

ever recurring bliss, an acute disorder seized upon Abou Taib. His gaiety, his vigour, and every capacity of enjoying pleasure, fled before it; nor was it long ere the most experienced of his physicians pronounced he had not six hours to live. Shocked at the hasty approach of the angel of death, and resolved to avail himself of his talisman, he applied the gift of the genius, from which he had promised himself never-ending pleasure, to perpetuate extreme and eternal anguish!

His misery soon made him desirous to invite that death he had been so solicitous to shun, but the fatal charm was not to be reversed. Day after day he started from the same dreadful dreams, to suffer the same round of sickness, pain, and torture.

The genius, at length, pitying his condition, and moved by his prayer, appeared again before him. Man of many follies, cried he, murmur no more at the decrees of heaven; repine not at the flight of pleasures you have not thought worth repeating! Wherefore should you blame the shortness of a life in which you have been so unwilling to protract, even your highest enjoyments? Whatever applies to every part, must apply to the whole; and what is true of every day of our lives, must be true of life in general. What, then, in praying for its continuance, do you wish to be continued? The flattering dreams of imagination, and the fallacious promises of hope never completely fulfilled; but repeatedly, nay almost always utterly falsified. Let those who hear your story, learn by your example to remain contented with the condition Providence has allotted them; and remember, that even the end of their imperfect happiness, is to be considered as an addition to the little felicity they enjoy.

The genius ended, and the angel of death, to him the angel of bliss, closed the eyes of Abou Taib.

CURSORY

CURFORY REMARKS

On the late Pamphlets of the Right Hon. Mr. BURKE, and of Mr. PAINE; with Reflections on the Revolution in France, and also on the present State of Government in England.

[Continued from page 372.]

MR. Burke, that he may be the better enabled to make the most of a bad cause, affects to view the rights of the people of England as originating and flowing from a number of grants and concessions made by their kings, and declaratory statutes of their parliament—such as the great charter, the statute de tallagio non cecedendo, and the declaration of right, &c. By this means he hoped to have gained a prop to support his declining cause, and to establish hereditary succession upon the ground work of the charters of liberty. “You will observe (says Mr. Burke) that these rights and this succession are declared in one body, and bound indissolubly together.”

But we in reply claim these rights as due to the English nation long before the making of any of these charters, and not created by them. It is not possible for the English monarch, with all his extensive and powerful prerogatives, or even the English parliament, with all their omnipotence, to alter or abridge, or add to, or diminish, or destroy a single *iota* of all these rights; they may indeed give them force and efficacy, but they can never give them existence, creation, or birth.

That the English nation, if they ever did possess a right to elect their kings, should, at the time of the revolution, have “most solemnly renounced and abdicated it for themselves, and for all their posterity for ever,” is a subterfuge as mean and untrue as it is weak and unjust: and it is of itself a most potent and convincing argument to evince the injustice and fallability of Mr. Burke’s

side of the question: but Mr. Paine has treated this idea of legislating, abdicating, and granting away the rights of posterity, in a most striking and masterly manner.

It is difficult to follow Mr. Burke throughout his pamphlet, and extremely difficult at all times to collect his true and precise meaning. All his arguments are founded upon this hereditary and divine right of succession: they are the data from which he reasons. With the destruction of those points, therefore, all his chain of reasoning must of course be destroyed and fall to the ground.

Because the Parliament of the first of William and Mary neglected to assert and declare a right in the people to frame a government for themselves, Mr. Burke, who is entirely governed by precedent, very seriously concludes that such a right does not exist. If this is the way Mr. Burke reasons, I will no longer wonder why he attempts to prove certain points, but rather why he does not attempt to prove every point that he wishes to have proved.

That a man in his senses should vindicate the aristocratical principles of nobility and family birth in the manner that Mr. Burke does, I confess appears to me extremely strange and surprising indeed. I will insert his own words upon the subject. He says, that while we are “always acting as if in the presence of canonized forefathers, the spirit of freedom, leading in itself to misrule and excess, is tempered with an awful gravity. This idea of a liberal descent inspires us with a sense of habitual native dignity, which prevents that

that upstart insolence almost inevitably adhering to and disgracing those who are the first acquirers of any distinction. By this means our liberty becomes a *noble freedom*; it carries an imposing and majestic aspect. It has a pedigree, and illustrating ancestors; it has its bearings, and its ensigns armorial. It has its gallery of portraits, its monumental inscriptions, its records, evidences and titles."—This long string of franchises and immunities is certainly a vast acquisition to the cause of freedom and of liberty!

But as this habitual native dignity, this pedigree, and all these bearings, ensigns armorial, &c. &c. cannot be supported without a certain quantity of the people's money, Mr. Burke shortly after shrewdly tells us, that "property must be represented in great masses of accumulation;" that "the same quantity of property divided among many has not the same operation; its defensive (and he also means its offensive) power is weakened as it is diffused." He also tells us, that "the perpetuation of property in our families, is the most valuable and interesting circumstance attending it: and that which most tends to the perpetuation of society itself, the possessors of family wealth, and of the distinction which attends hereditary succession, are the natural securities for this transmission." That the "House of Peers is formed upon this principle; it is wholly composed of hereditary property and hereditary distinction, and made therefore the third of the legislature." All this is very fine—after we have made masters for ourselves, we must pay them for being such.

Liberty must certainly be at a very low ebb in England, when it can find no other or better support than the bearings, ensigns armorial, "galleries of portraits" representing the phiz's of noble earls and barons who have perhaps been rotten two centuries

ago, and monumental inscriptions of these dignified peers—these Don Bel-lianus's and knights errant in its cause, and who must be so well paid for their disinterested and generous trouble. Surely Mr. Burke, in the defence of these errant knights, would fain persuade the English nation that they are a pack of errant fools.

Either Mr. Burke or myself must be very much out of the way in our ideas of property. For my part, I conceive a diffusion of it among the people to tend to the advantage of a nation.

But if an accumulation is necessary, the proper hands to place it in, in my opinion, would be the merchant, the adventurous trader, and the honest and industrious artificer. By this means, the trade and commerce of a state might be facilitated and improved: but still, the grand body of the people would be poor and dependent; their relative importance in the community, and their ideas of liberty, would be injured and broken. If their circumstances are independent, they will think independently.

I would ask Mr. Burke, how and in what manner the accumulation of property in the hands of an aristocratical nobility, can militate to the benefit of a community? Are the vast sums that are spent every year at the horses races at Newmarket, of any service to the nation? Or, whether it is by the money which is laid out at St. James's Park, or expended in routs, ridottos, scenes of pleasure and of dissipation, and in debauching the wives and daughters of citizens, that the nation is benefitted?—If by the term nation, Mr. Burke means that part of it which we distinguish by the title of aristocrats, but which he would distinguish by the epithets of the well-born and the noble few, then I must confess Mr. Burke to be right in his arguments; for these are
most

most certainly benefitted by accumulating and amassing the wealth and property of the community in their own hands. It is in fact the weapon they fight with, and the instrument by which they are enabled to ride upon the necks of the people. Thus the nobles and the court party, by virtue of this money, are enabled to obtrude their own creatures into the House of Commons, and to bribe the other members into a compliance with their measures and designs. This money, I say, is the very support and sinews of aristocratical tyranny, and of the arbitrary and oppressive measures of the court. By means of corruption in parliament, and bribery at elections and out of parliament, a majority is always secured.

The people of England would be in a better condition without any representation, than to have that mock representation which forms the present House of Commons; for that only serves to blind the eyes of the nation and to keep them asleep. They fancy themselves in possession of a security against the arbitrary power and insolent oppression of the court, when in fact they are trusting to a broken reed.—

Mr. Burke, when he sat down to write his pamphlet, which he has dignified with the title of *Reflections*, but which in fact was written without reflection, appears to have sat down with a steady resolution to blame, and with an unalterable determination to censure every transgression, and every proceeding and measure of the National Assembly, whether right or wrong, and to abuse that assembly itself, and every of its members, without any discrimination or distinction.

And when Mr. Burke, after all the laborious and the indefatigable researches which he, no doubt, has made, can find no plausible cause of

censure in the characters of the individuals who compose the representative assembly of the whole French nation, he finds, in their different professions and occupations, a subject to commence a quarrel, and abuses them collectively because they have a large proportion of lawyers and country curates among them.

Had a large proportion of that assembly consisted of dignified peers, mitred bishops, and titled barons, baronets, esquires and right honourables (such as Mr. Burke is) he would not have been so lavish of his censure and abuse as he now has been, but he would have “looked up to them” with a portion of “awe.” While Mr. Burke proceeds in this strain of accusation, scurrility and invective, I conceive that he is hardly worthy of a reply.

I will now take into my consideration the proceedings of the National Assembly, and rescue their measures from the unmerited, undeserved and illiberal reproach of Mr. Burke.

Never has Europe seen, nor has there existed in the world, a set of men more worthy of the esteem and the respect of mankind, than the persons who compose this august, this illustrious assembly. Never, perhaps, has any body of men rendered their country services so signal, so effectual and so distinguished as they have: but let facts unembellished and undisguised speak for themselves, and let a recital of their deeds and their performances be their only, as it will be the most forcible and operative panegyric.

They have delivered a great, a mighty, an extensive and a populous nation, consisting of twenty-six millions of men, from tyranny, oppression and arbitrary power. They have restored to their fellow citizens the rights and the privileges of man.

They have abolished titles, and all unnecessary, unmeaning and unnatural

rural distinctions of men; and, by establishing perfect equality, they have removed all bars and impediments to that mutual intercourse which should always subsist in civil society: they have laid an axe to the tree of monarchical despotism, and they have crushed for ever all aristocratical oppression.

They have put an end to all that intolerant persecution on account of religious principles, which had so long stained and disgraced the annals of Europe; and they have established the universal freedom of conscience upon the broadest, the most liberal, and the most equitable basis.

They have abolished all convents and abbeys, those scenes of mock religion, but of real crimes and enormities—those receptacles of indolent monks and of pampered ecclesiastics—those prisons and dungeons to a most amiable part of the community—sacrifices to parental cruelty and to parental oppression: and they have applied the immense treasure which they had unjustly extorted and acquired by speculation and fraud, to the benefit of the nation.

They have secured and established the credit of the nation upon the firmest foundation, by their wise, their just, and their politic measures.

They have greatly reduced the capital of an immense national debt; they have lessened its interest, and they have lightened the public taxes.

They have abolished tithes, that prolific source and fountain of oppression, injustice, disputation, and popular discontent. They have rendered more equal the revenue and the income of their clergy: this will tend to make them quiet neighbours and better men almost in spite of themselves.

They have established to the citizens of France the right to speak, to declare and to publish their sentiments. They have established the

liberty and the freedom of the press.

They have instituted the trial by jury for criminal offences; and they have secured the liberty of the citizen from unjust and illegal confinement.

They have formed and established a declaration of the just rights of mankind upon the most extensive and liberal principles, and couched in the warmest and most energetic terms. They have erected a temple to liberty, which, I trust, will be viewed with veneration by posterity, and which, I hope, will endure as long as time itself.

They have framed, or nearly framed, a free constitution and government—securing to their fellow citizens the full enjoyment of their lives, their liberties, their rights and their property, and all that is dear to man.

They have restored to France public peace, public prosperity, public freedom, and public happiness.

Yet these illustrious and patriotic men, after all their labours, and after all the services which they have rendered to their country, have not been able to extort even one poor mark of approbation from their rigid English neighbour. Aristocracy has fallen in France, and Mr. Burke has written his book of lamentations. He is afraid the spirit of levelling will spread 23 miles farther, and cross the English Channel.

But hark a moment—does not Edmund sigh for a peerage? and does he not wish to magnify it to his captivating and bewitching charms? Or has he not rather an estate in expectancy, which he fears will be of small value when it comes to his hands?—In support of these principles, Mr. Burke asserts, that “nobility is a graceful ornament to the civil order.”

Mr. Burke, among numberless other accusations which he has trumped up against the National Assembly, accuses them of injustice and oppression, in taking into their hands, for
the

the use of the nation, the ill-gotten wealth of the abbies and of the monkish clergy. He accuses them of the height of oppression and injustice, in the suppression of the convents and abbies. He charges them with murders, conspiracies and plots. He charges them with a wish to exterminate and destroy the Christian religion. He blames them for pulling down and destroying when they should have amended and rebuilt:— And in the warmth of his abuse, he lavishly bestows upon them the reproachful epithets of the “arbitrary republic of Paris,” and the “arbitrary assembly of France.”

Be mine the pleasing task, the reputable province to rescue from the reproach, and from the splenetic and ill-natured accusations of Mr. Burke, this respectable, this venerable, this honourable assembly. And here, that I may not be accused of presumption and self-conceit in opposing a man of the well known and eminent talents of Mr. Burke, I do most solemnly declare, that were I not fully conscious of the superior merits of the cause in which I am engaged, and that in the present instance infinitely superior justice is opposed to infinitely superior talents and abilities, I would be the last person in the world that would lay himself open to such a charge.

With respect to the first of these objections, the right honourable accuser has dressed his accusations in the warmest and most eloquent terms. As he found that it would be in vain to address himself to the reason of mankind, he has tried to influence their passions, and to over-heat their imagination. To all this I will coolly reply.

In order that I may be able to make the justice and the policy of the proceedings of the National Assembly more fully appear, I will take into consideration, in the first place, the

persons who were in the possession of this property; in the second, the means by which it was amassed and gotten, and of whom it was acquired; and I will lastly enquire whether the state was benefitted by its laying in the hands of those persons, or by their resuming it into their own.

The persons who, in a series of years, by a series of complicated rapine, oppression, extortion and fraud, had hoarded up and collected wealth almost incredible, were a parcel of monks, abbots and friars, and priests of that part of the clergy who were distinguished by the title of regular. This clergy consisted of a variety of different orders, who had erected an infinity of abbies, monasteries, priories and convents in every part of the kingdom; and this had the effect of spreading the spirit of superstition, and disseminating through all classes of people a profound veneration and regard for the priesthood.

It has often been observed, and it has been observed with truth, that while a nation is immersed in ignorance, superstition and barbarity, the people have not the most distant ideas of liberty, or of their relative value and importance. These crafty ecclesiastics were sensible of the truth of this observation; they combined to keep them ignorant and superstitious, and if possible to render them more so.

But the taste for science, literature and the arts, that was now so generally prevalent, and the spirit of enquiry which had been set on foot, by the writers as well of a neighbouring nation as their own, particularly the inimitable Voltaire, and which has been aided by many fortuitous circumstances, more especially by the celebrated revolution in America, and the impolitic but happy measures of their own court in taking side with that country,—has at length raised a storm which has gathered and justly destroyed them.

I will

I will now enquire, in the second place, of the means by which this treasure was gotten, and of whom it was acquired.

The Christian world had long groaned under the usurpation and oppression of their spiritual pastors and tutors. They had long been cheated and defrauded by the sale of bulls and indulgences. The children of respectable and reputable parents had been reduced to indigent circumstances, to beggary and to want, and heirs impoverished and disinherited.

These spiritual guides had laid traps and snares for the consciences of their flock: they created new sins, and they granted licences and indulgences to commit them. Never had greater or more refined scenes of enormity been committed than those which were perpetrated under the cloak of a mild and an holy religion.

This property was extorted from the people by numberless different frauds, and under numberless different pretences, to enumerate which in detail, would be to enumerate every possible peculation, every scene of injustice, and every system of corruption.

It consisted mostly of gifts or donations from the people, extorted in extremes, and for superstitious, or, as

they were denominated, pious uses—of monies given for the absolution and the forgiveness of sin; for the relief of souls from the pains of a state of purgatory—of benefactions and charitable gifts to monasteries, heriots, &c. &c.

The doctrine of purgatory was another prolific source, an almost inexhaustible mine of wealth to the Romish clergy. The relations of almost every person that died in this populous and extensive empire, gave large sums of money and other goods to the priests and monks, in order that they might pray for the soul of the deceased, and for its relief from purgatory. Whether these pious and these holy fathers performed the service for which they received a stipend or not, I am at a loss to determine.

Whenever a person was dangerously ill, these ecclesiastics were his daily and his constant visitors. He was perpetually teased into a compliance with their measures. Had he been guilty of any irregularities, a *donatio causa mortis*, or a gift in pious uses was the peace offering that would insure him forgiveness. Had he committed a crime however atrocious, the building of an abbey was a sufficient atonement.

[To be continued.]

SATIRE of M. VOLTAIRE, against M. ROUSSEAU's ELOISA.

A Prophecy given 1761.

IN those days there will appear in France a very extraordinary person, come from the banks of a lake. He will say unto the people, "I am possessed by the dæmon of enthusiasm—I have received from heaven the gift of inconsistency;" and the multitude shall run after him, and many shall believe in him; and he shall say unto them, "Ye are all villains and rascals; your women are all prostitutes; and I am come to live

amongst you;" and he will take advantage of the natural lenity of your country to abuse the people: and he will add, "All the men are virtuous in the country where I was born, and I will not stay in the country where I was born:" and he will maintain that the sciences and the arts must necessarily corrupt our morals; and he will treat of all sorts of arts and sciences; and he will maintain that the theatre is a source of profligacy.

prostitution and corruption; and he will compose operas and plays—He will publish that there is no virtue but among the savages, though he never was among them. He will advise mankind to go naked, and he will wear laced clothes when given him—He will employ his time in copying French music, and he will tell you there is no French music. He will tell you that it is impossible to preserve your morals if you read romances: and he will compose a romance, and in this romance shall be seen vice in deeds, and virtue in words; and the actors in it shall be mad with love, and with philosophy: and in this romance we shall learn how to seduce a young girl philosophically.

And the disciple shall lose all shame and all modesty, and she shall practise folly, and raise maxims with her master, and shall be the first to give him a kiss on the lips; and she shall invite him to lie with her, and he shall actually lie with her, and she shall become pregnant with metaphysics; and his love-letters shall be philosophical homilies: and he shall get drunk with an English nobleman, who shall insult him, and he shall challenge him to fight, and his mistress, who hath left the honour of her own sex, shall decide with regard to that of men, and she shall teach her master, who taught her every thing, that he ought not to fight. And he shall go to Paris, where he shall be introduced to some ladies of pleasure, and he shall get drunk like a fool, and shall lie with those women of the town; and he shall write an account of these adventures to his mistress, and she shall thank him for it. The man who shall marry his mistress shall know that she is loved to distraction by another, and this good man, notwithstanding, shall be an atheist, and immediately after the marriage his wife shall be

happy, and she shall write to her lover, that if she were again at liberty, she would wed her husband rather than him. And the philosopher shall have a mind to kill himself, and shall compose a long dissertation to prove that a lover ought always to kill himself when he has lost his mistress; and her husband shall prove to him that it is not worth his while, and he shall not kill himself.

Then he shall set out to make the tour of the world, in order to allow time for the children of his mistress to grow up, and that he may get to Switzerland time enough to be their preceptor, and to teach them virtue as he had done their mother; and he shall see nothing in the tour of the world, and he shall return to Europe, and when he shall have arrived there they shall still love one another with transport, and they shall squeeze each others hands, and weep. And this fine lover being in a boat along with his mistress, shall have a mind to throw her in the water, and himself along with her. All this they shall call philosophy and virtue, and they shall talk so much of philosophy and virtue, that no body shall know what philosophy and virtue is, and the mistress of the philosopher shall have a few trees and a rivulet in her garden, and she shall call that her *elysium*. And every day she shall feed sparrows in her garden, and she shall watch her domestics, both males and females, to prevent their playing the same foolish pranks that she herself had played, and she shall sup in the midst of her harvest people, and she shall cut hemp with them, having her lover at her side; and the philosopher shall be desirous of cutting hemp the day after that, and all the days of his life, and she shall be a pedant in every word she says, and all the rest of her sex shall be contemptible in her eyes; and she shall die, and before she dies she shall preach

preach according to custom; and she shall talk incessantly, till her strength shall fail her; and she shall dress herself out like a coquette, and die like a saint.

The author of this book, like those empiricks who make wounds on purpose to shew the virtue of their balsams, poison our souls for the sake of curing them; and this poison will act violently on the understanding and on the heart, and the antidote will operate only on the understanding, and the poison will triumph, and he will boast of having opened a gulf, and he will think he saves himself from all blame by crying,

Woe be to the young girls that shall fall into it! I have warned them against it in my preface, and young girls never read a preface! And he will say by way of excuse for his having written a book which inspires vice, that he lives in an age wherein it is impossible to be good; and to justify himself he will slander the whole world, and threaten with his contempt all those who shall dislike his book, and every body shall wonder how, with a soul so pure and virtuous, he could compose a book which is so much the reverse; and many that believed in him shall believe in him no more.

The LAST WILL.

HASSAN BEN-AIOUB, a rich citizen of Bassora, a widower, and without children, felt himself attacked with an incurable disease, and threatened with a speedy death. One day, when some of his friends had come to see him, he acknowledged to them, that he intended to go to the Cadi and intreat him to come and receive his last will immediately. Agib, one of these friends, tenderly reproached him for that cruel acknowledgment, that resolution so strange, and, according to him, so premature. But after all, added he, I see, my dear Hassan, the respectable motive which induces you: You believe that you cannot too soon consider what will become of those considerable effects which heaven has bestowed on you after you are gone. You fear they may fall into unworthy hands, and that the criminal use which may be made of them will be imputed to you. Sage Hassan, I have nothing more to say. I go myself to seek the public officer you ask after, and I will bring him to you immediately. Agib went out wiping his eyes, which dropt no tears; and in less than half an hour he returned with the Cadi. The sick person then

drawing out from beneath his pillow a sealed packet, said to the magistrate, Light of the law, behold the last requests of a dying man: I deposite them in your hands, which the gold of corruption dare not venture to stain. When the angel of death shall have disengaged my soul from its prison, deign to open this last will in presence of my relations and my friends; but above all, in presence of my good friend Agib. Hassan died some days afterwards; and scarcely had they closed his eyes, when Agib in haste conducted before the Cadi all those whom the deceased had desired to be present. The mussulman judge, after showing them the seal safe and entire, broke it open himself, and gave the will open to his secretary; who read with a loud voice what follows:—

In the name of the just and merciful God. Before quitting the caravanera of this world, where I have passed a short and wretched night, I Hassan, the son of Aïoub, the son of Abdalla, leave this writing, by which I dispose of all the goods to which I have right that I do not carry along with me.

I have

I have threatened my nephews David and Achmet, to make them repent their conduct which has frequently displeased me; and I am now to keep my word with them—quite otherwise than they imagine. They are young and a little foolish; but will they continue to be so? they are the sons of my brother who loved me, and the grandsons of my father. I leave them then the fortune which that good father left me, and all that my cares, my œconomy, and the blessing of heaven have added to it. If they abuse my gift, the sin be on their own head. I leave them, I say, all I possess; but under this condition nevertheless, that they shall discharge the legacies after-mentioned.

I shall leave none to the poor derisives, and even none in favour of hospitals. Thanks to heaven, my hands opened of themselves to pay to indigence the tribute that is its due: but in dying I keep them shut; it is the business of my heirs to open theirs.—What merit have I in giving to God that which he is about to take from me? and how will he regard these posthumous charities which flatter the pride of the testator, and cost his avarice nothing?

I will, that from the time of my death, all my slaves without exception shall be absolutely and for ever free. They merit this the more that they seem to me never to have desired it, till they dreaded the losing me. I bequeath to such among them as age or infirmities have rendered unable to work, an alimentary pension proportioned to their wants, and which shall not be less than 50 pieces of gold.

As to the others, I love them too well to expose their virtues to the dangers of idleness. They will live like decent citizens by the trades which I have made them be taught; and I content myself with bequeathing to each 150 pieces of gold, which

they will employ in forming their little establishments.

I bequeath to the Emir Mansour my Arabian horse, with his authentic genealogy, and his trappings adorned with the pearls of Bahrem.

I bequeath to Molla Saleb my golden ink-standish; and to his brother the Iman an ancient alcoran, written on blue vellum in letters of gold; the same, it is said, on which the Calif Omar read on Fridays to the faithful assembly in the great mosque.

That book excepted, I bequeath to the philosopher Amrou all the library which he has taken so much pains to form. I know that he loves books, and that it would be more easy for him to make good ones than to buy them. I therefore leave him mine; but on this express condition, that he first of all accept the purse of 1000 pieces of gold, which for more than 20 years I have pressed him in vain to accept. If he still refuses this last mark of my friendship, I renounce his from that moment; and I pray our common friends to avenge my insulted memory, by giving up all connection with this unreasonable philosopher.

I believe I shall have less difficulty to prevail on my good friend Agib to accept of a legacy. What do I not owe to this dear Agib? He has attached himself to me almost in spite of myself from the time he saw me old and infirm; and he did not even quit me when he saw me dying.—It is he who made me perceive a thousand perfections I possessed, of which neither myself nor any person could form a doubt. It is he who has observed with an eye of severity all the follies of my nephews, who has kept an exact register of them, and given me a more than faithful account of them. But what shall I bequeath to that friend, so officious and so zealous? A good advice of

N n n

which

which I expect he will profit:—
Choose better your dapes, my dear
Agib, and never attempt to impose
on a friend, unless he is rich, weak,
and vain. You will find enough of
this description!

Done at Bassora the 322d year of
the Hejira, the sixth day of the moon
of Regeb.

HASSAN BEN-AIOUB,
The servant of God.

• To the EDITORS of the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE,
GENTLEMEN,

IN perusing the American Geogra-
phy published by the Rev. Mr.
Morfe, I find in his sketch of the life
of General Montgomery, the follow-
ing description of the monument
railed at St. Paul's Church to the
memory of that illustrious hero.—
After mentioning the resolve of Con-
gress for erecting a monument, &c.
he goes on—"This resolve was car-
ried into execution at Paris, by that
ingenious artist Mr. Caffiers, sculp-
tor to the King of France, under
the direction of Dr. Franklin.—
The monument is of white marble,
of the most beautiful simplicity and
inexpressible elegance, with em-
blematical devices, and the follow-
ing truly classical inscription, wor-
thy of the modest, but great mind
of a Franklin.

"To the glory of
RICHARD MONTGOMERY,
Major-General of the armies
of the United States of America:
Slain at the siege of Quebec,
the 31st December, 1775,
aged 38 years."

Whoever reads this description
will, I think, naturally conclude that
the above *inscription* is really on the
monument; but whoever goes to
view it, will find the following:—

"This monument is erected by or-
der of Congress, 25th January,
1776, to transmit to posterity a
grateful remembrance of the pa-
triotism, conduct, enterprize and
perseverance of Major-General
RICHARD MONTGOMERY, who,
after a series of successes, amidst
the most discouraging difficulties,
fell in the attack on Quebec,
31st December, 1775, aged 37
years."

I do not send you this for insertion
in your valuable Repository, with an
intent to injure the credit of Mr.
Morfe's useful publication, but mere-
ly to rectify an error that has been
copied in other works.*

Wishing to see the New-York Ma-
gazine flourish, I remain, &c.

OBSERVER.

Brooklyne, Aug. 9, 1791.

* *Christian's, Scholar's and Farmer's Magazine.*

APHORISM.

CONVERSATION with men
of a polite genius is the best
method for improving our natural
taste. It is impossible for a man of
the greatest parts to consider any
thing in its whole extent, and in all
its variety of lights. Every man,
besides those general observations

which are to be made upon an au-
thor, forms several reflections that are
peculiar to his own manner of think-
ing; so that conversation will natu-
rally furnish us with hints which we
did not attend to, and make us enjoy
other men's parts and reflections as
well as our own.

NATURAL

NATURAL HISTORY of the POLYPUS.

[From Smellie's *Philosophical Natural History*.]

THE structure of the Polypus, which inhabits fresh water pools and ditches, is extremely simple. Its body consists of a single tube, with long tentacula, or arms, at one extremity, by which it seizes small worms, and conveys them to its mouth. It has no proper head, heart, stomach, or intestines of any kind. This simplicity of structure gives rise to an equal simplicity in the œconomy and functions of the animal. The polypus, though it has not the distinction of sex, is extremely prolific. When about to multiply, a small protuberance or bud appears on the surface of its body. This bud gradually swells and extends; it includes not a young polypus, but is the real animal in miniature, united to the mother as a sucker to the parent tree. The food taken by the mother passes into the young by means of a communicating aperture. When the shooting polypus has acquired a certain growth, this aperture gradually closes, and the young drops off, to multiply its species in the same manner. As every part of a polypus is capable of sending off shoots, it generally happens that the young, before parting from the mother, begin to shoot, and the parent animal carries several generations on her own body. There is another singularity in the history of the polypus. When cut to pieces in every direction fancy can suggest, it not only continues to exist, but each section soon becomes an animal of the same kind. What is still more surprising, when inverted, as a man inverts the finger of a glove, the polypus seems to have suffered no material injury; for it soon begins to take food, and to perform every other natural function. Here we have a wonderful instance of ani-

mal ductility: no division, however minute, can deprive these worms of life. What infallibly destroys other animals, serves only in the polypus to multiply the number of individuals. M. Trembley, in the course of his experiments, discovered, that different portions of one polypus could be ingrafted on another. Two transverse sections brought into contact quickly unite, and form one animal, though each section belongs to a different species. The head of one species may be ingrafted on the body of another. When a polypus is introduced by the tail into another's body, the two heads unite, and form one individual. Pursuing these strange operations, M. Trembley gave scope to his fancy, and, by repeatedly splitting the head and part of the body, formed hydras more complicated than ever struck the imagination of the most romantic fabulists.

Of the *polypus* there are several species, which naturally multiply their kind in different manners. The *armed polypus*, or *hydara* of *Linnaeus*, multiplies its species, as formerly remarked, by sending off shoots from the body of the parent. The *bell-polypus*, or *hydra sientorea* of *Linnaeus*, multiplies by splitting longitudinally. In twenty-four hours, these divisions, which adhere to a common pedicle, re-split, and form four distinct animals: these four, in an equal time, again split, and thus they proceed doubling their numbers daily, till they acquire a figure somewhat resembling a nosegay: the young afterwards separate from the parent stock, attach themselves to the roots or leaves of aquatic plants, and each individual gives rise to a new colony. The *funeral-shaped polypus* multiplies by splitting transversely: of the individuals,

duals, accordingly, which proceed from this division, one has the old head and a new tail, and the other a new head and the old tail. The su-

perior division swims off, and fixes itself to some other substance; but the inferior division remains attached to the former pedicle.

General Account of the Characters, Dispositions, and Numbers of the Indians in North-America.

[*From Smith's Tour in the United States of America.*]

THE general character of the Indians is, that they are crafty, sensible, resolute, very suspicious, and very vindictive.

An Indian will travel on foot five hundred miles, through the woods, in night and darkness, secreting himself during the day, to revenge an injury done to his relations, or to any one of his tribe.

However, in every thing, but their cruel and revengeful disposition, I admire and respect the real character of the native uncivilized and uncorrupted Indians.

Their sentiments, with all the disadvantages of poor inexpressive language, and of, what is worse, a flat, dull, and deficient interpretation, contain and convey the most elevated, noble, spirited, and just ideas, delivered in that beautiful and elegant simplicity and allegorical figures of explanation, which add dignity and grace to the subject, and are so much admired in the Bible and sacred scriptures of the Christians, in the Jewish Talmud, the Mahometan Alcoran, and in all the oriental writings.

Their sensual appetites, however, they have no great command of, especially inebriation, which they are particularly addicted to.

But the truth is, they are corrupted by the whites; for they copy after, and fall into our vices; these appearing in the most conspicuous point of view: and I am afraid that our external virtues are so few, and even these so difficult to be discovered, that the poor Indians cannot distinguish any of them to follow after.

They have also been so treacherously and barbarously massacred by the whites, and so often deceived by them, that the memory thereof is carefully preserved, and handed down from father to son, in order to keep the rising race sufficiently on their guard against our future snares and treacherous designs.

This I look upon to be the true cause of the great caution, and complete dissimulation the Indians are become so perfectly masters of.

Indeed they have arrived at so eminent a degree of duplicity, and disguising their sentiments and intentions, that without the assistance of the arts of writing, reading, or committing their thoughts and transactions to record, they far excel us at our own weapons of subtilty, craft, and precaution.

In short, they are zealous steady friends; but rigorous implacable enemies, until satisfaction or reparation be made them for the injury they think they have sustained.

However, let their inclinations at this present time be either amicable or hostile, they all are not now sufficiently powerful, either to contend against the whites in arms, or to do them any material injury.

Whites who behave to them with uprightness and affability are greatly respected by them, and obtain an amazing influence over them.

But they must first be sufficiently convinced of the integrity and disinterestedness of the person; after which they are more at the command of such a man than one of their own chiefs.

Kings

Kings they have none, and the principal men of their nation become such by their merit alone. Than this there is no other precedent, or difference of rank among Indians.

They enjoy the sweets of liberty and freedom in the truest sense, and certainly are not guilty of the many iniquitous and scandalous vices that disgrace christianity and Europeans.

Their numbers on this side the Mississippi are considerable.

From the Gulf of Mexico to the Lakes of Canada inclusive, it is computed there may be about thirty-five thousand warriors.

Beyond the Mississippi they are much more numerous, and many people that have travelled there, say they are very open and hospitable.

The little intercourse between them, in that distant country, and Europeans, renders them less suspicious, less subtle and designing, and not so cruel and vindictive as those on the eastern side of that extensive river, whose greater experience, communication and transactions with the whites produce those pernicious effects. A reproach more severe upon us than on them.

Here I must beg leave to make one particular observation; lest, from what has been said, it should be thought that the Indians have a particular dislike to Europeans more than to the whites born in America; but the very reverse of this is the truth, for it is the white natives of the country that the Indians have the greatest aversion to, and by whom they have been so often most treacherously and barbarously used.

The white Americans also have the most rancorous antipathy to the whole race of Indians; and nothing is more common than to hear them talk of extirpating them totally from the face of the earth, men, women, and children.

The Indians indeed do not appear to entertain any dislike to the British and French, I mean those that are natives of Europe; nor have the real British or French any particular aversion to them, as the British Americans have.

The names of the different Indian nations in North-America, with the numbers of their fighting men, from the best authority I have been able to collect, are as follow:

<i>Names of the Nations.</i>	<i>Situation.</i>	<i>Warriors.</i>
The Choctaws or Flatheads,	On the Mobile and Mississippi behind South Carolina,	4500
The Natches,		
The Chicklaws,		
The Cherokees,		
The Catawbias, between N. and S. Carolina,	On the Mobile and Mississippi behind South Carolina,	150
The Piantias, a wandering tribe on both sides of the Mississippi,		
The Kasquasquias, or Illinois in general, on the Illinois river, & between the Ouabache & the Mississippi,		
The Piankishaws,		
The Ouachtenons,	On the Oubache,	250
The Kikapous,		
The Shawnese, on the Siotto,		
The Delawares, on the west of the Ohio,		
The Miamis, on the Misamis river, falling into Lake Erie and the Miniamis,	On the Oubache,	350
The upper Creeks, back of Georgia,		
The middle Creeks, behind West-Florida,		
The lower Creeks, in East-Florida,		
The Caultas, on the east of the river Alibamous,	On the Oubache,	700
The Alibamous, west of the Alibamous,		
The Akanlaws, on the Akanlaw river, falling into Mississippi on the west side,		

The

The Aijoues, north of the Missouri,	1000	The Chalas,	St. Lawrence Indians, on the back of Nova-Scotia &c	130
The Paddoucas, west of the Mississippi,	500	The Amelistes,		550
The white Panis,	2000	The Michmacks,		700
The freckled or pricked Panis,	2000	The Abenauquis,		350
The Canfes,	1600	The Conawaghrunas, near the falls of St. Lewis,		200
The Ojages,	600			
The Grand Eau,	1000			
The Missouri, upon the river Missouri,	3000			
The Sioux of the woods,	1800			
The Sioux of the meadows,	2500			
The Blancs, Barbus, or white Indians, with beards,	1500			
The Affiniboils,	1500			
The Christ-aneaux,	3000			
The Ouiscansins, on a river of that name that falls into the Mississippi on the E. side	550			
The Mascoutens,	500			
The Sakis,	400			
The Mehecouakis,	250			
Folle Avoine, or the Wildoat Indians,	350			
The Pucans,	700			
The Powtewatamis, near St. Joseph's river & Detroit,	350			
The Messisagues, or River Indians, being wandering tribes on the Lakes Huron and Superior,	2000			
The Ottahwas,	900			
The Chipwas,	5000			
The Wiandots, near Lake Erie,	300			
The Six Nations, or as the French call them, the Iroquois, on the frontiers of New-York, &c.	1500			
The Round-headed Indians, near the head of the Ottahwa River,	2500			
The Algonquins, near the above,	300			
The Nepisins, near the above also,	400			
		Total amount		58,930

This being the whole number of men fit for bearing arms, from hence we may be enabled to form some idea of the number of all the Indian inhabitants, men, women, and children on the continent of North-America; which calculation, however, I am ready to confess can be but rather a vague conjecture.

There being fifty-eight thousand nine hundred and thirty warriors, it is computed that about one third of the same number more are old men unfit for bearing arms, which makes the number of males come to maturity amount to eighty-eight thousand five hundred and seventy; and multiplied by six will produce five hundred and thirty-one thousand four hundred and twenty, which I consider as the whole number of souls, viz. men, women and children, of all the Indian nations that are come in any degree within our knowledge throughout the continent of North-America.

It is a most melancholy consideration to reflect, that these few are all that remain of the many millions of natives, or aboriginal inhabitants with which this vast continent was peopled when first discovered by the whites; and that even these will soon be extinct and totally annihilated, considering the amazingly rapid depopulation they have hitherto experienced, since that (to them) fatal period, or æra of the first arrival of the whites in America.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

A Letter from the Author of JUVENIS, introductory to a Correspondence with a young Gentleman at Fish-Kill.

My dear Sir,

WHEN I last saw you, we agreed on holding a correspondence, and I embrace this opportunity of reminding you of it, and soliciting that you will not neglect to continue it. Whether this be any compliment to you, is not for me to decide; however, of this you may rest assured, that that man must stand high in my estimation, whose friendship or correspondence I would be at much pains to secure. You and I have always, since our first becoming acquainted with each other, been on amicable terms, and which lately have so operated, as to have created an intimacy between us. It is my sincere wish, that this intimacy may long subsist and be permanent. It shall not fail, on my part, to give you every convincing testimony in my power, of my regard for you, and anxiety to show myself worthy of your attention and friendship.

The subjects of our correspondence must be dictated by the occasion. They may be grave or trifling, they may be political, philosophical or moral, as we feel disposed at the

New-York, June 2, 1791.

time of writing. They may be narrative or descriptive. The field of epistolary writing is unbounded. It would be impracticable as well as useless to confine ourselves to the discussion of formal subjects, or to define the nature of those which, from a peculiar propriety, should employ our pens. Letter-writing should not be made a task, but a pleasure. I shall, perhaps, frequently tell you of things wholly unimportant, merely to gratify a facetious humour. Sometimes I may write in the grave, the solemn, or even the melancholy style; sometimes in the didactic, dialectic, scientific, satiric, or political. The composition always receives its colouring and its kind, from the mood in which I am at the time: And therefore I never pretend to fix a certain rule by which to act, or to force myself into any thing which I do not feel.

I am, dear Sir, with every wish for your happiness, and with great consideration, your friend and most obedient servant,

D. S. B.

Account of a living Bitch, born totally deprived of her two fore Legs.

IN the month of July, 1788, a Spanish bitch, of a black colour, with reddish spots, brought forth eight little puppies. As she had been pretty free in the choice of her husbands, the puppies were very much mixed, and very little like herself: they slightly looked at them, and selected four to be kept. After they had removed the others, it was observed that one of them was a bitch puppy, deprived of her fore legs. It was imagined it would not live; but

this defect in the make did not prevent it from growing as fast as the other puppies of the same litter: she is now two years old, and has been long at her full growth.

This animal is much like a wolf-dog, but longer; her hair is long, rough, and brown; her tail like a fox, not only in the shape, but in the manner in which she carries it. Some persons think that the dam has been visited by a fox, but all naturalists know the marked antipathy between the

the dog and a fox, and the useless attempts made by M. de Buffon to bring them to produce together.

This animal is very fond, and will follow any one on her two hinder paws, which, as she walks, are far asunder, and the claws very open. If she wants to go fast, she makes use of the lower part of her neck, to support the lower part of her body, then, by leaping and springing forward, she gets on pretty quick: but this method of going seems to fatigue her very much, and every time her neck touches the ground, it seems to affect her respiration; and to keep her head and mouth from striking, she is obliged to have the muscles of her neck always contracted, in order to keep her head up.

On hearing any noise, she keeps herself in an erect position for a considerable time. If she wants to go up stairs, she leaps from step to step, supporting her fore parts by the lower part of her neck, and readily gets up; but has no means of getting down. It is not easy, by feeling, to learn the conformation of the bones of this animal; yet, when she sits up, as some dogs are taught to do, a sensible motion may be perceived under the skin, at the place from whence the fore legs should naturally proceed; but this probably may arise from a motion of the muscles. In 1789 she littered, and had six puppies, but none of them participated of the mother's defect. [Lit. Mag.

Account of the Burning of the Spanish Floating Batteries at Gibraltar. By Captain J. DRINKWATER.

TO gentlemen of the military profession, Capt. Drinkwater's minute detail of the extraordinary siege of Gibraltar cannot fail of being highly useful and interesting; to other readers a great part of it will perhaps appear tedious: but we hope the following account of the transactions of the 12th and 13th September, 1782, will be acceptable to all.

Nothing now occurred till the morning of the 12th: the firing of the enemy continued to be supported at the average of four thousand rounds in the twenty-four hours. About eight o'clock, reports were received from Europa guard, that a large fleet had appeared from the westward. The wind was brisk, and we had scarcely time to form any conjectures concerning them, ere they approached the bay; and proved to be the combined fleets of France and Spain, consisting of seven three-deckers and thirty-one ships of two decks, with three frigates, and a number of xebecs, bomb-ketches, and hospital-

ships; the whole under the command of ten admirals, and a broad pendant. In the afternoon they were all at anchor between the Orange-grove and Algeziras.

This great accumulation of force could not fail to surprise, if not alarm, the garrison. It appeared as if they meant, previous to their final efforts, to strike, if possible, a terror through their opponents, by displaying before us a more powerful armament than had probably ever been brought against any fortress. Forty-seven sail of the line, including three inferior two-deckers; ten battering-ships, deemed perfect in design, and esteemed invincible, carrying two hundred and twelve guns; innumerable frigates, xebecs, bomb-ketches, cutters, gun and mortar boats, and small craft for disembarking men; these were assembled in the bay. On the land-side were most stupendous and strong batteries and works, mounting two hundred pieces of heavy ordnance, and protected by an

an army of near forty thousand men, commanded by a victorious and active general, of the highest reputation, and animated with the immediate presence of two princes of the royal blood of France, with other dignified personages, and many of their own nobility. Such a naval and military spectacle most certainly is not to be equalled in the annals of war. From such a combination of power, and favourable concurrent circumstances, it was natural enough that the nation should anticipate the most glorious consequences. Indeed, their confidence in the effect to be produced by the battering-ships passed all bounds; and in the enthusiasm excited by the magnitude of their preparations, it was thought highly criminal even to whisper a doubt of the success.

‘ In drawing these flattering conclusions, the enemy, however, seemed entirely to have overlooked the nature of that force which was opposed to them; for though the garrison scarcely consisted of more than seven thousand effective men, including the marine brigade, they forgot that they were now veterans in this service, had been a long time habituated to the effects of artillery, and were prepared by degrees for the arduous conflict that awaited them. We were, at the same time, commanded by OFFICERS of approved courage, prudence, and activity; eminent for all the accomplishments of their profession, and in whom we had unbounded confidence. Our spirits too were not a little elevated by the success attending the recent practice of firing red-hot shot; which, in this attack, we hoped, would enable us to bring our labours to a period, and relieve us from the tedious cruelty of a vexatious blockade.

‘ The enemy’s cannonade was continued almost on the same scale as the preceding days during the night
New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 8.

of the twelfth. The next morning we observed the combined fleet had made some new arrangements in their position or moorings; and that the remaining two battering-ships had joined the others at the Orangegrove, where their whole force seemed to be assembled. About a quarter before seven o’clock, some motions were observed amongst their shipping; and soon after, the battering-ships got under way, with a gentle breeze from the north-west, standing to the southward to clear the men of war; and were attended by a number of boats. As our navy were constantly of opinion that the ships would be brought before the garrison in the night, few suspected that the present manœuvres were preparatory to their finally entering on the interesting enterprise: but observing a crowd of spectators on the beach near Point Mala, and upon the neighbouring eminences, and the ships edging down towards the garrison, the governor thought it would be imprudent any longer to doubt it. The town-batteries were accordingly manned, and the grates and furnaces for heating shot ordered to be lighted.

‘ Thus prepared for their reception, we had leisure to notice the enemy’s evolutions. The ten battering-ships, after leaving the men of war, *voore* to the north; and a little past nine o’clock, bore down in admirable order for their several stations; the admiral in a two-decker, mooring about nine hundred yards off the King’s bastion; the others successively taking their places to the right and left of the flag-ship in a masterly manner; the most distant being about eleven or twelve hundred yards from the garrison. Our artillery allowed the enemy every reasonable advantage, in permitting them without molestation to choose their distance; but as soon as the first ship dropped

ped her anchors, which was about a quarter before ten o'clock, that instant our firing commenced. The enemy were completely moored in little more than ten minutes. The cannonade then became in a high degree tremendous. The showers of shot and shells which were directed from their land-batteries, the battering-ships, and, on the other hand, from the various works of the garrison, exhibited a scene of which perhaps neither the pen nor the pencil can furnish a competent idea. It is sufficient to say, that four hundred pieces of the heaviest artillery were playing at the same moment: an instance which has scarcely occurred in any siege since the invention of those wonderful engines of destruction.

After some hours cannonade, the battering-ships were found to be no less formidable than they had been represented. Our heaviest shells often rebounded from their tops, whilst the thirty-two pound shot seemed incapable of making any visible impression upon their hulls. Frequently we flattered ourselves they were on fire; but no sooner did the smoke appear, than, with the most persevering intrepidity, men were observed applying water from their engines within to those places whence the smoke issued. These circumstances, with the prodigious cannonade which they maintained, gave us reason to imagine that the attack would not be so soon decided, as, from our recent success against their land-batteries, we had fondly expected. Even the artillery themselves, at this period, had their doubts of the effect of the red-hot shot, which began to be used about twelve, but were not general till between one and two o'clock. The enemy's cannon at the commencement were too much elevated; but about noon their firing was powerful and well directed. Our casualties then became numerous; par-

ticularly on those batteries that were north of the King's ballion, which were warmly annoyed by the enemy's *flanking* and reverse fire from the land. Though so vexatiously annoyed from the Isthmus, our artillery totally disregarded their opponents in that quarter, directing their sole attention to the battering-ships; the furious and spirited opposition of which served to excite our people to more animated exertions. A fire, more tremendous if possible than ever, was therefore directed from the garrison. Incessant showers of hot balls, carcasses, and shells of every species, flew from all quarters; and as the masts of several of the ships were shot away, and the rigging of all in great confusion, our hopes of a favourable and speedy decision began to revive.

About noon, the mortar-boats and bomb-ketches attempted to second the attack from the ships; but the wind having changed to the south-west, and blowing a smart breeze, with a heavy swell, they were prevented from taking a part in the action. The same reason also hindered our gun-boats from flanking the battering-ships from the southward. A view of the attack at this period is annexed. The drawing was copied from a sketch taken by an ingenious officer of the 12th regiment; who being quartered at the southward, had an opportunity of embracing this interesting period.

For some hours the attack and defence were so equally well supported, as scarcely to admit any appearance of superiority in the cannonade on either side. The wonderful construction of the ships seemed to bid defiance to the powers of the heaviest ordnance. In the afternoon, however, the face of things began to change considerably. The smoke which had been observed to issue from the upper part of the flag-ship appeared to prevail, notwithstanding the

the constant application of water; and the admiral's second was perceived to be in the same condition. Confusion was now apparent on board several of the vessels; and by the evening their cannonade was considerably abated. About seven or eight it almost totally ceased, excepting from one or two ships to the northward, which, from their distance, had suffered very little injury.

When their firing began to slacken, various signals were made from the southernmost ships; and, as the evening advanced, many rockets were thrown up, to inform their friends (as we afterwards learned) of their extreme danger and distress. These signals were immediately answered, and several boats were seen to row round the disabled ships. Our artillery, at this period, must have caused dreadful havoc amongst them. An indistinct clamour, with lamentable cries and groans, proceeded (during the short intervals of cessation) from all quarters; and a little before midnight a wreck floated in, upon which were twelve men, who only, out of threescore which were on board their launch, had escaped. These circumstances convinced us that we had gained an advantage over the enemy; yet we did not conceive that the victory had been so complete as the succeeding morning evinced. Our firing was therefore continued, tho' with less vivacity: but as the artillery, from such a hard-fought day, exposed to the intense heat of a warm sun, in addition to the harrassing duties of the preceding night, were much fatigued, and as it was impossible to foresee what new objects might demand their services the following day, the governor, when the enemy's fire abated, permitted, about six in the evening, the majority of the officers and men to be relieved by a picket of a hundred men from the marine brigade, under the command of

Lieutenant Trentham; and officers, and non-commissioned officers of the artillery, were stationed on the different batteries, to direct the sailors in the mode of firing the hot shot.

About an hour after midnight, the battering-ship which had suffered the greatest injury, and which had been frequently on fire the preceding day, was completely in flames; and by two o'clock she appeared as one continued blaze from item to stern. The ship to the southward was also on fire, but did not burn with so much rapidity. The light thrown out on all sides by the flames enabled the artillery to point the guns with the utmost precision, whilst the rock and neighbouring objects were highly illuminated; forming, with the constant flashes of our cannon, a mingled scene of sublimity and terror. Between three and four o'clock six other of the battering-ships indicated the efficacy of red-hot shot; and the approaching day now promised us one of the completest defensive victories on record.

Brigadier Curtis, who was encamped with his brigade at Europa, being informed that the enemy's ships were in flames, and that the calmness of the sea would permit his gun-boats to act, marched, about three o'clock, with a detachment to the New Mole; and drawing up his boats in such manner as to flank the battering-ships, compelled their boats to abandon them. As the day approached, and the garrison-fire abated, the brigadier advanced, and captured two launches. These boats attempted to escape; but a shot killing and wounding several men on board one of them, they surrendered, and were conducted to Ragged-Staff. The brigadier being informed by the prisoners, that many men were thro' necessity left by their friends on board the ships, he generously determined to rescue them from the inevitable death

death which seemed to impend.—Some of these insatuated wretches, however, (it is said) refused at first the deliverance which was tendered to them, preferring the choice of that death which appeared inevitable, to being put to the sword; which they had been persuaded would be the consequence if they submitted to the garrison. Being left, however, some moments to the horrors of their fate, they beckoned the boats to return, and resigned themselves to the clemency of their conquerors.

‘ Whilst the navy were thus humanely relieving their distressed enemy, the flames reached the magazine of one of the battering-ships to the northward, which blew up about five o’clock with a dreadful explosion. In a quarter of an hour following, another, in the centre of the line, met with a similar fate. The wreck from the latter spread to a vast extent, and involved our gun-boats in the most imminent danger. One was sunk, but the crew were saved. A hole was forced through the bottom of the brigadier’s boat, his coxswain killed, and the strokefman wounded; and for some time they were obscured in the cloud of smoke. After this very fortunate escape, it was deemed prudent to withdraw towards the garrison, to avoid the peril arising from the blowing up of the remaining ships. The brigadier, however, visited two other ships in his return, and landed nine officers, two priests, and three hundred and thirty-four private soldiers and seamen, all Spaniards; which, with one officer and eleven Frenchmen, who had floated in the preceding evening, made the total number saved amount to three hundred and fifty-seven. Many of the prisoners were severely, and some of them dreadfully, wounded. They were instantly, on being brought on shore, conveyed to our hospital, and every remedy

administered necessary for their different cases.

‘ During the time that the marine brigade were encountering every danger in their endeavours to save an enemy from perishing, the batteries on the isthmus (which ceased the preceding evening, most likely for want of ammunition, and which had opened again upon the garrison on the morning of the fourteenth) maintained a warm fire upon the town, which killed and wounded several men; and three or four shells burst in the air, over the place where their countrymen were landed. This ungenerous proceeding could not escape the observation of the spectators in their camp; and orders probably were sent to the lines for the batteries to cease, as they were silent about ten o’clock.

‘ Notwithstanding the efforts of the marine brigade in relieving the terrified victims from the burning ships, several unfortunate men could not be removed. The scene at this time exhibited was as affecting as that which had been presented in the act of hostility had been terrible and tremendous. Men crying from amidst the flames for pity and assistance; others, on board those ships where the fire had made little progress, imploring relief with the most expressive gestures and signs of despair; whilst several, equally exposed to the dangers of the opposite element, trusted themselves on various parts of the wreck to the chance of paddling to the shore. A felucca belonging to the enemy approached from the Orange-grove, probably with the intention of relieving these fortunate persons; but, jealous of her motives, the garrison suspected that she came to set fire to one of the battering-ships which appeared little injured, and obliged her to retire. Of the six ships which were still in flames, three blew up before eleven o’clock; the other three burnt

burnt to the water's edge, the magazines being wetted by the enemy before the principal officers quitted the ships. The admiral's flag was on board one of the latter, and was consumed with the vessel. The remaining two battering-ships, we flattered ourselves might be saved as glorious trophies of our success; but one of

them unexpectedly burst out into flames, and in a short time blew up with a terrible report; and Captain Gibson representing it as impracticable to preserve the other, it was burnt in the afternoon under his directions. Thus the navy put a finishing hand to this signal defensive victory.

THE SILENT EXPRESSION OF SORROW.

There is a kind of mournful eloquence

In thy dumb grief, which shames all clamorous sorrow.

LEE'S THEODOSIUS.

A VERY amiable and much respected friend of mine, whose real name I shall conceal under that of *Wentworth*, had lately the misfortune of losing a wife, who was not only peculiarly beautiful, but whose soul was the mansion of every virtue, and of every elegant accomplishment. She was suddenly cut off in the flower of her age, after having lived twelve years with the best and affectionate of husbands. A perfect similarity of temper and disposition, a kindred delicacy of taste and sentiment, had linked their hearts together in early youth, and each succeeding year seemed but to add new strength to their affection. Though possessed of an affluent fortune, they preferred the tranquillity of the country to all the gay pleasures of the capital. In the cultivation of their estate, in cherishing the virtuous industry of its inhabitants, in ornamenting a beautiful seat, in the society of one another, in the innocent prattle of their little children, and in the company of a few friends, Mr. *Wentworth* and his *Amelia* found every wish gratified, and their happiness complete.

My readers will judge then, what must have been Mr. *Wentworth's* feelings, when *Amelia* was thus suddenly torn from him, in the very prime of her life, and in the midst

of her felicity. I dreaded the effects of it upon a mind of his nice and delicate sensibility; and, receiving a letter from his brother, requesting me to come to them, I hastened thither, to endeavour, by my presence, to assuage his grief, and prevent those fatal consequences of which I was so apprehensive.

As I approached the house, the sight of all the well-known scenes brought fresh into my mind the remembrance of *Amelia*; and I felt myself but ill qualified to act the part of a comforter. When my carriage stooped at the gate, I trembled, and would have given the world to go back. A heart-felt sorrow sat on the countenance of every servant; and I walked into the house without a word being uttered. In the hall I was met by the old butler, who was grown grey-headed in the family, and he hastened to conduct me up stairs. As I walked up, I commanded firmness enough to say, "Well, William, how is Mr. *Wentworth*?" The old man, turning about with a look that pierced my heart, said, "Oh, Sir, our excellent Lady!"—Here his grief overwhelmed him; and it was with difficulty he was able to open to me the door of the apartment.

Mr. *Wentworth* ran and embraced me with the warmest affection; and

and, after a few moments, assumed a firmness, and even an ease, that surprised me. His brother, with a sister of Amelia's, and some other friends that were in the room, appeared more overpowered than my friend himself, who, by the fortitude of his behaviour, seemed rather to moderate the grief of those around him, than to demand their compassion for himself. By his gentle and kind attentions, he seemed anxious to relieve their sorrow; and, by a sort of concerted tranquillity, strove to prevent their discovering any symptoms of the bitter anguish which preyed upon his mind. His countenance was pale, and his eyes betrayed that his heart was ill at ease; but it was that silent and majestic sorrow which commands our reverence and our admiration.

Next morning, after breakfast, I chanced to take up a volume of *Metastasio*, that lay amongst other books upon a table; and, as I was turning over the leaves, a slip of paper, with something written on it, dropped upon the floor. Mr. Wentworth picked it up; and, as he looked at it, I saw the tears start from his eyes, and, fetching a deep sigh, he uttered, in a low and broken voice, "*My poor Amelia!*"—It was the translation of a favourite passage which she had been attempting, but had left unfinished. As if uneasy lest I had perceived his emotion, he carelessly threw his arm over my shoulder, and reading aloud a few lines of the page which I held open in my hand, he went into some remarks on the poetry of that elegant author. Some time after I observed him take up the book, and carefully replacing the slip of paper where it had been, put the volume in his pocket.

Mr. Wentworth proposed that we should walk out, and that he himself would accompany us. As we stepped through the hall, one of my

friend's youngest boys came running up, and catching his Papa by the hand, cried out with joy, that, "*Mamma's Rover was returned.*"—This was a spaniel, who had been the favourite of Amelia, and had followed her in all her walks; but after her death, had been sent to the house of a villager, to be out of the immediate sight of the family. Having somehow made its escape from thence, the dog had that morning found his way home; and, as soon as he saw Mr. Wentworth, leaped upon him with an excess of fondness. I saw my friend's lips and cheeks quiver. He caught his little Frank in his arms; and, for a few moments, hid his face in his neck.

As we traversed his delightful grounds, many different scenes naturally recalled the remembrance of Amelia. My friend, indeed, in order to avoid some of her favourite walks, had conducted us an unusual road; but what corner could be found that did not bear the traces of her hand? Her elegant taste had marked the peculiar beauty of each different scene, and had brought it forth to view with such a happy delicacy of art, as to make it seem the work of nature alone. As we crossed certain paths in the woods, and passed by some rustic buildings, I could sometimes discern an emotion in my friend's countenance; but he instantly stifled it with a firmness and dignity that made me careful not to seem to observe it.

Towards night, Mr. Wentworth having stolen out of the room, his brother and I stepped out to a terrace behind the house. It was the dusk of the evening, the air was mild and serene, and the moon was rising in all her brightness from the cloud of the east. The fineness of the night made us extend our walk, and we strayed into a hollow valley, whose sides are covered with trees overhang-

ing

ing a brook that pours itself along over broken rocks. We approached a rustic grotto, placed in a sequestered corner, under a half-impending rock. My companion stopped. "This," said he, "was one of Amelia's walks, and that grotto was her favourite evening retreat. The last night she ever walked out, and the very evening she caught that fatal fever, I was with my brother and her, while we sat and read to each other in that very place." While he spoke, we perceived a man steal out of the grotto, and, avoiding us, take his way by a path through a thicket of trees on the other side. "It is my brother," said young Wentworth; "he has been here in his Amelia's favourite grove, indulging that grief he so carefully conceals from us."

We returned to the house, and found Mr. Wentworth with the rest of the company. He forced on some conversation, and even affected a degree of gentle pleasantry during the whole evening.

Such, in short, is the noble deportment of my friend, that, in place of finding it necessary to temper and moderate his grief, I must avoid seeming to perceive it, and dare scarcely appear even to think of the heavy calamity which has befallen him. I too well know what he feels; but the more I know this, the more does the dignity of his recollection and fortitude excite my admiration, and command my silent attention and respect.

How very different is this dignified and reserved sorrow, from that weak and teasing grief which disquiets, by its sighs and tears, and clamorous lamentations? How much does such noble fortitude of deportment call fourth our regard and reverence? How much is a character, in other respects estimable, degraded by a contrary demeanour? How much does the excessive, the impor-

tunate; and unmanly grief of *Cicero*, diminish the very high respect which we should otherwise entertain for the excellent character of that illustrious Roman?

Writers on practical morality have described and analyzed the passion of grief, and have pretended to prescribe remedies for restoring the mind to tranquillity; but, I believe, little benefit has been derived from any thing they have advised. To tell a person in grief, that time will relieve him, is truly applying no remedy; and to bid him reflect how many others there may be who are more wretched, is a very inefficacious one. The truth is, that the excess of this, as well as of other passions, must be prevented rather than cured. It must be obviated, by our attaining that evenness and equality of temper which can arise only from an improved understanding, and an habitual intercourse with refined society. These will not, indeed, exempt us from the pangs of sorrow, but will enable us to bear them with a noble grace and propriety, and will render the presence of our friends (which is the only remedy) a very effectual cure.

This is well explained by a philosopher, who is no less eloquent than he is profound. He justly observes, that we naturally, on all occasions, endeavour to bring down our own passions, to that pitch which those about us can correspond with. We view ourselves in the light in which we think they view us, and seek to suit our behaviour to what we think their feelings can go along with. With an intimate friend, acquainted with every circumstance of our situation, we can, in some measure, give way to our grief, but are more calm than when by ourselves. Before a common acquaintance we assume a greater sedateness. Before a mixed assembly, we affect a still more considerable degree of composure.—

Thus,

Thus, by the company of our friends at first, and afterwards, by mingling with society, we come to suit our deportment to what we think they

will approve of; we gradually abate the violence of our passion, and restore our mind to its wonted tranquillity. Y.

A singular INSTRUMENT of PUNISHMENT.

S I R,

WE have often heard of *thumbkins*, *strait-boots*, and *juggs*, the instruments which were used formerly in this country for the punishment of certain offences against the church or state: but there remains one instrument hitherto *non-descript*; it is called the *muzzle*; and one of them is to this day preserved in a church at St. Andrews. Having seen it lately, I can give you a pretty good idea of its form. It is made of iron, and contrived so as exactly to fit a person's head, one hoop going round the neck, and two others crossing over the head at right angles. Upon the inside of the first, and opposite to the mouth, is fixed a triangular piece of iron, the sides of which are something more than an inch long. This thin piece of iron entered the mouth, and served to keep that unruly member the tongue, in the most perfect subjection. In the bar that comes over the face is an opening for the nose, and the instrument was locked upon the head with a padlock.

The beadle of the church informed me, that he has often heard his father (who had held the same office) relate the following circumstance, of which he was an eye-witness. One day while archbishop Sharp was performing divine service in the above

mentioned church, a woman stood up in one of the seats opposite to him, and publicly accused him of the crimes of fornication and murder. Being called upon by the congregation to be more particular, she declared, that the archbishop, when a student at the university, had debauched her, and that at his solicitation she had murdered the fruit of their illicit connection: as a proof of which she said the remains might still be seen under her own hearth-stone. The mob went immediately, and found the bones of a child in the place she had pointed out. Whether her story was true or false, I shall not pretend to determine; but it can hardly be supposed, that a charge so extraordinary could be made in such a public manner without some foundation, especially when we consider that by this confession the woman involved herself in the same guilt. According to the beadle's account, the only punishment inflicted upon her was to stand in the same church a certain number of Sundays, and do penance before the congregation with this very *muzzle* upon her head; and of this the old beadle is also affirmed to have been an eye-witness.

[*Ed. Mag.*]

A Description of the Highlands of Scotland, and Remarks on the Second Sight of the Inhabitants. By Dr. Beattie.

THE Highlands of Scotland are a picturesque, but in general a melancholy country. Long tracts of mountainous desert, covered with dark heath, and often obscured by misty weather; narrow valleys, thinly

inhabited, and bounded by precipices, resounding with the fall of torrents; a soil so rugged, and a climate so dreary, as in many parts to admit neither the amusements of pasturage, nor the labours of agriculture; the mournful

mournful dashing of waves along the friths and lakes that intersect the country; the portentous noises which every change of the wind, and every increase and diminution of the waters is apt to raise in a lonely region full of echoes and rocks and caverns; the grotesque and ghastly appearance of such a landscape by the light of the moon: objects like these diffuse a gloom over the fancy, which may be compatible enough with occasional and social merriment, but cannot fail to tincture the thoughts of a native in the hour of silence and solitude. If these people, notwithstanding their reformation in religion, and more frequent intercourse with strangers, do still retain many of their old superstitions, we need not doubt but in former times they must have been much more enslaved to the horrors of imagination, when beset with the bugbears of Popery and the darkness of Paganism. Most of their superstitions are of a melancholy cast. That *second sight* wherewith some of them are still supposed to be haunted, is considered by themselves as a misfortune, on account of the many dreadful images it is said to obtrude upon the fancy. I have been told that the inhabitants of some of the Alpine regions do likewise lay claim to a sort of *second sight*. Nor is it wonderful, that persons of lively imagination, immured in deep solitude, and surrounded with the stupendous scenery of clouds, precipices and torrents, should dream, even when they think themselves awake, of those few striking ideas with which their lonely lives are diversified; of corpses, funeral processions and other subjects of terror; or of marriages, and the arrival of strangers, and such like matters of more agreeable curiosity.

Let it be observed also that the ancient Highlanders of Scotland had hardly any other way of supporting

themselves, than by hunting, fishing, or war; professions that are continually exposed to fatal accidents. And hence, no doubt, additional horrors would often haunt their solitude, and a deeper gloom overshadow the imagination even of the hardiest native.

I do not find sufficient evidence for the reality of *second sight*, or at least of what is commonly understood by that term. A treatise on the subject was published in the year 1762, in which many tales were told of persons whom the author believed to have been favoured, or haunted, with these illuminations; but most of the tales were trifling and ridiculous; and the whole work betrayed on the part of the compiler, such extreme credulity, as could not fail to prejudice many readers against his system.

That any of these visionaries are liable to be swayed in their declarations by sinister views, I will not say; though a gentleman of character assured me, that one of them offered to sell him this unaccountable talent for half a crown. But this I think may be said with confidence, that none but ignorant people pretend to be gifted in this way. And in them it may be nothing more, perhaps, than short fits of sudden sleep or drowsiness, attended with lively dreams, and arising from some bodily disorder, the effect of idleness, low spirits, or a gloomy imagination. For it is admitted even by the most credulous Highlanders, that as knowledge and industry are propagated in their country, the *second sight* disappears in proportion: and nobody ever laid claim to this faculty, who was much employed in the intercourse of social life. Nor is it at all extraordinary, that one should have the appearance of being awake, and should even think one's self so, during these fits of dozing; or that they should come on suddenly, and while one is engaged in some business.—

P p p

The

The same thing happens to persons much fatigued, or long kept awake, who frequently fall asleep for a moment, or for a longer space, while they are standing, or walking, or riding on horseback. Add but a lively dream to this slumber, and (which is the frequent effect of disease) take away the consciousness of having been asleep, and a superstitious man, who is always hearing and believing tales of second sight, may easily mistake his dream for a waking vision; which, however, is soon forgotten, when no subsequent occurrence recalls it to his memory; but which, if it shall be thought to resemble any future event, exalts the *poor dreamer* into an Highland prophet. This conceit makes him more recluse and more melancholy than ever; and so feeds his disease, and multiplies his visions; which, if they are not dissipated by business or society, may continue to haunt him as long as he lives, and which, in their progress through the neighbourhood, receive some new tincture of the marvellous from every mouth that promotes their circulation. As to the prophetic nature of this second sight, it cannot

be admitted at all. That the Deity should work a miracle, in order to give intimation of the frivolous things that these tales are made up of, the arrival of a stranger, the nailing of a coffin, or the colour of a suit of clothes; and that these intimations should be given for no end, and to those persons only who are idle and solitary, who speak Erse, or who live among mountains and deserts, is like nothing in nature or providence that we are acquainted with; and must therefore, unless it were confirmed by satisfactory proof (which is not the case) be rejected as absurd and incredible.

The visions, such as they are, may reasonably enough be ascribed to a distempered fancy. And that in them as well as in our ordinary dreams, certain appearances should, on some rare occasions, resemble certain events, is to be expected from the laws of chance; and seems to have in it nothing more marvellous or supernatural than that the parrot, who deals out his scurrilities at random, should sometimes happen to salute the passenger by his right appellation.

SINGULAR CASE.

THE following is a true and particular account of an extraordinary case of a boy in Monotony (Massachusetts), who was said to have had *three live creatures, resembling snakes, come out at a fore he had on his back, the colour of the silver eel.*

This boy had that disorder in his bones, called by physicians *spina ventrosa*, which showed itself by several running sores on his back, on his sides, and in his thigh. Live worms, nine or ten inches long, crawled out from these sores at different times, to the great terror of the family and neighbours. This boy was so emaci-

ated that he was little more than skin and bones. His knees had been drawn up to his stomach, and his heels to his hips for more than four years. Although the child's parents were told that the worms were the common ones of the intestines, and that they must come from thence, their fears magnified them into snakes; crowds of people came to see the lad under this impression, and the accounts circulated of him became not only wonderful, but terrific. When the boy died, the writer of this obtained permission to open the body; and then demonstrated to the affrighted by-standers (who expected to see his

his bones and bowels full of serpents) the cause of this rather unusual accident.

The stomach and bowels were found full of large live worms. The lower part of the large intestine called *colon*, grew so close to that membrane which surrounds all the bowels, and is called *peritoneum*, that they seemed but one membrane instead of two. At this part of the intestine were two holes that would admit a goose-quill, one passing down to the thigh and the other led into one of the fores in his loins. Through these holes the worms could pass with more ease than by the natural passage. When this unnatural connexion and these holes were shewn to the spectators, their wonder ceased.

It is probable that some years before an inflammation arose in this part of the gut, and in its investing membrane: From inflammation it passed to ulceration, when the holes were produced, which were prevented from healing; at the same time there were large ulcers on his back, loins and thighs; two of these communicated with the fore from the bowels so as to form a free passage for the worms.

There were several appearances besides, more proper to be communicated to a medical society than published in a paper. Even this account would not have appeared, were it not to correct the false notion published in some of the late papers. While people are struck with wonder there is a suspension of reason.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

JUVENIS.—No. XVII.

Neu magis iræ vestræ, quam famæ, consulatis.

Sallust.

IT is effectually a wise admonition, "do not consult your resentment more than your reputation," and yet little regarded in the common practice of the world. One would naturally suppose, from the respect which men manifest for their character, and the vindictive spirit which they discover, in case of an attack upon it, that they would be much more circumspect in their conduct than we generally find them.

The present disposition of human nature renders it scarcely possible to acquire so much presence of mind, as to act on every occasion under the influence of calm reflection. Hence, in our intercourse with society, we so frequently observe the distorted features of anger, the settled inveteracy of malice, and the turbulence of sudden rage. All, and especially the angry passions, when they are not sufficiently restrained, are dangerous in their operation. In fact, when

they have risen to a great height, it is then nearly impracticable to restrain them at all. Hence appears the advantage of gaining an ascendancy over them, and of regulating their operation in a fixed habit, by the *prudence* of reason.

Resentment is at once an unhappy and a disgraceful propensity to return an injury for one which we suppose that we ourselves have received: and the actual retaliation is denominated gratification. A desire of this kind is criminal in itself, and can find a place in no other than little minds.

"A brave man knows no malice, but at once
"Forgets in peace the injuries of war,
"And gives his breast for a friend's embrace."

The evil consequences which result from pursuing the gratification of resentment, are often too severely felt not to be acknowledged. An impassioned man never fails to do himself some discredit. He either makes himself ridiculous, pitiful, or odious

odious in the opinion of others. He is thrown off his guard, and often pours forth a torrent of expressions, for which afterwards he may in vain repent. The effusions of anger frequently do irreparable injury, and at any rate can serve no other purpose than to widen the breach already between the antagonists. The exercise of resentment destroys prudence, prevents reflection, and hushes for a while the remonstrances of conscience. It may separate even the best of friends, and it always finds an ample excuse, in pointing out its object as the only aggressor; whereas it commonly happens, that he who exercises resentment is in fault as well as he against whom it is directed. Thus I think the Duke de la Rochefoucault very justly observes in one of his maxims, that "quarrels would never last long, if the fault was on one side only."

Reputation is the love of honour, and is dear as life itself. To diminish

this one degree, is to rob a man of one degree of happiness. This is often the secret spring of actions deemed virtuous, the "primum mobile" of many noble and generous achievements: and yet, surprising as it may be, it is not unfrequently sacrificed to the gratification of resentment. When the mind feels the influence of the latter, the former is always either forgotten or disregarded. Anger warps the mind, and gives to things a fallacious appearance. Its indulgence involves distress, and its gratification can afford no pleasure to a rational mind. A forgiving and pacific temper is, of all others, the most amiable, as well as the most likely to obtain and to secure both the esteem and confidence of others. Resentment harboured and industriously pursued, must ever lead a man into numerous follies, and at length brand his character with disgrace.

August 19, 1791.

Miscellaneous Observations on HOLLAND. In a Letter addressed to the Editor of the Edinburgh Magazine.

SIR,

HAVING read in one of your late Magazines an account of the canals in Holland by Mons. de Luc, I am induced to send you a few miscellaneous observations on that country, collected during my residence there; which, at different times, has been of considerable length.

Holland does not excel other countries in the theory of its government, which in many respects is unfriendly both to personal and political liberty: But it excels most countries in what may be called the practice of government; the effectual application of the laws for preventing or punishing the palpable disorders in society. In pursuing this object, the legislators of Holland have transgressed some rules of speculative ju-

risprudence: But they seem to have thought this a less evil than the delay of public redress, or the feebleness of an ineffectual police.

The prosecution of crimes is begun in cities by the High Bailiff, who is invested with a power apparently very dangerous, that of compromising in certain cases with the offender for a pecuniary penalty. Yet such is the influence of a regard to public opinion, that this dangerous power is seldom abused; and it is certain that it has a mighty effect in advancing the great object they have in view, the prevention and punishment of crimes. The interest of the prosecutor leads him not to overlook the smallest offence; and the laws have provided, as far as possible, that

that almost every breach of the peace shall come to his knowledge. Besides the establishment of peace officers, as in other countries, the laws of Holland oblige every surgeon, before he can be qualified to act in a city, to swear that he will not dress any wound without immediately informing the High Bailiff, that he may have the opportunity of making inquiry into the affair.

If the offence be of a flagrant kind, he reports it to the *Schepens* of the city, who are the proper judges in criminal matters. These summon evidence, consider the proof, and pronounce sentence: But the whole transaction is private. The prisoner has no copy of his indictment, no counsel to assist him, no jury to weigh the evidence. After sentence is pronounced, the criminal must make confession in open air before he can be executed: and it is said, that for this purpose various tortures are employed in the Belgic prisons. The inferior ministers of justice, constables, watchmen, &c. are in excellent training; and the whole operations of their police resemble a piece of mechanism, in which the action of one spring is communicated thro' every intermediate part, till the weight is raised which is to fall on the head of the criminal.

These are the sources of the much boasted regularity of police in the Dutch cities.

In the country, the *Dykgraaf*, or Sheriff of the district, is general prosecutor, with the same powers as the High Bailiff in cities; and when the cause comes to proof, assessors are appointed to assist him in pronouncing judgment.

It is plain from this account that the regularity of internal government in Holland is obtained at the risk of committing very dangerous powers to individuals. And it must be confessed, that the inquisitorial nature of

their statutes, the privacy of their trials, the use of torture, and the necessity of confession, are contrary to all approved maxims of jurisprudence.

The same attention to make the laws effectual, although at the expence of civil liberty, is seen in the collection of the revenue in Holland.

There are no statute laws, at least no specific penalties, against smuggling; but the smuggler runs the risk of his whole property for the most trifling evasion he can practise. And he is surrounded with informers, who are encouraged by very great bribes to do their duty. Here, likewise, the High Bailiff has a power of compromising with the offender for a sum of money, which it will always be in the interest of the latter to comply with: For if the matter be laid judicially before the magistrates, it is most likely that it will cost him his liberty for life, by the exaction of a fine beyond his power to pay.

Taxes have been so multiplied of late in this country, that it may perhaps be interesting to some of your readers to have an account of the principal ones paid in Holland.—There they are laid chiefly on the necessaries of life. Bread-corn pays nearly its original price for a licence to be ground into flour; and what is pretty singular, the miller who grinds is enticed not to smuggle, by a consideration proportioned to the quantity of work his mill can do; a regulation which does not promise to be very effectual without other restraints.

When corn is sold in the public market for other purposes than to be made into flour, it pays a smaller duty; and in this case a licensed miller stands by and throws a shovel-full of earth or sand into the parcel, to prevent its being fit for grinding.

Butcher-meat of all kinds, excepting

ing the intrails, pays a tax of a half-penny per pound; fowls, a stiver each; pigs, three stivers. Private families keeping poultry, pigs, or sheep, must pay nearly in the same proportion, in name of a licence to kill them; and are bound to give an account of their stock to the surveyor of the town or district, on pain of an arbitrary penalty, as in other cases of smuggling.

Live cattle of all kinds pay a tax per head; calves, and two-year old bullocks, 24 stivers per annum; above that age, two guilders each. Besides this, those farmers who keep a dairy pay 24 guilders per annum, in name of soap and salt money.

Every horse kept for any purpose pays two guilders a year. A saddle-horse kept for pleasure, pays 36 guilders. A carriage kept for the same purpose, pays 50 guilders, besides 36 guilders for each of the horses used in it: But farmers horses and their carriages, although used for travelling, are exempted.

Maid-servants in private families pay six guilders each per annum. In public houses they pay 23 guilders, in name of licence for the inn-keeper, to sell tobacco, coffee, and tea; and their names in this last case must be given in to the collector before they sleep in the house, under a penalty of 500 guilders.

Male-servants pay a graduated tax according to their number. All fish, fruits, and vegetables, brought to market, are appraised and taxed before they may be exposed to sale. Fuel of all kinds pays a tax equal to more than one and a half its original value.

Private families pay for a licence to drink coffee and tea, from six guilders and upwards, according to their estimated income; and this tax is consolidated with that on male and female servants, which is exacted on the same estimated income. The tax upon funerals is regulated by the sta-

tion of the person, which is perfectly ascertained by public opinion. In the highest station (which unfortunately belongs to some who have not the highest incomes to support it, particularly the clergy) a person cannot be laid in the dust under an expence of near 70*l.* sterling. In compensation for this expence incurred by dying in Holland, a man may have the assistance of medical skill there at very little expence. An ordinary graduated physician visits his patient for a shilling each time, and a professor of medicine for a guilder.

Travelling in Holland, although very cheap, produces a very great revenue to the government. The *trekschuits*, which are the most common conveyances, are furnished by the magistrates of each city, and renewed once in 20 years. Commissaries are appointed at each birth to register the passengers, and to hire out the cabin; and nearly one half of the fare goes to public revenue. Each boat will easily contain threescore passengers, who pay little more than a penny per mile, and in some fares still less. They are drawn by one horse, who goes at the rate of three miles and a half per hour. The cord by which they are drawn is above 100 yards long, and goes from the stern through the ring of a mast, higher or lower according as they go or return from the larger town: all that go one way having a high mast, and all that go the other a low one. By this regulation they easily pass one another, altho' both horses go on one side of the canal. The driver of the boat with the low mast stops a few seconds and lets the other horse step over his rope, while the man at the helm in the boat with the high mast steers on the outside of the other boat, and carries his cord clear over it. When both boats have a high mast, as sometimes happens by other species of vessels being drawn on the canals, one

One of them lets his cord dip into the water while the other sails over it.

Besides the taxes that have been mentioned, there is a land-tax of five shillings in the pound through all the provinces. There are also very high town imposts on the consumption of wine, spirits, and beer; a tax upon houses; on pleasure-boats of all kinds; on the transportation of goods for consumption in small parcels, viz. a licence of about three farthings on each; on the society of pilots in each navigable river, who must make up a certain sum each month; on locks and bridges in inland navigation; on the registering of parcels sent by *trekschuits*, or other vessels; on weighing of all goods: in a word, on almost every article of consumption that can be named.

To close this account, there is a tax upon collateral heritages in three classes. A man succeeding his brother pays five per cent. succeeding to his uncle $7\frac{1}{2}$; and to any more distant relation eleven per cent. of the whole heritage.

These are the principal sources of revenue in Holland; for the customs are very trifling, except where they are meant as a prohibition on articles detrimental to their own manufactures. It is said, that one half of all their revenue is expended in keeping their country above water. The public roads are kept in repair by the adjacent landholders and their tenants without any commutation of labour. Numbered poles are ranged along the road to mark every individual's district, and registered in the sheriff's books, with the tenant's name over against them in another column. The tenants are likewise bound by their

leases to have a water guage in their ditches, and to make a signal on a conspicuous place when the rising of the water threatens danger to the country, that all the windmills may be set a-going to pump the water from the lower to the higher ditches; so that by an equal distribution over the whole country an inundation may be prevented.

One great source of the riches in Holland is the herring-fishery, which they exercise upon our own coasts of Shetland. This is carried on in vessels of about 100 tons burden, upon each of which a bounty of 40*l.* is given at its first building. They sail from their own coast so as to reach their destination before the 24th of June, which is the first day that they are allowed to throw their nets. Each of the busses is manned with 15 people. The salt they use is the best bay-salt boiled again in sea-water: they will not bestow it but on the prime fish; all those of inferior quality they immediately throw back into the sea. The vessels which return first to their own ports receive a considerable bounty, besides having the advantage of the first market. The Hollanders are so fond of the new herrings, that when they expect their arrival, they will command their servants to awake them, even in the middle of the night, that they may be among the first to enjoy so great a luxury. It is proverbial among them, that the doctors lose their business as soon as the new herrings arrive.

If these few miscellaneous observations afford any entertainment to your readers, I may perhaps send some more on the same subject.

T. R.

A N E C D O T E.

A Gentleman surpris'd the late Lord Holland giving money to his *sons*, Stephen and Charles Fox—"You see, my friend, (said his

Lordship) I am robbed between *son* and *son*."—"True, (answered the gentleman) but you can rise it on the county."

For

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

The MISCELLANIST.—No. II.

*Tæternæ animis cœlestibus eræ?**In heav'nly minds can such resentment dwell?*

Virg.

Dryd.

FOR this number I shall present my readers with a letter from a person who appears to have used little or no policy in a case which required the exercise of a great deal.

The Author of the MISCELLANIST.

SIR,

WITH a face almost as long as that of a losing speculator, I now mean to communicate to you a matter of the weightiest importance, and of the most serious consequence. It is nothing less than a woful disappointment, inevitable, perhaps, in the course of events, but greatly hastened by my listening to the plausible arguments, and delusive consolation offered to your friend in your preceding number. At first reading one might conclude that you had learned, from experience, to trace the intricate windings of the female heart, and develop its most retired thoughts and designs. So readily you seemed to solve all the doubts of your friend, so confident was you of his success, that you inspired my mind with an unusual boldness, to make one more glorious effort, in what I considered a glorious cause—the conquest of a lady. But, *O horribile dictu!* Hebrew would not be expressive enough! Blue shins—a broken head—bruized legs—aching bones—and a vexed heart, are the reward of my heroism. The event fully proves that you are the most ignorant fellow living, in the mysterious profundity of love. You give arguments which are non-sensical and fallacious, suggest hints which are altogether impertinent, and offer hopes which are founded only on the visionary representations of your own perverted imagination—

Sometimes I indeed thought you were a little odd in your manner of advising your despairing friend, and half suspected your sincerity; but the tenor of your observations, and my wishes coinciding, impelled me on with heedless and accelerated velocity, to a terrible precipice, whence I was plunged into the abyss—not of a roaring gulph, but of sudden disappointment. Inconsiderate man! lay by your pen, or write something different from advice to lovers. Had it not been for your pernicious direction, I might yet have indulged in the fascinating representations of premature hope; I might have warbled the songs of love on the couch of the evening, or pressed to my palpitating bosom the image of my fair, painted in a morning's dream. Supposing I gazed at a phantom—supposing the pleasures which hovered in my view, and invited my ardent embrace, were nothing but gay delusion; yet, I was not unhappy, I had not actually met with a repulse; but you, cruel man! have destroyed every hope, and let me, I am afraid, to die—O terrible!—an old bachelor!

That you may, in future, not be the cause of so much mischief, listen to a short history of the beginning, progress and termination of my courtship.—

I was a brisk young fellow, not quite *thirty-nine*, the prime of manhood, when I became acquainted with *Adelade*. She was a maid of no inconsiderable beauty, of respectable connections, and of pretty shining expectations. Do not be too hasty now, and conclude, that I merited disappointment, by grasping at the golden bait. None of your *national reflections*,

sions, for I am vexed enough, or nearly enough, to fight any body. No, no, I was influenced in some measure by other charms than those of gold. However, that is neither here nor there, and it is all one to you what were my predominant motives.

Before I proceed in the narrative, I must give you some short account of *myself*, otherwise you might have room to suspect that I was so ugly, so poor, so unaccomplished, or so insignificant, that my hopes of success were ridiculous and absurd. I am not indeed possessed of the handsomest face; but, Sir, need a gentleman be as prim, and as pretty as a girl? How often do we see beauty and deformity interchanging endearments! And where is the harm, as long as both parties are satisfied? and especially when the deficiency is made up with the charms of something solid? "Ah! there's the rub." How much was I worth in land, bank-stock, scrip, or certificates? What's that to you? I was not worth a *plum*, no, nor the tenth part of a *plum*; but, what must satisfy you, I was worth something *clever*, and I am a *genteel fellow*. You need not expect to hear where I was born, who, or what were my parents, what business I follow, or have followed—no, I might as well give you my name, and I have not the least notion of that, I can tell you.

I promised to be short, but I must be indulged on particular occasions, in little digressions. Well, Sir, I became more and more intimate with this young lady, was sufficiently caressed in her father's family, and at length began to look upon her somewhat wishfully. Whether my eyes were expressive enough to shew this, I cannot say; but no alteration took place in her conduct, she behaved in that friendly way she had always observed, and our mutual attention subsisted during a long lapse of time.

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 8.

Six years thus rolled on, ineffectual and unfruitful, without any particular declaration, or even hint, on my part. For though I was intimate enough in the family to have passed for *Adelade's* brother, yet, as I was naturally modest, or rather bashful, I did not dare to introduce a discourse that had the remotest allusion to love. One day, however, I believe it was in *leap year*, I was resolved to assume courage sufficient to commence the siege, and accordingly redoubled my friendly assiduities, and spoke in a tender strain. A conversation commenced on my favourite topic, but with unpropitious effect. As far as my sentiments were proper, they met with *Adelade's* approbation; as far as they were warm, they occasioned a reply; but as soon as they became particularly pointed, they met with silence and a frown. This raised my fears, and produced coolness, which was returned with reserve and distant civility. My tongue lost much of its fluency, and, indeed, my heart much of its tenderness. Now, Sir, I might have turned from *Adelade*, and by repeated efforts, entirely conquered my passion; but as I had spent some of my happiest days in her acquaintance, and had encouraged sentiments of delicate regard towards her, I concluded to exercise a little more patience, and try what effect longer time and longer attention would produce. Four years more glided into the abyss of time, and the end of four years found me not a degree nearer matrimony than the beginning. I am apt to think, during this period, I felt real love—for my bashfulness left me, and was succeeded by a disposition quite heroic.

Very good; but what was the consequence of this change? Patience, Sir, and you shall hear. *Adelade's* eye once beamed, or seemed to beam, the mildness of friendship; but now,

Q q q

when

when I sighed, it spoke the language of frowns. Her severity of aspect she would immediately dismiss, when I ceased to dwell on an amorous strain. Dear Mr. *Miscellanist*, she could bring herself to any thing; she had frowns as well as smiles, perfectly at command. But what of that? you will say; every lady can do the same. Ah! but, dear Sir, they had such a wonderful effect! Whenever we were conversing on any topic, except my favourite one, she was the most charming creature imaginable, at least I thought so then. She was gay, and witty, and beautiful. But turn the conversation to love, and her looks were immediately altered. I could not tell what to make of this *patriarchal* servitude; however, I fondly indulged the hope of success. I knew it was not quite so certain as father Jacob's courtship; but yet, here was not the danger of gaining two. However, I loved, and had some hope—I dreamed—I predicted—I was in painful, pleasing suspense, and thus my life might have glided away.

But ah! even delusive expectations are sometimes removed too soon! In an evil hour I took up the Magazine, and read the letter of your mourning friend. Unhappy youth! cried I, not a gleam of hope breaks through the black cloud of despair, which is gathered round him. Not a breeze that whispers through the groves, nor a rivulet that weeps along its margin, but answers responsive to his plaintive notes! I pitied him as a fellow sufferer, but could not help thinking my own situation as far more eligible; for *Adelade* had never treated me with any of that haughtiness or disdain which he had experienced from *Cleante*; she always exercised towards me a delicacy and sensibility of behaviour. But when I found that you intended to give to *Honestus*—comfort and hope, I read your ob-

servations with increased avidity—I drank in the arguments like water, and concluded if he should entertain the least hope, then I was certain of conquest. Animated with this idea, I bade defiance to every difficulty, and dismissed every fear. I was resolved to display the heroism of love on the very first opportunity; and an occasion soon offered.

It was evening—Silence began to assume her tranquil reign—Not a bird fluttered in the air, nor sung from the thicket—No other voice but that of the Zephyr was heard—Bright Hesper advanced before the splendid host of stars, and the fair moon shedding her silver radiance over the eastern hills, just gleamed with scattered rays through the surrounding trees—The view was sublime—*Adelade* and myself were seated in an upper room, which commanded an extensive prospect—She looked beautiful as an angel of the celestial regions. Every circumstance conspired to dilate my soul with ideas of love and sublimity. The opportunity being so apparently propitious, would not every human judgment determine success in my favour?—I approached *Adelade*, and boldly addressed her in the language of love. She turned upon me a look of surprise, mingled with a dawn of indignation. I pressed her snowy hand to my lips, and vowed eternal fidelity. She wrested it from me, and called out, “I’ll take up, Mr. with no more of your impudence—I disdain your rank—your pedigree is ignoble—you shall never disgrace our family. Pray what do you mean?” All this I thought was the effect only of maiden pride; I remembered the encouragement given to *Honestus*, and endeavoured, with new-ekindled ardor, to regain her hand. This suddenly threw her into the most violent passion. Her eyes flashed with anger, indignation, and fury. This occasioned the strangest tumult I had

ever experienced—My heart melted—I fell down before her, and scarcely knowing what I did, embraced her knees to beg ten thousand pardons. This she construed into quite a different intention, started into rage, and spurning me from her with her feet, fairly overset me. Frightened out of my senses, I took the shortest course for the door, on hands and feet. But, O disgraceful! before I could remove my whole length out of the room, I felt the weight of a ponderous tongs laid upon my back and legs, with all the momentum which the vengeance of *Adelade* could produce. O dear! my! la! pray! oh! Down stairs I came, how I can't tell; but not thinking of the centre of gravity, it got beyond the base, and my head first saluted the floor. More than half stunned by the fall, I, however, made out to rise, and reeling through the entry, and staggering off the stoop, made for my home, with all the expedition which bruized legs, and a bewildered head, would allow.

There's for you, Mr. *Miscellanist*; there's for you now! See the happy effects of your advice! Had it not been for you—yes, had it not been for you, perhaps I might have—but, I am sure ten years was long enough. Ah! crazy head! I ought not to have waited so long—I was a fool, and have no one to blame but my own individual self. Yes, yes, this I will allow; but you hastened the catastrophe—If I had waited one year more, who knows—ah! but then I should have been one year older; and, indeed, if I am ever to be married, 'tis time it should be soon. Let me see, thirty-nine, and six are forty-five, and four make forty-nine. Is it possible? Can it be? We were both fools; I for not daring to speak

before, and she for not breaking my bones sooner—unless she means to die an old maid; and whether she means so or not, I wish in my heart she may—it must mortify her a little, and that would give me such pleasure—And now I solemnly warn every young fellow, and every old fellow, to have nothing at all to do with *Adelade*, unless he wish to be ruled with a rod of iron.

At first, Sir, I confess I was a little angry with you for hastening my fate; but now, since I have recovered from my perturbation, and feel my pains lessening, I think you are entitled to my thanks; for I suppose it rational to conclude, that though I should have visited *Adelade* fifteen years to come, we might have grown more intimate in the manner of brother and sister, but would never have made man and wife. I beg of you, by no means to despair of me; for as soon as my wounds are perfectly healed, I mean to look about in earnest, and, instructed by *Adelade*, shall make courtship on the other extreme, and conclude matters as quick as the nature of the case may admit. Perhaps you may hear from me again. In the mean while, Sir, I am your very humble servant,

TIMOTHY STRONGHOPE.

I have only one hint to give my correspondent *Timothy*, and that is respecting his intended mode of courtship—He has tried one extreme, and now he purposes to try another. Extremes are always dangerous; and I think it probable, if he pursues his latter plan, that he will be taught by another awful disappointment, afterwards to prefer a medium in all things.

HORTENSIO.

Aug. 19, 1791.

The MUSICAL PIGEON.—From Mrs. Pisuzzi.

AN odd thing, to which I was this morning witness, has called my thoughts away to a curious train of reflections upon the animal race; and how far they may be made companionable and intelligent. The famous Ferdinand Bertoni, so well known in London by his long residence among us, and from the indisputed merit of his compositions, now inhabits this his native city, and being fond of dumb creatures, as we call them, took to petting a pigeon, one of the few animals that can live at Venice, where, as I observed, scarcely any quadrupeds can be admitted, or would exist with any degree of comfort to themselves. This creature has, however, by keeping his master company, I trust, obtained so perfect an ear and taste for music, that no one who sees his behaviour, can doubt for a moment of the pleasure he takes in hearing Mr. Bertoni play and sing, for as soon as he sits down to the instrument, Columbo begins shaking his wings, perches on the piano-forte, and expresses the most indubitable emotions of delight. If, however, he or any one else strike a note false, or make any kind of discord upon the keys, the dove never fails to shew evident tokens of anger and distress; and if teased too long, grows quite enraged; pecking the offender's legs and fingers in such a manner as to leave nothing less doubtful than the sincerity of his resentment. Signora Cecilia Giuliani, a

scholar of Bertoni's, who has received some overtures from the London theatre lately, will, if she ever arrives there, bear testimony to the truth of an assertion very difficult to believe, and to which I should hardly myself give credit, were I not witness to it every morning that I chuse to call and confirm my own belief. A friend present protested he should feel afraid to touch the harpsichord before so nice a critic; and though we all laughed at the assertion, Bertoni declared he never knew the bird's judgment fail; and that he often kept him out of the room, for fear of his affronting or tormenting those who came to take musical instructions.—With regard to other actions of life, I saw nothing particular in the pigeon but his tameness, and strong attachment to his master: for though never winged, and only clipped a very little, he never seeks to range away from the house, or quit his master's service, any more than the dove of Anacreon:

*While his better lot bestows
Sweet repast and soft repose;
And when feast and frolic tire,
Drops asleep upon his lyre.*

All the difficulty will be indeed for us other two-legged creatures to leave the sweet societies of charming Venice; but they begin to grow fatiguing now, as the weather increases in warmth.

The Power of LOVE and FILIAL DUTY.—From the French of M. IMBERT.

AT the time of the protectorship of Cromwell, Lord Mirvey was one of those victims whom that usurper had destined as a sacrifice to his interest or revenge. Mirvey, who then resided in a public capacity at a foreign court, being informed that

his proscription had been secretly resolved on, prepared to avoid it by flight. But he had left at London, with an aged sister, a daughter named *Julia*, an only child, dear to his heart, whom he had quitted with regret, and whom he ardently wished
to

to see again. He had just received the news of his sister's death; and the image of his daughter, left without protection, overcame the idea of his own danger. He did not hesitate to expose himself on a theatre which the tyrant had decreed to be the scene of his death: but he took such precautions as prudence suggested; for the same sentiment which made him seek his dear Julia at the hazard of his life, inspired him with the desire of preserving it for her. He disguised his name, his rank, and his features, and had at last the happiness of arriving in London, and of rejoining his daughter, without being known or even suspected.

In Julia were united the most interesting figure, the purest mind, and the most susceptible heart. She loved her father passionately, but the pleasure of seeing him was quickly allayed by the danger which threatened him. Joy made her forget this for a moment, but the cruel reflection immediately returned. The sentence pronounced against him haunted her thoughts; she knew that the hatred which suggested it was implacable, and her heart made a sudden transition from the purest joy to the most torturing anguish. "Ah, my father!" said she bursting into tears, "what have you done? should the ministers of the tyrant tear you from my arms!—The desire of revisiting your Julia has made you forgetful of yourself. How can I defend that life which you have hazarded for my sake? This proof of your love draws tears of affection from my eyes; alas! it may shortly cost me tears of anguish. If heaven, which at present permits tyranny, should make you fall its victim, I shall die; but I shall die with the bitter thought of having been the cause of your death."—Mirvey pressed his daughter to his heart, and answered her with his tears.

It became necessary, however, to consider in what way his return was to be concealed. The Protector and his servants were vigilant—what was to be done, and to whom was such a secret to be imparted? Mirvey, content with the love and the duty of his daughter, agreed to deprive himself of the light of day, to be in a manner buried alive, till it should please heaven to avert the hatred of his persecutor, or to avenge the sufferings of England.

A narrow unfrequented vault under the house appeared to Julia the only asylum to which she could intrust a deposit so dear. This vault had a small opening into a back court, which to avoid suspicion she shut up, and a lamp afforded him the only light he enjoyed. Thus a dungeon, dark and cold, was the only means which the unhappy Julia could devise to save her father, whose jailor she seemed to be, even when exerting the most affectionate attentions. Her own hands prepared his food, and she prudently avoided seeing him during the day.

What a situation this for the unfortunate Mirvey! He had nothing to console him but a few books, which his grief made him shut as soon as they were opened, and ink and paper, which were useless, because he found himself secluded from the rest of the world. But Julia, tho' more at liberty than he, suffered not less. Her disquietude was more intolerable than the irksomeness of the most vexatious captivity. Her fear made her put a wrong construction on every thing she saw, every thing she heard; and the least noise made her tremble. She burnt with desire to hear the news of the court; but she durst not ask, lest the motive for her questions should be suspected. Her father was for ever present in her thoughts; yet she imagined she could not pronounce his name without betraying him.

him. Her eyes were continually attracted towards the place which concealed him, tho' they never were suffered to rest there even for a moment, lest a single look should discover his retreat.

The reader may perhaps be already interested for Julia; but he knows but half of her distress. Her heart, so anxious for the fate of her father, was besides a prey to love; to that sentiment which, in the soul of an Englishwoman, is never a slight affection or feeble emotion, but the most imperious of passions. The young Thermond, worthy at once of her love and of her esteem, had paid his addresses to her when her aunt was alive, who a few months before her death had remitted him to Julia's father. Mirvey thought him not unworthy of his alliance; but afterwards, for political reasons, changed his mind. The father of this young Lord had taken part with Cromwell, and Mirvey had charged his daughter to forget an affection which now appeared criminal in his eyes.

This order came too late. Far from loosening the bonds of these two lovers, it only served to bind them the closer. The aunt, overcome by their distress, and seduced by their tears, consented to their union by a private marriage. Such was the situation of Julia at the return of her father. Having felicitated her upon her obedience, of which, however, perhaps he was not persuaded, "My dear child, (said he) I demand and expect from you a new proof of your docility and affection. The secret of my return must for ever remain unknown. If my destiny does not alter, I am resolved that the world shall never know that I had the weakness to return to a country of which I am ashamed, and which has dishonoured itself by its submission to a tyrant. This vault, which conceals my life from the world, must

also conceal my death. Let it be my grave as it has been my asylum. But I will that my secret remain even after my death, that no one may know that my ashes repose in my ungrateful country. "If my daughter, when I am gone," said he with a frightful tone, "shall disclose that secret, I give her up to the avenging hand of heaven; I pronounce upon her from this moment my paternal malediction: and if by a still more criminal infidelity she dare, while I am alive, to disclose this secret to any one, whoever he may be, this weapon shall shed my blood before her eyes, and I will leave to my dishonoured country a daughter worthy of it—a parricide."

Julia knew her father's temper too well to consider this discourse as a common threat, or the effect of a transitory passion. Mirvey, whom we have hitherto described as an affectionate father, was at the same time of a character firm even to obstinacy, and in temper fierce and inflexible. Irritated by the circumstances of the times, and by his misfortunes, he had become still more savage; so that every thing was to be feared from his despair.

Julia promised, and even bound herself by an oath which her father dictated. Her duty seemed to have become more sacred as she had deviated from it. Love, which had been the occasion of her fault, had not freed her from the remorse which attended it: and though there had been no other motives, the recollection of a fault which she could not repent of, but which she could not dissemble, would have been sufficient to oblige her to the blindest obedience.

It is easy to imagine how difficult such a silence must have been, and how much it would increase the embarrassment of a situation already so painful and so distressing. What could she say to Thermond, who, in
right

right of a lover and a husband, considered the abode of his Julia as his own? Could she dare to receive him in direct disobedience of her father; or could they see one another in spite of him, over the vault in which he was immured, when perhaps the noise of their steps, or the sound of their voices, might reach his ears? Or could she, in conversation with her husband, disguise the trouble of her heart; or justify herself, when an oath the most sacred condemned her to silence?

One expedient, however, though a weak one, suggested itself to Julia. She wrote to Thermond, that being alone in the house, where she remained in expectation of an old female relation, and not being in a condition to declare their marriage, she thought it a duty she owed to decency and to her honour to deprive herself of the pleasure of seeing him where she was. She added, that all the precautions he could take would not be sufficient to conquer the fear of an involuntary indiscretion; and that, relying upon his love, she hoped he would spare his dear Julia from an interview so imprudent. Thermond had a sister a few leagues from London, who alone of his family was acquainted with his marriage, and in whose house Julia proposed to meet her lord.

The pretence she had chosen was weak, especially for a lover tender and passionate like hers. But necessity was the cause, and Julia's will was a law to Thermond. Her letter, while it afflicted him, expressed so much tenderness and sensibility, that he could not but submit to what it exacted. The faithful Julia, in recompence for what she called his complaisance, promised to see him at his sister's every day; and she was true to her promise.

What courage and fortitude does not love inspire! Julia, with a de-

licate constitution, enfeebled by vexation, dividing her cares between love and filial duty, devoted the day to her husband, and the night to her father. The unhappy Mirvey, who imagined that his daughter repaired the fatigue she gave herself during the night by ease and quiet during the day, was yet justly afraid that her health had suffered. He knew not that sleep never visited her eyelids either by night or by day. To what fatigue was she not exposed by her long and habitual excursions to her husband? to what embarrassment in concealing from him the true reason of them? Add to all this, the vexatious constraint in which she lived, the continual conflicts of a heart full of filial duty and the tenderest love, forced to hide the father from the husband and the husband from the father. Whence was she to derive strength sufficient to support such multiplied afflictions, such varied calamity? How many tears did she suppress! and the less she wept the more she suffered.—The end of her misfortunes, however, seemed still at a distance; and an unforeseen accident occurred to augment her distress. From the continual agitation of her mind she had inadvertently left among the papers which came to the hands of her father, a letter of Thermond's of a recent date. At the sight of this, the anger of the impetuous Mirvey was kindled into rage. "Perfidious child!" cried he with a voice of thunder, "is it thus you have obeyed me!" Julia offered to speak; but he interrupted her:—"Art thou about to add falsehood and imposture to disobedience?—What do I say? Disobedience! Great God, to whom have I confided the secret of my life? She who can despise the commands of a father, and sacrifice nature to love, may she not ——" "Hold," cried Julia with an accent of agony and grief, "spare a child,

a child, guilty indeed, but unfortunate. Yes, my father, it is true, I have seen Thermond after your interdiction; but is it so easy to extinguish the passion of love? Your own sister permitted me to hope for a happier lot; and it was in her presence, and with her approbation, that Thermond ——." "My sister too!" interrupted Mirvey; "What! all that I loved! Do my own kindred betray me!—Leave me, unworthy child—restore me to liberty, open to me my prison, let me deliver myself to the tyrant. Guilt is in thy heart—Dost thou know whither it may lead thee? In giving myself up, perhaps I save thee from the guilt of parricide."

At this frightful discourse, the unhappy Julia threw her arms round her father and embraced him closely. "My father," cried she, with her eyes running over, "would you see me expire at your feet? O how hardly you think of me! What! I betray you! No—you cannot think it—Grief, my dear father—grief makes you more unjust than I am criminal. Have you braved death for me; and does shame now appear to you more supportable than my presence? Would you prefer a scaffold to your child?"

At the sound of this voice, which had so often penetrated his soul, at these accents of the heart which we can neither imitate nor define, Mirvey began to relent. His eye fell upon Julia, and he wept. The soul of Julia felt the change, and was comforted; a sweet smile beamed through her tears. She dropt from his arms, fell at his feet, and with eyes lifted to heaven, "Great God!" cried she with the most lively expression of affectionate sensibility, "I thank thee, thou hast restored to me my father—Yes, in that paternal regard I read my pardon. Ah! my father! let your lips speak it. Believe," said she, pressing him to her

bosom; "be assured that your secret is inviolate, and that the whole heart of Julia is yours. No; guilt is not in her heart—it cannot dwell there with the love she has for you."

Though the natural severity of Mirvey's disposition was increased by his situation, yet he passionately loved his daughter; a few tears dropt from his eyes; and she, whose joy almost deprived her of the use of speech, continued with a voice interrupted by sobbing—"Will you not,—my dear father—do you not consent to live for me?" "Yes, my child," replied Mirvey; "but if one word —." This threat was the last effort of his rage. Julia interrupted, and re-assured him; and he replied to her words and her caresses by a tender embrace.

At the commencement of this scene, we have seen the affrighted Julia make the confession of her disobedience: had she not been interrupted by the violence of her father, she would undoubtedly have discovered to him the whole secrets of her heart. After he was appeased, she thought it hazardous to finish the fatal confession; she was silent, and chose rather to console than to afflict him further.

When it was day, Julia left him as usual; but her spirits were exhausted by the distress she had endured.—In the mean while, Thermond expects her at the house of his relation. She was too well acquainted with the violence of his love to hazard an absence from him even of a day. She therefore was obliged to summon all her fortitude, and set out to meet him.

But so much fatigue, and the consequences of a situation so irksome, could not but affect her health. Her lover, always tender, always passionate, observed the change not only in her features but by her dejection, which seemed daily to increase. Often

ten did he ask the reason; but Julia only alledged the absence of her father. Perhaps, indeed, she who had never been accustomed to deviate from truth, could not express even this innocent evasion but with such an air of constraint as awakened suspicion. However this might be, Thermond was not satisfied with her replies. "Julia," said he to her one day, "my dear Julia, you have made me the happiest of men; all the riches, the honours of the world, are nothing in comparison of what you have bestowed on me. You have given me your hand, your heart: but to the completely happy, the least sorrow is torment. Suffer then my love to impart to you its most tender alarms. I think—at least my fear makes me think, that while you are with me, you are not affected as heretofore with the ardor of my passion, and the lively expression of it. If time, which has but increased my love, hath weakened yours; if the sorrow ———." Scarcely had he pronounced these words, when an expressive look from Julia made him feel he had wronged her. He fell at her feet, and by the most tender discourse and sweetest caresses soon expiated his injurious suspicions.

Mean time, no news of Lord Mirvey having reached either London or the court, people knew not what to think. Cromwell, who had occupied every avenue which might bring information to Julia, was surprised at having discovered nothing; and he resolved to watch her still more closely. Disguising his policy with the mask of decency and even protection, he pretended, that as the relation whom Julia had so long expected, was not arrived it was imprudent that a girl of her rank and at her age should remain alone. He therefore one evening conveyed to her an invitation, or rather an order, to come and live with a certain lady of the court;

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 8.

and informed her that next day she should be sent for.

What did the sensible heart of Julia feel upon the receipt of so dreadful a command! Unable either to resist or to obey, the sentence of death would have been less afflicting. Pale, fainting, and bathed in tears, she descends into the fatal vault; she throws herself into the arms of Mirvey; and, "O my father!" is all she can utter. Mirvey supports her, recalls her sinking spirits, interrogates her, and learns at last the dreadful order. Regarding this as the award of his death, he instantly prepares to effect it himself. Julia flies to him, and holding his arm, "O my father!" she exclaims, "if you will die, begin by depriving me of life. What crime have I committed, that you should punish me with the horrible spectacle of your death?"

Mirvey, disarmed by the action and reproaches of Julia, throws himself into her arms. "But what!" says he in a tone of agony and despair; "what would you have me do? Am I to die by hunger, or on a scaffold?"

"No," says Julia, collecting her whole strength; "nobody suspects you in this place. Perhaps flight may be successful: Let us fly then, we will find together either a refuge or death. Whatever danger may attend the enterprise it is the only course that is left us, and we have but a moment to accomplish it."

Julia pronounced these words with a tone of firmness and fortitude which softened Mirvey without convincing him. He complied, however, with her intreaties; yielded himself to her directions, and prepared to follow her. See then the tender Julia holding by the hand her unfortunate father, mounting the stair of the vault, and flying from her house. Seized with an universal tremor, she gains the street, never quitting the

R r r

hand

hand of her father, but grasping it with all her force. Her countenance betrays no uneasiness; her step is quick though trembling: as she walks she implores of heaven the most impenetrable darkness, and to all the world the profoundest sleep: her feet hardly touch the ground; and she is afraid to draw her breath, lest the noise should awaken tyranny.

O think not that she forgot her husband; but could she abandon her father? the danger permitted her not to lose a single moment; but she had resolved when in safety to write to Thermond, to comfort him, and to justify her absence.

But Thermond had been informed of the order which Julia had received; and being afraid of losing the opportunity of seeing her, and wishing for an interview before her departure, he had set out to repair to her.

He was yet at a distance when he perceived through the darkness, two people who seemed intent on a most precipitate flight. He approaches, observes, doubts what he sees, examines again, and at last recognizes Julia flying with a man unknown to him. At this moment he is no longer master of his passion: either afraid of some violence on Julia, or seeing her fly without resistance, a jealous thought had taken possession of him, (for to the shame of the human heart this injurious sentiment will mingle with the tenderest love)—he draws his sword, and accosting the unknown, "Whoever you are," cries he with a terrible voice, "draw and defend yourself."

Mirvey was not yet enfeebled by age: he disengages his hand from that of Julia, retires a step, draws, and encounters his adversary. Julia throws herself between their swords, exclaiming, "O my father," in a voice of agony and dismay, and falls without sense or motion to the ground.

At these words Thermond throws his sword at the feet of Mirvey, who stoops to raise his child. The unfortunate husband hastens to assist him. Overwhelmed with remorse, he has not the power of utterance. But the danger of Julia and of her father is not the only crime for which he has to reproach himself. His mistake is the occasion of a more cruel misfortune: while Mirvey, who recognizes him, prepares to come to an explanation with him, the noise has given the alarm, the guards arrive; Mirvey is known and arrested, in order to be produced next day before the Protector.

Into what depth of misery are Thermond and Julia and her father precipitated! But surely the most unhappy of the three is Thermond, by whose fault this calamity hath overtaken them. No punishment can be compared to the torments he endures; but he would think himself more criminal still if he should content himself with weeping at the evils he hath caused. His despair hath not bereft him of his courage; and he resolves to hazard his own life rather than to abandon those whom he has made wretched.

Early next day he runs to the palace of Cromwell, waits till he is attended by several of his courtiers, and before Mirvey is produced or announced, he begins to relate the story to the Protector with all the eagerness and warmth which the sentiment that animates him can inspire. He speaks of his own mistake which made Mirvey be discovered and arrested; draws such a picture of the evils which this unfortunate father must have suffered; dwells with such overpowering eloquence on the heroic tenderness of Julia, that the whole courtiers melt into tears. Thermond drops on his knees, and in the name of every feeling heart demands of Cromwell the pardon of Lord Mirvey.

Cromwell,

Cromwell, who found every one around him melted into tenderness, saw that he could not punish without being accused of inhumanity; perhaps too his own heart really felt some compunction. He granted the request, and every one applauded his clemency.

Thermond runs, he flies to carry the news to Mirvey. This unhappy

father, who less dreaded his own death than the distress it would bring upon his daughter, was overcome by this proof of courage and of love. He forgave the two lovers, and Cromwell, whether from clemency or policy, spoke in their behalf to Thermond's father, who, like a good courtier, confirmed the marriage of his son with Julia.

T H E

A M E R I C A N M U S E.

O R I G I N A L P O E T R Y.

The COUNTRY BOARDING-SCHOOL.

ADDRESSED TO MISSES S. AND A. WHITE.

RETIR'D from discord and from
strife,
No scenes of vice appear;
The pleasures of a rural life
Attend you constant her.

When morn the dreary night conceals
It opens to your view
The shady groves, and spacious fields,
All tip'd with silver dew.

The gentle breezes glide along,
And wave the lofty trees;
The chirping birds seem here to
throng,
And all conspire to please.

To branches high they oft' ascend,
To swell their little throats;
They seem with pleasure to contend,
Which sounds the sweetest notes.

Uninterrupted peace here wears
The crown of rural joy;
No gaudy dress nor paltry cares
Your golden hours employ.

Here's innocent simplicity,
Adorn'd with native grace;
Here friendship and sincerity
Attend each kind embrace.

Taught by your tender patroness
To reverence Virtue's name;
Here Virtue finds a sweet recess—
Vice blushes here with shame.

The rays of Virtue (light divine)
Will never beam in vain;
O may the happiness be thine
To follow in her train.

AMYNTA.

*Horseneck, June 22, 1791.**An* EVENING PROSPECT—*By the late Mrs. A. E. Bleeker.*

COME my Susan, quit your
chamber,
Greet the op'ning bloom of May,
Let us on yon hillock clamber,
And around the scene survey.

See the sun is now descending,
And projects his shadows far;
And the bee, her course is bending
Homeward thro' the humid air.

Mark the lizard just before us,
Singing her unvaried strain,
While the frog, abrupt in chorus,
Deepens thro' the marshy plain.

From yon grove the woodcock rises,
Mark her progress by her notes,
High in air her wings she poises,
Then like lightning down she shoots.

Now

Now the whip-o-will beginning,
Clam'rous on a pointed rail,
Drowns the more melodious singing
Of the cat-bird, thrush, and quail.

Pensive echo, from the mountain,
Still repeats the sylvan sounds,
And the crocus border'd fountain,
With the splendid fly abounds.

There the honeysuckle blooming,
Reddens the capricious wave;
Richer sweets—the air perfuming,
Spicy Ceylon never gave.

Cast your eyes beyond this meadow,
Painted by a hand divine,
And observe the ample shadow,
Of that solemn ridge of pine.

Here a tinkling rill depending,
Glitters thro' the artless bow'r ;

And the silver dew descending,
Doubly radiates every flow'r.

While I speak, the sun is vanish'd,
All the gilded clouds are fled,
Music from the groves is banish'd,
Noxious vapours round us spread.

Rural toil is now suspended,
Sleep invades the peasant's eyes,
Each diurnal task is ended,
While soft Luna climbs the skies.

Queen of rest and meditation,
Thro' thy medium I adore
Him—the Author of Creation,
Infinite, and boundless pow'r.

'Tis he who fills thy urn with glory,
Transcript of immortal light ;
Lord ! my spirit bows before thee,
Lost in wonder and delight.

A H Y M N. By DAVID S. BOGART.

AL MIGHTY King, who reign'st
above,
Thou art the source of purest love ;
The splendid heav'n's thy glories
show ;
Thy wisdom shines in all below.

Seraphs before thee humbly fall,
Acknowledge thee supreme o'er all ;
And wrapt in high transporting joy,
Thy attributes their thoughts employ.

Shall mortals then refuse to join
In works so heav'nly and divine ;
Mortals who live and move in thee,
And thy continual goodness see ?

Thou God of Grace, make it my
choice,

In praising thee to lend my voice ;
Implant thy fear, infuse thy balm,
And make my troubled soul all calm.

Teach me the duty of my life,
Preserve me from unhappy strife ;
Conduct me safe thro' all my days,
And keep me in thy peaceful ways.

When time is done, and death draws
nigh,

Then leave me not alone to sigh ;
Afford thy grace, and cheer my heart,
And sure of heav'n let me depart.

ON DIVINE LOVE. An ODE addressed to the DEITY.

GREAT as thou art, and far above the praise
To which a mortal can his numbers raise,
Yet I will strive in rapt'rous notes to sing
Thy LOVE unbounded ! O IMMORTAL KING !
The glorious choir above the sky
Shout to thy love in extacy,
And dwell bewildered in the theme divine ;
Love call'd them from primæval night,
Love gave to them supreme delight,
And love eternal shall around them shine.

No

No radiant sun illum'd the rising day,
 And all creation in rude chaos lay,
 When great JEHOVAH, wing'd with love,
 Descended from his throne above,
 And through heav'n's portals most superbly rode;
 Confusion heard his mighty voice,
 Soon hush'd the loud tumult'ous noise,
 And own'd the presence of his ruler GOD.

Love spake the word—Creation rose to view,
 Sublimely great, with beauties ever new.
 The morning stars together sang,
 With shouts th' æth'ral concave rang;
 While all the spheres harmonious mov'd along:
 " These are thy wonders, O Supreme!
 " Here shall thy love for ever beam,"
 Was the sweet chorus of the gen'ral song.

'Mid all the thousand worlds profusely sown,
 Beneath th' effulgence of thy glorious throne,
 A world was hung, the blest abode
 Of MAN, the fav'rite of his God:
 Angels themselves not sweeter praises sung;
 The beauteous sphere wak'd harmony,
 And join'd the music of the sky,
 While far around increasing raptures rung.

But lo! the harmony soon dies away,
 And horror dwells upon the face of day;
 The spheres stand still, and nought but sighs
 Are heard to pierce the weeping skies.
 With Nature's voice resounds her vast domain—
 " Man dies a shocking rebel too,
 " And leagu'd with God's malignant foe,
 " He dares oppose th' Eternal's peaceful reign."

Suspense keeps heav'n in a dread amaze,
 Waiting with awe to see the lightnings blaze,
 To hear the vengeful thunders roll,
 And burst upon the guilty soul:—
 But neither thunders roll, nor lightnings blaze;
 For love divine does interpose,
 And shields the sinner safe from woes—
 All heav'n admires, and wakes sublimer praise.

The great Redeemer, from his father's throne,
 Where he was cloth'd with glories all his own,
 By love constrain'd, descended here,
 And dwelt in this terrestrial sphere,
 To reconcile to God our guilty world:
 Love sought the way—love found the plan
 Of such amazing grace to man,
 And love has all thy majesty unfurl'd!

When all thy faints, from death and sorrows free,
 Shall in thy hallow'd courts reside with thee;

When

When universal ORDER shall regain
 Her long despised, long forgotten reign;
 Then shall astonish'd worlds behold
 Thy wisdom all thy love unfold:
 The mighty throng shall loud hosannahs raise—
 Thy love th' enrapt'ring theme shall be,
 Thy love shall fill eternity
 With ever glowing and increasing praise.

March 6, 1791.

STREPHON.

SELECTED POETRY.

*An EVENING CONTEMPLATION in a College—In Imitation of
 GRAY'S ELEGY in a Country Church-Yard.*

THE curfew tolls the hour of closing gates;
 With jarring sound the porter turns the key,
 Then in his dreary mansion slumbering waits,
 And slowly, sternly, quits it, though for me.
 Now shine the spire beneath the paly moon,
 And through the cloisters peace and silence reign;
 Save where some fiddler scrapes a drowsy tune,
 Or copious bowls inspire a jovial strain;
 Save that in yonder cobweb-mantled room,
 Where sleeps a student in profound repose,
 Oppress'd with ale, wide echoes through the gloom
 The droning music of his vocal nose.
 Within those walls, where through the glimmering shade
 Appear the pamphlets in a mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow bed till morning laid,
 The peaceful fellows of the college sleep.
 The tinkling bell proclaiming early prayers,
 The noisy servants rattling o'er their head,
 The calls of business, and domestic cares,
 Ne'er rouse these sleepers from their downy bed.
 No chattering females croud their social fire,
 No dread have they of discord and of strife,
 Unknown the name of husband and of fire,
 Unfelt the plagues of matrimonial life.
 Oft have they bask'd beneath the sunny walls,
 Oft have the benches bow'd beneath their weight;
 How jocund are their looks when dinner calls!
 How smoke the cutlets on their crowded plates!
 Oh! let not temperance, too disdainful, hear
 How long their feasts, how long their dinners last:
 Nor let the fair, with a contemptuous sneer,
 On these unmarried men reflections cast!
 The splendid fortune, and the beauteous face,
 (Themselves confess it, and their fires bemoan)
 Too soon are caught by scarlet and by lace;
 These sons of science shine in black alone.

Forgive

Forgive, ye fair, th' involuntary fault,
 If these no feats of gaiety display,
 Where through proud Ranelagh's wide-echoing vault
 Melodious Frazi trills her quavering lay.

Say, is the sword well suited to the band ?
 Does 'broider'd coat agree with sable gown ?
 Can Mechlin laces shade a churchman's hand ?
 Or learning's votaries ape the beaux of town ?

Perhaps in these time-tottering walls reside
 Some who were once the darling of the fair,
 Some who of old could tastes and fashions guide,
 Controul the manager and awe the player.
 But Science now has fill'd their vacant mind
 With Rome's rich spoils, and truth's exalted views,
 Fir'd them with transports of a nobler kind,
 And bade them slight all females—but the muse.

Full many a lark, high towering to the sky,
 Unheard, unheeded, greets th' approach of light ;
 Full many a star, unseen by mortal eye,
 With twinkling lustre glimmers through the night.

Some future Herring, who, with dauntless breast,
 Rebellion's torrent shall, like him, oppose,
 Some mute, unconscious, Hardwicke here may rest.
 Some Pelham, dreadful to his country's foes.

From prince and people to command applause,
 'Midst ermin'd peers to guide the high debate,
 To shield Britannia's and Religion's laws,
 And steer with steady course the helm of state.

Fate yet forbids ; nor circumscribes alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confines,
 Forbids in Freedom's veil t' insult their throne,
 Beneath her masque to hide the worst designs ;

To fill the madding crowd's perverted mind,
 With " pensions, taxes, marriages, and Jews,"
 Or shut the gates of heaven on lost mankind,
 And wrest their darling hopes, their future views.

Far from the giddy town's tumultuous strife,
 Their wishes yet have never learn'd to stray ;
 Content and happy in a single life,
 They keep the noiseless tenor of their way.

E'en now, their books from cobwebs to protect,
 Inclos'd by doors of glass in Doric stile,
 On polish'd pillars rais'd with bronzes deckt,
 They claim the passing tribute of a smile :

Oft are the author's names, though richly bound,
 Mis-spelt by blundering binders' want of care,
 And many a catalogue is strew'd around,
 To tell th' admiring guest what books are there.

For who, to thoughtless ignorance a prey,
 Neglects to hold short dalliance with a book ?
 Who there but wishes to prolong his stay,
 And on those cases casts a lingering look ?
 Reports attract the lawyer's parting eyes,
 Novels Lord Fopling and Sir Plume require,
 For Songs and Plays the voice of Beauty cries,
 And Senie and Nature Grandison desire.
 For thee, who, mindful of thy lov'd compeers,
 Do'st in these lines their artless tale relate,
 If chance, with prying search, in future years,
 Some antiquarian should enquire thy fate ;
 Haply some friend may shake his hoary head,
 And say, " Each morn unchill'd by frosts he ran,
 " With hose ungarter'd, o'er yon turfy bed,
 " To reach the chapel ere the psalms began ;
 " There, in the arms of that lethargic chair
 " Which rears its old moth-eaten back so high,
 " At noon he quaff'd three glasses to the fair,
 " And por'd upon the news with curious eye.
 " Now by the fire engag'd in serious talk,
 " Or mirthful converse, would he loitering stand,
 " Then in the garden chose a sunny walk,
 " Or launch'd the polish'd bowl with steady hand.
 " One morn we miss'd him at the hour of prayer,
 " Nor in the hall, nor on his favourite green :
 " Another came ; nor yet within the chair,
 " Nor yet at bowls or chapel was he seen.
 " The next we heard that, in a neighbouring shire,
 " That day to church he led a blushing bride,
 " A nymph whose snowy vest and maiden fear
 " Improv'd her beauty while the not was ty'd.
 " Now, by his patron's bounteous care remov'd,
 " He roves enraptur'd through the fields of Kent,
 " Yet, ever mindful of the place he lov'd,
 " Read here the letter which he lately sent."

THE LETTER.

IN rural innocence secure I dwell,
 Alike to fortune and to fame unknown ;
 Approving conscience cheers my humble cell,
 And social quiet marks me for her own :
 Next to the blessings of religious truth,
 Two gifts my endless gratitude engage,
 A Wife—the joy and transport of my youth,
 Now with a Son—the comfort of my age.
 Seek not to draw me from this kind retreat,
 In loftier spheres unfit, untaught to move,
 Content with calm domestic life, where meet
 The sweets of friendship, and the smiles of love.

INTELLIGENCE.

LONDON, JULY 7.
Flight of the French King, Queen and Royal Family from Paris! and their re-capture at Varennes, about sixty miles from Mentz, in Lorraine.

THIS event, one of the most extraordinary in the annals of history, occurred on the night of Monday the 20th of June; and was discovered and communicated to the National Assembly early on the morning of the succeeding day.

On Tuesday evening the unfortunate monarch was arrested, in disguise, passing through Varennes, a small town on the road to Mentz, about fifty-three French leagues from Paris, unattended by any guard or suit. His Majesty was first discovered by a post-master, who had been formerly a postillion in the Royal Household. He communicated this intelligence to the Magistrates of the place, and the carriage was immediately surrounded with people.

In the mean time M. de Bouille, with two regiments, one levied chiefly in Germany, the other the Swiss regiment of Castellat, arrived and gave the word of command for putting to death all those who should oppose the passage of his Majesty. But the soldiers were not such men as had been expected. They immediately threw down their arms, and while some mingled with the innocent, unarmed inhabitants, assuring them of their protection, others seized on their commander M. de Bouille.

An express was immediately sent off with this intelligence, and the advice that their Majesties were on their way to Paris.

A paper, stating the reasons for his departure, was left by the King, and presented to the National Assembly on the Tuesday subsequent to his ab-

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 8.

dications.—[*The extreme length of this paper prevents us from inserting it—and the following declarations, containing nearly a recapitulation of the reasons therein given, will in some measure supercede the necessity of it.*]

Declarations of the King and Queen of France, made, after their return to Paris, to the three Commissioners appointed by the National Assembly to wait on them for that purpose.

Declaration of the King.

“ I observe, gentlemen, by your commission, that nothing like an interrogatory is meant; but I am desirous of complying with the wishes of the National Assembly, and I shall never decline publishing the motives of my conduct. The motives for my journey were the outrages and the threats offered to my family, and to myself on the 18th of April last.—Subsequent to that period, I and my family have frequently been insulted and menaced in several writings; and the authors of these have remained unpunished. I conceived that the safety of my family, and of my own person, forbade me to continue any longer in Paris. I wished to leave it; and it was for the purpose of departing with less interruption, that I preferred the night-time. My intentions were never to quit the kingdom. I had not concerted any measures whatsoever, either with foreign powers, or with the French emigrants beyond the kingdom. The circumstance of apartments having been prepared for my reception at Montmedy, may be adduced as a proof that I had no design to pass beyond the frontiers. I chose this place, because, as it was fortified, my family might have remained there in security; and because, being thus near the frontiers,

S s s

I should

I should have been more at hand to resist every attempt to invade France. Here, in the case of invasion, I could immediately have presented myself in the post of danger. In short, I chose Montmedy even in the moment when I might have chosen any other retreat. One of my principal motives was to re-establish the vigour of the government, and to render myself secure. Had I felt an inclination to depart from the kingdom, I should not upon the very same day, have sent my declaration to the National Assembly, but I should have waited for the moment of my having passed beyond the frontiers. I always adhered to the desire of returning to Paris. It is in this sense that the last expressions in my memorial should be understood: *‘Frenchmen, and above all, citizens of Paris, what pleasure shall I feel to be among you!’* I had not in the carriage more than the sum of 13,200 livres in gold, and 560,000 livres in assignats; and these were inclosed within the port-folio which has been returned to me by the department.

“I did not communicate my intentions to Monsieur until within a short time previous to my departure; and he only proceeded into a foreign state with the intention of returning to Montmedy, but without taking the same road. Several days before I had ordered the three persons who attended me, to provide themselves the dresses of couriers, in which they might bear my dispatches. It was not until the preceding evening that I told them they were to accompany me. I only took a passport for going out of the kingdom, because none is granted at the office for foreign affairs for the interior parts of the kingdom; neither was the road marked out even at all pursued. I never made any other protestations than those which I addressed to the assembly on the day of my departure; and these do not bear so much upon the ground-work

of the principles of the constitution as upon the form of sanctions, upon the deficiency of that freedom which I ought to enjoy, and upon the point, that as the constitutional decrees were not presented to me in one mass, I could not possibly judge of them in a collected view, and altogether. The principal part of this memorial rests upon the defect of the administrative and executive measures. I was sensible, during my journey, that the public opinion was decidedly in favour of the constitution. I did not conceive that I could fully have ascertained the nature of this public opinion at Paris; but upon the road, and in consequence of all the elucidations which, as the result of my enquiries, flashed upon my mind, I became convinced, as I now am, how indispensably necessary it is even for the constitution to give power to those officers of the state who are appointed for the maintenance of public order. As soon as I could ascertain the nature of the public opinion, I did not hesitate to sacrifice my personal interests to the welfare of my people, this being the great object of all my wishes and desires.

“I shall willingly forget all the unpleasant circumstances that I have experienced, to secure the peace and the happiness of the nation.”

[The King, after reading this declaration, observed, “That he omitted to add, that his son’s governess, and the ladies in his suit, were apprized of his departure but a short time only before it took place;” and the King signed it with us.]

(Signed)

LOUIS.

Tronchet, Duport, Dandre.”

Declaration of the Queen.

“I declare, that the King being desirous of quitting Paris with his children, nothing in nature could have dissuaded me from following him; for, that I never will consent to quit

quit him, my whole conduct for these two years past, has given sufficient proofs. I was confirmed in my determination to follow him, from the confidence and persuasion which I had, that he would never quit the kingdom. Had he been so inclined, all my influence would have been exerted to prevent him. The governess of my daughter, who had been indisposed for five weeks, did not receive orders for departure till the evening preceding. She had not even taken any clothes with her—I was obliged to lend her some—She was absolutely ignorant of our destination. The three couriers neither knew the destination nor the object of the journey: they were supplied, from time to time, with money upon the road, and received our orders as we proceeded. The two *femmes de chambre* did not receive orders till the moment of our departure—one of them, whose husband was in the palace, had not an opportunity of seeing him. Monsieur and Madame separated from us, and took the road to Mons, only to avoid embarrassment, and to prevent delay from the want of horses upon the road—They were to rejoin us in France. We went out of the palace by passing through the apartment of M. Villequier; and that we might not be perceived, we went separately, and at some distance of time from each other.”

[After reading over this declaration to the Queen, she acknowledged it to be such a declaration as she intended to make, and signed it with us.]

(Signed) MARIE ANTONIETTE.
Tronchet, Duport, Dandre.”

Remarkable letter of M. de Bouille to the National Assembly of France.

Luxembourg, June 26.

“Gentlemen,

“The King has lately made an effort to break the chains with which, for a considerable time past, you have

held him and his family. He is yet your captive, and his days, as well as those of his Queen, are, I shudder to think of it! yet at the disposal of a people whom you have rendered ferocious and sanguinary, and who are become the object of the contempt of the universe. It is of importance to you, gentlemen, that you should know the causes which have produced the event which now occupies your attention, and you will see that, if it has been noble and courageous on the part of the King to come and seek an asylum with me, he has therein less consulted his own welfare than that of a cruel people, whom he yet loves. Disengaged, however, from the ties which bound me to you, I am about to speak to you the language of truth, which you doubtless will reject. The King had become a prisoner to his people. Attached to my sovereign, although detesting the abuses resulting from an authority too powerful, I mourned over the frenzy of the people, I blamed your proceedings, but I hoped that finally the wicked would be confounded, that anarchy would have an end, and that we should have a government that could at least be endured. My attachment for my King and my country gave me sufficient courage to support all the outrages which I have experienced, and the shame and the humiliation of addressing you. I saw that the spirit of faction prevailed; that some were desirous of a civil war; that others wished for a republic; and that in the last party was M. la Fayette.—Clubs were established to destroy the army, and the populace were no longer directed but by cabal and intrigue; the King being without forces, and even without importance; the army without commanders, and without subordination. No means of re-establishing order appearing, I proposed to the King to quit Paris, and to retire to the frontiers, persuaded that it would

would produce a happy change.—This proposal the King and Queen constantly refused, alledging the promise which they had made, not to separate themselves from the National Assembly—I urged in answer, that a promise extorted by force was not binding.

“The transaction of the 28th of February induced me to renew my solicitations; but the King again reminded me of the constitution—the Queen agreed with him in opinion, and rejected all the proposals: I knew that all the powers in Europe were arming against France. It was in the power of the King to save that beautiful kingdom. I knew that its towns were dismantled, its finances exhausted, and that its fictitious money could not supply the specie that was wanting: besides, I did not doubt but that the people would throw themselves into the arms of their King, and intreat him to prevent the evils with which they were threatened.

“After the obstacles which were thrown in the way of his journey to St. Cloud, on the 8th of April last, I represented to him that there remained but this one step to be taken to save France. He at length agreed to it, and resolved to go to Montmedy. He agreed, that as soon as he should be in safety there, he would inform the foreign powers of it, that they suspend their vengeance till a new assembly should be formed. He then would have published a proclamation to convoke this new assembly, according to the ancient laws, which would have been the rule of his conduct. The King would have become the mediator between foreign powers and his people; and they, placed between the fear of becoming a prey to foreign powers and a hope of the re-establishment of order, would have entrusted their interests to an enlightened assembly, who would at length

have repressed those crimes which have resulted from popular despotism. That is what your monarch would have done; that is what he would have done in spite of you—in spite of the ingratitude of his ferocious people. He was actuated by no other motive. Your blindness induced you to refuse that protecting hand which he extended towards you—it will soon be productive of the destruction of the empire of the French. Believe me, gentlemen, the princes of Europe consider themselves threatened by the monster whom you have cherished—your country will soon become the theatre of a most bloody war. Your means of defence are inadequate—it is too late to think of adopting measures for defence. You will be justly and severely punished—your chastisement will be an example for all nations, and you will long have cause to repent the assassination of your country.

“I ought to add, that I hold you, and the people whom you have misled, in contempt, in indignation, and in horror!—All Europe is about to unite against your infernal constitution! I projected every thing, and have ordered every thing.

“Against me alone should be directed your sanguinary fury—for me should you sharpen your poignards, and drain your poisons!—You shall answer for the King and the Royal family—you shall answer for their lives, not to me alone, but to all the potentates of Europe! If you hurt only one hair of their heads, there shall shortly remain not one stone upon another in Paris!—I know the roads—I will lead against it foreign armies. This letter is but the forerunner of the manifesto of the sovereigns of Europe—they will give notice in a more decided manner of the war which you have to fear. Adieu.

(Signed) *La Marquis de Bouille.*”

The

The Assembly treated the above letter with silent contempt, and proceeded to the order of the day.

On the evening of the 28th June, M. Girov Dupre moved, at the Club of *The Friends of the Constitution*, in Paris,—“That Louis de Bourbon should be provisionally deprived of all royal functions until his trial, before a high jury, shall be finished; and that this jury do assemble at the latest, on the 30th of August next.”

Another member moved, “That the King’s wife should no longer be called *Queen*,” because, by the constitution there is no such person as Queen. He was also for a Council of Regency, but to have no Regent.

AMERICA.

St. John, (N. B.) July 5. Recent accounts from Quebec, brought by a gentleman who arrived at the Great Falls, a few days since, inform us, that his Royal Highness Prince Edward, with the 7th regiment had arrived there, and that the 65th were under orders for this place, to relieve the 54th stationed here, who will then embark for England.

The same accounts add, that his Excellency Lord Dorchester intends shortly for Europe.

Providence, (R. I.) July 23. The amount of duties on goods, wares and merchandize, imported into the district of Providence, between the last day of December, 1790, and the first day of July, 1791, as secured at the Custom-house, is

	<i>Dols.</i>	<i>Cents.</i>
	59,440	45½
Amount of ditto on tonnage, }	325	69

Total, 59,766 14½

Albany, Aug. 1. On Thursday last arrived in this city from London, via New-York, and the same evening set off for Canada, Mr. Stewart, the noted pedestrian, who, we are told, has travelled over the greater part of

Europe, Asia and Africa on foot, and has come to this country for the purpose of completing his travels, by making the tour of the American world.—Mr. Stewart is a middle-aged man, about six feet high; and what is particularly remarkable, *he is said to eat no animal food, and but one meal a day.*

Philadelphia, Aug. 10. Yesterday arrived here in 50 days from Rochfort, the French sloop of war *La Favorite*, Monf. Reeves, commander, in which came passenger, M. Ternant, Minister from France to the United States. This is the first French ship we have seen in the Delaware with the National Colours, which are three perpendicular stripes, red, white and blue, with a small red border or binding at the edge that gives a very lively appearance to the whole.

During the late war between Great-Britain and the United States, M. de Ternant served as a Lieutenant-Colonel in the American army.

Aug. 17. The most approved debates of the National Assembly are taken in Paris in a new and singular manner. Six persons are engaged in the performance. They sit round a circular table, and each, as a sentence is uttered, in his turn, writes one word out of six, giving a jog with the knee while occupied in writing the word which falls to his share; then counts the words that follow, one, two, three, four, five, six, and at the seventh the operation returns to him to be repeated. The result of their labour, collected in proper order, forms the complete speech in a more perfect manner, we are informed, than short-hand or any other contrivance hitherto thought of can effect it.

We are informed that a plan to promote American manufactures is now on foot, which will embrace this important object upon a scale hitherto

to

to unattempted in this country. We are assured that upwards of one hundred and twenty-three thousand dollars have already been subscribed towards carrying the plan into execution.

A situation in the Jerseys, we are also informed, is contemplated as the most eligible for the prosecution of the business.

New-York, Aug. 10. We hear that Governor Blount, under the auspices, and by the direction of the President of the United States, on the second of July, concluded a treaty with the Cherokee Nation of Indians. This nation consists of about 2500 warriors, who are situated principally upon the waters of the beautiful river Tennessee.

A remarkable discovery has been accidentally made in Italy, viz. that the bite of a mad dog is certainly and speedily cured by drinking vinegar; a pound of this liquid, given the afflicted person every six hours, or oftener if he can swallow it, is said to perform a radical cure, in the space of a few days, providing this regimen is begun within a short time after receiving the wound.

A meeting of the Presbyterian and Independent ministers is advertised in the Boston papers to be held in New-Haven in September next, as a representation from their respective bodies throughout the United States. A proposal is to be then and there presented to their consideration to unite with the Episcopal Church, in forming a general religion for the United States.

Aug. 15. The total value of exports from the district of Bermuda-Hundred or City-Point, Virginia, to foreign countries, from the 1st of April to the 30th of June, 1791, amounts to 475,197 dollars and 72 cents—and the nett value of every species of merchandize entered into the district within the same period,

amounts to 423,417 dollars and 75 cents.

The Declaration of the Rights of Man has been smuggled into Germany, printed on several thousands of handkerchiefs, which were sent from France to the fairs of that country.

Aug. 17. A letter from Maryland, dated George-Town, August 1, mentions, that Mr. Ellicot, the Surveyor-General, is busy employed in the federal city, in opening streets, laying off squares, lots, &c. and that it is expected the public buildings will begin next spring, which will give employ to 3000 workmen. It also mentions, that a dryer summer than the present was never experienced, having had but little rain since April last; that the corn crops will be trifling; and, as for tobacco, scarce any.

About the first of June last the arguments of Counsel ended in the Court of King's Bench, (London) on the long contested question, whether the income of the half-pay of the officers was assignable; when the Court unanimously decided that it was *not*; to the great mortification of the money-lenders, and, perhaps, ultimately to that of the officers.

August 24.

Extract of a letter from Mr. Obadiab Herbert, of Mount-Pleasant, New-Jersey, to his friend in this city.

"I have finished my wheel, and it answers all the purposes I told you of. It spins, doubles, twists, and reels off the thread at the same time. The machinery is such that it does not impair the velocity of the rim in the least; and it is allowed by a number who have seen it, to be a complete piece of machinery. Some of the best spinners say it runs as easy as they can wish, and answers the purpose extremely well."

Extract of a letter from Rotterdam.

"Jacob Floyrn, Esq; of Rotterdam, has received Mr. Churchman's chart

chart and book of explanation: he is a deputy from the admiralty of Rotterdam to the board of longitude established by the college of admiralty of Amsterdam. Mr. Van Swinder (now professor at Amsterdam) is at the head of that board, who will certainly investigate the work of Mr. Churchman, and he will hear further from them, no doubt, in a short time. The premium in Holland for such a discovery as that of Mr. Churchman's is nearly equal to 30,000l."

A Return of the Consuls and Vice-Consuls of the United States of America.

CONSULS.

Joseph Fenwick,	Bordeaux.
Burrel Carnes,	Nantes.
Nathaniel Barrett,	Rouen.
Sylvanus Bourne,	Hispaniola.
Fulwar Skipwith,	Martinique.
Joshua Johnson,	London.
James Maury,	Liverpool.
William Knox,	Dublin.
Edward Church,	Bilboa.
John Marsden Pintard,	Madeira.
E. Brush,	Surinam.
James Yard,	St. Croix.

VICE-CONSULS.

The Sieur Etienne	} Marseilles.
Cathalan, the younger,	
The Sieur de la Motte,	} Havre de Grace.
Thomas Auldjo,	

The jurisdiction of those Consuls, and Vice-Consuls, extends to all places within the same allegiance, which are nearer to them than to the residence of any other Consul or Vice-Consul.

* *Resident at Conves.*

—APPOINTMENTS.—

Timothy Pickering, Esq; Post-Master-General—not Major Jackson, as inserted in our last.

Thomas Johnson, Esq; of Maryland, Associate Judge, in the room of Mr. Rutledge, who has resigned.

Matthew Clarkson, Esq; of New-York, Marshal of that district, in the

room of Col. Smith, appointed Supervisor

James Barry, Esq; is appointed Vice-Consul, within the states of Virginia and Maryland, for her Most Faithful Majesty the Queen of Portugal, and has been recognized as such by the Supreme Executive of the United States.

—MARRIAGES.—

In *New-York*.—In the capital, Mr. Louis Simond, merchant, to Miss Wilkes, daughter of I. Wilkes, Esq.

—Mr. William Rhodes, merchant, to Miss Sophia Roorback.—Mr. James M'Cready, to Miss Mary Wool.

At Brookhaven, (L. Island) Capt. Thomas S. Strong, to Miss Hannah Brewster.

In *Connecticut*.—At Ridgbury, Mr. Agur Fairchild, aged 78, to Mrs. Elizabeth Rockwell, aged 74.

—FOREIGN MARRIAGES.—

In *England*.—At Helston, in Cornwall, J. Stephens, Esq; of Penpraze, in the parish of Sithney, to Miss M. Thomas, a young lady with a fortune of twenty thousand pounds.

At Powerstock, near Bridport, Mr. Richard Harbin, aged 80 years, to Miss Gale, a young lady of 18; with an independent fortune.

—DEATHS.—

In *New-York*.—In the capital, Mr. Edward Dayton.—Mrs. Elsey Skaats, aged 55.—Mrs. Elizabeth Ricker, aged 92.—Mrs. Alice Armstrong, aged 94.

At Poughkeepsie, Mr. William Lawson, aged near 100 years. He was the first born white person in the county of Dutchess.

At Esopus, the venerable and respected Mr. J. Wynkoop, aged 89.

At sea, Capt. Little, of this city. His death was premeditated, and executed with that rashness which indicated a disordered mind. He jumped from the stern of the vessel, and notwithstanding every endeavour was made to save him was drowned.

In

In *New-Jersey*.—At Elizabeth-Town, Miss Rachel Barnett. The morning of her death she entered her 17th year; and the melancholy scene was further heightened by its being the day appointed for the celebration of her nuptials.

At the Hermitage, near Trenton, Mrs. Mary Dickinson, wife of the Hon. Philemon Dickinson.

At Woodbridge, Dr. Bloomfield.

At Springfield, Mr. Thomas Marr, one of the proprietors of the Thistle paper-mill.

At Brunswick, Mrs. Livingston, of New-York, and her two children. They were crossing the river in a boat, which accidentally up-set, and they were unfortunately drowned.

In *Pennsylvania*.—In the capital, Mr. Thomas Rois, late of the island of Jamaica.—Col. Michael Ryan, late of Virginia.—Mr. James F. Sebor, merchant, of New-York.—Mrs. Fuller.—Mrs. Ann Smock.—Plunket Pleecon, Esq; in his 79th year, and many years a justice of the peace of that city.

At Germantown, Mr. H. Taylor, printer, aged about 35, a native of Berwick-upon-Tweed.

At York, the Rev. John Roth, aged 65, pastor of the Moravian Congregation in that borough.

At Harrisburgh, Mr. John Harris, proprietor of that borough. He was aged about 65 years, and was the first white man born on that part of the Susquehannah.

In *Virginia*.—At Martinsburgh, Adam Stephen, Esq; a gentleman highly distinguished for his medical talents, industry, learning, and mental endowments.—At his seat, in Goochland county, Major Powers, aged 64 years.

In *Connecticut*.—At Warren, Mrs. Abigail Waller, aged 88.

At Somers, Captain Elisha Kibbe, aged 93.

At Danbury, Capt. Thomas Stevens, aged 71.

At New-London, Mrs. Abigail Green, relict of Mr. Samuel Green, printer, aged 87.

By a casualty, Dr. Silas Holmes, of Stonington.

At Reading, Miss Sarah Sandford. In *Rhode-Island*.—At Providence, the Rev. James Manning, S. T. D. president of Rhode Island college.

In *Massachusetts*.—At Haverhill, John Thaxter, Esq; an eminent lawyer, good magistrate, and worthy man, aged 36.

At Charlestown, Mr. Simmonds, of a swelling over one of his eyes.

At Concord, Captain John Stone, aged 63, the master-builder of the famous bridge over Charles-river.

At Menotomy, Mr. Isaac Munroe, of the bite of an insect, in shape and venom resembling an asp.

—FOREIGN DEATHS.—

At *Cape-François*, by a fall from his horse, *M. L'Honorey Dubuison*, printer of the paper entitled, *Le Moniteur Colonial*. He was a man of letters, and an undaunted patriot. His paper continues to be carried on *in his name*, out of respect to his memory. His friend, *M. Castellion*, is the present editor.

In *England*.—At Cumberland, Mr. David Saul, aged 85 years, and near 66 years of that time a public speaker among the people called Quakers.

In London, the Right Hon. Lady Anne Hamilton, aged 65, relict of the late Lord A. Hamilton, youngest son of James IVth. Duke of Hamilton.

At her house in the Spa-fields, near London, in her 84th year, the Right Hon. Selina Countess-dowager of Huntington. She has left 4000*l.* to be distributed in charitable gifts, and a great part of her Ladyship's fortune for the support of 64 chapels, which she had established throughout Great-Britain and Ireland.

At Binfield, Berks, after a long and painful illness, the celebrated Mrs. Catharine Macaulay Graham.

A Park Map.



NEW-YORK MAGAZINE;

O R,

LITERARY REPOSITORY:

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1791.

NUMBER IX.—VOLUME II.

CONTAINING.

	Page.		Page.
Meteorological Observations for		An Oration, by Jacob Morton,	
August, 1791, - - - - -	490	Etq; delivered at the Anni-	
The Storm, - - - - -	491	versary Meeting of the Ger-	
Account of Mr. Ledyard, - -	ibid	man Society, 6th Jan. 1791, -	526
Anecdote of Zink, - - - -	496	The Miscellanist—No. III. -	532
Criticism on Ossian's Poems, -	497.	Method of suspending Madness, -	534
Cursory Remarks, &c. - - -	500	General Character of the Ger-	
Experiments on the Waters at		mans, - - - - -	ibid
New-Lebanon, - - - - -	505	Anecdotes, - - - - -	535
Mahomet—A Dream, - - - -	506	The Paradise of Schedad—An	
Historical Scraps, relating to the		Arabian Tale, - - - - -	536
United States of America, -	508		
The Tipling Mouse, - - - -	510	<i>The AMERICAN MUSE.</i>	
Observations on Holland, - -	ibid	ORIGINAL.	
Abudah—A Tale, - - - - -	513	A Version of part of the 7th	
Antiquity and Universality of		Chapter of Job, - - - - -	539
the English Language, - -	515	A Rebus, - - - - -	540
Manner of celebrating Easter at		Lines to Miss ———, - -	541
Barcelona, - - - - -	516	SELECTED.	
Manner of celebrating the Feast		Song on the French Revolution, -	541
of St. Pedro Martyr at Bar-		The Interview, - - - - -	542
celona, - - - - -	519	Intelligence, - - - - -	545
A curious Phænomena, - - -	ibid	Marriages, - - - - -	551
Advantages resulting from the		Deaths, - - - - -	ibid
late Voyages of Discovery, -	520		

With a beautiful Engraving of the *Melancholy Effects* of a Storm.

—Notes to Correspondents—

Our respectable correspondent *R.* is entitled to our thanks. The drawing of the celebrated Indian fortifications on the Muskingum which accompanied his last, is very acceptable, and shall be duly attended to.

Silo unquestionably means to compliment the different ladies to whom he alludes. How far a lady's having red nostrils, like a race-horse, is a beauty, we leave him to judge. See this couplet—

“ And the opening nose bespeaks

“ The soft tints that deck her cheeks.”

He is also mistaken as to residence of some of the ladies, two of them residing in Courtlandt-street.

The lines under the signature of *T. M.* are too personal for admission.

The paraphrase on the 104th Psalm is under consideration.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS for August, 1791.

Days.	Degrees of Heat by Fahrenheit's Ther.			Prevailing Winds.			Change & Full of Moon.	WEATHER, &c.
	8	2	8	8	2	8		
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.		
1	73	81	70	S.	W.	W.		Clear, cloudy, clear.
2	67	77	70	N.W.	S.	S.		Clear, clear, clear.
3	70	80	74	N.	S.	S.		Clear, cloudy, clear.
4	72	79	73	S.	S.	S.		Clear, clear, cloudy.
5	72	76	75	S.W.	S.	S.		Rain, cloudy, rain.
6	72	78	73	N.E.	S.	S.		Cloudy, cloudy, cloudy.
7	72	81	75	N.W.	S.	S.	First Q.	Clear, clear, clear.
8	73	82	74	N.	S.	S.		Cloudy, clear, cloudy.
9	73	77	74	S.E.	S.	S.		Rain, dull, dull.
10	74	83	75	S.	S.	S.		Cloudy, clear, cloudy.
11	75	78	75	S.	S.E.	S.		Dull, cloudy, cloudy.
12	72	76	73	N.W.	N.W.	N.W.		Cloudy, cloudy, clear.
13	67	76	73	N.W.	N.W.	N.W.	Full.	Do. do. do.
14	72	78	74	W.	S.	S.		Clear, clear, clear.
15	71	79	74	S.W.	S.	S.		Do. do. do.
16	73	76	71	S.W.	S.W.	S.W.		Clear, showery, rain.
17	69	77	73	N.W.	N.W.	S.		Clear, clear, clear.
18	70	76	72	N.	N.	N.E.		Clear, cloudy, cloudy.
19	69	69	66	N.E.	N.E.	N.E.		Rain, showery, clear.
20	64	74	67	N.	N.E.	N.E.		Clear, clear, clear.
21	65	70	66	N.	S.E.	S.E.	Last Q.	Clear, cloudy, clear.
22	66	71	66	N.	S.E.	S.E.		Clear, clear, clear.
23	65	73	72	N.W.	S.	S.		Do. do. do.
24	71	80	76	S.W.	S.E.	S.E.		Cloudy, clear, cloudy.
25	75	80	75	S.	S.	S.		Cloudy, cloudy, dull.
26	74	83	75	S.W.	S.	S.		Clear, gust, clear.
27	73	84	77	N.W.	S.	S.		Clear, clear, clear.
28	74	84	76	S.	S.	S.		Do. do. do. [year.
29	76	89	84	W.	W.	S.W.	New.	Clear,—warmest day this
30	77	84	74	S.	S.	W.		Clear, clear, hard shower.
31	74	83	70	W.	S.W.	S.		Clear, clear, cloudy.

T H E

NEW-YORK MAGAZINE;

O R,
LITERARY REPOSITORY:

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1791.

T H E S T O R M.

[WITH A WELL ENGRAVED COPPER-PLATE.]

BEHOLD, the storm begins! the boisterous waves break on yon wave-worn rock! the thunders roar, and, in dreadful clashing, announce the almighty power of their Heavenly Author! Lo, the electric fire divine darts through the parting clouds, and, for a while, illuminates the surrounding gloom: Vivid lightning! awful sight! in thy tremendous aspect thou dost impart to the trembling traveller a supernatural awe!

Regard yon shattered bark, which is tossed about at the pleasure of the winds—In vain the pilot attempts to guide her—Alas! he now quits the helm, and, to the mercy of unforeseen fate, resigns her!—Behold her now urged by the furlous surf!—See how she drives against the rugged cliff!—Hark!—Whence proceeded that tumult which thrilled my ears, and struck an universal terror through my soul?—Alas! it was the final shriek of the distressed crew—they are perished in the involving waters of the dismal deep!—the vessel founders!—she sinks!—and now she is seen no more!—Oh, how I pity yon mourning maiden, whose white robings flutter in the blast, and who, wildly wailing from her wave-environed footsteps, regardless of danger, adds fresh horror to the scene!—Her piteous cries mix with the howling winds!—Alas! her William views her despair—but she must never more embrace him!—He struggles yet!—He beholds his Nancy, with outstretched arms, ready to receive her betrothed lover!—but oh! Fate forbids their union!—the waters which bore him to victory over the foes of his country, now encircle him, and he follows his devoted shipmates to the bed of the involving deep!—

ACCOUNT OF MR. LEDYARD.

MR. Ledyard, a native of America, who had an irresistible propensity to explore unknown countries, went round the world with Capt. Cooke—Afterwards he meant to go through Russia, into North-America, to traverse the whole of that great continent, from west to east. On this expedition he set out with no more than ten guineas in his pocket. From Stockholm he meant to cross the gulf of Bothnia on the ice; but

when he came to the middle, finding it not frozen, he was obliged to return, and went round by the head of that great sea, and passing through Finland, in the depth of winter, arrived at Petersburg—From thence he went to Siberia, as far as Kam-schatka on foot; but finding the passage across to America shut up with ice, he was forced to return to *Takutz*—Here he was taken up by order of the Empress of Russia; and, without

without any reason given, was hurried away to the confines of Poland, where he was dismissed, with an order not to return into Russia. He found his way to Königberg, and from thence back to Britain. Here he arrived just at the time that the association for making discoveries in Africa were looking out for a proper person to undertake these enquiries—Mr. Ledyard was immediately applied to, who gladly undertook the task. The particular enterprise allotted to him was, to penetrate through Egypt into Sennaar; and from thence to try to explore a way westward, towards the river Niger, and make what discoveries he could. The arduousness of the task did not make him hesitate one moment—He set out on the expedition with alacrity, and reached Cairo in Egypt without any cross accident. Here he remained some time, making enquiries concerning the countries he was about to explore, and preparations for his journey—But unexpected delays intervening, he was seized with a bilious complaint, which carried him off in the end of the year 1788, in Cairo, where he was decently interred in the neighbourhood of such of the English as had ended their days in that capital.

Of this surprising man, whose ardour of mind could scarcely be equalled in any age or country, I know not if any portrait remains. “His person, we are told by one who knew him well, though scarcely exceeding the middle size, was remarkably expressive of activity and strength; and his manners, though unpolished, were neither uncivil nor unpleasing. Little attentive to difference of rank, he seemed to consider all men as his equals, and as such he respected them. His genius, though uncultivated and irregular, was original and comprehensive. Ardent in his wishes, yet calm in his deliberations; daring in

his purposes, but guarded in his measures; impatient of controul, yet capable of strong endurance; adventurous beyond the conception of ordinary men, yet wary and confidante, and attentive to all precautions, he appeared to be formed by nature for achievements of hardihood and peril.

They who compare the extent of his pilgrimage through the vast regions of Tartary, with the scantiness of his funds, will naturally ask, by what means he obtained a subsistence on the road? All that I have ever learned from him on the subject, was, that his sufferings were excessive.”—“I am accustomed, says he, in our last conversation, (’twas on the morning of his departure for Africa) to hardships—I have known both hunger and nakedness to the utmost extremity of human sufferings—have known what it is to have food given to me, as charity to a madman; and I have at times been obliged to shelter myself under the miseries of that character, to avoid a heavier calamity. My distresses have been greater than I ever owned, or ever *will* own to any man. Such evils are terrible to bear; but they never yet had power to turn me from my purpose. If I live, I will faithfully perform, in its utmost extent, my engagements to the society; and if I perish in the attempt, my *honour* will still be safe, for death cancels all bonds.”

Such was the language of this extraordinary man: A language that will be deemed insanity by the bulk of mankind: It will be deemed madness even by those who are the most eager to avail themselves of the discoveries that such men have made—Yet, if happiness be the only desirable object in this life, it might perhaps admit of a doubt, if this very man did not enjoy a greater share of it, than those insipid characters who languish in the lap of ease, and whose souls are devoured with anxiety, when surrounded

surrounded by all the alluring objects that affluence can procure.

In one of his letters from Egypt, he says, "Money! it is a vile slave! I have at present an œconomy of a more exalted kind to observe. I have the eyes of some of the first men of the first kingdom on earth turned upon me. I am engaged by those very men, in the most important object that any private individual can be engaged in: I have their approbation to acquire, or to lose; and their esteem also, which I prize beyond every thing, except the independent idea of serving mankind.—Should rashness or desperation carry me through, whatever fame the vain and injudicious might bestow, I should not accept it;—it is the good and great I look to: Fame from them bestowed is altogether different, and is closely allied to a "WELL DONE" from God; but rashness will not be like to carry me through, any more than timid caution. To find the necessary medium of conduct; to vary and apply it to contingencies, is the œconomy I allude to; and if I succeed by such means, men of sense, in any succeeding epoch, will not blush to follow me, and perfect those discoveries I have only abilities to trace out roughly, or a disposition to attempt."

With what contempt will those who think that wisdom consists alone in the acquisition of wealth and in power, dominion and authority over others; with what contempt for the intellectual powers of our traveller, will such persons read the following paragraph? "A Turkish sofa, says Ledyard, has no charms for me: If it had, I could soon obtain one here. I could to-morrow take the command of the best armament of Ishmael Bey. I should be sure of success, and its consequential honours. Believe me, a single WELL DONE from your association, has more worth in it to me, than all the trappings of the east;

and what is still more precious, is, the pleasure I have in the justification of my own conduct at the tribunal of MY OWN HEART." Yet, it was sentiments, such as these, that produced a Columbus, a Wolfe, and a Cooke, whose fame shall remain a subject for admiration to future ages, when the names of miriads who have indulged in a life of affluent insipidity, shall be deservedly lost in perpetual oblivion.

Among other advantages that the world derives from the existence of such men as Ledyard, is a knowledge of human nature. It is to men in trying situations alone, that the human heart appears in its own native colours—No hope perverts; no fear alarms; and it is at liberty to discover its native emotions with the most unbiassed freedom. The following character of the fair sex, drawn by a man who had had occasion thus to view them in their native purity, will therefore, I trust, be deemed not less beautiful than just. It is pleasing to contemplate the universal beneficence of that being who conferred upon man this tender companion through life, as a solace for his cares, and a sweetener of every enjoyment. What a reproach is it to this lord of the creation, that a being so naturally amiable as woman, should, in self-defence, be in so many cases compelled to become the scourge of her tormentor?

"I have always remarked, says this careful observer of manners, that women in all countries, are civil, obliging, tender, and humane: that they are inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest; and that they do not hesitate, like men, to perform a generous action. Not haughty, not arrogant, not supercilious, they are full of courtesy, and fond of society: more liable, in general, to err than man; but, in general, also more virtuous, and performing more good actions

actions than he. To a woman, whether civilized or savage, I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise.—In wandering through the *barren plains of inhospitable Denmark*, through *honest Sweden* and *frozen Lapland*, *rude and churlish Finland*, *unprincipled Russia*, and the *wide spread regions of the wandering Tartar*, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, the women have ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, (so worthy the appellation of benevolence) their actions have been performed in so free, and so kind a manner, that if I was dry, I drank the sweetest draught, and if hungry, I ate the coarse morsel with a double relish."

What a beautiful eulogium! and how justly due! These friendly offices were performed to our suffering stranger, without the smallest prospect of any return from him: But I ought to add, they were performed to one who felt their value, and who revered the mildness of that tender hand which administered them; and who, no doubt, expressed in those native tones and gestures which constitute an universal language among all mankind, the sense he entertained of it, with irresistible propriety. To the haughty, the supercilious, or the vain, such tenderness *could* not have been exerted. Half the ills that man suffers from his fellow creatures, are owing to himself; and it is his own mind alone that can superadd the balm of beneficence to the tenderness of kindness.

The remarks upon man and things, of one who had seen so much of the world, must always be deemed precious. They are not the unmeaning daubing of a casual observer. Every word is expressive, and has a strong meaning, and suggests new ideas to every attentive reader. The follow-

ing extracts, therefore, from his letters, will no doubt prove interesting to the public.

"August 26th. This day I was introduced by Rosette (the Venetian consul, at that time *charge d' affairs* for the English consul at Cairo) to the Aga Mahommed, the confidential minister of Ismael, the most powerful of the four ruling beys: He gave me his hand to kiss, and with it the promise of letters, protection, and support through Turkish Nubia, and also to some chiefs far inland. In a subsequent conversation, he told me I should see in my travels a people who had power to transmute themselves into the forms of different animals. He asked me what I thought of the affair? I did not like to render the ignorance, simplicity, and credulity of the Turk apparent. I told him that it formed a part of the character of all savages to be great Necromancers; but that I had never before heard of any so great as those he had done me the honour to describe; that it had rendered me the more anxious to be on my voyage, and if I passed among them, I would, in the letter I promised to write to him, give him a more particular account of them than he had hitherto had. He asked me how I could travel without the language of the people where I should pass? I told him with vocabularies: I might as well have read to him a page of Newton's Principia. He returned to his fables again. Is it not curious, that the Egyptians (for I speak of the natives of the country as well as of him when I make the observation) are still such dupes to the art of sorcery? Was it the same people who built the Pyramids?

"I can't understand that the Turks have a better opinion of our mental powers than we have of theirs; but they say of us that we are *a people who carry our minds in our finger ends*: mean-

meaning that we put them in exercise constantly, and render them subservient to all manner of purposes, and with celerity, dispatch and ease do what we do.

"I suspect the Copts to have been the origin of the negro race: The nose and lips correspond with those of the negro. The hair, whenever I can see it among the people here (the Copts) is curled; not close like the negroes, but like the mulattoes. I observe a greater variety of colour among the human species here, than in any other country, and a greater variety of feature, than in any other country not possessing a greater degree of civilization.

"I have seen an Abyssinian woman, and a Bengal man; the colour is the same in both; so are their features and persons.

"I have seen a small mummy: it has what I call wampum work on it. It appears as common here as among the Tartars. Tatowing is as prevalent among the Arabs of this place, as among the South Sea islanders. It is a little curious, that the women here are more generally than in any other part of the world tatowed on the chin, with perpendicular lines descending from the under lip to the chin, like the women on the north-west coast of America. It is also a custom here, to stain the nails red, like the Cohin Chinese and the northern Tartars. The mask or veil that the women here wear, resembles exactly that worn by the priests at Otaheite, and those seen at Sandwich islands.

"I have not yet seen the Arabs make use of a tool like our axe or hatchet; but what they use for such purposes as our hatchet or axe, is in the form of an adze, and is a form we found most agreeable to the South Sea islanders. I see no instance of a tool formed designedly for the use of the right or left hand particularly, as the cotogon is among the Yorkertick Tartars.

"There is a remarkable affinity between the Russian and the Greek dress. The fillet round the temples of the Greek and Russian women, is a circumstance of dress that perhaps would strike nobody as it does me; and so of the wampum work too, which is also found among them both. They spin here with the distaff and spindle only, like the French peasantry and others in Europe; and the common Arab loom is upon our principle, though rude.

"I saw to-day (Aug. 10,) an Arab woman white, like the white Indians in the South Sea islands, Isthmus of Darian, &c. These kind of people all look alike.

"Among the Greek women here, I find the incidental Archangel head-dress.

"Their music is instrumental, consisting of a drum and pipe; both which resemble those two instruments in the South Seas: the drum is exactly like the Otaheite drum; the pipe is made of cane, and consists of a long and a short tube joined; the music resembles very much the bagpipe, and is pleasant. All their music is concluded, if not accompanied, by the clapping of hands. I think it singular, that the women here make a noise with their mouths like frogs, and that this frog music is always made at weddings, and I believe on all other occasions of merriment where there are women.

"It is remarkable that the dogs here are of just the same species found among the Otaheitians.

"It is also remarkable, that in one village I saw exactly the same machines used for diversion as in Russia. I forgot the Russian name for it. It is a large kind of wheel, on the extremities of which there are suspended seats, in which the people are whirled round over and under each other.

"The women dress their hair behind exactly in the same manner in which

which the Calmuck Tartars dress theirs.

"In the history of the kingdom of Benin in Guinea, the chiefs are called *Aree Roee*, or street kings. Among the islands in the South Sea, Otaheite, &c. they call the chiefs *Arees*, and the great chiefs *Aree le hoi*. I think this curious; and so I do, that it is a custom of the Arabs to spread a blanket when they would invite any one to eat or rest with them. American Indians spread the beaver skins on such occasions.

"It is singular that the Arab language has no word for liberty, although it has for slaves.

"The Arabs, like the new Zealanders, engage with a long strong spear.

"The Mahometans are in Africa what the Russians are in Siberia, a trading, enterprising, superstitious, warlike set of vagabonds; and wherever they are set upon going, they will, and do go; but they neither can nor do make voyages merely commercial, or merely religious, across Africa; and where we do not find them in commerce, we find them not at all. They cannot (however vehemently pushed on by religion) afford to cross the continent without trading by the way. [The Bee.

ANECDOTE of ZINK.

WHEN Zink was in the greatest practice, he was in a very bad state of health; and being well respected by a number of the most celebrated physicians, had their assistance and advice. All of them pronounced that he was in a decline; but about the method of cure they were not unanimous. Some prescribed one drug, and some another, and one of them recommended breast-milk. The drugs he swallowed, but the breast-milk he did not much relish the thought of. Finding himself grow rather worse than better, and being told that air and exercise was the best remedy for his complaint, he tasked himself to walk through the Park, and up Constitution Hill, every morning before breakfast. This did not relieve him; but from habit rather than hope, he still continued his perambulations. One summer morning a handsome young woman, very meanly clad, with a child about six weeks old in her arms, asked his charity. He gave her some pence, and asked her how she came into her present distressed situation. Her history was short: She had been a servant; she became partial to a footman in the same house, and married him; they

were both turned away: the man had no other resource but to enlist: he became a soldier—was sent abroad: she had never heard from him since—had been delivered of the child now at her breast, for whose support and her own she should beg till her infant was a few months older, when she should try to get some more reputable employment.—Her frankness (said Zink) *pleased me*—her face *pleased me*—her complexion *pleased me*: I gave her my direction; she came to me; I took her infant into my house; I did bring myself to take her milk; it recovered me: I made enquiry after her husband, and found he was killed in the first engagement he was in, at the pillaging a village in Germany. I married her, and a better wife no man ever had.

With this woman he lived near 20 years. The soldier's child he educated for the army, and promised to get him a commission when he was 21; but the boy died at fourteen.

By Monsieur Zink she had two children, each of them were well provided for; and one of them was a very few years since alive, and well situated in a northern province.

LUDOVICO DOLCE.

CRITICISM on OSSIAN'S POEMS.

THE antiquity of the poems ascribed to *Ossian*, the son of *Fingal*, has been the subject of much dispute. The refined magnanimity and generosity of the heroes, and the tenderness and delicacy of sentiment, with regard to women, so conspicuous in those poems, are circumstances very difficult to reconcile with the rude and uncultivated age in which the poet is supposed to have lived. On the other hand, the intrinsic characters of antiquity which the poems bear; the simple state of society the poet paints; the narrow circle of objects and transactions he describes; his concise, abrupt, and figurative style; the absence of all abstract ideas, and of all modern allusions, render it difficult to assign any other æra for their production than the age of *Fingal*. In short, there are difficulties on both sides; and, if that remarkable refinement of manners seem inconsistent with our notions of an unimproved age, the marks of antiquity with which the poems are stamped, make it very hard to suppose them a modern composition. It is not, however, my intention to examine the merits of this controversy, much less to hazard any judgment of my own. All I propose is, to suggest one consideration on the subject, which, as far as I can recollect, has hitherto escaped the partizans of either side.

The elegant author of the *Critical Dissertation on the Poems of Ossian*, has very properly obviated the objections made to the uniformity of Ossian's imagery, and the too frequent repetition of the same comparisons. He has shewn, that this objection proceeds from a careless and inattentive perusal of the poems; for, although the range of the poet's objects was not wide, and consequently the same object does often return, yet its

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 9.

appearance is changed; the image is new; it is presented to the fancy in another attitude, and cloathed with different circumstances, to make it suit the illustration for which it is employed. "In this," continues he, "lies Ossian's great art;" and he illustrates his remark by taking the instances of the *moon* and of *mist*, two of the principal subjects of the bard's images and allusions.

I agree with this critic in his observations, though I think he has rather erred in ascribing to *art* in Ossian, that wonderful diversification of the narrow circle of objects with which he was acquainted. It was not by any efforts of art or contrivance that Ossian presented the rude objects of nature under so many different aspects. He wrote from a full heart, from a rich and glowing imagination. He did not seek for, and invent images; he copied nature, and painted objects as they struck and kindled his fancy. He had nothing within the range of his view, but the great features of simple nature. The sun, the moon, the stars, the desert heath, the winding stream, the green hill with all its roes, and the rock with its robe of mist, were the objects amidst which Ossian lived. Contemplating these, under every variety of appearance they could assume, no wonder that his warm and empasioned genius found in them a field fruitful of the most lofty and sublime imagery.

Thus the very circumstances of his having such a circumscribed range of inanimate objects to attract his attention and exercise his imagination, was the natural and necessary cause of Ossian's being able to view and to describe them, under such a variety of great and beautiful appearances. And may we not proceed farther, and affirm, that so rich a diversification of the few appearances of simple

U u

nature;

nature, could hardly have occurred to the imagination of a poet living in any other than the rude and early age in which the son of Fingal appeared?

In refined and polished society, where the works of art abound, the endless variety of objects that present themselves, distract and dissipate the attention. The mind is perpetually hurried from one object to another; and no time is left to dwell upon the sublime and simple appearances of nature. A poet, in such an age, has a wide and diversified circle of objects on which to exercise his imagination. He has a large and diffused stock of materials from which to draw images to embellish his work; and he does not always resort for his imagery to the diversified appearance of the objects of rude nature; he does not avoid those because his taste rejects them; but he uses them seldom, because they seldom recur to his imagination.

To seize these images, belongs only to the poet of an early and simple age, where the undivided attention has leisure to brood over the few, but sublime objects which surround him. The *sea* and the *beats*, the *rock* and the *torrent*, the *clouds* and *meteors*, the *thunder* and *lightning*, the *sun* and *moon*, and *stars*, are, as it were, the companions with which his imagination holds converse. He personifies and addresses them: every aspect they can assume is impressed upon his mind: he contemplates and traces them through all the endless varieties of seasons; and they are the perpetual subjects of his images and allusions. He has, indeed, only a few objects around him: but, for that very reason, he forms a more intimate acquaintance with their every feature, and shade, and attitude.

From this circumstance, it would seem, that the poetical productions of widely-distant periods of society

must ever bear strong marks of the age which gave them birth; and that it is not possible for a poetical genius of the one age, to counterfeit and imitate the productions of the other.

To the poet of a simple age, the varied objects which present themselves in cultivated society are unknown. To the poet of a refined age, the idea of imitating the productions of rude times might, perhaps, occur; but the execution would certainly be difficult, perhaps impracticable. To catch some few transient aspects of any of the great appearances of nature, may be within the reach of the genius of any age; but to perceive, and feel, and paint, all the shades of a few simple objects, and to make them correspond with a great diversity of subjects, the poet must dwell amidst them, and have them ever present to his mind.

The excellent critic, whom I have already mentioned, has selected the instances of the *moon* and of *mist*, to shew how much Ossian has diversified the appearance of the few objects with which he was encircled. I shall now conclude this paper with selecting a *third*, that of the *Sun*, which, I think, the bard has presented in such a variety of aspects, as could have occurred to the imagination in no other than the early and unimproved age in which Ossian is supposed to have lived.

The vanquished *Frothal*, struck with the generous magnanimity of Fingal, addresses him: ‘Terrible art thou, O king of Morven, in battles of the spears; but, in peace, thou art like the sun, when he looks through a silent shower; the flowers lift their fair heads before him, and the gales shake their rustling wings.’ Of the generous open *Cathmor*, exposed to the dark and gloomy *Cairbar*, it is said: ‘His face was like the plain of the sun; when it is bright: no darkness tra-
velled

‘velled over his brow.’ Of *Nathos* :
 ‘The soul of Nathos was generous
 and mild, like the hour of the set-
 ting sun.’ Of young *Connal*, com-
 ing to seek the honour of the spear :
 ‘The youth was lovely, as the first
 beam of the sun.’—‘O! Fithil’s
 son,’ says Cuchullin, ‘with feet of
 wind, fly over the heath of Lena.
 Tell to Fingal, that Erin is en-
 thrall’d, and bid the king of Morven
 hasten. O! let him come like the
 sun in a storm, when he shines on
 the hills of grass.’

Nathos, anxious for the fate of
Darthula : ‘The soul of Nathos
 was sad, like the sun in the day of
 mist, when his face is watry and
 dim.’—*Oscar*, surrounded with
 foes, foreseeing the fall of his race,
 and yet at times gathering hope :
 ‘At times, he was thoughtful and
 dark, like the sun when he carries
 a cloud on his face; but he looks
 afterward on the hills of Cona.’
 —Before *Bosmima* sent to offer
 them the peace of heroes : ‘The
 host of Erragon brightened in her
 presence, as a rock before the sud-
 den beams of the sun, when they
 issue from a broken cloud, divided
 by the roaring wind.’ The re-
 membrance of battles past, and the
 return of peace, is compared to the
 sun returning after a storm : ‘Hear
 the battle of Lora! the sound of
 its steel is long since past; so thun-
 der on the darkened hill roars, and
 is no more; the sun returns with
 his silent beams; the glittering
 rocks, and green heads of the moun-
 tains, smile.’

Fingal in his strength darkening in
 the presence of war : ‘His arm
 stretches to the foe like the beam of
 the sickly sun, when his side is
 crusted with darkness, and he rolls
 his dismal course throughout the
 sky.’ A young hero exulting in
 his strength, and rushing towards his
 foes, exclaims, ‘My beating soul is

‘high! My fame is bright before me,
 like the streak of light on a cloud
 when the broad sun comes forth,
 red traveller of the sky!’ On ano-
 ther occasion, says a hero, ‘I have
 met the battle in my youth. My
 arm could not lift the spear when
 first the danger rose; but my soul
 brightened before the war as the
 green narrow vale, when the sun
 pours his streamy beams, before he
 hides his head in a storm!’

But it would exceed the proper
 bounds of this paper, were I to bring
 together all the passages which might
 illustrate my remarks. Without,
 therefore, quoting the beautiful ad-
 dress to the Sun, which finishes the
 second book of *Temora*, or that at
 the beginning of *Carriabura*, I shall
 conclude with laying before my read-
 ers that sublime passage at the end of
Carthor, where the aged bard, thrown
 into melancholy by the remembrance
 of that hero, thus pours himself
 forth :

—‘I feel the sun, O Malvina!
 leave me to my rest. The beam
 of Heaven delights to shine on the
 grave of Carthor; I feel it warm
 around.’

—‘O thou that rollest above,
 round as the shield of my fathers!
 whence are thy beams, O Sun? thy
 everlasting light! Thou comest forth
 in thy awful beauty, and the stars
 hide themselves in the sky: The
 moon, cold and pale, sinks in the
 western wave, but thou thyself
 movest alone: who can be a com-
 panion of thy course? The oaks
 of the mountain fall; the moun-
 tains themselves decay with years;
 the ocean shrinks, and grows a-
 gain; the moon herself is lost in
 Heaven; but thou art for ever the
 same, rejoicing in the brightness of
 thy course. When the world is
 dark with tempests; when thunder
 rolls, and lightning flies, thou look-
 est in thy beauty from the clouds,
 and

• and laughest at the storm. But to
 • Ossian thou lookest in vain ; for he
 • beholds thy beams no more ; whe-
 • ther thy yellow hair flows on the
 • eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at
 • the gates of the west. But thou
 • art, perhaps, like me, for a season,
 • and thy years will have an end.
 • Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds,
 • careless of the voice of the morn-
 • ing. Exult then, O Sun, in the
 • strength of thy youth ! Age is dark
 • and unlovely ; it is like the glim-
 • mering light of the moon when it
 • shines through broken clouds ; the
 • blast of the north is on the plain,
 • and the traveller shrinks in the midst
 • of his journey.'

CURSORY REMARKS

On the late Pamphlets of the Right Hon. Mr. BURKE, and of Mr. PAINE ; with Reflections on the Revolution in France, and also on the present State of Government in England.

[Continued from page 438.]

TO proceed to the discussion of the third general enquiry.

The immense wealth possessed by these ecclesiastical corporations was entirely dead and stagnant, and of no benefit to the community. The hands of these miserly priests would have been the general reservoir of the riches of the nation ; there it would imperceptibly have glided, had not the dæmon of superstition been vanquished and destroyed.

In France, as in most other countries of Europe, much of the subsistence of its inhabitants depends entirely upon commerce. It is the capital of the merchant that finds bread for the labourer, the manufacturer, the seaman, and the industrious mechanic. It is navigation and commerce that give birth to many of the occupations of life ; and it is by these different occupations that individuals derive their support, and are enabled to become useful to society.

Commerce and navigation are mutually dependent upon each other, and both upon the capital of the merchant ; but neither can flourish, or even be maintained, when that capital is engrossed by idle priests and by lazy and indolent ecclesiastics.

The literati of France had long been conscious and sensible of these

facts ; they have long wished for an opportunity to relieve their countrymen from the tyranny which had so long been exercised over their minds by their priests. This opportunity has at length arrived, and it has been used with the wished-for success.

What would be the transports of Voltaire and of Rousseau, could they but for a moment perceive the effect of their writings, and of their labours, upon the minds of the citizens of France—could they but for one minute behold the representatives of the people forming a grand and a patriotic national assembly, pursuing as their only object the general good and prosperity of the whole community ? The most animated, the most sanguine and glowing imagination could never do justice to the scene : it could never sufficiently express the feeling delight, the gratifying and pleasing sensations that these great men would enjoy.

The resumption then of this property into the hands of the nation, from whom we may consider it in a great measure to have been exacted and extorted, was by no means unjust : it was wise, it was politic, it was equitable and proper : it was a restoration of it to its owners ; and it has been applied to the most patriotic

triotic and judicious purpose,—I mean the reduction of the national debt. By this means, taxes and public contributions have been lightened—a burthen has been removed from the shoulders of the nation, and the clogs and shackles taken off its drooping and declining commerce.—I will now make a few remarks as to the suppression of the monasteries.

These institutions, which were perhaps originally founded upon real religious principles, had increased to such an enormous degree, and were perverted to such infamous, and I may say atrocious purposes, that nothing but the grossest superstition, and the most ignorant and savage stupidity, could have tolerated them for a moment. To give a tolerable idea of the irregularities and enormities that were carried on and perpetrated in these places, would take a folio volume, and it is totally foreign to the present design.

It has been computed, that there were in France no less than 770 abbies for men, and 317 abbies, or priories, for women; that the ecclesiastics of all sorts were near 200,000; and that their revenues amounted to the immense sum of between five and six millions sterling every year.

The lives of some of these men out of their places of religious rendezvous, I believe to have been truly exemplary; but within the walls of their cells and abbies, they gave themselves loose to all manner of rioting and debauchery. In these places, dedicated to the worship of the Almighty, and devoted to the service of religion and their God, there it was that every scene of wickedness and depravity was perpetrated with impunity, and committed without fear. Justice, religion and virtue demanded their suppression: the united voice of religion, and justice, and virtue, has been obeyed.

The inequality of the revenues of

the clergy was another piece of business which arrested the attention of the Solons of France. It had long been regretted by all the real friends of the clergy, and by every true votary of religion.

That one man should possess ten thousand pounds sterling a year for not preaching, and another, perhaps more worthy than himself, should starve upon a few crowns, and perform all the services which the other ought to have performed, was apparently unjust: this was evidently letting religion to hire, and the people got it at second hand. The National Assembly have wisely put a stop to such practices for the future: they have taken from the monopolizer that which was not his due, and given it to the labourer who is worthy of it.

By the suppression of the abbies and monasteries, near 200,000 men, hitherto useless to their country, have been restored to society and themselves.

The convents, or female abbies, may be regarded as the prisons of youth, virtue and beauty. Here it was that ladies possessed of every charm, of every pleasing qualification and of every female accomplishment, were cruelly immured and barbarously tortured by the iron hand of rigid oppression. How often, but in vain, have the cries and the supplications of the most beautiful part of the creation been put up to heaven, for liberty, and for the enjoyment of that world which they were formed to beautify, to enliven, and to grace! Religion loses its power, its force, and all its efficacy, the moment it becomes forced and compulsory.

These are the facts as they really happened, and this is the subject which has been so untruly represented by Mr. Burke. Can a man who is not entirely dead, senseless, and callous to the finer feelings of philanthropy and humanity, regret such a scene?

scene? The molten images and the golden calf of Bethel have been destroyed, and Mr. Burke has deplored and lamented their loss. Were he a priest, he would be deserving of a cardinal's hat for his labours.

Mr. Burke accuses the National Assembly of murders, plots and conspiracies; he accuses the French nation of "rebelling against a mild and lawful monarch, with fury, outrage and insult." Let the candid and the liberal mind take into his most serious consideration the whole of the circumstances which attended the revolution in France—let him pay the most minute attention, and bestow the most critical disquisition, and every possible research upon the business; still he will not be able to discover any thing in support of such a charge. But let me retort the accusation. I do not deny that there were plots and conspiracies, and perhaps many murders, many hidden murders; but where did they originate? I answer, in the advocates of a counter revolution, in the supporters of tyranny, arbitrary monarchy, aristocracy, and high-flying church government.

This glorious revolution was conducted upon principles of liberality, philanthropy and philosophy: it was supported with harmony and peace. Never before were mankind witnesses of such a scene. A nation of twenty-six millions have vanquished and overturned tyranny and oppression, without bloodshed and without striking a blow.

That the National Assembly should wish to exterminate and destroy the Christian religion, is only a bugbear intended to frighten the illiterate multitude. We thank Mr. Burke for his guardian care in watching and protecting the cause of our holy religion; but he has this time given us a false alarm.

That the National Assembly have

pulled down and destroyed is literally true: they have pulled down and destroyed the old arbitrary and tyrannical government. But Mr. Burke has forgotten to give them credit for erecting a new one upon the site of the former. This is the method he uniformly takes in calculating throughout the whole of his performance. He charges them with every thing, but gives them credit for nothing.

Mr. Burke also laments the destruction of the Bastille, and, disgraceful to relate, reminds his countrymen that they have prisons strong enough to contain all those who shall libel the Queen of France. Thus he mocks their calamities—he rejoices, he exults in their oppressions.

O, shocking and wounding to humanity! that a man, endued with the most brilliant and picturesque imagination—that he who could so feelingly describe the enormities of an East-India governor, and in such lively, such animated, and such glowing terms, depict and paint the afflictions and the sufferings of the wretched inhabitants of that devoted country—can deplore the destruction of a place infamous for unheard of cruelties and unheard of oppressions!

O humanity! art thou but a name? Art thou only to extend to one class, and to one description of men? Or dost thou take into thy large and extended view the whole of the creation?

Mr. Burke has employed the better part of the remainder of his very large pamphlet in making censorious reflections on the mode of representation in France, and upon the local divisions of the country. He is perpetually finding fault with their method of funding, and with the state of their finances; and in so doing he has proved himself unacquainted with either.

It is a trite, but it is nevertheless a true observation, that charity ought always

always to begin at home. If this be so, and if Mr. Burke is really as able a financier as he pretends to be, he ought to have offered his services to his own country, whose finances are notoriously deranged.

Thus much for the pamphlet of Mr. Burke. To proceed to the performance of Mr. Paine—This is a pleasing change; it is a transition from darkness to light, from untruth to truth.

Mr. Paine's *Rights of Man*, in reply to the late production of Mr. Burke, may be considered as a valuable acquisition to the cause of liberty, as an offering of the utmost importance to the happiness of mankind. It is indeed as conclusive as it is a spirited answer to Mr. Burke's publication. Never, in the whole course of my small reading, did I receive so much benefit from a work of so little extent. Never was instruction more blended with delight.

The contrast between these two performances must be obvious to the most unobserving reader. Mr. Burke's language indeed is fine, flowery, ornamented and elegant; but it conveys no ideas, it leaves not the smallest impression. Mr. Paine's, on the contrary, while it is just, animated and correct, is convincing; it is pithy, and it is pointed. His production flows with the language of truth. He engraves on the minds of his readers sentiments that must remain fixed unalterable and indelible.

It is not to be expected that I should follow or pursue Mr. Paine through the whole of his justly celebrated performance. I will only make a few observations on one or two points which may perhaps be most liable to exception, without confining myself in the smallest degree either to time or to order.

The manner in which Mr. Paine treats of the transactions which took place in France on the 6th of Octo-

ber, 1789, is in my opinion extremely judicious. He has entirely overset the effect which Mr. Burke wished to produce by his enthusiastic, declamatory and mistated account of the events of that day; and he has sufficiently explained and justified all those proceedings.

It was the sense of the nation, expressed in the warmest and most unequivocal manner, that the King should be removed from his palace at Versailles to Paris, and it was proper that the voice of the people should be obeyed. They considered the person of their King as a safeguard and depositary pledge for the public security and peace; and accordingly throughout the whole of the journey from Versailles to Paris, the King, so far from receiving any insults, was loaded with the shouts and the acclamations of the people.

The escape of the King and Queen from Paris has been oftentimes attempted, and many plots have been repeatedly formed for that purpose; but fortunately they were always unsuccessful. Had the escape of the King been effected, a royal standard would have been set up: thither would the whole body of degraded peers, aristocrats, and advocates for a counter revolution, have resorted: they would have been aided and supported by the foreign despots, and they would have embroiled their country in all the miseries, calamities and horrors of an inveterate civil war. The cry, to arms! to arms! would have resounded through the kingdom. This was precisely the wish of Mr. Burke. This would have been to him a matter of exultation and rejoicing; and this he would have called "a good day."

When I first read the assertion of Mr. Paine, that the English nation have no constitution, I was extremely surprised; but a moment's reflection made

made it plainly appear, that the much boasted British constitution is a mere ideal thing, wholly existing in opinion and fancy. The generality of people mistake government for constitution, when in fact they are things wholly and essentially different. This is in effect substituting the effect for the cause: it is taking the reflection, for the sun by which it is produced; and the many writers on the English constitution, have only written on the English government.

As Mr. Paine, in this instance, fully proves his assertions, I will take the liberty of making a few quotations from him. "A constitution (he says) is not a thing in name only, but in fact; it has not an ideal, but a real existence, and wherever it cannot be produced in a visible form, there is none. A constitution is a thing antecedent to a government, and a government is only the creature of a constitution."—Again, speaking of the abuse of the word in the English parliament, he says, that "the whole is merely a form of government without a constitution, and constituting itself with what powers it pleases. If there were a constitution, it would certainly be referred to, and the debate on any constitutional point would terminate by producing the constitution."

Different members of the English parliament entertain different ideas of this supposed constitution. It is different at various times, and referred to as an authority in support of measures totally variant and repugnant. Thus the multitude are cheated, and the nation is deceived.

A QUESTION that has taken up a considerable portion of the time and attention of mankind, is the doctrine of hereditary government and hereditary succession. By some it has been warmly advocated and adopted, and by others as warmly centured

and opposed. Mr. Burke, in the present instance, has taken the monarchical side of the question, while Mr. Paine has chosen and espoused the republican ground.

Mr. Paine says that there are two kinds of government; the one arising out of the people, and the other arising over the people. The first is a government of choice and consent; the latter is a government originating from conquest, from force, or from fraud.

It cannot be denied but that a nation, in framing a government, have a right to make choice of such mode or form as they conceive may best answer the ends, the purposes, and the reasons of its institution; and that they are not tied down to adopt this or that particular system, whether it be a monarchical, an aristocratical, or a republican government. If we will suppose that there is any compulsion in the business, we must also suppose that there resides somewhere a power superior to the people, and possessing authority to compel, to subject, and to controul them.

A nation, no doubt, has also a right to provide for the election and choice of their governors, and to place the administration of their government in such persons and in such families as they think proper. The people alone are omnipotent, and they may do as they please, as far as their acts regard themselves.

Mr. Paine does not deny the right of a nation to establish a particular family with hereditary powers, as far as it regards themselves; but he denies the right when it is applied to the succeeding generation. This objection is equally as applicable to the government itself, as it is to the chief magistrate; for posterity have as little agency in forming the one, as they have in electing and choosing the other. He may just as well say, that the present federal constitution of the United States,

States, and the particular constitutions of the individual states, will not be binding upon their respective inhabitants after the death of the present generation. The fact is, that both these objections are obviated by one and the same answer.

The consent of the people must necessarily be implied by their silence, both as to the government and the governors: they, no doubt, have a right to alter their government, and to form a new one, to depose their kings, and to alter the line of succession whenever they think proper so to do.

Whenever men, duly authorized, are forming a constitution of government, they certainly ought to have posterity in view, and should consult the benefit of the succeeding as well as of the present generation.

What would be the condition of mankind if this principle were to be adopted in its extent? And if government was to be considered as void, *ab initio*, after the death of the generation in whose life-time and for whose benefit it was framed, the

state of anarchy in which they would be involved would contain, if possible, more evil than could result from arbitrary government. The truth is, that the government ought not to be considered as absolutely void, but only as voidable, and it is as much so with the present as it is with the next generation.

I cannot conceive how these principles can operate as a "despotism" to posterity, while it remains in their power, by their mere fiat, to remove all the evils that can possibly result from them. This is the only point in which I differ materially in sentiment from Mr. Paine.

I will now take leave of the present subject by making a few observations upon the present state of government, and upon the administration of public affairs in England.

Mr. Burke is equally as warm in advocating and defending the British government, as he is in censuring that of France, and in so doing he is at least entitled to the thanks and gratitude of the King and his Ministry.

(To be continued.)

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

The following EXPERIMENTS on the WATERS of the POOL at NEW-LEBANON, are ascribed to S. MITCHILL, Esquire.

I. THE Prussian alkali undergoes no change on mixture with the water of the Pool.

Acid of sugar dissolves with scarcely any appearance of cloudiness.

Aerated fixed alkali unites with the water in the most transparent form.

These experiments prove the water to be remarkably pure, totally free from any impregnation of iron and other metals, as well as of lime and other earths.

II. The air-bubbles which rise through the water, refuse to unite therewith.

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 9.

They have no sensible effect upon lime-water.

They are neither inflammable, nor do they aid the combustion of other bodies.

They extinguish flame, and contribute to the support of vegetable life.

They seem to have less specific gravity than atmospheric airs.

Hence it may be inferred that these bubbles consist of neither inflammable nor pure air, nor ærial acid, nor common air, but are composed of foul air or azotic gas.

X x x

The

The water, therefore, contains *no iron, no lime, no neutral salt, no fixed air, no other acid.*

III. *Corrosive sublimate of mercury* suffers a decomposition, and the precipitate is yellowish.

Acetated solution of lead is instantly made turbid, and the mixture becomes white.

Green vitriol soon deposits an ochreous sediment.

Soap unites very well with the water, and makes a good lather: they say that washing and bleaching are more nicely effected by this, than by the suds and wetting of common water.

It seems, by these experiments, that the *Pool* contains some *alkaline matter*, though the quantity is so small that the water is not rendered unfit for culinary purposes.

IV. The spring is a *Therma*, and there is plenty of lime-stone in its neighbourhood.

Its warmth is so considerable that during the coolness of the morning, even in August, copious vapours are emitted by the Pool and the stream

which issues from it, for a considerable distance.

But the evaporated matter has no peculiar odour.

From all which particulars, taken together, this theory rationally results:—A quantity of iron and brimstone, somewhere within the mountain, are, by reason of their chemical affinity, in the act of combining into *martial pyrites*. During their action upon each other, *heat* is produced, and *pure air* absorbed. The water running in the neighbourhood of this bed of pyrites, borrows some of its heat, and receives also that part of the atmospheric fluid which remains after the consumption of the pure air, to wit, *foul or azotic gas*. But as the heat is excited in the bowels of a calcarious mountain, it happens that by the combination of the *lime-stone with a very small portion of the sulphur, a calcarious bepar is formed*, which, flying off in the form of *be-patic gas*, gives an exceedingly slight tincture to the water of the Pool.

At the Pool, in the town of Canaan, Aug. 19, 1791.

M A H O M E T.—A DREAM.

STANDING on the brink of the sea, I amused myself in contemplating the proud and foaming billows that dashed with fury against the sandy beach. One while they rushed with impetuosity; as if about to devour the earth; another while they retired at the command of that Being who has written upon the shore, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."

There had been thrown out upon the sand an oyster, which the most swelling and impetuous surge could not recover: upon its opening a little to the sun, as if to refresh itself with his rays, I observed something sparkling within; and looking more attentively, I discovered that what had

struck my view was a small golden bell, with a tongue of pearl, inscribed with extremely beautiful characters. By the help of a good glass I read with astonishment the following words: "You are now invested with the power of calling from the regions of the dead any spirit you please." I exclaimed: "Heaven blest the author of such a gift!" and I rung the bell.

All at once a most dazzling spectacle presented itself to my view: A beam of glory seemed to descend from the orb of the sun, and directed itself to the place where I stood; while an angel, gliding with rapidity along this luminous conductor, appeared before me.

I fell

I fell prostrate on the earth, covering my face with my hands ; but a soft and majestic voice calling me, I raised myself up, and beheld a youth of exquisite beauty. His fair hair was tied gracefully behind ; a turban of an azure colour surrounded his brows ; and his robe, of a dazzling white, was tucked up with knots of gold. " The Ancient of days, (said he), that Being who weighs the ocean in the hollow of his hand, has deigned to send me to satisfy your requests."

Immediately a temple of alabaster, in form of a rotunda, was raised around me ; and a voice addressed me thus : " Name, then, among the children of men, and of those who are destined to inherit eternal day, him whom you wish to see."

Several illustrious personages crowded upon my memory ; Sesostris, Abraham, Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, Cromwell, &c. &c. when, in my confusion, I named aloud, " Mahomet."

Instantly his shade arose from the pavement of the temple, and I viewed at leisure the founder of the Mussulman religion and power, the conqueror of Mecca and Arabia, and the fortunate husband of so many handsome women. He had an air of authority, a majestic countenance, and most expressive eyes. " Why," said I to him, " did you set yourself up for a prophet ? wherefore did you thus impose upon mankind ?"—Mahomet darted a stern look at me, and I was struck with his grandeur. He was silent ; but his silence was that of dignity and disdain. He had a book under his arm, and he trampled upon a sword, as if ashamed of ever having employed it. But his book seemed dear to him ; and there sparkled from it a luminous ray, which convinced me that it was full of that Deity whose power and glory it so awfully announced.

I addressed him again : " Why have you abused the credulity of your countrymen ? Why have you pretended to revelations ?" A solemn voice, proceeding from a lofty column of fine jasper, answered me in the following words :—

" Accuse not a great man who has been revered by so considerable a part of the world, and who has so much contributed to the destruction of idolatry. Do you know what is contained in this book ? Ill-grounded calumny may charge a great personage with imaginary crimes ; but can it combat the universal respect of nations, or can it annihilate the veneration which has lasted for so many ages ? His precepts, yet living, and spread over a vast surface of the globe, were established by the power of great abilities. Yes, such a legislator, perceiving that mankind would certainly reject the authority of one like themselves, found it necessary to have recourse to heaven for the precepts he wished to inculcate upon earth. Beware therefore of blaming him, or of giving him the appellation of knave or impostor : his sage and useful laws are the expression of the divine will ; so far from offering prejudice to men, they persuade them to their true interests. And as the whole universe affords conviction of a supreme intelligence, who has established moral as well as physical laws, this great man exhibits himself as the herald or enlightened interpreter of these divine laws : he reveals them with a tone of majesty corresponding to their importance ; he establishes civil police on a religious foundation, a foundation sacred and necessary ; and his authority is founded on the dignity and integrity of his cause.

" If the ancient legislators have mixed fables and reveries with important and sublime truths, it was only for the purpose of making the latter pass. Time, circumstances, and the

very

very nature of the human mind, always fond of the marvellous, may each of them force a legislator to embellish his morality and religion with the charms of fable: The former may be considered as the body, and is susceptible of various modifications without danger; the other is the real soul of this religious establishment.

"Cease then, ye blind mortals; cease to rank among impostors those enlightened benefactors of the human race, because they have conformed themselves to its foibles, and have left behind them some unavoidable errors, in order to make their useful doctrines and morals more readily adopted! Those errors were not fabricated by them, but by a blind multitude in a more early period: a religion purely metaphysical, could not have been understood at that time, nor perhaps could it be understood even at this day.

"Be just then, ye weak mortals, and give thanks to those who first taught the idea of a Divinity who observes all our actions; and who, according to them, will dispense a just retribution; to those who have instituted certain days for bringing mankind together, and for uniting them in society; who have forbidden murder, robbery, and injustice; have brought to light that sublime and consolatory doctrine, the immortality of the soul; established the rights of sepulture; who have recommended charity, respect for parents, the obligation of oaths, and a lawful subordination of ranks; in a word, who

have laid down a system of morality, to which even at the present day nothing could be added, and which more than all other sciences bears the impression of the one supreme image of the eternal will.

"It would be difficult to decide to what extent a man, who wanted, even in these more enlightened days, to propagate a new system of religion, might avail himself of the engine of enthusiasm and the marvellous. His method would be tedious and uncertain, if he proceeded by means of conviction only; but if he laid hold of the imagination in some bold and striking manner, perhaps he would instantly bring about an useful revolution. And tell me, who is the man that would not pardon, in a modern legislator, a little innocent deceit, that might be necessary in promulgating among the ignorant, superstitious, and barbarous people, a code of laws founded on reason, wisdom, and benevolence?"

The voice then ceased. Mahomet, still silent and immoveable, with disdain in his countenance, gave me a look expressive of his superiority, and with placid dignity re-entered the earth. Immediately the temple with its dome disappeared.

I awaked from my dream, fully determined upon sending to my neighbour Doctor *Lavater*, the great physiognomist, a sketch of the armed prophet, the author of the Koran. Great men anciently were authors and sometimes sovereigns. O, my countrymen, what glorious times were these!

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

HISTORICAL SCRAPS, relating to the UNITED STATES of AMERICA, especially New-York, not many years after its first settlement by the white people.

IN 1660 the town of Bufwick, on Long-Island, was begun, and in 1662 it contained already twenty-five houses. At this time all the towns in the state were surrounded with

strong palisades, on account of the Indians.

In 1662 the town of Bergen was begun to be built: that and Gamonapa were mostly settled by disbanded soldiers,

foldiers. Hence we may account for those peculiar customs, and that rusticity of manners they have retained even to this day.

In 1664 the people out of New-England came against many of the small townships, possessed by the Dutch, in New-York state, driving some out of their possessions, and persuading others to join the English government. Even on Long-Island, where they erected the British colours, they told the inhabitants that they knew of no New-Netherland; that all the country belonged to the English, but that they were willing to enter into a treaty. That the right to the country might be enquired into, it was agreed by the Dutch to send commissioners to Boston, who were there received by four companies of foot and one hundred horse; but the New England people kept back the treaty, and, in the mean time, persuaded several of the towns on Long-Island to revolt. Hempsted, although settled by the English, remained faithful to the Dutch, so also did Flushing, but Gravesend declared in favour of the English. In the mean time the commissioners returned without doing any thing. The Director-General, Stryversant, was one of the commissioners.

The colony of Hartford (now state of Connecticut) protested against any power in the other three colonies, Boston, New-Plymouth, and New-Haven, to transfer any right to lands claimed by the first; and that they knew of no New-Netherland; that the lands had all been granted to them by the English. The Dutch, in a long remonstrance, signed by John Tenhove, in behalf of the West-India Company, complained loudly against this proceeding of the English; and pictured in warm colours the distress a great many of the inhabitants suffered by being drove from their farms,

which they had improved for twenty, thirty and forty years. They requested that the limits of the possessions of the Dutch might be fixed, and prayed, that if it could be brought about their boundaries along the coast might be fixed at the lat. $41^{\circ} 30'$, and $37^{\circ} 30'$, and so in-land as far as they could go. Nothing was done towards settling this matter, as there were other disputes at that time subsisting between England and the United States of Holland nearer home, which encouraged the English to send a few ships of war, with troops, under the command of Sir Robert Carr and Col. Nicolls, to New-York, who obliged the Dutch to surrender the place to the crown of Great-Britain the 27th of August, 1664. The articles of surrender are signed by,

J. de Decker,	Robert Carr,
Sam. Magopelenses,	John Winthrop,
Ol. S. Courtlandt,	Samuel Willis,
N. Nerlet,	Geo. Cartright,
Corn. Steenwyck,	Thomas Clark,
Jaques Coufeau.	John Pinborne.

I agree to these articles,
(Signed,) ROBERT NICOLLS.

The foregoing is an extract of a translation made from pamphlets called the *Holland Mercury*, which were published at Amsterdam in the years 1662, 1663, and 1664. The translator has collected a number of curious historical extracts from the old Dutch and English authors, relating to the discovery and first settlement of those states, and in particular of New-York; and as he proposes (if God spares his life) to collect every thing of the kind he can, and to publish the same from time to time in the Magazine, that they may serve as a compilation towards forming a history of this country from the earliest times, he will esteem it as a particular favour to have the loan of any Dutch or English books that contain materials

materials for that purpose. If they are left at T. and J. Swords' printing-office, No. 27, William-street, a receipt will be given for them by

the compiler, with a promise to return the books again to the owner in a short time. COLUMBUS.

New-York, Sept. 12, 1791.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

THE TIPLING MOUSE.

IT has been asserted by some amateurs of natural history, that in *their* walk there is nothing *little*; and that the convolutions of a polype, and the spouting of a whale, are alike important. To readers of this class the following facts may not appear altogether trivial.—

During the last harvest, I kept the rum which I provided for my labourers in a keg which held six or eight gallons, and took care to have the bung well stopped, leaving a vent hole scarce large enough to admit a straw. Very early one morning, as I was pouring the spirits out of the keg into a flask, I was surprized by seeing a mouse sitting on the cork which stopped the bung-hole, with his head at the vent aperture, and

within a few inches of my face. I had a quill in my hand, and with it slightly touched his back; upon which he rolled off the cask upon the floor, and, in his awkward attempts to escape, manifested every appearance of intoxication. I killed him by crushing him with the cask. He appeared neither sick or emaciated; but undoubtedly got drunk by taking the fume of the liquor which arose through the small opening before mentioned.

Till this incident took place, it was believed that man alone was guilty of deliberate inebriation, but now it appears that he shares the infamy with a mouse!

R.

August, 1791.

Continuation of Miscellaneous Observations on HOLLAND.

IT is commonly supposed that there is no poor's tax in the United Provinces. There is indeed no tax levied directly under that name: but there is a certain proportion of the other taxes appropriated to that purpose; and of late an additional impost has been laid on the consumption of wine in cities for the same end.

The principal dependence, however, is on the collections in churches, and on a quarterly collection which is made from house to house by appointment of the magistrates. The collection in the churches is made in the time of divine service, when the deacons, during an interval which is managed for the purpose, go about to every individual with a bag at the

end of a long pole; and as the bag is pretty deep, no person knows what another contributes. The case is different in the quarterly collection from house to house. There the money is received in an open plate; and it is expected that persons should contribute according to their rank and income, which for the most part is done very liberally. These quarterly collections go to the support of the poor and the orphan houses, and are under the controul of the magistrates along with the other directors of those establishments. The collections in the churches, on the other hand, are under the management of the consistories of each congregation, who distribute them in out-pensions to their indigent members. Besides this,

this, every consistory has a right to lay in what quantity they think proper of turf (the common fuel of the country) free of duty; which enables them to supply indigent families with this necessary article at a very small expence, the duty being the greater part of its price. Charitable individuals likewise find it to be one of the most effectual modes of bestowing their benefactions, to put them into the hands of a consistory, for purchasing fuel in this way for the poor; by which they obtain a right of recommending needy families to a participation of this advantage. Besides these funds for the maintenance of the poor, there is a small exaction at the gates of cities from every person who stays without beyond a certain hour; and in every merchant's counting-house, as well as in all public offices, boxes are kept for the collection of alms; the contents of which, when opened, are commonly found to correspond with the extent of the business transacted in the places where they are kept.

There is a general fast observed throughout all the provinces once a year, which is also a great source of supply to the poor. Persons the most careless about religion at other times, fail not to attend on this occasion, and to emulate one another in the liberality of their offerings. These resources are in general abundantly sufficient for the maintenance of the poor. But when in any case there is occasion for a greater supply than the usual funds produce, an extraordinary collection is appointed by the magistrates, which never fails to answer the purpose.

A regulation in the orphan-houses in Holland, which seems peculiarly favourable to the morals and police of the community, deserves to be mentioned. It is this: The youths, after they are bound out to appren-

ticeships, have the benefit of their board and bed in the house until their time with their masters is finished. This necessarily confines them to good hours, and to habits of sobriety. It likewise insures their attendance on religious duties, and their outward decency of behaviour, at the time of life which is most exposed to the temptations of vice and folly.

The established Presbyterian clergy in Holland are maintained by the States; and their uniform stipend in country settlements is 600 guilders *per annum*, with a house and garden. In towns, this stipend is increased by the magistrates according to the opulence of the place. The highest stipends are in Amsterdam, viz. 2200 guilders. The clergy are in very great estimation, and commonly make their fortunes by marriage. The law of patronage is in full force in the country settlements, to which the lord of the manor presents without controul. But in cities this right is a little modified. There the consistories have a privilege of naming a list of several candidates to the magistrates, who remit it to them with a recommendation of one among the number; of whom the consistory then make a formal election. The amount of this regulation seems to be only a mark of respect to consistories; who indeed are entitled to such regard, being commonly composed of the principal citizens in the place.

It is generally supposed that all religions are tolerated in Holland. But this is a mistake. The Roman Catholic religion has no legal toleration, but only a connivance. No Popish place of worship may either have a bell or a door patent to any public street; nor can a Roman Catholic hold an office of any kind in the Republic. Indeed none can do so but those who subscribe the Heidelberg

delberg Confession, and communicate at the Lord's Supper according to the rites of the Belgic church.

Marriages among persons of the established religion are universally celebrated by the clergy in the presence of the congregation. Persons of other religions are married in the Stadthouse by the magistrates; after which their own clergy may confirm the marriage according to their peculiar rites: And no marriage may be celebrated until evidence is produced, that friends on both sides, even at the remotest distance, have been consulted. A widower having children still in minority, and not secured in a patrimony by a former contract, cannot obtain a licence to be married until he lodge a certain sum corresponding to his circumstances with the managers of the orphan-house. This is meant as a guard against the injustice which the children of the first marriage may suffer through the influence of a step-mother.

The religion established in the United Provinces differs very little either in doctrine or worship from that of the church of Scotland. The principal difference is, that they observe the holidays of Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, and Ascension; and that they use organs in their churches. But there is a very great difference in respect to the character and manners of their clergy. Inflexible solemnity of countenance and behaviour is expected in every Dutch divine. They must partake of no amusements; they must hardly be seen in the ordinary resorts of men; they must wear for the most part their cloaks and bands; and they must be particularly cautious of commenting loosely on any articles of the established faith, lest they shall be summarily presented with a staff and pair of shoes, the tokens of dismissal from their office and emoluments.

It must already have appeared from these observations, that religion is a considerable engine of government in Holland. Some late events, however, in that country, prove, that political hypocrisy may find means of evading the most solemn religious tests by which the admission to public offices can be guarded. It may be remembered by those who are acquainted with the history of the United Provinces, that the Arminian party were always enemies to the power of the House of Orange. That party, tho' not numerous, comprehends some of the richest individuals in the States.— Their religion would exclude them, if they acted fairly, from holding any offices in the government; the Heidelberg Confession, which must be subscribed previous to being invested in any public employment, being strictly Calvinistical. But of late they have found a salvo for reconciling their consciences with their political views. They do not apply to a Dutch congregation for admission to the Lord's Supper, for they know that both the clergy and the elders who assist them in the examination of catechumens, are particularly strict in their interrogations upon the Calvinistic system; but they apply to the clergy of some Walloon or French reformed congregation; who, tho' they hold the same confession, are much more lax in their interpretation of it. By their connivance they entitle themselves to the privilege of communion with the established church, and are thereby freed from the disability of holding offices in the State. Thus they steal into the magistracy; and after they are established in power, form cabals against the authority of the Stadtholder. This has been the source of the dissensions which for some years past have so miserably torn the republic. To the machinations of these intruders into the government:

inent has been principally owing the sway of French counsels in the States General, and the consequent rupture with Great-Britain, which has been the cause of their present disgraceful and humbled situation.

But although the Arminian party took the principal lead in these measures, they found it expedient to act in concert with the Roman Catholics, and with the Republican party, who are enemies to the House of Orange purely on political views. The allurements they held out to the Roman Catholics was a relief from their disqualifications of holding offices, and a legal toleration for their religion; which, though a promise which they neither intended nor dar-

ed to have fulfilled, contributed to procure them a temporary popularity. The allurements, on the other hand, which they held out to the Republicans, was a more liberal representation in the government of cities, and the prospect of assistance from France in the event of an open rupture with the friends of the House of Orange. But the insincerity and delusion of these views has been fully detected; and now all the quiet and moderate members of the community detest the arts by which they were led to quarrel with Britain, and earnestly wish a renewal of their former friendly connection with this kingdom.

T. R.

Edinb. Mag.

A B U D A H.—A T A L E.

WHEN the chafif Moawiyah held the sceptre of Egypt, there arose in Cairo a professor of false knowledge, and teacher of paradox. The name of this sophist was Murad. One day, as he was discoursing in his school, on his favourite topic, the nature of right and wrong, and observing the difference between them, by the arts of false reasoning, invalidating, by his subtlety, the force of all positive institutions, and constituting the reason of every one, the supreme judge of the rule of life, without considering how often it may be tainted by prejudice, or rendered partial by passion, the venerable Imaun Nouraddin passed by, and entering the hall of disputation, listened to the specious glosses with which he amused his scholars; and, when he had concluded, thus addressed him:—

“O thou! who, by frivolous arts and noxious cunning, endeavourest to darken truths, the most beneficial to the multitude, why shouldst thou throw down the boundaries by which they are confined in the paths of
New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 9.

happiness, and direct them to follow guides, which may lead them to uncertainty and vexation? Why discuss so minutely the essential difference of errors, and why set before their undistinguishing judgments the same action in various lights, according to which, as thou sayest, it sometimes is innocent, and sometimes becomes a crime? Far better were it to teach them, that happiness is more certainly to be found by implicitly obeying the laws and rules, which have been instituted for the good of society, than by following the precarious guidance of a reason, too frequently corrupted and vitiated, and at the best incapable of dispelling, on a sudden, the obscurity in which the question of right and wrong is necessarily involved. The down-hill path of error is slippery, and whither it may participate us to, in a moment, is not to be known. But thou shalt not entangle me in the perplexed labyrinth of argument and sophistry: learn wisdom from the fate of Abudah.

In the midst of a fertile plain,
through which the father of rivers
Y y y pours

pours the waters of abundance, stands a village, the inhabitants of which, unacquainted with the glare of cities and perfidy of courts, lead the simple and innocent life which nature dictates. Among these, Abudah received the highest respect and excited the warmest esteem from all to whom he was known, for his artless integrity and goodness of heart. His blameless character and irreproachable conduct held forth a model to the imitation of all around him, and he was beloved by the old and admired by the young.

Ere the sun had yet gilt the summits of the mountains, or the song of the early birds proclaimed the new born day, Abudah set out on a journey; but, when the glorious luminary had advanced high in the concave of heaven, and shot his direct beams on his head, he grew faint and thirsty; and as he passed on his way, finding a pleasant arbour, turned in to rest him in the shade. It chanced, that in the arbour stood a vessel of that pernicious extract of the grape, which the prophet has, for wise reasons, forbidden to be tasted by the faithful. His thirst strongly tempted him to break the law; and reasoning with himself, with sophistry similar to thine; O Murad, if, said he, I should break this positive command, what evil consequences can result, where none are witnesses? even intoxication itself can produce no ill effects in this sequestered place. Encouraged by this reflection, he proceeded to taste the inviting liquor, and took, cup after cup, till it produced its usual powerful effects. And now, finding his strength renewed and his spirits unusually elevated, he proceeded on his journey, and soon after arrived at a delightful garden, the door of which stood open. Scarcely knowing what he did, from the influence of the wine, he entered, and passed through several walks

shaded with spreading trees and ornamented with the fairest flowers, till he came to a superb summer-house, in which reclined a beautiful female, attired with every decoration that might allure and captivate; who, gazing on the ruddy complexion and clustering locks of the youthful stranger, and being herself devoted to wanton dalliance, used all the arts of love, to which she was no stranger, to excite his passion, and make him sensible she was willing to gratify his ardour. Abudah, whose imprudence, by banishing his reason, had removed far from him his guardian angel, was soon caught by her lure, and sunk into her arms; but scarcely had the tempest of passion subsided before the lord of the mansion, who was not suspected to be so near, walking in his garden, had discovered Abudah and all that had passed. Enraged at the intrusion of the stranger and the infidelity of his slave, he drew a poinard, and suddenly rushed on the intoxicated youth, who, sensible of his danger, grasped his antagonist, and threw him to the ground with such force, that his head striking against a stone, he expired on the spot: and while Abudah, stood transfixed with amazement, at the deed he had done; she, to whom this mischief was principally to be imputed, called aloud for help, with piercing shrieks, and being instantly surrounded by her attendants, declared that the ruffian, who stood before them, after in vain attempting to violate her honour, had murdered her lord, who flew to her rescue. Abudah, shocked at her falsehood, and perceiving his destruction inevitable, in an agony of despair seized the poinard with which he had been attacked, and first stabbed her and then himself.

Thus did the man, who till that moment had been an example of every virtue, by once suffering himself to deviate

deviate from the laws he had been taught to honour, within the space of an hour, commit adultery, murder and suicide.

The croud listened to the instruc-

tions which dropped from the venerable lips of the Imaun, and the sophistry of Murad was dissipated, as the early vapours are dispersed by the glorious rays of the rising sun.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

ANTIQUITY and UNIVERSALITY of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

THE people of the United States are almost generally descended from Englishmen: he that proves therefore that the language of Englishmen (like the old fashioned Hebrew) was once that used by all the world, will add a considerable bolster to occidental vanity.

The venerable empire of China got its name from the following circumstance, if the memoirs of Fo-hung-fo are to be credited. Some thousand moons ago, one of its monarchs happened to be as great an epicure as any modern monarch need to be: he used to summon up his cook every morning after sipping his gin-seng beverage, and demand the bill of fare of the day. Among other viands, the cook once mentioned a chine of pork—it happened not to be the king's favourite morsel, and in a voice of thunder he reiterated *Chine-ha!*—*Chine-ha* was echoed from every nook of the palace—from the palace to the city—from the city to the provinces—and, finally ended in giving name to the greatest empire the sun ever illumined.

In the capital of this very country, a bevy of young girls took it in their heads to wear their conical bonnets uncommonly *peaking*—the reader at a blush sees whence came the name of *Pe-king*. Some authors, however, and they too of tolerable reputation, say, that one of the emperors of the dynasty of *Chung-tchi*, was so immoderately fond of peace, that he got the name of *Pea-king*, and gave it to the royal residence.

The city of *Nan-kin*, it is well known, took its name from one *Nancy Keene*, a trollop, who kept a gin-shop in Liverpool. Her business there growing dull, she tramped over to China, and set up the trade of brewing tea-toddy, in the town which now bears her name without having suffered the least corruption.—How fickle is fortune! This vagabond slut has stamped her name upon one of the first cities of the world; while the great Columbus, with much ado, communicated his to the paltry mud heap of *St. Kitts*!

Two thousand three hundred and seventy years ago, there lived upon the east bank of the Irish, a chubbed, fiery, high-mettled khan, of the name of *Harry*. His red-pepper temper procured him the nick-name of *Tart-Harry*. The appellation spread to his neighbourhood—to his dominions—and, finally to one half of all Asia.

King James the first in a fit of tittleing conferred the honour of knighthood upon a loin of beef; and succeeding monarchs have frequently dignified in a similar manner, masses of animated humanity not more respectable. One of the ancient monarchs on the Malabar coast, in a frolic knighted an overgrown rat that rioted in his rice plantations: the whiskered gentleman got the name of *Sir-rat*! and the city of *Surat* perpetuates the ludicrous transaction.

One of the queens of *Tunis* was a mighty mincing, fastidious, prinky body, and thereby disgusted all her courtiers; who could not refrain frequently

quently exclaiming that she was *too-nice!*—and in that epithet gave a name to a sovereign state.

It is registered in the splendid history of *Monotocambulus*, that *Hercules* once undertook to rear a line of stone-fence at the foot of Mount *Abyla*. He had half a dozen picked cyclops from the summit of *Etna* to attend him. A fellow of his brawn scorned to piddle with pebbles. Nothing but the hugest fragments could suffice; and his brawling every minute, more-rock-ho! has given name to the important kingdom of *Morocco*. Few names have tramped down thro' thirty centuries so unmutilated as this.

That the aborigines of this western world once spoke only English is indubitable. The enormous father of rivers which bounds the Anglo-American empire, had its name from a certain fat landlady, who lived at the sign of the pot-lid and oven, at *Batton-rouge*. Her undeviating treat for every guest was sea-pye, whether composed of the fillets of a roaring

buffaloe, or the giblets of a titting wren. She at length acquired the name of *Mrs. Sea-pye*. Shew me the etymologist, who will dare deny that *Mississippi* is not legitimately descended from this same fat landlady?

The renowned *Pondiac's* celebrated, biographical, critical, and historical scraps, mention, that, near the river *Miami*, lived a pretty girl of the name of *Amy*, and the idol of every swain in her vicinity. These innamoratos never met but—*My Amy!*—*My own Amy!*—*My charming Amy!* was in every mouth. The first exclamation preponderated, and *Mi-a-mi* will forever continue the name of this western stream.

It is well known that the Indians called the island of New-York *Man-hatten*—now, this is a palpable corruption of *Man-bating*; a nick-name given to a sterile old damsel, that scolded out her existence in a cabin which stood on the very ground now occupied by the City-hall. R.

MANNER OF CELEBRATING EASTER AT BARCELONA.

[From J. Townsend's *Journey through Spain in the Years 1786 and 1787.*]

ON Wednesday, the 12th of April, I arrived at Barcelona, and the next morning early I visited the churches, to see the preparations they had made for the entertainment of the evening, in which they were to represent the last sufferings of the Redeemer. In every church I found two images, as large as life, distinguished from the rest as being stationary, and the more immediate objects of their devotion; the one representing Christ as taken from the cross, the other the Virgin in all her best attire, pierced by seven swords, and leaning over the recumbent body of her son. Behind these images, a theatre with colonades, supporting a multitude of wax tapers, dazzled the sight, whilst the ear was charmed by

the harmonious chaunting of the choir.

More than a hundred thousand persons all the morning crowded the streets, hurrying from church to church to express the warmth of their zeal, and the fervor of their devotion, by bowing themselves in each, and kissing the feet of the most revered image. Most of the spectators were natives of the city, but many upon such occasions resort to Barcelona from the adjacent villages, and some from distant provinces.

Towards the close of day the pageant appeared, moving with slow and solemn pace along the streets, and conducted with the most perfect regularity. The last supper of Christ with his disciples, the treachery of Judas,

Judas, attended by the priests, together with the guards, the flagellation, the crucifixion, the taking from the cross, the anointing of the body, and the burial, with every transaction of the closing scene, and the events subsequent to the passion of our Lord, were represented by images large as life, placed in proper order on lofty stages, many of which were elegant, and all as highly ornamented as carving and gilding, rich silks, brocades and velvets, with curious embroidery, all executed by their most skilful artists, could render them. No expence was spared either in the materials, the workmanship, or the wax lights, which, with the most splendid profusion, were consumed upon the occasion. Each of these stages was supported on the shoulders of six men, who were completely hid by a covering of black velvet hanging round the margin of the stage, and reaching nearly to the ground. This procession was preceded by Roman centurions clothed in their proper armour, and the soldiers of the garrison brought up the rear. The intermediate space was occupied by the groups of images above described, attended by 800 burgesses, clothed in black buckram, with flowing trains, each carrying a flambeau in his hand. Besides these, 180 penitents engaged my more particular attention. Like the former, they carried each a flambeau, but their dress was singular, somewhat resembling that of the blue-coat boys of Christ's Hospital in London, being a jacket and coat in one, reaching to their heels, made of dark brown shalloon, with a bonnet on their head, like what is called the fool's cap, being a cone covering the head and face completely, and having holes for the eyes. The design in this peculiar form is to conceal the penitents, and to spare their blushes. These were followed by twenty others, who, ei-

ther from remorse of conscience, or having been guilty of more atrocious crimes, or for hire, or with the most benevolent intention of adding to the common fund of merit for the service of the church, walked in the procession barefooted, dragging heavy chains, and bearing large crosses on their shoulders. Their penance was severe; but, for their comfort, they had assigned to them the post of honour; for immediately after them followed the sacred corpse placed in a glass coffin, and attended by twenty-five priests, dressed in their richest robes. Near the body a well-chosen band with hautboys, clarinets, French horns, and flutes, played the softest and most solemn music. This part of the procession wanted nothing to heighten the effect. I am persuaded that every one who had a soul for harmony felt the starting tear.

In the processions of the present day, practices which had crept in when chivalry prevailed, with all its wild conceits, practices inconsistent with sound morals, and offensive to humanity, are no longer to be seen. The civil magistrate, interposing his authority, has forbidden, under the severest penalties, abominations which, as the genuine offspring of vice, could not have ventured to appear, even in the darkest ages, unless in the disguise and under the sanction of religion. The adulterer, if he will court the affections of his mistress, no longer permitted publicly to avow his passion, to scourge himself in her presence, and by the severity of his sufferings to excite her pity, must now seek the shade, and if he feels himself inclined to use the discipline, it must be where no human eye can see him. In these ages of superior knowledge and refinement, men look back with wonder at the strangely inconsistent conduct of their progenitors, when, ignorant of every thing but arms, they embraced and carried with them

them a religion whose influence they never felt, and the purity of whose precepts they did not understand. It was not in Spain only that superstition reared her throne, all Europe acknowledged her dominion, and in every nation in which the victorious banner of the Goths and Vandals was displayed, we have seen execrable vices cherished in the same breast which appeared to glow with fervid zeal for the glory of God, at least as far as could be testified by the most strict attention to the ceremonials of religion. All Europe is emerging from this state of Gothic ignorance, and Spain, although the last, it is to be hoped will not be the least enlightened.

When the pageant was over, the people retired quietly to their habitations; and although more than a hundred thousand persons had been assembled to view this spectacle, no accident of any kind was heard of. The day following, before eight in the morning, another procession of the same kind, but more elegant than the former, was conducted through the streets, and in the evening a third, at which assisted all the Nobles of Barcelona, each attended by two servants, and, in rotation, carrying a crucifix large as the life, and so heavy, that no one for any length of time could sustain the weight of it. The stages and the images were not the same which had been exhibited the preceding day, but represented all the same events. Every stage was completely occupied by images large as life, and surrounded by a border of open carved work superbly gilt; and the bearers, as in former instances, were hid by curtains of black velvet, richly embroidered. Two hundred penitents in grey attended as before. In each of these processions were many children, some not more than three years old, carrying little crosses, with each a flambeau in his hand.

These are used in all processions, even in the middle of the day.

The different stages, with their groups of figures, belong to different bodies corporate, either of the Nobles or artificers, and are ranged in the processions according to their right of precedency. These groups are called the mystery of the corporation. That of the French artificers is an *Ecce homo*, but for some reason the consul walks before it, attended only by the meanest subjects of his nation.

The succeeding day, at nine o'clock in the morning, when, as being Saturday, I had no expectation of such an event, the Resurrection was announced by bells ringing, drums beating, cannons firing, people shouting, colours flying, and, in a moment, all the signs of mourning were succeeded by tokens of the most frantic joy.

The processions were intermitted for several years, prohibited by government on account of abuses which had crept into them, and, in their place, the carnival was substituted, with the same licentious riot and confusion as I have described in Paris, and as all who have passed the carnival in Italy have seen. But after the inhabitants of Barcelona, in the year 1774, had resisted the demands of government, requiring them to draft every fifth man for the army, like the other cities and provinces of Spain, the carnival was forbid, and the trade, which had been always brisk at this season, felt a loss, which made the citizens call loudly for the restoration of their processions.

After Easter they have one upon a smaller scale; about seventy priests, each with a lighted flambeau in his hand, preceded by a herald with his banner, carry the host, under a canopy of crimson velvet, to those who had not been well enough to receive it in the churches."

Manner of celebrating the FEAST of ST. PEDRO MARTYR at BARCELONA.

[From the same.]

DURING my residence at Barcelona, I had an opportunity of seeing all the Courts of the Inquisition assembled in a grand procession, to celebrate the feast of St. Pedro Martyr, their patron saint, in the church of St. Catharine of the Dominicans. Happy had it been for Christendom, if all their festivals had been as innocent as this. It is, however, universally acknowledged, for the credit of the corps at Barcelona, that all its members are men of worth, and most of them distinguished for humanity.

Visiting the churches at all hours, whenever any service was performed, I made a party with some friends to hear a penitential service in the Convent of St. Felipe Neri, on Friday evening of April 28. The first part of the *Miserere* was no sooner ended than the doors were shut, the lights were extinguished, and we remained in perfect darkness. At this moment, when the eye could no longer find an object to distract the mind, the attention was awakened by the voice of harmony, for the whole congregation joined in the *Miserere*, which they

sung with pleasing solemnity; at first with soft and plaintive notes; but having laid bare their backs, and prepared them for the scourge, they all began nearly at the same instant to use the discipline, raising their voices, and quickning the time, increasing by degrees both in velocity and violence, scourging themselves with greater vehemence as they proceeded, and singing louder and harsher, till at the end of 20 minutes, all distinction of sound was lost, and the whole ended in one deep groan. Prepared as I had been to expect something terrible, yet this so far surpassed my expectation, that my blood ran cold; and one of the company, not remarkable for sensibility of nerves, being thus taken by surprise, burst into tears.

This discipline is repeated every Friday in the year, oftener in Lent, and is their daily practice during the holy week. I was not at liberty to ask what advantage they derived, or what benefits they expected to receive from this severity; yet, from the prevalence of vice in Spain, I fear this practice has little, if any, tendency to reform their morals."

CURIOUS PHENOMENA.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Joseph Latbrop, of West-Springfield, to the President of Yale College, dated July 18, 1791.

AS I am writing, I beg leave to communicate a little incident which may perhaps give some light into the natural history of birds. A neighbour of mine having some occasion to go into the meeting-house, with some others, late in autumn, after the cold weather had commenced, observed one of those beautiful birds called *hum-birds*, perched on a nail in attitude so natural that he at first imagined it to be alive. With caution he approached, and laid his hand

gently upon it, and found it stiff and lifeless. While he and others were employed in handling and examining the curious little creature, he discovered a small degree of motion, which induced him to put it into his bosom, where in a short time it recovered perfect animation, and all the agility of a hum-bird in summer. This instance has in some measure confirmed an opinion which I have long entertained, that many of our summer birds continue among us through the winter

winter in a torpid insensible state.— If the bird above mentioned could be so soon re-animated by the warmth of a human body, why may not others be capable of reviviscence in the beams of a vernal sun?

A curiosity of a different kind, relating to the human species, I will take the liberty to mention. A young man in this town, some years since, was, in consequence of bathing in water, visited with a peculiar kind of disorder, which operated by paroxysms. When a fit seized him he would at first fall down, but in a moment or two rise, possessed of an agility far superior to what was natural. In two or three hours, and sometimes sooner, the fit would pass off and leave him in his usual state, and to appearance in health. But what was most remarkable in his case, was the state of his mind. While he was in a fit, he perfectly remembered things which had occurred in the preceding fits, but nothing which had happened in the intervals, or in the time prior to his disorder. In the intervals, all his fits, and every thing which had passed in them, were to-

tally obliterated; but he could distinctly recollect the occurrences of former intervals. The time of his fits appeared to him in continuity, as did also his healthful periods—when one was present, the other was lost. If in the time of a fit he took up any business, he would drop it when the fit ceased, without any recollection of the matter; and when the fit returned he would resume the business without any idea of his having discontinued it.

The case was the same, if he undertook any thing in the intervals of his disorder. In short, he seemed to have two distinct minds, which acted by turns independently of each other. In the space I think of about two years, in the use of a particular remedy, his fits left him, and he was reduced to a simple consciousness.— The remedy which cured him, or deprived him of one of his souls, I have not been able to learn, the family having lost the recipe.

The above account I received from his father, and from others of the family.

Advantages resulting from the late VOYAGES of DISCOVERY.

THE benefits derived to mankind in general, from the late voyages of Discovery, may be considered under five general heads. I. The accessions to geographical Knowledge; II. Commercial Advantages; III. Improvements in Science; IV. In Philosophical and Religious Speculations; and, V. Benefits to the Discovered.

Accessions to Geographical Knowledge.

1. The true position of Falkland's Islands was unknown. This was settled by Byron in 1764; Captain Cook also discovered several lands, particularly Sandwich-Land, the most southern discovery yet made.

2. The outlets, tides, windings, &c. of the Strait of Magelhaens, have been thoroughly investigated, and a Chart drawn up of them, by Byron, Wallis, and Carteret.

3. The other passage into the southern Atlantic by Cape Horn, so formidable to Lord Anson and Pizarro, has been stripped of its terrors by a series of the most satisfactory observations, begun at the west entrance of the Strait of Magelhaens, and carried on round Terra del Fuego, and through the Strait of le Maire.

4. Views of ambition or avarice had hitherto prevented the Pacific Ocean

Ocean from being known; the great objects having been, either to find the easiest way to the Moluccas or Asiatic spice-islands, or to take the beaten path, within the limits of which a Spanish galeon might be found. Mandano and Quiros had, however, by deviating from this track, and holding a westerly one from Calao, found some islands, which they believed announced the existence of a southern continent. The once enterprising Dutch, too, judging that nothing new could be gained by adhering to the usual passage on the north side of the line, traversed this ocean from Cape-Horn to the East-Indies, crossing the South tropic, (le Maire and Schouten in 1616, Roggevin in 1722, and Tasman in 1642.) The discoveries, however, were few, and were made very imperfectly.—Now,

All the lands, of which any account had been given, have been looked for, and brought into geography, or expelled for ever from it. Thus the *Tierra Australia del Espíritu Santo* of Quiros, has been found to give up its bold pretensions of being the part of a southern continent, by Captain Cook, who failed round it, and assigned its true position and moderate bounds in the Archipelago of the New Hebrides.

The Pacific Ocean, within the South tropic, repeatedly traversed in every direction, has been found to swarm with a seemingly endless profusion of habitable spots of land. Islands scattered through the amazing space of near four-score degrees of longitude, separated at various distances, or grouped in various clusters, have, as it were, started into existence.

The extent of the South Pacific Ocean to the West, the lands which bound it, and the connection between new and old discoveries, were to be ascertained. This, too, has

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 9.

been done by the accurate survey of the eastern coast of New-Holland, from 38° to within $10\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ of the equinoctial, made partly by Cook and partly by Furneaux; by which it appears, that Van Diemen's Land is connected with Cook's New South Wales, and that the whole on this side makes part of New Holland; (that fifth part of the world which is now discovered to be of so amazing a magnitude, that it is larger than any other country in the known world that does not bear the name of a continent.)

New-Zealand had been discovered by Tasman; but no part of its position, except its West side, being known, it had been thought to be part of a southern continent. It is now thoroughly explored, and found to be only very large islands.

New-Holland has been found not to join to New-Guinea; but there is a communication from the South Pacific to the Indian Ocean, through Endeavour Strait. The importance of this discovery to navigation, appears from the following consideration—M. Bougainville chose rather to work ninety leagues directly to windward, at the time when his people were in the utmost distress for provisions, than to risk finding a passage by persevering in his westerly course.

Dampier had separated New-Guinea from New-Britain; but Carteret has found that New-Britain itself is divided into two islands. St. George's Channel, through which his ship found its way from the Pacific into the Indian Ocean, is a much better and shorter passage, whether from the eastward or westward, than round all the islands and lands to the northward.

5. The Southern Continent, the discovery of which was the object of Captain Cook's second voyage, has sunk never to rise again. We have

Z z z

now

now ocular demonstration, that the Captain, in his persevering researches, sailed over many an extensive continent, supposed to have been seen by former navigators; and we know that the equilibrium is effectually preserved, though the proportion of sea actually sailed through, leave no sufficient space for the corresponding mass of land, which, on speculative arguments, had been supposed to be necessary.

6. In the Journal of the last voyage which the Spaniards made in 1775 upon the coast of America, they boast of having reached so high a latitude as 58° , beyond what any other navigators had been able to effect in those seas. But, 'without diminishing,' says Dr. Douglas,* 'from the merit of their performance, we may be permitted to say, that it will appear very inconsiderable indeed, in comparison of what Captain Cook effected. Besides exploring the land in the South India Ocean, of which Kerguelen, in two voyages, had been able to obtain but a very imperfect knowledge; adding also many considerable accessions to the geography of the Friendly Islands; and discovering the noble group, now called Sandwich Islands, in the northern part of the Pacific Ocean, of which not the faintest trace can be met with in the account of any former voyage; beside these preliminary discoveries, the reader will find, that in one summer our English navigator discovered a much larger proportion of the N. W. coast of America than the Spaniards, though settled in the neighbourhood, had, in all their attempts, for above two hundred years, been able to do; that he has put it beyond all doubt that Beering and Tcherikoff had really discovered the continent of America in 1741, and has also established the prolongation of that continent westward opposite

Kamtschatka, which speculative writers, wedded to favourite systems, had affected so much to disbelieve, and which, though admitted by Muller, had, since he wrote, been considered as disproved by later Russian discoveries; that, besides ascertaining the true position of the western coast of America, with some inconsiderable interruptions, from latitude 44° up to beyond the latitude 70° , he has also ascertained the position of the N. E. extremity of Asia, by confirming Beering's discoveries in 1728, and adding extensive accessions of his own; that he has given us more authentic information concerning the islands lying between the two continents, than the Kamtschatka traders, ever since Beering first taught them to venture on this sea, had been able to procure; that, by fixing the relative situation of Asia and America, and discovering the narrow bounds of the Strait that divides them, he has thrown a blaze of light upon this important part of the geography of the globe, and solved the puzzling problem about the peopling of America, by tribes destitute of the necessary means to attempt long navigations; and, lastly, that though the principal object of the voyage failed, the world will be greatly benefited even by the failure, as it has brought us to the knowledge of the existence of the impediments which future navigators may expect to meet with in attempting to go to the East-Indies through Beering's Strait.

Of the *Commercial Advantages* Dr. Douglas expresses very sanguine expectations. And among the *Improvements in Science* he ranks the accession to Nautical Astronomy, which was in its infancy when these voyages were first undertaken; curious and unexpected observations in regard to the tides; much information respecting

* In his *Introduction to Cook's last voyage*.

ing the direction and force of currents at sea, useful even to navigators nearer home; experiments on the depth of the sea, its temperature and saltness in a variety of climates and places; a foundation for improvements in magnetism; observations on the effects of gravity in different and very distant places; botanical acquisitions by Dr. Solander, &c. and, above all, the grand improvement on the happiness of mankind, by the mode discovered by Captain Cook of preserving health among a numerous ship's company, in long voyages, variety of climates, and amidst continued hardships and fatigues.¹

Under the head of *Philosophical and Religious Speculations*, 'however remote,' says Dr. Douglas, 'or secluded from frequent intercourse with more polished nations, the inhabitants of any parts of the world be, if history or our own observation should make it evident that they have been formerly visited, and that foreign manners, and opinions, and languages, have been blended with their own, little use can be made of what is observed among such people, toward drawing a real picture of man in his natural uncultivated state. This seems to be the situation of the inhabitants of most of the islands that lie contiguous to the continent of Asia; and of whose manners and institutions the Europeans, who occasionally visit them, have frequently given us accounts. But the islands which our enterprising discoverers visited in the center of the South Pacific Ocean, and are indeed the principal scenes of their operations, were untrodden ground. The inhabitants, as far as could be observed, were unmixed with any different tribe, by occasional intercourse, subsequent to their original settlement there; left entirely to their own powers for every art of life, and to their own remote traditions for

every political or religious custom or institution; uninformed by science; unimproved by education; in short, a fit soil from whence a careful observer could collect facts for forming a judgment how far unassisted human nature will be apt to degenerate, and in what respects it can ever be able to excel. Who could have thought, that the brutal ferocity of feeding upon human flesh, and the horrid superstition of offering human sacrifices, should be found to exist amongst the natives lately discovered in the Pacific Ocean, who, in other respects, appear to be no strangers to the fine feelings of humanity, to have arrived at a certain stage of social life, and to be habituated to subordination and government, which tend so naturally to repress the ebullitions of wild passion, and expand the latent powers of the understanding?

'Or, if we turn from this melancholy picture, which will suggest copious matter for philosophical speculation, can we, without astonishment, observe to what a degree of perfection the same tribe (and indeed we may here join, in some of those instances, the American tribes visited in the course of the present voyage) have carried their favourite amusements, the plaintive songs of their women, their dramatic entertainments, their dances, their Olympian games, as we may call them; the orations of their chiefs; the chants of their priests; the solemnity of their religious processions; their arts and manufactures; their ingenious contrivances to supply the want of proper materials, and of effective tools and machines; and the wonderful productions of their persevering labour under a complication of disadvantages; their cloth and their mats; their weapons; their fishing-instruments; their ornaments; their utensils; which in design and in execution, may vie with whatever modern Europe or classical antiquity can exhibit?'

It

‘It is a favourite study with the scholar to trace the remains of Grecian or Roman workmanship; he turns over his Montfaucon with learned satisfaction; and he gazes with rapture on the noble collection of Sir William Hamilton. The amusement is rational and instructive. But will not his curiosity be more awakened, will he not find even more real matter for important reflection, by passing an hour in surveying the numerous specimens of the ingenuity of our newly discovered friends, brought from the utmost recesses of the globe, to enrich the British Museum and the valuable repository of Sir Ashton Lever? If the curiosities of Sir Ashton’s Sandwich-room alone were the only acquisition gained by our visits to the Pacific Ocean, who that has taste to admire, or even eyes to behold, could hesitate to pronounce that Capt. Cook had not failed in vain? The expence of his three voyages did not perhaps far exceed that of digging out the buried contents of Herculaneum. And we may add, that the novelties of the Society or Sandwich Islands, seem better calculated to engage the attention of the studious in our times, than the antiquities which exhibit proofs of Roman magnificence.’

On the fourth head, Dr. Douglas also mentions other particulars; such as the ascertaining of the reality of the existence of a gigantic race in Patagonia, a district bordering on the north side of the Strait of Magelhaens: observations on the migrations of the various families and tribes that have peopled the globe; demonstrating, that from Madagascar to the Marquesas and Easter Island, that is, nearly from the east side of Africa till we approach toward the west side of America, a space including above half the circumference of the globe, the Asiatic nation called Malaysians (the

Phœnicians, as we may call them, of the Oriental world) have founded colonies through almost every intermediate stage of this immense tract, in islands at amazing distances from the Mother Continent, and ignorant of each other’s existence; with the discovery, by Captain Cook, that the Esquimaux Indians, hitherto only found seated on the coasts of Labradore and Hudson’s Bay, who differ in several characteristic marks from the inland inhabitants of North-America, and who about twenty years ago were found to agree with the Greenlanders in every circumstance of customs and language that can demonstrate an original identity of nation, are the same tribe who now actually inhabit the islands and coasts on the west side of North-America, opposite Kamtschatka; and that they are to be found at Norton Sound, at Oonalaschka, and at Prince William’s Sound; that is, near 1500 leagues from their stations in Greenland, and on the Labradore coast. He concludes this head with the following very interesting observation: ‘There are other doubts of a more important kind, which, it may be hoped, will now no longer perplex the ignorant, or furnish matter of cavil to the ill-intentioned. After the great discovery, or at least the full confirmation of the great discovery, of the vicinity of the two continents of Asia and America, we trust that we shall not be any more ridiculed for believing that the former could easily furnish its inhabitants to the latter. And thus, to all the various good purposes already enumerated, as answered by our late voyages, we may add this last, tho’ not the least important, that they have done service to religion, by robbing infidelity of a favourite objection to the credibility of the Mosaic account of *the peopling of the earth*.*

Benefits

* *A contempt of revelation is generally the result of ignorance, conceited of*

Benefits to the Discovered. ‘Hitherto,’ continues Dr. Douglas, ‘we have considered our voyages as having benefited the discoverers. But it will be asked, Have they conveyed, or are they likely ever to convey, any benefit to the discovered? It would afford exquisite satisfaction to every benevolent mind to be instructed in facts which might enable us, without hesitation, to answer this question in the affirmative. And yet, perhaps, we may indulge the pleasing hope, that, even in this respect, our ships have not failed in vain. Other discoveries of new countries have, in effect, been wars, or rather massacres; nations have been no sooner found out, than they have been extirpated; and the horrid cruelties of the conquerors of Mexico and Peru can never be remembered, without blushing for religion and human nature. But when the recesses of the globe are investigated, not to enlarge private dominion, but to promote general knowledge; when we visit new tribes of our fellow-creatures, as friends; and wish only to learn that they exist, in order to bring them within the pale of the offices of humanity, and to relieve the wants of their imperfect state of society, by communicating to them our superior attainments; voyages of discovery planned with such benevolent views by George the Third, and executed by Cook, have not, we trust, totally failed in this respect. Our repeated visits, and long continued

intercourse with the natives of the Friendly, Society, and Sandwich Islands, cannot but have darted some rays of light on the infant minds of those poor people. The uncommon objects they have thus had opportunities of observing and admiring, will naturally tend to enlarge their stock of ideas, and to furnish new materials for the exercise of their reason.—Comparing themselves with their visitors, they cannot but be struck with the deepest conviction of their own inferiority, and be impelled by the strongest motives to strive to emerge from it, and to rise nearer to a level with those children of the Sun who deigned to look upon them, and left behind so many specimens of their generous and humane attention. The very introduction of our useful animals and vegetables, by adding fresh means of subsistence, will have added to their comforts of life and immediate enjoyments; and if this be the only benefit they are ever to receive, who will pronounce that much has not been gained? But may we not carry our wishes and our hopes still farther? Great-Britain itself, when first visited by the Phœnicians, was inhabited by painted savages, not, perhaps, blessed with higher attainments than are possessed by the present natives of New-Zealand; certainly less civilized than those of Tongataboo or Otaheite. Our having opened an intercourse with them is the first step toward their improvement.

its possessing superior knowledge. Observe how the author of Recherches Philosophiques sur les Americains, expresses himself on this very point:—“This distance, which Mr. Anternony affects to think of such small importance, is nearly eight hundred French leagues across a dangerous ocean, which it is impossible to traverse in such wretched and slender canoes as, according to Ysbrand Ides, are those of the Tugueses, &c. &c.” Had this writer known that the two continents are not above thirteen leagues (instead of eight hundred) distant from each other, and that, even in that narrow space of sea, there are intervening islands, he would not have ventured to urge this argument in opposition to Mr. Bell’s notion of the quarter from which North-America received its original inhabitants.

ment. Who knows, but that our late voyages may be the means appointed by Providence of spreading in due time the blessings of civilization amongst the numerous tribes of the South Pacific Ocean; of abolishing their horrid repasts and their horrid rites; and of laying the foundation for future and more effectual plans, to prepare them for holding an honourable station amongst the nations of the earth? This at least is certain, that our having, as it were, brought them

into existence by our extensive researches, will suggest to us fresh motives of devout gratitude to the Supreme Being for having blessed us with advantages hitherto withheld from so great a proportion of the human race; and will operate powerfully to incite us to persevere in every feasible attempt, to be his instruments in rescuing millions of fellow-creatures from their present state of humiliation.

[*Ed. Mag.*]

An ORATION delivered by JACOB MORTON, Esq; in the Lutheran Church, at the Anniversary Meeting of the German Society, on the 6th of January, 1791.

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the German Society,

HAD I listened to the suggestions of my own feelings, I should have declined the honourable distinction of appearing this day, as your Anniversary Speaker.

Though of a profession to which public speaking is incident, yet, from feelings, which even the powerful incentive of interest could not overcome, my present character is to me almost a new one. But what *interest* could not effect, *gratitude* and a sense of *duty* have accomplished.

To a distinction so flattering, and one which no abilities of mine could have entitled me to expect, I felt that the most ready acquiescence was due. I listened not to my feelings—I considered them, in this case, as a proper sacrifice at the shrine of duty. I stopped not to estimate my talents—It was sufficient that you had requested the exercise of them. Convinced, that though my performance might not add to my literary reputation, yet that my compliance would gain for me, what was far dearer—that it would secure me your *esteem*.

Though from the comprehensive discourse of your last Anniversary Speaker,* who, from selections of

eminence in arts, in arms and in science, entwined so fair a wreath for the Germanic name, I am prevented from displaying the virtues of your ancestors, as models for your imitation, or as incentives to your ambition; and though from this day's preceding address,† which considered the utility of institutions founded on principles similar with our own, the field of discussion is yet farther narrowed; still there is a theme on which I may with propriety address you, and to which you may with pleasure listen.

Considering you as the *descendants of Germans*, or as *citizens of the American Republic*, what theme can be more grateful to you than the *love which we owe to our country?*

Among your German ancestors, even in their native forests, *the love of their country* was the ruling passion of their souls: nor is it, I trust, less the peculiar distinction of the *American character*.

Be *this*, then, my theme; and, while I endeavour to explain the duties which this virtue requires from us, give me your candid—your patient attention.

That

* *Edward Livingston, Esquire.*

† *Mr. Wilmerding.*

That a love for our country is not merely a generous and noble sentiment of the heart, but is also a *duty* which we owe, will be evident from a view of man's situation in society. In the helpless state of infancy, he receives, and in maturer years, has a right to demand support and protection from the society of which he is a member: he is therefore bound to devote his services to that society, in return for the protection afforded him. But to consider this virtue as a cold obligation, arising from protection afforded, would be to consider it in too contracted a point of view, and in a manner which would illy suit the animated feelings of the generous, the patriotic mind.

The patriot considers the love of his country as one of the noblest virtues implanted by the God of Nature in the human breast. He views it as of all human ties the most sacred, and that next to his God, his country claims his care. He is convinced, that at his entrance into life he contracts a debt to his country, which is never discharged while he can render it a service; and that no circumstance, not even its *ingratitude*, can dissolve the obligation.

That these sentiments are not merely the effusions of a warm and enthusiastic imagination, but have the concurring approbation of mankind to warrant them, is evident from the applause which in every age hath been bestowed on those whose conduct hath been regulated by them.

But from a *general* consideration of this virtue, let us turn our enquiries to the *particular* duties which it requires. But should I here attempt to enumerate those various obligations which a love of our country calls on us to fulfil—obligations which include in them almost every duty of civil society, and which it is the business of a life to perform, I should far exceed the bounds which I ought

to prescribe to myself in this address. Let it suffice then, that a few of the great and leading duties be pointed out.

And first, as tending to establish order and harmony in society, without which men have in vain associated together, and government is but a *name*, it is our duty to cultivate in our own minds, and to diffuse throughout the community, a love and respect for the principles of *virtue* and *integrity*.

From this comprehensive duty various obligations arise according to our respective and various situations in society. From the *private members* of the community it requires a strict obedience to the laws, and a faithful discharge of the duties of morality in all their dealings. From *those who enact* and *who execute* the laws, it requires an inflexible and undeviating regard to the sacred and immutable laws of justice and integrity.

That virtue is the fairest ornament to the individual character, none have denied—That it is equally so to the public, I am fully persuaded. That doctrine, therefore, which will allow a line of conduct to be reputable in a government which in an individual would be dishonourable, is, of all others, the most dangerous; for it is poisoning the source from whence civil happiness is to flow.

History and experience will convince us that both for a government, and for an individual, the path of integrity is the road to honour and to happiness; and that in proportion as either have pursued it, in that proportion have they prospered.

And though some have pretended a necessity for a different rule of conduct for a *government*, and have given its deviations from the generally received ideas of justice, the soft name of *policy*—yet, every candid mind will, I think, be convinced that eventually

tually honesty will, for both, be ever the *best* policy.

Having thus considered *virtue* as the *basis* on which the happiness of society and a good government can only be established, it may be considered to be further our duty, as patriots, to endeavour to diffuse the advantages of *science* among our fellow citizens; and to promote the interests of the *agriculture*, the *manufactures*, and the *commerce* of our country.

As *learning* contributes to the happiness of the individual, and to the security of the government, it is unquestionably an object of the first moment to him who has the welfare of his country at heart.

On the happiness of the individual the pursuits of learning have the most benign effects, by opening a thousand sources of the purest and most rational gratification; while, by enlarging his mind, and by improving those qualities with which nature has endowed him, he is better able to understand and to discharge those various duties which are required of him. Its influence on a people as to *government*, is, to make them peaceable and good citizens. Capable of estimating their own *rights*, and of judging of the conduct of their rulers, they are not to be duped of their privileges by the minions of a court; nor are they to be roused to the resentment of imaginary oppressions by the instigations of a factious demagogue. If they enjoy a good government, they will be sensible of its value, and will strive to support it.

Such a people, too, will have but little to dread from the attempts of designing rulers. Such rulers will well know that it is only those whose minds have been depressed by *ignorance*, and those alone who feel not the dignity of human nature, and who will bend beneath the rod of tyranny.—An enlightened and well-informed people may therefore ever

be considered as the dread of a bad government, and as the surest support of a good one.

If the number of its inhabitants is one of the sources of prosperity to a country, *agriculture*, the parent of arts, merits, from the lover of his country, a peculiar attention. The greatest foe to population is *want*: from that source arise *emigrations*, *epidemic diseases*, and those various other ills which desolate a country. To those evils the most ready remedy is, to increase in a country *the means of subsistence*. For *this* to the labours of the husbandman we are indebted.

From *agricultural* employments, too, are raised a bold and hardy race of yeomanry, who, in the hour of danger, form the bulwark of their country. Its occupations, while it gives a firmness and independence to the mind, gives also the well-nerved arm to support that independence. Though this art may receive assistance from individuals by improvements in the modes of pursuing it, yet, its principal reliance for prosperity must be on the government—"Tis under the administration of mild and equal laws, which secure to the cultivator of the fields the earnings of his labour, and which exempt him from undue exactions, that agriculture flourishes. To these objects, therefore, every patriotic legislator will point his particular attention.

The promotion of the *manufactures* of our country comes next under our consideration—Of their *importance* none can doubt.

Manufactures, by calling forth the industry of a country, increase its wealth, and by giving employment, and of course subsistence, to such numbers, they serve to extend and to preserve the number of its inhabitants. But to detail the various exertions which the establishment of manufactories in a country will require from a good citizen, cannot, in

in an address of this nature, be expected. To pursue this *art* (as it may be defined of giving *form* to the productions of nature) through the immense fields of the *mineral*, the *vegetable*, and the *animal* kingdoms, from whence the first materials for its operations are taken—to consider it in its various branches, and under the various circumstances attending the establishment or the improvement of each, would be a task to which my abilities would not be adequate; nor, indeed, would your time admit of the performance. I shall therefore content myself with a few *general* observations. It may, I think, be established as a principle, that in proportion to the number of manufactures which, without forcing nature, can be established in a country—in proportion as its inhabitants can be employed in useful labour, in *that proportion* will that nation be rich and prosperous. But under this *general* principle it should be observed that no nation whatsoever can conduct, with advantage to itself, all possible manufactures. Could this be effected, it would tend to annihilate commerce—It would also be subversive of the great design of Providence, which, from the particular distribution of its gifts, seems in our mutual wants to have laid the foundation of a general interchange of friendly offices, and of a system of *universal benevolence*—a system, which, alas! the passions of mankind have hitherto greatly subverted. In the establishment of manufactures, therefore, a *choice* is to be made; and this choice must be regulated by a due attention to the *natural situation* of the country, and to the *genius* of its people. A distinguishing feature, and one which marks the propriety or impropriety of the establishment of any particular branch, is its *success*. That manufacture which, notwithstanding the countenance afforded it

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 9.

by government, continues to languish, is injurious to that community. It operates as a real tax upon individuals, and as it diverts the labour of the state into improper channels, it is highly injurious to it:—While, on the other hand, the flourishing state of a manufacture is the fairest evidence of its utility, not only to the individuals concerned in it, but to the community at large. A manufacture once proved to be advantageous, it becomes our duty, as we regard the interests of our country, to give it every encouragement in our power. One other inducement to the encouragement of manufactures which addresses our *feelings* as *men*, permit me to mention.

From the all wise dispensations of Providence it is so ordered, that a large proportion of every community have to gain their subsistence from this source. To give our aid therefore to the support of manufactures is contributing to the ease and comfort of many of our Fellow Mortals—a consideration of the highest moment to every feeling mind.

The protection and encouragement which is to be given to *commerce* rests principally with the government. One duty, however, on this head which, as individuals, we owe, I shall take the liberty to mention—It is a faithful obedience to the laws relative to the *revenue*. A breach of the revenue laws is an injury to the fair Trader, and to the Society at large—to the former, by depriving him of advantages which his patriotism forbids him to take, and to the latter, by lessening its expected resources. But happily, in this country, this duty need not be enforced by argument. Its importance is felt—its obligations are obeyed. To the honour of the *American* merchant be it said, that such has been the integrity of *his* conduct in this respect as to have merited and

A a a a

received

received the public acknowledgments of the government of his country !

One duty which, as Patriots, we owe, remains yet to be mentioned ; and though here last introduced is, of all others, the most important—It is—to *preserve inviolate the liberties of our country!* The best, the choicest gift of Heaven to man is *freedom*. Deprived of this, each other blessing sickens to the taste, and life itself will lose its relish.

In that blest land where *Freedom* smiles, fair Science and each useful Art will flourish. Beneath her reign “the private field looks gay, with Nature’s wealth abundant flows, and blooms with each delight that Nature craves.” *She*, “to the Banquet high, and sober meal, gives *taste*, to the bow’d roof fair dream’d repose, and to the cottage charms.”

’Tis in the defence of this inestimable blessing that patriotism finds its dearest object, ’tis *here* it gains its most honoured wreaths. When the iron hand of oppression is raised against the freedom of our country, ’tis then that this virtue rouses the heart to those “shining deeds which gladden earth, give grace to being, and charm mankind through the deep periods of revolving time.” As in these instances the patriot renders the highest sacrifice of which human nature is capable, so is his reward apportioned to it. His memory lives to remotest ages, embalmed with the grateful admiration of the virtuous and the good.

“ Sweet sleep the brave, they sink to rest,
“ By all their countries wishes blest !”

And here, how *fair* a list might I present to your view, of those who have sacrificed their lives in the support of the freedom of their country, and whose names are enrolled by Fame in her honoured page. Actuated by this sacred principle, the self-devoted *Decii* died, a *Hampton* bled,

a *Sidney* suffered, “and sealed by death the lesson which he taught.”

But why recur to distant ages, or to foreign climes, for instances of patriotic worth? Our own country, rich in other virtues, can also boast of heroes,

“ Who scorned coward-self for others lived,
“ Toiled for their ease, and for their safety bled.”

In the defence of that *Freedom* which we now enjoy, a *Warren* fell, the first martyr to that glorious cause. For *this* a *Wooster* and a *Mercer* died. At thy shrine too, sacred *Freedom!* the young, the all accomplished *Laurens* devoted his valued life.

But while the mind is dwelling with tender regret on the remembrance of those who have gloriously fallen in their countries cause, shall thy name, oh *Montgomery!* be forgotten? Shall not a tribute be paid to thy heroic worth? Yes, lamented shade, *still* doth thy country hold in dear remembrance thy private and thy public virtues, *still* doth it lament thy early, thy untimely fate. And though on Abram’s fatal plain, victory refused to thee her crown, yet for thee hath Fame entwined her fairest wreath, and thy name shall live in the grateful remembrance of thy country, while heroic valour can charm the heart, while patriotism glows in the human breast.

But though sweet is the sigh which is breathed for departed virtue, permit me to call your attention to the contemplation of a *character* in whom *all* those virtues which dignify the *man*, and which form the patriot, are found united. But in delineating the character of him whom ’tis Columbia’s highest boast to call her son, where shall I begin?

“ How from the Diamond single out each ray,
“ Where all, though trembling with ten thousand hues,
“ Effuse one dazzling, undivided light !”

See him in youth commencing his career of glory, and by his bravery

very and skill in covering the retreat of Braddock's disheartened forces, bearing the wreath of military renown from the brows of veterans, and giving proofs of those distinguished talents which were one day to save his country.

Behold him on the commencement of the late contest for American freedom, called on by his country to lead its undisciplined and unprovided troops against a veteran and well appointed army. Behold him then, listening only to the voice of duty, accepting the command, renouncing every pecuniary recompense, and confiding in heaven and the justice of her cause. Follow him through the various distresses of the war, when even hope desponded; and see him bravely supporting his country thro' every difficulty, and through each distress. See him with his small and undisciplined army, regardless of the voice of faction, conquering like Fabius, by delay; and again view him adding the wreaths of bravery and military skill to the American name.

View him at the conclusion of the war, at the head of a victorious, but ill-requited, army, when a Cæsar would, by their means, have risen to empire, soothing their complaints and appealing their but too just resentments.

Behold him in that affecting moment when, having given peace and freedom to his country, he restored to it that sword which had been given him for its defence, and returned to the station of a private citizen. Go with him to his retirement, and *there* behold him the patron of arts, and the conductor of an undertaking of the highest importance to his parent state.

In that retreat which he had chosen with the fondest predilection as the asylum of his declining years," in the bosom of neighbours whom his virtues had made his affectionate

friends, behold him again called on by the voice of his country. Crowned with every honour that could gratify the heart of man—when glory seemed on him to have exhausted all her stores—when there appeared to be nothing more for him to gain, while his former honours might be hazarded, might it not have been expected that he would have listened to that wish-for repose which a decline of years seemed to render necessary, and would not have risked his well-earned fame in the arduous and untried station to which he was called?

But summoned by the voice of his country, a voice which he never hears but with "veneration and love," behold he obeys and undertakes the administration of the civil affairs of his country.

How honourable that administration has been to himself, how happy to his country, let our rising honours tell.

I have, Gentlemen, presented to your view this imperfect sketch of the character of this first of citizens and this best of men, to the intent, that while viewing him in each of those situations, your hearts rendered to him the tribute of affection and admiration, you would, at the same time, strive to imitate his virtues, and would also, from his great example, learn this important truth, that while you can render a service to your country, your obligations to it are undischarged.

Having thus faintly traced out to you a few of those duties which a love of our country requires from us, suffer me to trespass on your patience a few moments longer in enforcing their observance. On no people, my fellow-citizens, are those duties more binding than on ourselves—to none are there such inducements for their performance held out. No age or clime hath yet produced a more noble

ble field for the display of all those virtues which dignify human nature than our country now affords us.—The star of Empire hath *westward* bent its way, and hither has Freedom flown, as her last asylum.

Receive then the fair fugitive, and here with equal laws forever let her reign! How many incentives to patriotic virtue—how many subjects of honest pride does your country's rising glory present you with? Behold the almost boundless extent of your territory, comprising various climes, and blessed with nature's richest gifts. Behold a government of equal liberty, founded on a compact of the *people* with their rulers—a government of *laws* and not of *men*! Under its wise administration, lo! Justice hath again resumed her seat, and, with her, *Public Faith* again revives. Where late the wild beast of the desert howled, and the untutored savage roamed, see *cities* rise—see *Science* spread her sway, and all those arts which comfort or embellish life. Behold the *laws* of *Temperance* again obeyed, while the busy hand of *Industry* again is heard throughout the land.

See arts and manufactures flourish!
See yellow harvests wave, and plenty

from her copious horn pour her rich treasures o'er your fields!

Behold the sail of commerce now unfurl'd, and in earth's remotest seas behold your flag displayed.

With all these blessings, to you are intrusted (perhaps finally) "the preservation of the sacred fire of liberty, and the destiny of the republican model of government." Be then *worthy* of those blessings, be mindful of this sacred deposit. Evince by your virtuous conduct your gratitude to heaven for these inestimable blessings, cultivate in your bosoms that noblest of passions—a *love* for your country, and let its influence on your minds be seen by an obedience to its laws, by your *temperance*, your *frugality*, and your *industry*. Thus will you discharge your duty as good citizens, thus will you advance the honour and the happiness of your country, and thus will you secure to yourselves that surest, that *best* reward, the applause of conscious rectitude.

May such sentiments pervade the bosoms and regulate the conduct of all our citizens, and soon may we behold the sun of our country's glory shining in meridian splendor, and may it not set but with *time* itself!

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

The MISCELLANIST.—No. III.

*In no heroic age, since time began,
Appears so great the majesty of man.*

HUMPHREYS.

WHO can reflect upon the events of the present æra, and not glory that he lives in the eighteenth century? Who is able steadily to contemplate the amazing transactions which now are accomplishing upon the grand theatre of the world, and not feel his heart beat high with the generous impulses of humanity? This is the age of revolutions—revolutions, not for the purpose of expelling one family of tyrants to intro-

duce another; not for the purpose of making one man more than man, that others may be less; but for the glorious purpose of recovering the human mind from the empire of superstition, and reinstating it upon the throne of reason. Throw light upon the soul, and you immediately acquaint her with all those inestimable privileges which belong to her by an inherent right.

Look

Look back upon that dreary and impenetrable gloom, which for many centuries enveloped the nations of the earth—Does not the retrospect strike you with horror? See the sons of Adam, who were made the lords of this lower creation, cringing before the throne of a fellow mortal, and trembling at his frown: or, behold them clothed in terrific armour, threatening sudden destruction to all those who dare dispute his right to make them slaves. Follow them to their religious ceremonies, and see them mingle the most cruel barbarities with their unhallowed devotion. Hear them solemnly swear at the altar of consecrated guilt, that every brother shall bleed who refuses to worship the God of Mercy according to their mode of faith. Behold them actually put their hellish resolve into execution, raving with infernal fury, and hurling fire-brands and death! Then pause, and say if these be *MEN*. Reason disowns them; humanity blushes at the name. They appear, indeed, under the human form; but like fallen angels, who have assumed a borrowed garb, they are devils within.

But let the breast of sensibility be no longer pained. Close that scene of wretchedness too distressing for the eye of composure to behold. Turn to a later period, and see floods of glory bursting upon our globe.—Where now are the friends of man? Where those bosoms which dilate with benevolence, and pant for universal happiness? Where the free-born American? Do you see that light, which has suddenly illuminated a once despotic kingdom, and which has enabled its subjects to break the chains of slavery and vindicate their glorious title to freedom? Do you see that light still beaming over Europe, and shedding its benign influences on whole nations? Americans! in our country we beheld the dawn of this refulgence. This inspired us

in the noblest cause, emboldened us in the field of danger, and taught us to pant for freedom or death. Our virtuous struggle is over; our heroes are rewarded, both those who survived and those who fell—for those who live are amply honoured by a grateful country; and those who have fallen are immortalized in the page of history, and are embalmed by the patriots' tears. Our revolution had for its object the equal rights of man, and has been sealed with the richest blood that flowed in the veins of freemen. While exulting in their own high privileges, can the generous sons of America conceal their rapture at the happy prospect which is now opening to our brethren of the old world? A light so great and sudden must be expected at first to be too dazzling; but shortly it shall lead the nations to universal peace and happiness.

The benevolent mind, always more happy in perceiving the diffusion of happiness, dwells on the blissful idea which the transactions of the present day excite, and retraces their causes and marks their effects. Then imagination represents those scenes which call forth the tear of gratitude, the voice of rapture, and the bursts of praise. The fields, no more deluged with human gore, smile with their green pastures, and yellow harvests. The villages swell the notes of joy, and the busy town re-echoes back their transports. From the lofty mountain and the humble vale, the widely spreading river and the gentle stream, the magnificent mansion and the lowly cottage, nothing is heard but the voice of melody, interrupted with shouts of happiness. A blaze of glory rises—spreads from kingdom to kingdom—from empire to empire; till one general illumination canopies and involves the favoured world!

HORTENSIO.

Sept. 22, 1791.

METHOD

METHOD OF SUSPENDING MADNESS.

[From the *Analytical Review*.]

HAVING accidentally heard that Dr. Parry, an ingenious physician at Bath, had discovered a method of suspending madness for a short time, we determined to mention it in our journal; but wishing, as far as in our power, not to convey any intelligence to the public but what is authentic, we wrote to Dr. Parry on the subject, and have received the following answer:—

To the Editor of the Analytical Review.

S I R,

IT is now a year and an half since, from circumstances of analogy, I discovered a method of suspending, in many instances, mania, head-ach, vertigo, convulsions, and hysterical complaints, by a mechanical operation. The method I allude to is stopping, by means of the fingers or thumbs, one or both of the common trunks of the carotid * arteries.—Where the paroxysm is recent, this method generally succeeds almost in-

stantaneously, like magic, and the symptoms disappear as long as the pressure is continued, but, for the most part, immediately return as soon as it is removed. I cannot now relate to you all the consequences of its operation: but I may observe, in general, that it has led me to a practice in the disorders which I have mentioned, particularly those called nervous, which is totally opposite to that commonly employed, and infinitely more successful.

It is my intention to enlarge something more on this subject, in a paper which I mean to prepare, either for one of the medical societies in London, or for one which some of my friends have lately instituted in Gloucestershire. But it would take a volume to relate all the facts which this discovery seems to explain, and the consequences to which it leads.

C. H. PARRY.

Bath, May 16, 1788.

* *Arteries, on each side of the neck, which serve to convey the blood from the heart to the brain.*

GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE GERMANS.

[From *Baron Riebeck's Travels through Germany*.]

THE peculiar turn of the Germans seems to be for philosophy; they are distinguished from all the nations in Europe, for cool and just judgment, united with extreme industry; they were the first who threw a light on mathematics and general physics; next they darted through theology, then history, and finally, legislation, with the same philosophical spirit.—They will do well to leave to other nations the prize of wit, for which they will always contend in vain.

If Germany could make itself one great people; if it was united under

one governor; if the present interests of a single prince were not often in opposition to the good of the whole; if all the members were so well compacted into one body, that the superfluous sap of the one could circulate and invigorate the rest, how much greater steps towards cultivation would the empire then make! But then Germany would give laws to all Europe. How powerful, as things even now are, are the two houses of Austria and Brandenburg, the greatness of whose strength consists in their German possessions, and who yet neither possess the half nor even

even the best parts of the country. Conceive this country in such a situation as that, no burthenfome excise should opprefs the internal commerce of the different provinces; no customs should prohibit exports all over the world; in such a situation as that the immense fums that it gives for outlandish commodities, which itself can furnish, should be spared—or that it could become a naval power, for which it has fuch ports and fuch plenty of provisions, that it could itself employ the numerous colonies it fends out to the reft of Europe:—Conceive this—what country in the world could then cope with Germany?

The character of men depends for the moft part on their government. The character of the Germans has in general as little brilliancy in it as the conftitution of the empire; they have none of the national pride and patriotifm by which the Britons, Spaniards, and our own countrymen are diftinguifhed; fond as their poets have been, for fome time paft, of afcribing thefe qualities to them. Their pride and patriotic fentiments only extend to the part of Germany in which they are born; to the reft of their countrymen they are ftrange as to any ftrangers, nay, in feveral parts of Germany, they are much fonder of ftrangers than they are of their own countrymen. It is the fense of weaknefs of the leffer powers of Germany which damps their national pride; it is only becaufe Germany cannot ufe its powers altogether, and that other nations feel their ftrength, that it has been defpifed by

the inhabitants of other countries, who yet have nothing to boaft above it, fave a fafter bond of union among themfelves, or a ridiculous pride. We feldom judge of men by their inner worth, fo much as from the external appearance they make in the world. We eftimate the Rufians, Englifh, &c. according to the idea we have taken up of the whole nation; and though the individual may happen to be, as he often is, ten times more barbarous than a German, we give him credit for the fame and worth of his illuftrious countrymen.

Though the character of the Germans be not fo brilliant as that of other nations, ftill it is not deftitute of its peculiar excellencies. The German is the man of the world. He lives under every fky, and conquers every natural obftacle to his happinefs. His induftry is inexhauftible. Poland, Hungary, Rufsia, the Englifh and Dutch colonies, are much indebted to German emigrants. Even the firft ftates in Europe owe to Germany great part of their knowledge. Reftitude is alfo an almoft univerfal characteristic of the people of this country; nor are the manners of the peafants and thofe of the inhabitants of the leffer cities, by any means fo corrupt as thofe of France and other countries; it is owing to this that, notwithstanding the great emigrations, the country is ftill fo well peopled. To conclude, frugality on the fide of the Proteftants, and franknefs and good-heartednefs on the fide of the Catholics, are brilliant national characteristics.

A N E C D O T E S.

MR. NANGLE, of Ireland, going on a vifit to a noble Lord, whofe feat flood on an eminence near the Bay of Dublin, met his Lordfhip riding poft to town. This noble Lord,

like many other Right Honourables, was not remarkable for fapience, but rather of a fimple turn.—“I was going to dine with your Lordfhip,” faid Nangle.—“Blets me! I fhould have

have been happy (answered the Peer) but am going to town to see the eclipse of the sun." "Then your Lordship has not heard of the proclamation (replied Nangle); government hath put it off."—They rode on towards his Lordship's seat.—Nangle was mounted on a stumbling hack; and crossing a stubble field, the horse came on his knees—a covey of partridges rising at the instant, "there is not (exclaimed Nangle) such a horse in Europe as this, he sets partridges." The Peer was astonished—He proposed an exchange of horses with a sum in hand; Nangle pretending reluctance, agreed; and his Lordship mounted the *setter*. Crossing a *ford*, down came his Lordship's new purchase, fousing his noble rider over head and ears in the stream—"There (says Nangle) you see that horse has another quality; he sets *trouts* as well as *partridges*."

A Judge suspected of bribery, checked his clerk for having a *dirty* face. "I plead guilty, my lord (said the clerk) but *my hands are clean*."

A Little gentleman of the long robe having a dispute with a remarkable bulky barrister, the big man threatened to put him in his pocket. "If you do so (said Dapper) you will have more *law* in your pocket than ever you had in your head."

A Man remarkably well dressed, having been capitally convicted before St. Leger, an Irish Judge, his Lordship, after passing sentence, observed to the Jury, "that he received more satisfaction from hanging one rascal in ruffles, than from sending twenty rogues in plain shirts to the gallows."

A Short time since, an Irish gentleman waited on the Duke of Rutland by eight o'clock in the morning, and his Grace knowing that he must have rode 20 miles, politely asked him to stay breakfast.—'Arrah, an please your Grace (replies the Hibernian), whenever I want to get up early, I generally *breakfast* over night, which saves a deal of time in travelling.'

THE PARADISE OF SCHEDAD.—An Arabian Tale.

A Long time before the prophet of true believers had enlightened the world, and the holy Alcoran had descended from the seventh heaven, Schedad reigned in Yemen, with absolute power, which he used without moderation. He was a voluptuous, a cruel, an extravagant, and an impious tyrant: he was a monster rather than a man, and he had the ambition of being a god. If he had wished to be so only in his court, they say the courtiers of these times would have adored without scruple, himself, his monkey, and his parrot: but Schedad was desirous that all his subjects should recognise his pretended divinity, and that they

seriously and in good faith should believe in it.

To succeed in this project, he conceived a scheme, which to him appeared infallible. He made a circular wall, of prodigious height and extent, be built in the most beautiful spot of Yemen. This wall was bordered on the inside with a forest of pine trees, which served as a belt or crown to the greatest and most magnificent garden one can possibly imagine. There were meadows adorned with all the flowers of the spring, and orchards which promised all the riches of autumn. There were rivulets which glided in silence over golden sands; or which, rushing rapidly

pidly over a bed of pearls, mixed their murmurs with the warbling of the birds. On one side, a person might admire himself in a small lake, where fish of all kinds and colours were sporting: on the other, one might descend into a delicious valley, whose freshness is preserved by a sheet of water which tumbles from a rock. A little further on, one might walk among perfumed arbours always green, where the spikenard, the balm, and the aloes, grow at the foot of palm-trees and cedars. Nature every where shows herself with all her charms; and the timid art which has unveiled her, hardly allows herself to be perceived.

In the center of this enchanted solitude, a round hill arises with a gentle slope; then growing flat at once, forms on the summit a vast esplanade. There Schedad made a superb palace be constructed, which he furnished with equal elegance and magnificence. The pomp of luxury was there found joined with the acquirements of effeminacy, and the immense apparatus of little conveniences. One might there find the artists of pleasure, cooks, musicians, dancers, buffoons, and even poets. Schedad thought little of these last; but what he prized above all the rest was a numerous swarm of young girls, whom he took care to scatter over the palace and the gardens.—They were beautiful as the heavenly *houris*, somewhat less pure, but much more lively and sprightly.

When every thing was ready for the execution of his design, Schedad was in haste to publish this strange edict, which was affixed on all the temples.

“Schedad, the god of Yemen, to our faithful adorers, sends health and happiness. As we intend to surpass in liberality all other gods, who only promise happiness after death, we make it known unto you, that we

have created in the plain of Iram a paradise, where you shall enjoy all the pleasures of this life. We shall admit into that place, at a convenient season, all those among you, who, neglecting every superfluous virtue, shall believe sincerely in us, and shall submit themselves without review to our divine will. We shall admit there at present, and without any further proof, our blessed servants, whose names are comprehended in the list annexed to this present edict. O people of Yemen! encourage yourselves to follow the example they leave you, and merit the crown which they have obtained.”

Should you wish to know who were these blessed servants of Schedad? Some of the most impudent flatterers; some ministers of his oppressions and of his debaucheries; some despicable women who had yielded to his desires; some others more artful, who only promised to repair there, and these were best treated in this promotion. Scarcely was this edict published, when Schedad kept his word with the new saints. He conducted them with great solemnity to the palace of *Iram*, where he left them, desiring them to enjoy in peace the happiness he had prepared for them, which his frequent visits should render more perfect. He himself in going out shut the gate of the sacred inclosure, with an order to the soldiers who guarded it without to kill without mercy all the profane who should dare to approach it.

In the mean time, the blessed gave themselves up without reserve to the rapture into which the view alone of their new habitation had thrown them. For the first time in their life they admired, nay almost loved, the tyrant of Yemen. They even believed, as if he had been present, that the author of so many delights could be only a god. But their faith was of no longer duration than their happiness,

B b b b

happiness,

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 9.

happinefs, which was indeed extremely short. Pleasures, varied in appearance, but which at bottom were eternally the fame; pleasures eafy to be procured, conftant, and immoderate; foon became infipid employments or hateful drudgery. By being obliged to enjoy them, they had no longer relifh for them; they perceived, on the other hand, that difguft and difquiet paid little refpect to the paradise of Schedad, and that difeafes without intermiffion paid ftill lefs. This was not all. The bleffed had been a little acquainted in the world, and did not like each other; but on feeing one another nearer, they became better acquainted, and mutually detefted each other. From that time, no more fociety, no more converfation. Shut up in their apartments, or difperfed over the terraces of the palace, they looked with forrow on the delicious gardens which furrounded them: they only faw there the verdure of their prifon. Their eyes were more willingly fixed on the Red Sea, and on a chain of mountains they perceived at a diftance. What would they not have given to wander at liberty through thefe frightful rocks, or to fail on that fea, difcredited by fo many fhipwrecks.

In this fituation were the bleffed when the god of Yemen honoured them with his firft vifit. He came to add the fupreme good of his prefence to the pleasures with which he believed them enchanted. But who can figure his furprife and indignation when he faw forrow painted on every countenance: and when in place of hymns and fongs, he heard only complaints and murmurs! He difsembled, however, and contained himfelf as much as poffible: he joined careffes to reproaches; and by threatening and cajolling his fainfs, he made them promife that they would

endeavour to accuftom themfelves to paradise, and to enjoy their good fortune with patience. But this extorted promife hardly removed his fears. He trusted more to an order he left with the guards of the outer wall; which was to put to death no longer the profane, but the fainfs themfelves if they attempted to fcale the wall.

In fpite of all thefe precautions, Schedad returned to his capital with the moft lively inquietude, which was but too well founded. He no longer flattered himfelf; he faw that his paradise and his divinity would tumble together into fuch difcredit as never more to raife themfelves. To parry this fatal ftroke, he had recourfe to the only expedient which remained. He proclaimed, by a fecond edict, that feeing the ingratitude of his people, and their little eagernels to deferve paradise, he was about to create a hell, where unbelievers and impious perfons fhould no longer mock him. As it is more eafy to torment men than to make them happy, the new project would probably have fucceeded better than the other: but they did not leave Schedad time to execute it. That cruel extravagance alarmed people of all ranks, and exhausted their patience. The tyrant was dethroned; and they deliberated a long time on the punifhment they fhould inflict. At laft, they could think of none more proper than to fhut him up in the garden of Iram with the vile wretches with whom he had peopled it, and to fhut the gate of that infernal paradise. There, torn with remorse, and overwhelmed with affronts, the god of Yemen ought to be convinced, that there is a fupreme God, who confounds the projects of impiety; and who has only promifed happinefs to virtue.

T H E
A M E R I C A N M U S E.

O R I G I N A L P O E T R Y.

A Version of part of the 7th Chapter of Job.

AS sighs the lab'rer for the cooling shade,
When glowing sun-beams scorch the verdant blade,
Or as the hireling waits the scanty sum,
By the hard hand of painful labour won;
So waits my spirit, with anxiety,
Death's calm approach, from woe to set me free;
For oh! my days are spent in vanity,
And nights of sorrow are appointed me.

I love not life—it is a burden grown—
Distress and *Care* have claim'd me for their own,
And pale *Disease*, with unrelenting hand,
Sports with my sighs, and casts them to the wind.

In vain doth night return to bless these eyes,
Sighing, I say, "Oh when shall I arise?
"When will the night be gone!" Convuls'd with pain,
I raise my eyes to heav'n for aid in vain,
My heart grows faint—and tossing to and fro,
I waste the lonely hours in sullen woe.

Or if indeed my eyes should chance to close,
And weary nature gain a slight repose,
Then am I *scar'd* with terrifying dreams;
Wild shrieks I hear, and melancholy screams,
While hideous shapes croud on my troubled sight,
Adding new horrors to the glooms of night.

Oh! I'm forlorn—in bitterness of soul
My cries burst forth—like floods my sorrows roll—
Forgot—abandon'd—destitute—alone—
No pitying ear inhales the *heart-wrung* groan,
No friendly converse my sad spirit cheers,
No feeling breast receives my bitter tears;
Gone is each comfort—hope itself is fled,
O! that I rested with the quiet dead;
No glimpse of good mine eyes again shall see,
Let me alone—my days are vanity.

But soft my griefs, my life is but as wind,
Soon will it pass and leave no trace behind;
Soon will my aching heart a respite have,
Lodg'd in the mould'ring chambers of the grave.
As fleets the cloud before the northern blast,
So doth the life of mortal beings haste;
And I shall sleep in dust—there weary pain
Shall never vex my anguish'd frame again:

Then

Then tho' *adversity*, with *iron hand*,
 Shall crush the rising *honours* of the *land*;
 Tho' *war* may wait—and *sickness* blast in *death*
 The soul that *murder* spar'd upon the heath,
 Yet shall I slumber, 'midst the awful roar,
 For he that sleeps in death shall wake no more.

New-York, Sept. 1791.

ELLA.

A R E B U S.

TAKE a city once founded on Victory's field,
 Where Philip's great son compell'd Porus to yield;
 A chieftain of Thebes, for his valour renown'd,
 Who fell like a Mercer with victory crown'd;
 The Norman who seiz'd on Britannia's domains,
 Defeated her king, and assumed the reins;
 The name that the monarchs of Peru once bore,
 Whom their subjects rever'd, and as Gods did adore;
 The subtle young Theban, who quickly disclos'd
 The perplexing enigma that Sphinx had propos'd;
 The King who, when Israel's wife monarch was dead,
 Assum'd the tiara, and reign'd in his stead;
 And a river in Asia, where splendidly rise
 The walls of fair Teflis, that rear to the skies.
 The initials of these will discover the name
 Of a rich growing town, not unnotic'd by Fame;
 By whose walls the bold Hudson with majesty pours,
 And floats down the wealth that enriches its shores;
 Where Commerce rolls on, with her thousand loud wheels,
 And Trade a bright harvest of affluence yields.
 There steals not a tide, nor ere whispers a gale,
 But wafts in her harbour the white floating sail,
 Which conveys the fair gifts that kind nature imparts,
 And all the bright treasures produc'd by the arts.

Hail! daughter of Commerce, Columbia's fair pride,
 Where Freedom, and Science, and Friendship reside;
 Where kind Hospitality opens the door,
 And welcomes the stranger that visits her shore;
 Where Philanthropy warms and ennobles the heart,
 And Charity hastens her aid to impart;
 Where Knowledge and Wisdom their empire maintain,
 And Beauty and Virtue triumphantly reign.

The sons of the East, where proud tyrants oppress,
 Shall here find a refuge secure from distress;
 Inspir'd by fair Freedom, their aid they shall lend,
 Her turrets to rear, and her walls to extend.

What transports extatic the bosom assail,
 When Fancy uplifts dark Futurity's veil,
 And views this fair regent encircling more ground
 Than Babylon's turrets did every surround;
 Sees Art and fair Science new wonders unfold,
 Magnificent tempels emblazon'd with gold;

Sees

Sees myriads of freemen exult in her streets,
 And her bay and her rivers all cover'd with fleets !
 Old Carthage and Tyre, the proud Queens of the main,
 Shall here find a Queen that will rival their fame,
 Whose fleets seas now traverse, and hear oceans roar,
 Which Tyre, Rome, and Carthage, ne'er dar'd to explore.

As years shall increase, so her glory shall rise !
 Her fame and her praise shall rebound to the skies,
 'Till ages on ages revolving are past,
 'Till the joys of Millennium no longer shall last,
 'Till the unballanc'd spheres from their orbits shall run,
 And with flames all envelop'd rush into the sun !

Sept. 13, 1791.

A. B.

To Miss ———

SWEET as op'ning roses are,
 As th' expanded lilly fair ;
 Blithsome as the breathing day,
 Smiling as the smiling May :
 Heav'n itself her feeling mind,
 Loveliest of the lovely kind—
 Is my Daphne ! sweetest maid,
 That e'er sported in the glade.

When beneath the nodding grove
 She inclines to muse or rove,
 Airs of Eden float around,
 Flow'rs spontaneous deck the ground,
 Cupids clap their wings about her,
 Life itself's not life without her.

R.

SELECTED POETRY.

The following beautiful SONG (composed for the occasion) was sung at the Celebration of the 14th of July last, in Liverpool, (England,) being the Anniversary of the FRENCH REVOLUTION.

O'ER the vine-cover'd hills and gay regions of France,
 See the day-star of liberty rise ;
 Through the clouds of detraction, unwearied advance,
 And hold its new course thro' the skies.
 An effulgence so mild, with a lustre so bright,
 All Europe, with wonder surveys ;
 And from desarts of darkness, and dungeons of night,
 Contents for a share of the blaze.
 Let Burke, like a bat, from its splendor retire,
 A splendor—too strong for his eyes ;
 Let pedants and fools, his effusions admire,
 Entrapt in his cobwebs, like flies :
 Shall frenzy and sophistry hope to prevail
 Where reason opposes her weight ;
 When the welfare of millions is hung in the scale,
 And the balance yet trembles with fate ?
 Ah ! who 'midst the horrors of night would abide,
 That can taste the pure breezes of morn ;
 Or who, that has drank of the chrySTALLINE tide,
 To the seculent flood would return ?

When

When the bosom of beauty the throbbing heart meets,
 Ah! who can the transport decline?
 Or who that has tasted of liberty's sweets,
 The prize, but with life would resign?

But 'tis o'er—high heav'n the decision approves—
 Oppression has struggled in vain;
 To the hell she has form'd superstition removes,
 And tyranny bites its own chain.

In the records of time a new æra unfolds,
 All nature exults in its birth—
 His creation, benign, the creator beholds,
 And gives a new charter to earth.

O catch its high import, ye winds, as ye blow!
 O bear it, ye waves, as ye roll!
 From regions that feel the sun's vertical glow,
 To the farthest extremes of the pole.

Equal rights, equal laws, to the nations around,
Peace and Friendship its precepts impart,
 And wherever the footsteps of *Man* shall be found,
 May he bind the decree on his heart.

THE INTERVIEW.

WE HAVE MET, and now I call
 On yon dark clouds, that as they fall
 Sweep their long show'rs across the plain,
 Or mingle with the clam'rous main.
 Alas! I call them, here to pour
 Around my head their gather'd store,
 While the loud gales which speed away
 To the far edge of weeping day,
 Mid the tumultuous gloom shall bear
 On their wet wings my sigh'd despair.

OF LATE—where confluent torrents crash,
 I paused to view the mazy dash
 Of waters, shattering in the twilight beam;
 While oft my wand'ring eye would trace
 The distant forest's solemn grace,
 As o'er its black robe hung the tawny gleam.
 Nor *then* on joys gone by, my Mem'ry dwelt,
 Nor all the pangs which wounded Friendship felt;
 But ANNA, tho' *unknown*, usurp'd my mind,
 Alone she claim'd the tributary tear,
 For ev'ry solace, ev'ry charm combin'd
 In the sweet madd'nings of her song sincere.

Sudden I turn—for from a young grove's shade,
 Whose infant boughs but mock th' expecting glade,
 Sweet sounds stole forth—upborne upon the gale,
 Press'd thro' the air, and broke amidst the vale,

Then

Then *silent* walk'd the breezes of the plain,
Or lightly wanton'd where the corn-flow'r blows,
Or 'mongst the od'rous wild-thyme sought repose,
Or soar'd aloft and seized the hovering strain.

As the fond Lark, whose clear and piercing shake
Bids Morning on her crimson bed awake,
Hears from the greenward seat his fav'rite cry,
Drops thro' the heavens, and scorns the glowing sky:
So I, soul-touch'd, th' impetuous Cat'raët leave,
And almost seem th' ethereal waste to cleave;
Allured, entranc'd, I rush amidst the wood,
AND THERE THE SOFT MUSICIAN CONSCIOUS STOOD.
Ah! 'twas no visionary Fair,
Imagination's bodied air,
That now with strong illusion caught,
Mental *creations* fled my thought,
A *living* Angel blest my sight,
Strung ev'ry nerve to new delight,
With joy's full tide bedew'd my cheek,
'Twas ANNA's self I saw, NOR HAD I POWER TO SPEAK.
O then I led her to the woven bow'r,
Where slept the Woodbine's shelter'd flow'r,
Where bending o'er the Violet's bed
The Rose its liquid blushes shed;
While near the feather'd Mourner flung
Such plaints from his enamour'd tongue,
That all subdued at my MATILDA's feet
I sunk but with an agony more sweet,
Than favour'd mortal e'er before had proved,
Or ever yet *conceiv'd* unless like *me* he loved.

SHE SPOKE, but O! no sound was heard
Of the wanton, rapt'rous bird,
That climbs the morning's upmost sky,
When first the golden vapours fly,
But fainter was the moving measure,
Than the Linnet's noontide leisure,
Let's the sultry breezes steal——
Dar'ft thou, my tongue! the tale reveal?

"ILL-FATED BARD!" she cried, "whose length'ning grief
"Had won the pathos of my lyre's relief,
"For whom, full oft, I've loiter'd to rehearse
"In phrenzied mood the deep impassion'd verse;
"Ill-fated Bard! from each frail hope remove,
"And shun the certain Suicide of Love:
"Lean not to me, *th' impassion'd verse is o'er*,
"Which chain'd thy heart, and forced thee to adore:
"For O! observe where haughty DUTY stands,
"Her form in radiance dress'd, her eye severe,
"Eternal Scorpions writhing in her hands,
"To urge th' offender's *unavailing* tear!

"Dread

" Dread Goddess, I obey !——
 " Ah ! smooth thy awful terror-striking brow,
 " Hear and record MATILDA's sacred vow !
 " Ne'er will I quit th' undeviating LINE,
 " Whose SOURCE THOU art, and THOU the LAW DIVINE.
 " The Sun shall be subdued, his system fade,
 " Ere I forsake the path thy FIAT made ;
 " Yet grant one soft regretful tear to flow,
 " Prompted by pity for a Lover's woe,
 " O grant *without* REVENGE one bursting sigh,
 " Ere from his desolating grief I fly.——
 " 'Tis past,—Farewel ! ANOTHER claims my heart,
 " Then wing thy sinking steps, for here we part,
 " WE PART ! and listen, for the word is MINE,
 " ANNA MATILDA NEVER CAN BE THINE ! "

She ceas'd, and sudden, like an evening wind
 Rushing, some prison'd tempest to unbind,
 And all regardless of the scenes it leaves,
 Skimming o'er bending blooms, and russet sheaves,
 MATILDA fled ! the closing Night pursued,
 And the cold INGRATE scarce I longer view'd !
 Her form grew indistinct—each step more dim,
 And now a distant vapour seems to swim,
 Her white robe glistens on my eye no more,
 Its strainings all are vain—THE FOND DELUSION'S O'ER.

MY SONG SUESIDES, yet e'er I close,
 The ling'ring lay that feeds my woes,
 Ere yet forgotten DELLA CRUSCA runs
 To torrid gales or petrifying funs,
 Ere bow'd to earth my latest feeling flies,
 And the big passion settles on my eyes ;
 O may this sacred sentiment be known,
 That my adoring heart is ANNA'S OWN ;
 YES, ALL HER OWN, and tho' ANOTHER claim
 Her mind's rich treasure, still I love the same ;
 And tho' ANOTHER, O how blest ! has felt
 Her soften'd soul in dear delirium melt,
 While from her gaze the welcome meaning sprung,
 As on her neck in frantic joy he hung,
 Yet I *will* bear it, and tho' Hell deride,
 My pangs shall *soothe*, my curse shall be my pride.
 Nor can HE boast like me ; O no, HE found
 The tranquilizing balm that cures the wound ;
 HE never knew the loftier bliss, to rave,
 Without a pow'r to aid, a chance to save,
 HE never bath'd him in the Nightshade's dew,
 Nor drank the pois'nous meteors as they flew,
 Nor told his rending story to the Moon,
 Link'd with the demons of her direst noon ;
 HE never *smiled* Distraction's ills to share,
 Nor gain'd th' exalted glory of despair.

Then

Then be it HIS, for many a year t' unfold
 Those charms, and wanton in her curls of gold,
 Drain the sweet fountain of her eye's fond stream,
 And fancy suff'rence but the wretch's dream ;
 While I will prove that I deserve my fate,
 Was born for anguish, and was form'd for hate,
 With such transcendent woe will breathe my sigh,
 That envying fiends shall think it EXTACY,
 And with fierce taunts my cherish'd griefs invade,
 Till on my pow'rless tongue the last "MATILDA" fade.

DELLA CRUSCA.

I N T E L L I G E N C E.

H A G U E, JULY 7.

YESTERDAY morning about 2 o'clock a fire broke out in the Admiralty of Amsterdam, and consumed the whole of that fine building, together with a large magazine of sails, arms and other stores, sufficient, it is said, for the equipment of 13 ships of war. The cause of this misfortune is not ascertained.

Berlin, (Prussia) July 16. A marriage between the Princess Frederica, eldest daughter of the King, with the Duke of York, is concluded upon, and to-morrow the formal betrothing will take place at Potsdam, in the presence of all the Royal Family.—The marriage, it is thought, will take place in autumn, at the same time as that of the Princess Wilhelmina with the Hereditary Prince of Orange.

London, July 30. The last letters from Sir R. Ainslie, at Constantinople, mention that the plague has broke out within a few leagues of that metropolis, and had a most alarming appearance, as numbers were dying with it every day.

It is an extraordinary fact, that the salaries, perquisites, &c. of the custom-house officers in England, amount to more than the whole state expenditure of the kingdom of Denmark. The former is reckoned at 750,000*l.* and the latter at only 700,000*l.* It is not less extraordinary, that the govern-

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 9.

ment expenses of Sweden and Denmark, do not amount to near so much as the provision for the poor in England. The expenses of the first are supposed to be about 2,500,000*l.* and those of the latter more than three millions. So that whole realms, crowns, armies, navies, &c. are supported at a very considerable less expence than the poor of this small island.

On Thursday last a messenger was dispatched with the final approbation of his Majesty in Council, of the Duke of York's marriage to the Princess Frederica of Prussia.

—AMERICA.—

Albany, Sept. 15. Yesterday the solemn rite of confirmation was administered by the Right Rev. Bishop Provost, in St. Peter's Church, in this city; when upwards of 140 persons were confirmed, and thus made public profession to be for the Lord, and not for another.

New-York, Sept. 10. His Royal Highness Prince Edward, fourth son of his Britannic Majesty, arrived at Quebec from Gibraltar about the 12th of August; and on the 18th of the same month, his Excellency Lord Dorchester, Governor-general of British America, embarked for London, on board a frigate dispatched from the Halifax station for the purpose of conveying him home.

C c c c

Extra.

Extract of a letter from Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. to Samuel L. Mitchell, Esq; dated April 6, 1791.

“SIR,

“I should not have so long omitted to thank you for your obliging letter of last autumn, and communications of the Hessian-Flies, in their torpid state, had I not found some difficulty in procuring an *Italian book, which gives an account of the various insects destructive to the corn in the south of Europe*, of which I thought it necessary to beg your acceptance, in order to enable you to see whether the destructive animal in question, is a native of Europe.—*In England it does not exist; and no enquiry I have been able to make has hitherto given me reason to believe its existence in any part of Germany.*

“By a sight of the fly itself, I shall directly seem to know among what sort of insects it is arranged; and should any analogy lead me to be able to suggest any thing likely to be of use in preventing its increase, you may rely on my sparing no pains, on a subject that may lead to so desirable a purpose.

“I have a copy of the Italian work which you will receive by the Swan, &c. &c.”

“A London paper of July 9th, says, “the Rev. Dr. Coke, principal successor to the late Mr. John Wesley, has arrived from Pennsylvania, and immediately enters into the functions appointed him by his predecessor.”

Samuel Chase, Esq; is chosen chief judge of the general court of the state of Maryland, vice T. Johnson, Esq; appointed an associate judge of the supreme court of the United States.

Sept. 14. The junction of the waters of Lake Champlain and Hudson's river appears, from the survey lately made by the Surveyor-General, to be an object of much easier accomplishment than could be expected. The whole distance from Fort Edward to Wood Creek does not exceed 6 miles, nearly one half of which is upon a

creek that empties into the Hudson at Fort Edward, and that can be made navigable with a little expence: the remainder of the distance is on a perfect level, without a single spot of intervening high ground, and has every circumstance in its favour to facilitate the opening of a canal.

Sept. 20. This morning about two o'clock a fire broke out in Mill-street, which raged with amazing fury for near four hours, when the exertions of the citizens happily prevailed over the devouring element. Near twenty houses, stores and stables were entirely destroyed, besides much damage done to the adjacent buildings. The whole loss cannot be exactly ascertained, but is supposed to be near 20,000l.

The Rev. Mr. McKnight, of this city, has received the degree of *Doctor of Divinity* from Yale College, at their late commencement.

We learn that Colonel B. Harrison, who marched from Kentucky against the Indian towns of the Sciota, has returned. The Indians had abandoned their towns before he reached them, and he saw only one on the march, who was killed by his party.

Extract of a letter from Cape Francois, dated August 26.

“An insurrection has broken out amongst the negroes; they are destroying every thing they come across; there are now in sight of the harbour eleven plantations all in flames. The inhabitants are in the greatest consternation—they greatly apprehend the town will be fired; and every one, American as well as inhabitant, mounts guard, and are making preparations for defence. The government, fearful the whites may be forced to abandon the island, have laid an embargo on all vessels, reserving them as the last mean of safety.”

Sept. 26. We hear that an application was made on Wednesday, by the Minister of France to the Government of the United States, for a considerable

siderable supply of money, &c. for the purpose of suppressing the unhappy insurrections in the island of Hispaniola, and for the relief of the unfortunate inhabitants; the whole of which was immediately granted according to the Minister's desire.

Official information has been received from Col. Wilkinson, stating the particulars of his late expedition against L'Anquille and the Indians of the Wabash: in this he has been peculiarly successful, and returned without sustaining any material loss.

RIOT AT BIRMINGHAM.

On the 14th of July last, upwards of ninety gentlemen met at the hotel in Birmingham, (England,) to celebrate the French Revolution. Some person or persons, having early this week industriously and insidiously circulated an *hand-bill*, so drawn as to inflame the minds of the populace, and to misrepresent the intention of the meeting; in consequence, a mob collected, who, after demolishing every window of the hotel, set fire to Dr. Priestley's new church, and levelled the old one to the ground—Vociferating "*Church and King*," they spread terror wherever they appeared. The dwelling-house of Dr. Priestley, (whose life was providentially saved by a timely retreat,) and many elegant mansions in its neighbourhood, and also the Dissenting Meeting-house, at Kingswood, fell a sacrifice to their ungovernable and stupid fury. Military force being at length collected, they were put to flight.—The two following papers throw sufficient light upon this unhappy and interesting business.

To the INHABITANTS of the Town of
BIRMINGHAM.

My late Townsmen and Neighbours,

AFTER living with you eleven years, in which you had uniform experience of my peaceful behaviour, in my attention to the quiet studies of my profession, and those of phi-

losophy, I was far from expecting the injuries which I and my friends have lately received from you. But you have been misled by hearing the Dissenters, and particularly the Unitarian Dissenters, continually railed at, as enemies to the present government, in church and state. You have been led to consider any injury done to us as a meritorious thing; and not having been better informed, the means were not attended to. When the *object* was right, you thought the *means* could not be wrong. By the discourses of your teachers, and the exclamations of your superiors in general, drinking confusion and damnation to us, (which is well known to have been their frequent practice) your bigotry has been excited to the highest pitch, and nothing having been said to you to moderate your passions, but every thing to inflame them; hence, without any consideration on your part, or on theirs, who ought to have known and taught you better—you were prepared for every species of outrage; thinking that whatever you could do to spite and injure us, was for the support of government, and especially the church. In destroying us, you have been led to think, you did God and your country the most substantial service.

Happily, the minds of Englishmen have a horror of murder, and therefore you did not, I hope, think of that; though, by your clamorous demanding of me at the hotel, it is probable that, at that time, some of you intended me some personal injury. But what is the value of life when every thing is done to make it wretched! In many cases there would be greater mercy in dispatching the inhabitants than burning their houses. However, I infinitely prefer what I feel from the spoiling of my goods, to the disposition of those who have misled you.

You have destroyed the most truly valuable and useful apparatus of philosophical

sophical instruments that perhaps any individual in this or any other country was ever possessed of, in my use of which I annually spent large sums, with no pecuniary view whatever, but only in the advancement of science, for the benefit of my country, and of mankind. You have destroyed a library corresponding to that apparatus, which no money can purchase, except in a long course of time. But what I feel far more, you have destroyed my manuscripts, which have been the result of the laborious study of many years, and which I shall never be able to recompose; and this has been done to one who never did, or imagined you any harm.

I know nothing more of the hand-bill which is said to have enraged you so much than one of yourselves, and I disapprove of it as much; though it has been made the offensive handle of doing infinitely more mischief than any thing of that nature could possibly have done. In the celebration of the first anniversary at which I did not attend, the company assembled on the occasion only expressed their joy in the emancipation of a neighbouring nation from tyranny, without intimating a desire of any thing more than such an improvement of our own constitution, as all sober citizens, of every persuasion, have long wished for. And though, in answer to the gross and unprovoked calumnies of Mr. Madan and others, I publicly vindicated my principles as a Dissenter, it was only with plain and sober argument, and with perfect good humour. We are better instructed in the mild and forbearing spirit of christianity than ever to think of having recourse to violence; and can you think such conduct as yours a recommendation of your religious principles, in preference to ours?

You are still more mistaken if you imagine that this conduct of yours

has any tendency to serve your cause, or to prejudice ours. It is nothing but reason and argument that can ever support any system of religion. Answer our arguments and your business is done. But your having recourse to violence is only a proof that you have nothing better to produce.—Should you destroy myself as well as my library and apparatus, ten more persons, of equal or superior spirit and ability, would instantly rise up. If those ten were destroyed, an hundred would instantly appear; and believe me, that the Church of England, which you think you are supporting, has received a greater blow by this conduct of yours, than I and all my friends have ever aimed at it.

Besides, to abuse those who have no power of making resistance is equally cowardly and brutal, peculiarly unworthy of Englishmen, to say nothing of christianity, which teaches us to do as we would be done by. In this business we are the sheep and you the wolves. We will preserve our character, and hope you will change yours. At all events, we return your blessings for curses; and pray that you may soon return to that industry, and those sober manners, for which the inhabitants of Birmingham were formerly distinguished. I am,

Your sincere well-wisher,

J. PRIESTLEY.

London, July 19, 1791.

P. S. The account of the first toast* at the revolution dinner in the Times of this morning, can be nothing less than a malicious lie. To prove this, a list of the toasts, with an account of the proceedings of the day, will soon be published. The first of them was, The King and the constitution, and they were all such as the friends of liberty, and of the true principles of the constitution would approve.

From

* *Destruction to the present government, and the King's head upon a charger.*

*From the Liverpool General Advertiser
of July 28.*

MR. PRINTER,

AS I find that many gross falsehoods have been circulated through the country, in order to inflame the minds of the people, concerning the meeting held last Thursday, to commemorate the French Revolution, I will beg leave to state what I myself have had occasion to know respecting that subject. Some gentlemen in Birmingham had proposed by an advertisement in the newspapers, to hold a meeting of the friends of liberty and of mankind, at the Hotel, to commemorate the French Revolution, in the same manner as was done in London, and many other parts in the kingdom. Two days before the time appointed for this meeting, a very respectable gentleman called on me, and said he came to tell me that it was the general wish of those who intended to meet, that I should be their chairman on the occasion. I accepted the compliment and promised to come to Birmingham to attend; never conceiving that a peaceable meeting for the purpose of rejoicing that 26 millions of our fellow creatures were rescued from despotism, and made as free and as happy as we Britons are, could be misinterpreted as being offensive to a government, whose greatest boast is liberty, or to any who profess the christian religion, which orders us to love our neighbours as ourselves. We accordingly met and dined with the greatest peace and harmony, and drinking some toasts, expressive in the first place of our loyalty to our own King and constitution, and in the second place, of our joy at the happiness which the French have acquired by their new constitution, we dissolved the meeting entirely, in the greatest order, between five and six in the evening, and quitted the Hotel, every man retiring separately to

his home, or to his private affairs. I returned to my house in the country, nor knew of the disturbances till next day. The meeting in London was conducted with the same decorum, nor has there been an instance, as far as I know in the many similar meetings throughout England, of the smallest irregularity attempted by them. Now, Mr. Printer, as actions are the best interpreters of men's intentions, it is evident that the malicious insinuations, that these meetings were intended to disturb the peace and government of the country, have been by the event proved false and groundless.

I have lately heard that it is reported that we drank disloyal and seditious toasts. Now the very first toast that was given was, *The King and Constitution*. I do not know any words in the English language expressive of greater loyalty. And one of the toasts was, Peace and good will to all mankind, which cannot easily be interpreted to excite people to tumult. I shall hereafter publish a list of all the toasts, which were altogether in the same spirit of loyalty, peace, and charity.

A second report is, that Justice Charles was insulted and turned out of the room. The fact is, that Justice Charles never was in the room, and therefore it is not easy to conceive how he could be turned out. I will add, that I have not the smallest doubt, that if that gentleman had come, he would have been received with due respect.

A third report was that a seditious handbill had been distributed by the members of the meeting, on some preceding day. A seditious and truly infamous handbill, was distributed, it is true, but by whom written or distributed, is not known. It is heartily to be wished that the persons concerned may be discovered and punished according to law. As soon

as the gentlemen of Birmingham who had concerted the commemoration meeting, saw this handbill, they perceived that the effect and perhaps the intention of it was to inflame the mob against them, and they immediately published in the Thursday's newspaper, an advertisement declaring their disavowal of this handbill, and their own loyal attachment to the King, Lords, and Commons.* They also sent handbills, with copies of this advertisement, all over Birmingham. It was not possible for them to do any thing more effectual to prevent any bad effects from the seditious paper, or to rescue themselves from the calumny of their being the authors of it.

The last false report that I have heard relative to that meeting, is concerning Dr. Priestley's behaviour there.—To this I suppose it will be sufficient to answer, that Dr. Priestley was not present.

These are all the reports which I have heard, but I doubt not there may be many others, of the truth of which every man of common sense will judge from what I have said, of those which have come to my knowledge. Nevertheless, these false reports are all the pretence for the late horrible riots; but the event shews that they were only pretences, and that the Dissenters were the true object of the fury of the mob, as many of those gentlemen who have suffered from

the riots, were not present: for the business of the commemoration meetings had nothing to do with religious distinctions, and were in other parts composed of Church-men, Catholics, Dissenters, and Quakers. It is true that in Birmingham, the majority were Dissenters, but it is evident that they did not wish to be distinguished as a party meeting, when they did me the honour to chuse me as their chairman, who it was evident must have conformed, in order to qualify myself for the commissions which I have held in the army, to all the formalities prescribed by the test act, and who never was present in a dissenting meeting above once or twice in England; although I have the greatest regard for the dissenting individuals whom I know, among whom are several of the late unfortunate victims, men as peaceable, respectable, and loyal as any in the kingdom. But as the subject of the Commemoration meeting was quite unknown to the ignorant part of the people, it gave an opportunity of raising any lies that were necessary to inflame the mob, to execute their horrid purposes. But that the proceedings of the meeting were innocent, peaceable, and honorable, and also free from every subject relative to religious parties, I solemnly affirm.

I am, Mr. Printer, yours, &c.

JAMES KEIR.

West-Bromwich, 20th July, 1791.

—MAR—

* *Birmingham, commemoration of the French revolution.*—Several handbills having been circulated in town, which can only be intended to create distrust concerning the intention of the meeting, to disturb its harmony and inflame the minds of the people, the gentlemen who proposed it, think it necessary to declare their entire disapprobation of all such handbills, and their ignorance of the authors: Sensible themselves of the advantages of a free government, they rejoice in the extension of liberty to their neighbours; at the same time avowing, in the most explicit manner, their attachment to the constitution of their own country, as vested in the three estates of the King, Lords and Commons. Surely no free-born Englishman can refrain from exulting in this addition to the general mass of human happiness; it is the cause of humanity, it is the cause of the people.

Birmingham, July 13, 1791.

—MARRIAGES.—

In *New-York*.—In the capital, Mr. Miles Hitchcock, to Miss S. Hopson.

At Schenectady, Joseph C. Yates, Esq; to Mrs. Ann Ellice.—Mr. F. Pruyn, to Miss Cornelia Dunbar.

In *Pennsylvania*.—In the capital, Mr. Joseph James, printer, to Miss Hopkins, daughter of Mr. Samuel Hopkins, both of that city.—Capt. Richard Dale, to Miss Crathorn.

In *Rhode-Island*.—At Newport, John Coffin Jones, Esq; to Miss Eliza Champlin, daughter of Christopher Champlin, Esq; of that place.

—DEATHS.—IN NEW-YORK.—

On Thursday, Sept. 1, after a short illness, WILLIAM MALCOM, Esq; Brigadier-General in the militia of this state, and commanding the militia of this city and county, and of the county of Richmond. His remains were interred, on Friday evening following, in the burying place of the Brick Presbyterian Church, with those marks of attention which his situation in society, and his private worth merited. Being a member of the Marine Society, his death was noticed by the shipping in the harbour with the accustomed attentions on such occasions. At five o'clock the funeral procession moved from the dwelling-house of the deceased in the following order:—

Troop of cavalry, commanded by Capt. Stokes, dismounted.

Two pieces of the brigade artillery.

Detachment of Col. Bauman's regiment of artillery, acting as infantry, with reversed arms. Grenadiers and light infantry of the brigade, with reversed arms, drums muffled.

Holland Lodge, members two and two.

Hiram Lodge, No. 7.

St. John's Lodge, No. 6.

Jerusalem Lodge, No. 4.

St. Andrew's Lodge, No. 3.

Royal Arch Independent Lodge, No. 2.

St. John's Lodge, No. 1.

Officers of the Grand Lodge.

Band of Music.

Clergymen.

Full Bearers.

CORPSE.

Mourners.

Full Bearers.

Officers of the brigade, the youngest in front; in the rear his Excellency the Governor, and the Hon. Gen. Gates, supported by the Major and Assistant-Major of Brigade. St. Andrew's Society, their President, William Maxwell, Esq; and the other officers in front. Marine Society. Citizens.

From the time of the removal of the corpse until its interment, minute guns were fired by a detachment of Col. Bauman's regiment of artillery, in the fields. Being at the time of his death Deputy-Grand-Master of Masons for this state, an oration, suited to the occasion, was delivered at the grave, by William Cock, Esq; at the request of the Grand Lodge, who, by this, endeavoured in some small degree to testify the love and respect which they bore to their deceased brother. The procession was conducted with a solemnity and decorum which plainly evinced the sorrow and regret with which the occasion had impressed the minds of the attendants and of the beholders.

On the death of persons who have held distinguished situations in society, it hath been customary to display their characters, and to recount their virtues to the world—This, as a tribute to merit, is but just; as an incentive to virtue it may be useful—To live in the affectionate remembrance of our countrymen is the just reward of goodness, the hope of attaining it must be an high inducement to merit it.

In the present instance were we to attempt to pourtray the character of the deceased, the colours might be bright, and yet no sacrifice made of truth to panegyric. His early and undeviating patriotism will ever make his name respectable among those who view the late revolution as forming an honourable and an happy epocha in the annals of our country—while his affable and engaging manners, his warmth and steadiness in friendship, will long endear his memory to those who lived in intimacy with him; for, to his honour be it said,

said, his warmest panegyrists are those who have known him best. But the limits of this work would not admit, nor indeed ought we here to attempt to give a full display of his character: we will only add, that we most sincerely wish that our country may have many such citizens, and that individuals may find many such friends.

Mr. Thomas G. Mann, late of the island of St. Kitts.—Mrs. Mary Verplanck, aged 79 years.—Mr. John Anthony, aged 59.—Mr. Richard Drake, a young man of unblemished reputation and benignity of manners.—Mr. — Hunt.—Mr. Daniel Le Roy, merchant.—Mr. Thomas Dalt.—Mr. James Gray, merchant.—Mr. Henry Banker.

At Poughkeepsie, Mr. Henry Kip.

At Lanfingburgh, Mr. H. Boyle, late of the city of Philadelphia, merchant.—Mrs. Fanny Tiffany, consort of Mr. S. Tiffany, printer.

In Connecticut.—At New-Fairfield, Mrs. Mary Trowbridge, aged 55.

In Massachusetts.—At Stockbridge, by a casualty, Brigadier-General M. Ashley.

At Portland, District of Maine, Mr. Samuel Dyer Deering.

In New-Jersey.—At Allentown, Miss Jane Covenhoven.

In Pennsylvania.—In the capital, Mrs. Jane Humphreys, wife of Mr. Daniel Humphreys, of that city, printer.—Marcus C. Knox, in his 9th year, second son of the Hon. Gen. Knox, Secretary at War.—Mr. John Helm, merchant, in his 42d year.

In Maryland.—In the city of Washington, district of Columbia, by the falling of a tree in opening one of the streets, Mr. Walter Henson, jun. a young gentleman of great mechanical ingenuity & unblemished reputation.

In Virginia.—At Pleasant-Valley, the Rev. Mr. Wheeler Case, pastor of the church in that parish.

In Suffex county, Colonel Thomas Edmunds, a firm patriot, and an honest man.

In North-Carolina.—In Onslow county, Col. George Mitchell, in a duel, a gentleman of an unblemished character, and many years a representative in the General Assembly of that state.

—FOREIGN DEATHS.—

In the East-Indies.—At Delhi, Alum Shaw, the Great Mogul, aged 90 years.

In Switzerland.—At Yeverdein, Sir Frederick Haldimand, K. B. a Lieutenant-General in his Britannic Majesty's service, Colonel of the 60th regiment, & late Governor of Canada.

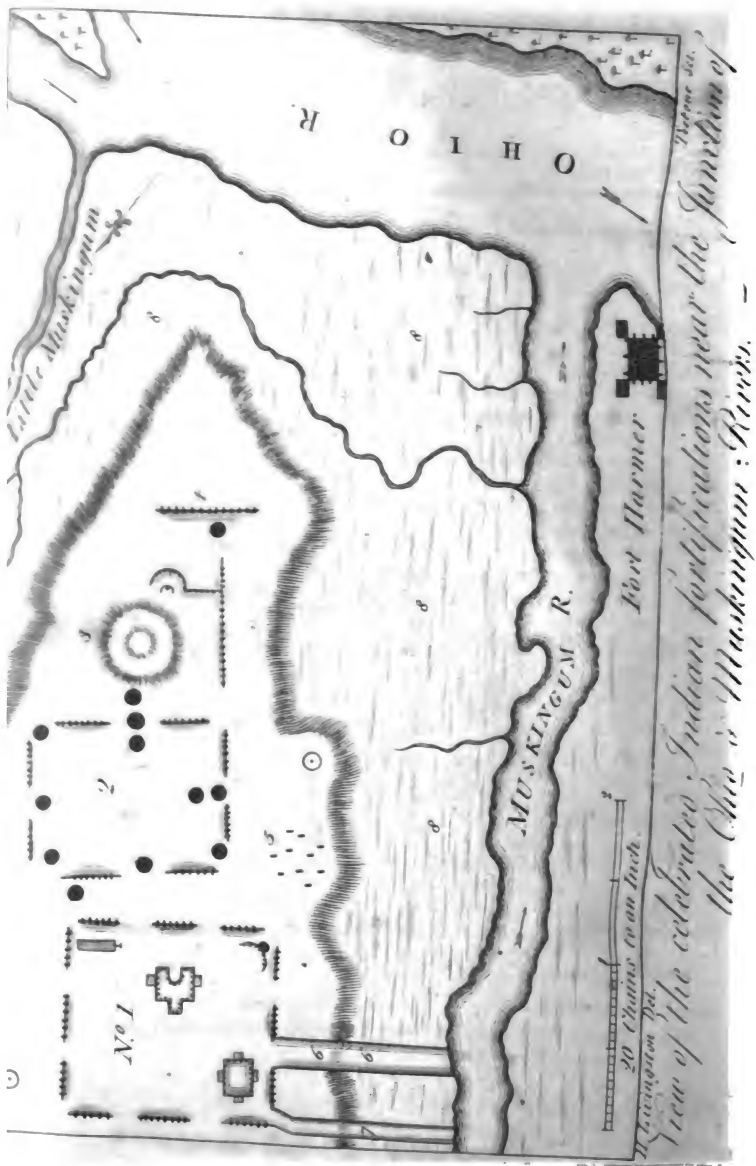
In France.—At Brest, M. de la Motte Picquet, a distinguished officer in the French navy.

In Scotland.—At Dumfries, the famous Mrs. Buchan, well known for her imposing herself on the credulous as the Virgin Mary and real Mother of our Saviour.

In England.—At his seat at Stubbington, near Chesterfield, Major General Gladwin, an officer of great merit, and well known in America, where he served, and was wounded in Braddock's defeat, in 1755.

In London, at his house in Hartstreet, B oomsbury-square, in his 82d year, the Hon. W. Bull, a native of South-Carolina, and many years his Majesty's Lieut. Gov. and Commander in Chief of that then province.—Mrs. Deborah Godfrey, aged 79, relict of Benjamin Godfrey, by whom she had 34 children, all of whom lived to reach a state of maturity.—Peter Huguetan, Lord of Vryhouven, in Holland, aged 76, who, by his extraordinary parsimony had accumulated little less than 300,000l. sterling, the whole of which he has disposed of to charitable institutions.

At Cheshamford, in Lancashire, Mr. Robert Haworth, aged 89. He was father, grand-father, great-grand-father, and great-great-grand-father, to 174 children—twelve grand children lived with him at his decease.



THE
NEW-YORK MAGAZINE;
OR,
LITERARY REPOSITORY:
FOR OCTOBER, 1791.

NUMBER X.—VOLUME II.

CONTAINING.

	Page.		Page.
Meteorological Observations for		Delia Drama, - - - - -	584
September, 1791, - - - -	554	Description of the Nisser Werk,	
Explanation of the Plate, -	555	or Golden Eagle of Abyssinia, -	588
The Scribbler—No. XI. - -	ibid	Juvenis—No. XVIII. - - - -	590
Account of a Negro Astronomer, -	557	Letter from the Princess of	
Literary Anecdote, - - - -	558	Daschkaw, to J. Churchman, -	591
Discovery for curing Diseases		Historical Remarks on the Death	
and Injuries in Trees, - - -	559	of Henry IV. of France, -	ibid
Origin of the Name of Wales, -	ibid	Dialogue betwixt Diocletian,	
Curfory Remarks, &c. - - -	561	Emperor of Rome, and Ab-	
The Happy Man, and True		dolonymus, King of Tyre, -	594
Gentleman, - - - - -	566	Curious Particulars concerning	
Charge by the Hon. D. Howell,		one of the Armada Fleet, -	596
Esq. - - - - -	567	Anecdotes, - - - - -	598
On Benevolence, in Opposition		Story of Valmore and Julia, -	599
to Self-Love, - - - - -	569	<i>The AMERICAN MUSE.</i>	
Female Heroism Rewarded, -	571	ORIGINAL.	
Thoughts on the Importance of		Evening, - - - - -	605
the Season of Youth, - - -	572	On seeing Miss S**** T**	
Narrative of Facts supposed to		E*** crossing the Hudson, -	607
throw Light on the History		To Delia, - - - - -	ibid
of the Bristol Stranger, - -	574	Solution to the Rebus, p. 540, -	608
Method of making Parmesan		SELECTED.	
Cheese, - - - - -	578	Love Renew'd—A Sonnet, -	609
Character of an Honest Lawyer, -	579	On Happiness, - - - - -	ibid
North-West Passage, - - - -	581	Sonnet—To Twilight, - - -	610
A Card, - - - - -	582	President's Speech, - - - -	ibid
The Miscellanist—No. IV. -	ibid	Intelligence, - - - - -	614
Letter from an English Slave-		Marriages, - - - - -	615
driver at Algiers, - - - - -	584	Deaths, - - - - -	616

With a View of the celebrated *Indian Fortifications* on the *Muskingum*.

NEW-YORK: PRINTED BY THOMAS AND JAMES SWORDS,
No. 27, WILLIAM-STREET.
M,DCC,XCI.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS for September, 1791.

Days.	Degrees of Heat by Fahrenheit's Ther.			Prevailing Winds.			Change & Full of Moon.	WEATHER, &c.
	8	2	8	8	2	8		
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.		
1	67	70	66	N. E.	N. E.	N.	First Q.	Drizzling, rain, cloudy.
2	65	73	68	N. W.	N. W.	N.		Clear, clear, clear.
3	62	63	61	N.	N. E.	N.		Cloudy, wet, cloudy.
4	62	64	62	N. E.	N. E.	N. E.		Rain, rain, rain.
5	63	67	66	N. E.	N. E.	N. E.		Dull, rain, rain.
6	65	68	67	N.	N.	N.		Dull, dull, dull.
7	65	67	67	N.	N.	N.		Cloudy, cloudy, cloudy.
8	66	70	67	N.	S. E.	S. E.		Dull, cloudy, cloudy.
9	65	70	67	N.	N. E.	N. E.		Drizzling, cloudy, cloudy.
10	66	71	67	N.	N. E.	E.	Full.	Cloudy, clear, clear.
11	68	71	70	E.	S.	S.		Rain, rain, dull.
12	65	69	61	W.	W.	W.		Clear, clear, clear.
13	64	70	67	S.	S.	S.		Do. do. do.
14	65	68	63	S.	S. W.	W.		Cloudy, showery, cloudy.
15	62	58	55	N. E.	N.	N. W.		Rain, rain, clear.
16	53	62	57	W.	W.	W.		Clear, clear, clear.
17	55	66	60	S.	S.	S.		Do. do. do.
18	58	64	62	N.	S.	S.		Do. do. do.
19	61	69	67	W.	S.	S.	Last Q.	Do. do. do.
20	67	78	72	S. W.	S.	S.		Do. do. do.
21	64	70	65	N. W.	S.	S.		Do. do. do.
22	65	68	66	E.	E.	E.		Dull, dull, dull.
23	68	71	69	E.	E.	S. E.		Drizzling, rain, dull.
24	69	71	64	S. W.	S. E.	E.		Dull, dull, rain.
25	65	67	61	N. E.	N. E.	N. E.		Dull, drizzling, dull.
26	57	61	59	N. E.	N. E.	S. E.		Drizzling, dull, cloudy.
27	60	70	63	S. W.	W.	N. W.	New.	Dull, clear, clear.
28	58	64	67	N. W.	N. W.	N. W.		Clear, clear, clear.
29	56	63	61	N. W.	S.	S. E.		Clear, cloudy, cloudy.
30	62	70	66	S. E.	S.	S. E.		Cloudy, clear, clear.

T H E

NEW-YORK MAGAZINE;

O R,

LITERARY REPOSITORY:

FOR OCTOBER, 1791.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

EXPLANATION of the PLATE.

- No. 1. The town.
2. The fort.
3. A circular parapet and ditch, surrounding a pyramid of earth 50 feet high, and 150 feet diameter at its base. The parapet is 240 yards in circumference.
4. An advanced work.
5. Graves.
6. A covered way.
7. A water course.
8. Low land.
● Towers.
○ Caves.

These remains of Indian ingenuity, are unequalled by any other discovered vestiges of that people, from the lake of Mexico to the arctic circle. The best judges of modern defence declare, that, artillery out of the question, no situation in that country could be happier chosen to repel an enemy. It is impossible to determine when these prodigious mounds were constructed, as the trees which grow upon every part of them indicate equal antiquity with those of the surrounding wilderness.

The city of Marietta stands upon this celebrated ground, and fosters those very arts and sciences which, perhaps, ten thousand moons ago were known and practised on the same spot. Marietta may, in its turn, be traced only by its ruins, and aboriginal Muskingum experience resuscitation—for this is the way with man's strange globe. R.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

The SCRIBBLER.—No. XI.

“ Things apparently indifferent may, when often repeated and told abroad, have much more serious consequences than imagined.”

IN the course of conversation people are too apt to touch upon seemingly trifling things which they have seen, or that have been told them, relating to particular, and perhaps secret matters of certain other persons.

persons. Indeed, almost every one seems to think himself at liberty to tell all he hears or sees, and without letting reflection bring to view what may be the result, heedlessly communicates whatever comes first upon his thoughts. Whether it be of a public or private nature, open or secret, (unless a positive injunction of secrecy has been laid, and then it not always happens to be observed) it shares the same fate, and falls a sacrifice to loquacity and communicativeness.

This indifference to seemingly unimportant things is most assuredly a negligence of a very pernicious kind, and is often productive, not only of serious, but truly alarming consequences. It affects all classes of citizens. The aged and the young, the rich and the poor, the merchant and the mechanic, equally feel its effects; nor are the fairer part of the creation less exempt. The whole human race are liable to be hurt by it; and tho' this is obviously apparent to every one, yet all seem to assist, in a greater or less degree, in promoting the evil.

The itch for telling a story that may be a little novel or entertaining is often so great, that it will not afford time to consider the consequences that may ensue. The idea of being the instrument of mirth or admiration promotes the desire; and hence an apparent indifferent affair may be discovered, which in the end may produce evils of the greatest magnitude.

An unguarded loquacity is detrimental in every respect, but when it gives aloose to personal matters, is hurtful in the extreme. A tale, however indifferent, once told, seldom fails of being repeated, and, especially if it be a family matter, generally is told again and again. It is obvious that it never loses in handing about,

but, like the often turning and changing of gold, accumulates even *ten-fold*. This is a circumstance well worthy the most serious consideration: it cannot be too much impressed upon our minds; nor can it be too early instilled into the principles of youth.

Numberless are the instances now present wherein the most trifling things have occasioned consequences the most alarming and momentous—Even the bare mention of a single word has been the means of interrupting the domestic peace and tranquillity of a family—of founding great and serious controversies, and of tearing the best of friends asunder: but at present it is deemed needless to be more particular in this point. Some future paper may perhaps be applied to the purpose, when time and opportunity shall suit.

In concluding this paper, it may not be amiss to request my gentle readers to direct their attention to the particular object of it. Tho' it may by some be deemed trifling and unworthy a single thought, yet its importance is far from being of the least. It is at all times necessary to be guarded in our speech. A moment's inattention may produce more mischief than years of industry can repair. Silence is commendable in many respects; but the loquacious tattler is ever despicable. *Truth* is a divine virtue; but *falsehood* has its origin in hell.—By being cautious in speech, and seeing and hearing without tattling, we shall not fail to possess the esteem of all good men—we shall act aright our parts—we shall be acceptable in the sight of our creator: while a contrary conduct will entail upon us all the horrid miseries of a degrading and dreadful reverse!

S.

A Letter from Mr. James M^r Henry, to the Editors of the Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia Almanack, containing particulars respecting Benjamin Banneker, a free Negro.

Baltimore, August 20, 1791.

Messrs. Goddard and Angell,

BENJAMIN BANNEKER, a free NEGRO, has calculated an ALMANACK, for the ensuing year, 1792, which being desirous to dispose of, to the best advantage, he has requested me to aid his application to you for that purpose. Having fully satisfied myself, with respect to his title to this kind of authorship, if you can agree with him for the price of his work, I may venture to assure you it will do you credit, as Editors, while it will afford you the opportunity to encourage talents that have thus far surmounted the most discouraging circumstances and prejudices.

This man is about fifty-nine years of age; he was born in *Baltimore County*; his father was an *African*, and his mother the offspring of *African* parents.—His father and mother having obtained their freedom, were enabled to send him to an obscure school, where he learned, when a boy, reading, writing, and arithmetic, as far as double position; and to leave him, at their deaths, a few acres of land, upon which he has supported himself ever since by means of œconomy and constant labour, and preserved a fair reputation. To struggle incessantly against want is no ways favorable to improvement: What he had learned, however, he did not forget; for as some hours of leisure will occur in the most toilsome life, he availed himself of these, not to read and acquire knowledge from writings of genius and discovery, for of such he had none, but to digest and apply, as occasions presented, the few principles of the few rules of arithmetic he had been taught at school. This kind of mental exercise formed his chief amuse-

ment, and soon gave him a facility in calculation that was often serviceable to his neighbours, and at length attracted the attention of the Messrs. *Ellicotts*, a family remarkable for their ingenuity and turn to the useful mechanics. It is about three years since Mr. *George Ellicott* lent him *Mayer's Tables*, *Ferguson's* astronomy, *Leadbeater's* Lunar-Tables, and some astronomic instruments, but without accompanying them with either hint or instruction, that might further his studies, or lead him to apply them to any useful result. These books and instruments, the first of the kind he had ever seen, opened a new world to *Benjamin*, and from thence forward he employed his leisure in astronomical researches. He now took up the idea of the calculations for an ALMANACK, and actually completed an entire set for the last year, upon his original stock of arithmetic. Encouraged by this first attempt, he entered upon his calculation for 1792, which, as well as the former, he began and finished without the least information, or assistance, from any person, or other books than those I have mentioned; so that, whatever merit is attached to his present performance, is exclusively and peculiarly his own.

I have been the more careful to investigate these particulars, and to ascertain their reality, as they form an interesting fact in the history of man; and as you may want them to gratify curiosity, I have no objection to your selecting them for your account of *Benjamin*.

I consider this Negro as a fresh proof that the powers of the mind are disconnected with the colour of the

the skin, or in other words, a striking contradiction to Mr *Hume's* doctrine, that "the Negroes are naturally inferior to the whites, and insusceptible of attainments in arts and sciences." In every civilized country we shall find thousands of whites, liberally educated, and who have enjoyed greater opportunities of instruction than this Negro, his inferiors in those intellectual acquirements and capacities that form the most characteristic feature in the human race. But the system that would assign to these degraded blacks an origin different from the whites, if it is not ready to be de-

serted by philosophers, must be relinquished as similar instances multiply; and that such must frequently happen cannot well be doubted, should no check impede the progress of humanity, which meliorating the condition of slavery, necessarily leads to its final extinction.—Let, however, the issue be what it will, I cannot but wish, on this occasion, to see the public patronage keep pace with my black friend's merit.

I am gentlemen,

Your most obedient servant,
JAMES M·HENRY.

LITERARY ANECDOTE,

Which ought to be had in everlasting remembrance.

THE performance known by the title of Burn's Treatise on the office of a Justice of Peace, was written by a poor clergyman in the north of England. He went to London to sell his manuscript, and enquired of the landlord at the inn where he lodged, if he was acquainted with any bookseller? The master of the house introduced him to a person in trade, who, after keeping the manuscript for examination eight days, at last offered him 20 pounds for it. After a variety of disappointments of the same kind, the author waited on Mr. Miller, who was rising fast into fame and fortune. He had sufficient strength of mind to see that "honesty is the best policy;" and by treating every writer with justice, and often with generosity, he acquired a most opulent fortune. He had in his employment gentlemen in every different branch of learning, who were to inform him of the merit of the different books submitted to their inspection. The manuscript in question was transmitted to a Scotch student in the temple, and Burn in the interim received a general invi-

tation to Mr. Miller's table. In eight or ten days, the manuscript was returned to Mr. Miller, with a note that it would be an excellent bargain at two hundred pounds. Next day after dinner, when the glass had begun to circulate, he asked Burn, what was the lowest sum that he would take? The poor man replied, that the highest offer which he had received was twenty pounds, a sum too small to defray the expences of his journey.—"Will you accept two hundred guineas?" said Mr. Miller. "Two hundred guineas!" cried the parson, clapping his hands, "I am extremely fortunate."—The book went through many impressions, and Miller, of his own good will, paid the clergyman an hundred pounds additional for each of them. As the author loved port, the bookseller farther gave him a letter of credit for the purchase of a pipe per annum during the rest of his life, in any wine-cellar in London, where he thought proper. "After all this," added Mr. Miller, in telling the story, "I have lived to clear eleven thousand pounds by the bargain."

Mr.

Mr. FORSYTH'S Discovery for curing Diseases and Injuries in Trees.

IN consequence of an address of the House of Commons to his Majesty, and of an examination made respecting the efficacy of a composition discovered by William Forsyth, for curing injuries and defects in trees, his Majesty has been pleased to grant a reward to Mr. Forsyth, for disclosing the method of making and using that Composition; and the following directions for that purpose are published accordingly.

TAKE one bushel of fresh cow-dung; half a bushel of lime-rubbish of old buildings (that from the cielings of rooms is preferable;) half a bushel of wood-ashes; and a sixteenth part of a bushel of pit or river sand. The three last articles are to be sifted fine before they are mixed, then work them well together with a spade, and afterwards with a wooden beater, until the stuff is very smooth, like fine plaster used for the cielings of rooms. The composition being thus made, care must be taken to prepare the tree properly for its application by cutting away all the dead, decayed, and injured part till you come to the fresh sound wood, leaving the surface of the wood very smooth, and rounding off the edges of the bark with a draw-knife, or other instrument, perfectly smooth, which must be particularly attended to. Then lay on the plaster about one-eighth of an inch thick, all over the part where the wood or bark has been so cut away, finishing off the edges as thin as possible. Then take a quantity of dry powder of wood-ashes, mix-

ed with a sixth part of the same quantity of the ashes of burnt bones; put it into a tin-box, with holes in the top, and shake the powder on the surface of the plaster, till the whole is covered over with it, letting it remain for half an hour, to absorb the moisture; then apply more powder, rubbing it on gently with the hand, and repeating the application of the powder, till the whole plaster becomes a dry smooth surface. All trees cut down near the ground should have the surface made quite smooth, rounding it off in a small degree, as before mentioned; and the dry powder directed to be used afterwards should have an equal quantity of powder of alabaster mixed with it, in order the better to resist the dripping of trees and heavy rains. If any of the composition be left for a future occasion, it should be kept in a tub, or other vessel, and urine of any kind poured on it, so as to cover the surface; otherwise the atmosphere will greatly hurt the efficacy of the application. Where lime-rubbish of old buildings cannot be easily got, take powder chalks, or common lime, after being slaked a month at least. As the growth of the tree will gradually effect the plaster, by raising up its edges next the bark, care should be taken, where that happens, to rub it over with the finger when occasion may require (which is best done when moistened by rain,) that the plaster may be kept whole, to prevent the hair and wet from penetrating into the wound.

WILLIAM FORSYTH.
[*Edinb. Mag.*]

ORIGIN of the NAME of WALES.

To Charles Runnington, Esq; Barrister at Law.

S I R,

ON a recent perusal of your edition of Sir Matthew Hale's History of the Common Law, I ob-

served an egregious error, for my correction of which you will doubtless be obliged to me.

In

In your annotations on the ninth chapter (letter B.) you observe, 'At what period the Britons were first called *Welsh*, or from whence the word *Wallia* is derived, is not, I believe, as yet ascertained: laborious may have been the researches, and various, no doubt, are the conjectures. From whatever origin the word may have been derived, it is not, however, unreasonable to suppose, that it was at first a term of reproach applied by the Saxons, since the Welsh almost invariably denominate themselves *Cymri*.'

Now, the etymon of the name is sufficiently obvious to preclude the necessity of laborious research, or hypothetical conjecture.

When the Saxons conquered this island, the few natives who escaped the general destruction retired to the mountainous country beyond the Severn, to which they gave the name, not of that which they had abandoned (however dear to them), but the generic one of their nation, *Gall*, which the Saxons, according to their practice, have changed into *W*, a letter peculiar to their own dialects. Thus they who retired to the western extremity of the island, applied also the national name to their territory, prefixing a term which in their language, as in its offspring the Latin, designates its geographical figure, *Corn* *Gall*, *Cornwall*, *quasi Cornu*.

The truth of this may be illustrated by other examples. About the time of Julius Cæsar the Germans made frequent incursions into Belgic

Gall, from which they were separated by the Rhine; and as the Roman power declined, they got possession of the whole country, and the posterity of these men from that circumstance acquired the name of *Walloons*. About the 8th century, a colony of Galls established themselves in Dacia upon the Danube, and called their territory *Gallacia*, which the Teutonic people who surrounded them changed into *Wallachia*. The Teutonic people on this side the Alps still call the Italians Welsh: *De la fiene que les Germaines au nord des Alpes appellent Wallaish et par contradiction Wallish le peuple qui sur leur frontiere habite l'ancienne Gaule Cisalpine et les Italiens en general*.*

Geraldus Camb. testifies that '*Adulterino vocabulo usitatoque magis sed proprio minus, modernis diebus Wallia dicitur*.' And *Wallis, literarum g & w frequentissima est commutatio* (Preface). And Spelman, *Galli semper g utuntur pro Sax. w.† (Gloss. verbo Garrantie)*.

But the universal usage of the French nation, calling the *Welsh* Gales, and the Prince of that territory *le Prince du Gale*, were sufficient to supercede conjecture. For the etymology of *Cymri*, I would refer you to the Gentleman's Magazines of March and April, 1788, under the title of '*Observations on Pinkerton's Dissertation on the Goths or Scythians*.'—I have the honour to be, &c. &c. J. Y.

London-street, April 27, 1789.

[*Eur. Mag.*]

* *Etats formé en Europe apres la Chute de l'Empire Romain en Occident, par D'Anville, page 20.*

† *Examples of the Saxon practice in appellative words, beginning with g, are, wæger, warden, wardrobe, warranty, war; to which may be added, the name of William; for gager, gardant, garde, garrantie, guerre, and Guillaume.*

C U R S O R Y R E M A R K S

On the late Pamphlets of the Right Hon. Mr. BURKE, and of Mr. PAINE; with Reflections on the Revolution in France, and also on the present State of Government in England.

[Continued from page 505.]

BY reading Mr. Burke's Reflections, a person unacquainted with the true state of things would suppose the English nation to be in the zenith of her power and prosperity; that her citizens were happy, and without any cause of complaint; but the reverse is at present the fact; and it is no hard matter to expose the unfairness of Mr. Burke's representations.

The English nation, at the expiration of a long, an expensive, and an unsuccessful war, found her situation and finances extremely impaired and deranged; her empire had been dismembered and drained of a vast number of her most useful citizens, who had either perished by the calamities which attended the war, or had emigrated to the United States of America and to other countries: the incredible sum of one hundred millions sterling had been expended by their military operations; their taxes were increased, and the people were impoverished and oppressed.

It was to be expected, that under such circumstances their government would have adopted lenient and economical measures; that they would have retrenched all unnecessary and superfluous expences, and endeavoured to have conciliated the confidence, esteem and affections of the people, by a removal of their grievances and complaints: but the parliament were venal and mercenary, and the ministry despotic and corrupt.

The minister (Mr. Pitt) instead of endeavouring to diminish and reduce the national debt, by a proper application of the sinking fund, which was actually established, has, in fact,

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 10.

increased it, by involving the nation in continental intrigues and disputes: he has expended near five millions sterling in the late differences with Spain, and he has gained a bubble in return.

Can a nation, who are not the miserable dupes of a corrupt and designing ministry, suffer the public money to be lavishly spent and thrown away as it is now in England? Their pension list is a keen satire on the public sense of the nation. They suffer their money to be taken out of their pockets without any manner of resistance, and that very money is the instrument and the price of their oppression. Such a particular sum is given by the minister to such a particular lord, knight, or esquire, for the purpose of obtaining a seat in the House of Commons, or bestowed for some particular and secret services rendered not to the public but to the court. And even the debts incurred by the hopeful heir apparent to the crown, in gaming, horse-racing, &c. have been defrayed out of the public treasury.

The English nation, ever since the Hanoverian succession, have been egregiously imposed upon and deceived by their German kings. They have already expended for the protection of Hanover, three times as much as it is worth; and large sums of money are every year paid as subsidies to the petty princes of Germany, for the support, protection and defence of a foreign dominion. The dearest interests of a great, a mighty and a magnanimous people, have been sacrificed to the petty elector of a contemptible electorate, to the servile

E e e e

cup-

cup-bearer of the German Emperor.

If it is asked what is become of the specie which ought now to have remained in the British nation from the balance of their extensive commerce, a ready answer may be made, by replying, that no inconsiderable part of it is gone to the avaricious, mean and petty despots of Germany: it has been the subsidy-money for troops to guard Hanover; it has been the price and the exchange of blood.

The people of England have for a long time boasted of their freedom; but they in fact have never enjoyed it in its pure state. It is true that their situation was desirable when compared with that of the other nations of Europe; but much yet remains to be done.

The oppressions which the English nation have to complain of, are derived and may be deduced from three or four principal sources; from the usurped, illegal and arbitrary prerogatives of the crown—from many tyrannical, unjust and oppressive statute laws, formed from the extensive remains of feudal ignorance and barbarity, and the feudal principles of conquest—from a system of corruption, dishonesty and bribery in parliament, and from the want of a just and equal representation.

The property of all the land in the British dominions is supposed to vest and reside in the crown, and they are all said to be held mediately or immediately of the king, as the lord paramount of all. This notion also proceeds from the unjust maxims adopted by the old feudal system, and it is slavish and unjust in the extreme. For my own part, I confess, after all my researches, and after all the attention that I have bestowed upon the subject, I cannot find a single point or reason that can justify such a position.

If this proposition were true at any time, it must have been so at the time

of the Norman conquest. It is a fact well known, that the conqueror seized upon all the lands in the kingdom, and parcelled them out among his followers and his new English subjects. They were then loaded with all the intolerant services incident to a state of vassalage, and to the feudal system of tenure.

This property of the crown to all the land in the kingdom, or in other words, to the kingdom itself, upon whatever principle it is defended, whether by conquest, by grant, or by prescription, must certainly appear as very fallacious and absurd.

If it is defended by virtue of conquest, or, as it is sometimes a little more mildly termed, acquist, I reply, that neither William of Normandy could, nor can any other person gain a just title by force. They may indeed gain possession, but they can never acquire a right by that means. The Abbe Raynal judiciously and expressly observes, that "conquest binds no more than theft."

If it is claimed by force of a grant, I demand that this grant be produced; if it is not or cannot be produced, the right pretended to have arisen from it must of course fall to the ground. But even if it were possible to produce such a grant, I must ask, when and at what time there existed a body of men capable of making it, and of giving and granting away all the land in the kingdom to a certain family, or to a certain imaginary thing, for themselves and for all their posterity in infinitum? If the persons who make a grant exceed their power and authority, it is so far void *ab initio*.

But let us suppose that the assertors of monarchy and the advocates of power should, with all the stern voice of oppression, cry out, We disclaim all title by virtue of a grant, and our title is not solely founded upon conquest; we have all sanctifying and justifying prescription in our favour, and

and time will give colour to our claim—I reply, that this defence is too weak to admit of enquiry.

No length of time can give a sanction to force or to fraud. A right acquired by mere violence is no right at all, and consequently none can descend: And no prescription or length of time can be set up against the law of nature and the inalienable and inherent rights of mankind. It may not be improper to inform these gentlemen, that oppression can never be justified by force of prescription, and that old and inveterate evils, like old and virulent cancers, require harsher and more violent remedies.

This is making large strides at arbitrary power and dominion: it is giving to the crown the whole kingdom: it is making the king the universal landholder and landlord of the soil; and it is constituting the whole nation his mere tenants. He is made the sovereign arbiter, disposer and owner of all the real property in Great-Britain.

I deny that a king of England, as such, has an equitable right to an inch of landed property in the whole kingdom, though as a private individual he may possess as much as he is able to purchase. If it is asked, what is become of all the lands which have accrued to the crown by reason of escheats, forfeitures, &c. I answer by placing them on the same footing with the former—I am solely contending for the mere abstract principle of right.

That the king is the fountain of all honour is a principle, if possible, more foolishly absurd than the former. It has always been the policy of kings to inspire into the minds of the people an idea that they possess every great and good quality, which can either demand their admiration or ensure their respect. We may as well say, that the king is the sole

monopolizer of all goodness and virtue, as to say that he is in possession of all the honour in the kingdom.

From this principle, absurd and false as it is, the prerogative of conferring titles and peerages entirely proceeds. This prerogative throws an undue proportion of power into the hands of the king; for by this means he is enabled to carry every question that is agitated in the House of Lords, and to secure a majority in case they should prove refractory, by intruding into that house a number of his own creatures: and indeed it was contended by a venerable peer,* in the case of Lord George Germaine, that the king has no authority to create a new peer without the approbation and consent of the house of peers upon this very consideration.

The king may also protect debtors from the public justice of the nation, and defraud creditors of their just debts, by granting his writ of protection.

He may hinder the free citizens of England from leaving the kingdom, and render their island a prison for life, by issuing his writ of *ne exeat regnum*.

He may recall a citizen from abroad, and seize upon his estate till he returns.

Allegiance is said to be due to the natural and not to the politic person of the king; to the man, and not to the office. This is reversing the order of things.

The king is said to be the fountain of justice; and it is said, that all the judicial authority exercised in the English nation is derived from the crown.

The king hath the sole prerogative of appointing officers, and all officers are said to derive their authority mediately or immediately from him.

The power of making war or peace in England, is singly vested in the crown.

The

* *Duke of Richmond.*

The king, in the plenitude and fullness of his prerogative, hath the power of dispensing with the positive laws of the land, by his dispensations and clauses of *non obstante*; but the king can do no wrong.

The English nation have for a long time quarrelled about simple names. The English monarch issues his proclamations—the French king had his edicts.

We will now dismiss these exceptionable prerogatives of the king, and take into our consideration for a moment, a few of the statutes or acts of parliament which operate as hardships and grievances to the English nation. Of these, some of the principal are the forest and game laws, the laws which respect the established church and uniformity in religion, the excise laws, and the numerous code of penal laws and statutes creating new felonies and constituting new offences.

It is a circumstance truly surprising, that a nation boasting of their liberties, should suffer such palpable oppressions as the game and forest laws are to exist for a moment; and that more attention should be paid to the preservation of the breed of deers, hares and foxes, than to the dearest liberties and most sacred birth-rights of the citizen. Were the immense and fertile lands which compose the forests in England seized into the hands of the nation, and sold for their benefit, the national debt would be reduced, and these hitherto useless and unprofitable lands would be occupied by laborious, honest and industrious citizens.

His present majesty commenced his reign with arbitrary and oppressive acts respecting the game—the penalty inflicted upon every person who shall kill a partridge, pheasant, or grouse, after a particular and stated time, is no less than five pounds, and even this penalty, large as it is, was extended by an act passed in the 13th

year of George III. to between ten and twenty pounds for the first offence, and twenty and thirty pounds for the second.

By an act passed the same year, persons killing pheasant, hares, &c. or using dog, gun, snare, or engine, to kill or take, between seven o'clock at night and six in the morning, from October 12th to the 12th day of February, and between nine o'clock at night and four in the morning, from the 12th day of February to the 12th day of October, upon conviction before one justice of the peace, forfeit for the first offence between ten and twenty pounds; for the second offence between twenty and thirty pounds, with costs, or for want of a sufficient distress, shall be committed for three months; for the third offence he shall forfeit fifty pounds, with costs, and for want of distress, shall suffer from six to twelve months imprisonment, and be publicly whipped; and the punishment for stealing a dog, or even for receiving him after he has been stolen, is nearly as severe.

By the law of nature, which should be the foundation of all the human laws, property remained in common among all the children of mankind, and the doctrine of exclusive property was altogether unknown—it was the idea of absolute necessity, and in order to promote the general convenience and the general interest of society that gave rise to the absolute property of an individual to a particular thing. In the general distribution of property there were some things which, from their nature, never could, should, or ought to be enjoyed and occupied in exclusion of the rest of the world; such was the air, the ocean, and other great bodies of water, and such all that class of animals which were either entirely useless or could never be domesticated; these were distinguished in England by the general denomination of game.

These

These animals, therefore, having never at the general distribution of property been appropriated to the use of individuals, must of course belong to the society in its aggregate or collective capacity: but here the crown steps forward, in total exclusion of all justice, equity and right, and sets up a title to the whole of this property, as the universal occupant of all unappropriated things.

By the natural law, the only way of gaining a property in these animals was by seizing them into the hands of the person who wanted them, and who thus declared his intention to appropriate them to his own particular use. By this means the title by occupancy was gained, which remained as long as the property remained in the hands of its possessor. But in the present case, these arbitrary acts, in direct violation of every principle of natural justice and of natural law, forbid even the lawful owners and possessors of the soil to use their natural rights and privileges, or even to shoot a partridge upon their own ground. Upon the principle that the ultimate fee of these lands is in the king, and that at the time of making the grant he reserved the right to all the game that might thereafter be found upon the same, to himself, and to his heirs and successors forever. Thus it is, that a principle which is only defended as a legal fiction, is converted into real use. Thus the people are oppressed, and the laws of equity, justice, and of truth, are violated and trampled to the dust.

The spirit of persecution which, under the name and disguise of religion, benevolence and meekness, has so long served the purposes of tyranny, oppression and power, must cease the moment that the rights of mankind are fully recognized and established. Religion depends entirely upon the sentiments and opinions of its pro-

fessors, and these are too subtle, refined and involuntary to submit to the government of others.

All citizens residing in a community that is really free, whatever their religious sentiments or belief may be, are equally entitled to the protection of the laws, and to their just and equal share in the legislature and government. In England all non-conformists to the doctrines, form, and worship of one particular and established church, are included under the general name and denomination of heretics.

The natural rights, liberties and privileges, and the just and equal rights of representation which equally belong to every member of society, are confined solely to the members of the Church of England, as it is established by law, and to them only are all places of honour and of profit open, while a numerous, patriotic, and respectable class of citizens are treated as non-entities, and have as little share or agency in the government as if they had never existed.

Mr. Paine, with the strictest propriety and truth, treats this religious intolerance as a wicked and presumptuous impiety; but as it is to be hoped that his celebrated, his animated performance is in the hands of every person, I will take the liberty of referring to him upon the subject.

Religion, when kept within the bounds of reason and moderation, is of the utmost utility, importance, and advantage to civil government; its influence and effect upon the mind and conscience of men, is a mutual bond of security, and a binding and reciprocal obligation for the performance of all the duties which arise from the social compact, and that the different members of the community will refrain from the commission of all those acts which are either *mala in se*, or prohibited by the

the laws of society. Religion is called in as a powerful aid, support, and assistance to the coercive power of the judicial department, and its influence in the legislative and executive is no less visibly seen, or less forcibly felt; it obliges men in courts of justice and in public offices, under the ceremony of an oath, to confine themselves to strict and impartial justice, and to strict and impartial truth.

The acts for the establishment of an uniformity and similarity in religion, have produced an effect directly contrary and opposite; they excited the indignation and the anger of mankind at their feeble attempt to enthrall their conscience, and to influence and enforce their sentiments and opinion—the number of dissenters increased—the government at last were reduced to the necessity of granting them toleration, or of losing a great number of opulent citizens, and industrious and useful artizans and mechanics: This produced the acts for toleration, the corporation, and the test act. The numerous and respectable body of dissenters are at this moment deprived of their just rights and privileges, by the most odious and unjust oppression. They reside in a country without participating in its general government, and are, in effect, hewers of wood and drawers of water to their brethren.

And even this toleration, slight and inefficacious as it is, they hold on a

tenure extremely feeble and precarious; the same parliament which granted it, and in which they have not even the shadow of a representation, may deprive them of it in a moment, without any ceremony or excuse.

The excise laws, whether we consider them on account of their general nature and principles, or upon account of their operation and effect, must appear as tyrannical and arbitrary in the extreme.

These are duties laid upon the inland productions of the country, and upon articles which custom has reckoned among the necessities of life. This burthen, therefore, must chiefly affect the poorer class and the lower order of citizens; it is laying the expences of the state upon the shoulders of those persons who are the least able to bear or to defray them.

The method by which this tax is collected and levied, has chiefly served to render it unpopular and odious. The officers of the excise, a myrmidonian band, a prætorian legion, and a formidable phalanx to tyranny, like caterpillars and like locusts, have overspread the kingdom. They are empowered by law to invade the inmost and most private recesses of families, and to infringe upon the rules and regulations of domestic economy—The evil is generally felt, and a remedy is universally demanded.

(To be continued.)

The HAPPY MAN; and TRUE GENTLEMAN.

THE HAPPY MAN was born in the city of *Regeneration*, in the parish of *Repentance unto Life*. He was educated at the school of *Obedience*, and lives now in *Perseverance*: he works at the trade of diligence, notwithstanding he has a large estate in the county of *Christian Contentment*; and many times does jobs of self-denial.

He wears the plain garb of *humility*, and has a better suit to put on when he goes to court, called, *The Robe of Christ's Righteousness*: he often walks in the valley of *Self-Abasement*, and sometimes climbs the mountain of *Spiritual Mindfulness*: he breakfasts every morning upon *spiritual prayer*, and sups every evening upon the same: he has meat to eat that the world

world knows not of, and his drink is the *sincere milk of the word*.

Thus happy he lives, and happy he dies.

Happy is he who has gospel submission in his will, due order in his affections, sound peace in his conscience, sanctifying grace in his soul, true humility in his heart, real divinity in his breast, the Redeemer's yoke on his neck, a vain world under his feet, and a crown of glory over his head. Happy is the life of such a person!

In order to attain which, *Pray fervently, believe firmly, wait patiently, work abundantly, live holily, die daily; watch your heart, guide your senses, redeem your time, love CHRIST, and long for glory.*

A true gentleman is God's servant, the world's master, and his own man. *Virtue* is his business, *study* his recreation, *contentment* his rest, and *happi-*

ness his reward. God is his father, the church is his mother, the saints are his brethren, and he is a friend to all that need him. *Heaven* is his inheritance, *religion* is his mistress, *loyalty* and *justice* his two maids of honour, *devotion* is his chaplain, *chastity* his chamberlain, *sobriety* his butler, *temperance* his cook, *hospitality* his housekeeper, *providence* his steward, *charity* his treasurer, *piety* his mistress of the house, and *discretion* is porter, to let in and out, as is most fit.

Thus is his whole family made up of virtues, and he is the true master of the family.

He is necessitated to take the world in his way to HEAVEN, but he walks through it as fast as he can; and all his business by the way is to GLORIFY the name of GOD, and do good to mankind.

Take him all in two words; he is A MAN, A CHRISTIAN.

C H A R G E,

Delivered in Rhode-Island College, by the Hon. DAVID HOWELL, Esq; to the Graduates, on a late Commencement Day.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN,

THE occasion which has devolved on me the duty of addressing you, cannot fail to impress your minds with an uncommon degree of seriousness.

Your beloved President, from whose lips you have been accustomed to receive lessons of Wisdom, is not here to give you his last benediction—He is gone to the World of Spirits—and, as we hope and trust, to receive the rewards of his labours of Love and of Virtue.

The patrons of the College could not, however, permit you to bid adieu to this Institution without authorising one of their number to address you.

Altho' I have not a personal acquaintance with all of you, and cannot, therefore, be supposed to enter-

tain such an affectionate solicitude for your welfare as your immediate Instructors; yet, the part I have taken as an Overseer of your progress in learning, and the former relation I sustained to this College, for many years, as a Teacher, awaken in me, on this solemn occasion, the most tender and sincere concern for your future welfare in life.

The pittance of time allotted to a collegiate education, can only suffice to lay the foundation of learning: the superstructure must be reared by the assiduous attention of after years.

This day enlarges you into the world. Extensive fields open to your view. You have to explore the scenes, and to make an election of the character that best pleases you on the great Theatre of Life.

“ Seeketh

"*Seekest thou great things to thyself? Seek them not,*" said the ancient prophet to Baruck his scholar and scribe. An overweening fondness for our own abilities leads us, in the ardour of youth, to pourtray in our imagination future greatness: Time and experience only can correct the error, and reduce us to think of ourselves soberly, and as we ought. Human life is full of disappointments.

A readiness to listen to council is the surest mark of wisdom in youth—"in the multitude of council there is safety." When therefore you are about to take any important step in life, omit not to consult your friends; and let your decision be the result of deep reflection, and the most careful circumspection.

If you wish for prosperity in your worldly affairs, rise early in the morning, and attend to your own business with diligence, punctuality and order—pay a sacred regard to truth and justice—live temperately, and moderate your passions by listening to the voice of reason. Take not the lead in fashions—nor suffer yourselves to be noted for singularity. Discover your knowledge on proper occasions, but avoid an affected and pedantic display of it.

Let the Rights of man ever be held sacred—a moment's reflection will convince you that others' rights are as inviolable as your own; and a small degree of virtue will lead you to respect them. He that serves mankind most successfully, and with the best principles, serves his Creator most acceptably. Be cautious of bandying into parties—they regard neither the abilities nor virtues of men, but only their subserviency to present purposes—they are a snare to virtue, and a mischief to society—With this caution on your mind, you will never revile or speak ill of whole sects, classes or societies of men.

In the choice of friends and com-

panions, rather aspire to those above you in life, than sink to those below; the former line of conduct will mark a generous ambition, the latter indicates baseness and exility of thought; from the former you are to expect advantages, from the latter an incumbrance. To obtain this object will require the extension of your abilities and the growth of your virtues.

Never aim to rise in life by depressing others—it is more manly to rely on the strength of one's own abilities and merit. Avoid publishing or even listening to scandal. To mention with pleasure the virtues even of a rival, denotes a great mind.

Trifle not with yourselves, nor suffer yourselves to be trifled with by others. If you rightly estimate your own merit, the world will not long differ from you. Avoid contradictions, or soften them. Aim to instruct and entertain your company rather than to divert them with the affectation of wit and scurrility of a droll.

Render to your superiors due respect. Order is Heaven's first law. Nature teaches subordination—society demands it. The best soldiers make the best officers, and the best citizens the best rulers—Yet carefully distinguish the honors paid to rank and office, from those paid to personal merit; and let the latter be the principal object of your ambition.

Forget not this precious motto—*Nihil humanum a me puto alienum.*" Consider every one in human shape as your brother—and "*let Charity in golden links of love connect you with the brotherhood of Man*"—Let your benevolence be broad as the ocean—your candour brilliant as the sun, and your compassion and humanity extensive as the human race.

The brevity and uncertainty of life should admonish us never to procrastinate the duties of the present time. Of all things our salvation is
of

of the greatest moment. Man is fallen into a wretched state of sin and depravity, and needs a renovation of nature—the implantation and cultivation of the sublime virtues of Christianity, to restore him to his true dignity—to qualify him for happiness.—The very natures of God and his creatures give birth to fixed and immutable relations between them. These are the foundations of virtue, and as solid as those of the everlasting mountains. It is not possible for man to become happy otherwise than by conforming to the Laws of his Nature—by becoming really and truly such as man ought to be, in thought, word and deed.

The sacred scriptures are to be the study of your lives; nor let it be thought an employment beneath a gentleman. Newton, Locke, and the most eminent Philosophers studied and wrote commentaries on them. It is a mark of vanity to speak lightly of revelation: not to admire those ancient and sublime books shews a want of taste in fine writing as well as of real judgment in discerning truth. And here let me caution you never to ridicule whatever may be held sacred by any devout and judicious man. If you cannot join with him, at least do not disturb him by your irreverence.

Young gentlemen, it is your good fortune to enter on life in a country peculiarly favoured by the bounteous hand of Nature, and blessed with the

best government in the world. Your education distinguishes you among your fellows—the eyes of many are fixed on you. Your parents and friends have, no doubt, the most flattering hopes of your future eminence; do not disappoint them. The patrons of this College also feel a peculiar interest in your prosperity; let me intreat you, therefore, as you esteem your friends, as you respect the place of your education, resolve to act your parts in life well, and may Heaven strengthen you with grace so to do.

The day is at hand when all of us, whether young or old now, must appear and give an account of our conduct before the Creator and Governor of the world—“*that is the day of days, the important day*”—as the Poet says—“*for which all other days were made.*” Time, with all its concerns and enjoyments will then vanish from our eager grasp—Eternity will then commence—and a solemn COMMENCEMENT will *that* be—Your worthy President has gone before you—If you loved him, or if you even love yourselves, let me in the most earnest and solemn manner, call on you to recollect, and imprint on your memory, his pious care over you—his faithful Admonitions, and his amiable example, and to prepare to follow him.

In behalf of the Corporation, young gentlemen, I bid you FAREWELL.

On BENEVOLENCE, in Opposition to SELF-LOVE.

[From the Fool of Quality.]

IT is (said the earl) an established maxim among all thinking men, whether divines or philosophers, that *self-love* is the motive of all human actions.—Virtue forbid! exclaimed Mr. Meekly: All actions are justly held good or evil, base or honourable, detestable or amiable, merely according to their motives: but if the motive is the same to all, there is an end, at once, to the possibility of virtue: the cruel and the kind, the faithful and the perfidious, the prostitute and the patriot, are confounded together.

Do not all men (returned the earl)

F f f f

act

act agreeable to their own propensities and inclinations? Do they not act so or so, merely because it pleases them so to act? And is not this pleasure the same motive in all?—By no means, my lord; it never was, nor can be, the motive in any: We must go a question deeper, to discover the secret principle or spring of action. One man is pleased to do good, another is pleased to do evil: Now, whence is it that each is pleased with purposes in their nature so opposite and irreconcilable? Because, my lord, propensities, or motives to action, in each, are as opposite and irreconcilable as the actions themselves: The one is prompted, and therefore pleased, with his purpose of doing evil to others, through some base prospect of interest redounding to himself; the other is prompted and spurred, and therefore pleased with his purpose, endangering his person, or suffering in his fortune, through the benevolent prospect of the good that shall thereby redound to others.

Pleasure is, itself, an effect; and cannot be the cause, or principle, or motive to any thing: it is an agreeable sensation, that arises in any animal, on its meeting or contemplating an object that is suited to its nature. As far as the nature of such an animal is evil, evil objects can alone affect it with pleasure; as far as the nature of such an animal is good, the object must be good whereby its pleasures are excited.

When Damon was sentenced, by Dyonisius of Syracuse, to die on such a day, he prayed permission, in the interim, to retire to his country, to set the affairs of his disconsolate family in order. This the tyrant intended most peremptorily to refuse, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impossible condition of his procuring some one to remain as hostage for his return, under the equal forfeiture of life. Pythias heard

the condition, and did not wait for an application on the part of Damon; he instantly offered himself to surety, in the place of his friend, and Damon was accordingly set at liberty.

The king and all his courtiers, were astonished at this action; as they could not account for it on any allowed principles. *Self-interest*, in their judgment, was the sole mover of human affairs; and they looked on virtue, friendship, benevolence, love of country, and the like, as terms invented by the wise to impose upon the weak. They therefore attributed this act of Pythias to the extravagance of his folly, to the defect of head merely, and no way to any virtue or good quality of heart.

When the day of the destined execution drew near, the tyrant had the curiosity to visit Pythias in his dungeon. Having reproached him for the romantic stupidity of his conduct, and rallied him some time, on his madness in presuming that Damon, by his return, would prove as great a fool as himself,—My lord, (said Pythias, with a firm voice and noble aspect) I would it were possible that I might suffer a thousand deaths, rather than my friend should fail in any article of his honour. He cannot fail therein, my lord: I am as confident of his virtue, as I am of my own existence. But I pray, I beseech the gods, to preserve the life and integrity of my Damon together. Oppose him, ye winds! prevent the eagerness and impatience of his honourable endeavours! and suffer him not to arrive till, by my death, I have redeemed a life a thousand times of more consequence—more estimation—than my own; more estimable to his lovely wife—to his precious little innocents—to his friends—to his country! O, leave me not to die the worst of deaths in my Damon!

Dionysius was confounded and awed by the dignity of these sentiments,

ments, and by the manner still more sentimental, in which they were uttered. He felt his heart struck by a slight sense of invading truth: but it served rather to perplex than to deceive him. He hesitated—he would have spoken—but he looked down, and retired in silence.

The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth; and walked, amidst the guard, with a serious but satisfied air, to the place of execution.

Dionysius was already there. He was exalted on a moving throne, that was drawn by six white horses, and sat pensive, and attentive to the demeanour of the prisoner. Pythias came—he vaulted lightly on the scaffold—and, beholding for some time the apparatus of his death, he turned, with a pleased countenance, and addressed the assembly:—

“My prayers are heard, (he cried) the gods are propitious! You know, my friends, that the winds have been contrary till yesterday; Damon could not come, he could not conquer impossibilities; he will be here to-morrow, and the blood which is shed to-day shall have ransomed the life of my friend. O, could I erase from your bosoms every doubt, every mean suspicion, of the honour of the man for whom I am about to suffer, I should go to my death even as I would to my bridal! Be it sufficient, in the mean time, that my friend will be found noble; that his truth is unimpeachable; that he will speedily approve it; that he is now on his way, hurrying on, accusing himself, the adverse elements, and the gods. But I haste to prevent his speed: Executioner! to your office.”

As he pronounced the last words, a buz began to arise among the re-

motest of the people: A distant voice was heard—the croud caught the words—and, *Stop—stop the execution!*—was repeated by the whole assembly.

A man came at full speed: The throng gave way to his approach. He was mounted on a steed of fame. In an instant he was off his horse, on the scaffold, and held Pythias straitly embraced.

“You are safe, (he cried) you are safe, my friend, my beloved; the gods be praised, you are safe! I now have nothing but death to suffer; and I am delivered from the anguish of those reproaches which I gave myself, for having endangered a life so much dearer than my own.”

Pale, cold, and half speechless, in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied, in broken accents—“Fatal haste! cruel impatience! What envious powers have wrought impossibilities in your favour? But, I will not be wholly disappointed: since I cannot die to save, I will not survive you!”

Dionysius heard, beheld, and considered all with astonishment. His heart was touched; his eyes were opened; and he could no longer refuse his assent to truths so incontestably approved by their facts.

He descended from his throne: he ascended the scaffold—“Live, live, ye incomparable pair! (he exclaimed). Ye have borne unquestionable testimony to the existence of virtue; and that equally evinces the certainty of the existence of a God to reward it. Live happy, live renowned! and, O, form me by your precepts, as ye have invited me by your example, to be worthy of the participation of so sacred a friendship!”

FEMALE HEROISM REWARDED.

Extract from the Journals of Congress of the 6th July, 1779.

RESOLVED, that MARGARET CORBIN, who was wounded and disabled at the attack on Fort

Washington, whilst she heroically filled the post of her husband, who was killed

killed by her side, serving a piece of artillery, do receive, during her natural life, or the continuance of the said disability, the one half of the monthly pay drawn by a soldier in

service of these States; and that she now receive, out of the public stores, one complete suit of clothes, or the value thereof in money."

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

THOUGHTS on the IMPORTANCE of the SEASON of YOUTH.

Addressed to Juvenile Readers.

WE are all of us in the bloom of years. We have ascended but a comparatively small distance up the hill of life. We are in that region where the sun sheds his mildest and most favourable rays, and where flowers spontaneously spring to enamel and perfume our paths. Arbors too of the most enchanting, though unhallowed pleasures, are scattered on every side, and invite us to participate of their sweets. Our horizon is but little extended, and our acquaintance with objects generally imperfect. Youth, on account of its high-raised expectations, and its sanguine hopes, is ever liable to disappointment and deception. Little consideration is necessary to convince us that this season of life is both very important and very dangerous—Important, because on it depends consequences of the greatest moment; and, dangerous, because the empire of reason is not secured against the attacks of vice and the impetuosity of passion.

Youth is important, chiefly, because principles are then implanted in the mind. By principles we here mean those fixed views of things, in reference to which we order all our actions and conduct. The mind, when young, is so pliant and tender that it may be bent in almost any direction: It is easily susceptible of whatever impression you choose to make, which it receives so deeply as to defy the power of time, and even subsequent education, entirely to eradicate. The principles, therefore,

which are imbibed at this season, take a lasting root, incorporate in a manner with our very nature, and in the words of a poet, "grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength." Now the character assumes its general colours, and exhibits the future man, in a faint, though a true picture.

If the principles which a young man imbibes and cultivates, are incompatible with right reason, and consequently inconsistent with laws both human and divine, what can we expect from him that will redound to his own honour or the good of society? Where is the foundation for noble achievements, or noble exertions, in the service of his friends and country? Indeed, the world may often admire splendid and heroic feats, when those who performed them acted from no other motive than ambitious views, the love of fame, or some other pernicious passion. But though persons devoid of honorable principles, may, by some happy manœuvre, acquire a sort of temporal glory, yet, they can never be depended on in the moment of exigency. Actions, uniformly great and disinterested, can never flow from principles which are not established on the firm basis of truth and virtue: and should even the whole world applaud a man for his useful and brilliant services, yet, if they do not proceed from a sincere view to promote the good which they may ultimately produce, he will fail of the best reward—the approbation of his conscience,

science, and the approbation of his God. We cannot deny that some wicked men have acquired immortal renown, such as Cæsar, Alexander, and others; and so would even a Cataline, had his plans proved successful. When a man, of whatever description his character may be, gains immense wealth or unbounded empire, the world is ready to distinguish him by the appellations of great, heroic, and good; but should he grasp at dominion, and fail in the attempt, it is as ready to alter its language, and brand him with the epithets of villany and disgrace, not considering that an action is great or good, only as far as it corresponds with proper views.

Let us now descend to the situation of him who has spent his youth in the service of vice, and has never been properly fortified against the artifices of pleasure. The heart naturally propense to wickedness, feels no restraint while indulging a prevailing passion—Whatever presents itself, possessed of only seeming charms, captivates his affections before reason can make a true representation—The gratification of his appetites appears a much greater good than either the praise of his fellow citizens, or the approving reflections of his own conscience. To him virtue is a phantom, religion nothing but a fiction, and even honour itself, the offspring of fashion and caprice. What diabolical action would such a person hesitate to achieve? Let an advantage be offered, or let some pleasure only be promised in the result, and he is immediately prepared to perpetrate the blackest crimes. Your property, your life, are not regarded—Your reputation and honour bleed whenever they come before this assassin. In a word, remove the dread of punishment, and such a character will present a devil in human form.

How unhappy must be the conse-

quences to that individual who has never been taught properly to estimate the importance of youth, but has spent it in ignorance and wickedness. No soothing reflections in the night of calamity compose his soul, and yield him the balm of inward joy. He has not maintained an intercourse with his own spirit, much less had communication with the inexhausted source of all happiness. He has made all mankind, but more especially the good, his irreconcilable enemies. His former friends, (if they may be accounted friends who were his companions only in guilt) abandon him as soon as he is attacked by the blasts of adversity. He is possessed of nothing internally or externally which will enable him to endure the pinching hand of poverty, the pains of disease, or the contempt of the world. To such a situation, what can succeed but an end of woe? It might perhaps open too gloomy a scene to draw the curtain and expose this wretch on his dying bed, and in his last moments. If he had nothing to comfort him in lighter afflictions, what shall he do in this dreadful extremity? The God of all consolation has forsaken him. There is no approving conscience, no forgiving judge—The terrors of death assail him, and the cold drops of sweat roll down his palled cheeks—Insupportable agonies dart through his vitals, and the wildness of despair is painted on his ghastly countenance—Struggling, though unable to resist, his soul departs in groans.

“A little longer, yet a little longer
“O might she stay to wash away her crimes,
“And fit her for her passage; mournful sight!
“Her very eyes weep blood, and every groan
“She heaves is big with horror; but the foe,
“Like a staunch murd’rer, steady to his purpose,
“Pursues her close thro’ ev’ry lane of life,
“Nor misses once the track, but presses on
“Till forc’d at last to the tremendous verge,
“At once she sinks.”——

(To be continued.)

Narrative

Narrative of Facts supposed to throw Light on the History of the Bristol Stranger, known by the Name of the Maid of the Hay-Stack.

Translated from the French.

THE following little narrative is so strictly and literally true, that it does not require any ornament from fiction, or any embellishment from language. Those, for whom truth has any charms, will feel it, and to such only it is written. I shall relate it with the utmost simplicity, and the closest adherence to fact.

Near four years ago, a young woman stopped at a small village near Bristol, and begged the refreshment of a little milk.

There was something so attractive in her whole appearance as to engage the attention of all around her. She was extremely young, and strikingly beautiful; her manners graceful and elegant, and her countenance interesting to the last degree. She was alone—a stranger—and in extreme distress; yet she uttered no complaints, and used no arts to excite compassion. Her whole deportment and conversation bore visible marks of superior breeding; yet there was a wildness, an incoherence, and want of consistency in all she said and did. All day she wandered about in search of a place to lay her wretched head, and at night actually took up her lodging under an old hay-stack.

The neighbouring ladies remonstrated with her on the danger of so exposed a situation, but in vain; their bounty supplied her with the necessaries of life, but neither prayers nor menaces could induce her to sleep in a house. As she sometimes discovered evident marks of insanity, she was at length confined.

I pass over this period of her history—it is too touching for my own feelings;—it would too tenderly affect the sensibility of the reader.

At length she was released; with

all the speed her small remains of strength allowed, she flew to her beloved hay-stack, though it was six miles from the place of her confinement. Her rapture was inexpressible on finding herself at liberty, and once more safe beneath this miserable shelter.

It is now near four years since this forlorn creature has devoted herself to this desolate life, since she has known the comfort of a bed or the protection of a roof. Hardship, sickness, intense cold, and extreme misery, have gradually injured her health and impaired her beauty: but she is still a most interesting figure; there is an uncommon sweetness and delicacy in her air and manner.

She is above all that vanity so common to her sex and so natural to maniacs; for she will neither wear nor accept of any finery or ornaments, but hangs them on the bushes as below her attention.

She refuses to give the least account of herself; her silence on this head is invincible: her recollection seems impaired, and her whole mind visibly disturbed; yet her answers are pertinent enough, unless she suspects the question is meant to ensnare her.

Her way of life is the most harmless and inoffensive that can be imagined: every fine morning she walks round the villages, converses with the poor children, makes them little presents of such things as are given her, and receives others in return; she will take nothing except milk, tea and the most simple diet.

No means have been left unattempted by the neighbouring ladies (one in particular, who has been her constant and unwearied benefactress) to prevail on her to live in a house; but her constant reply is, 'that trouble

ble and misery dwell in houses; and that there is no happiness but in liberty and fresh air.'

[The French author has here a note, part of which the translator has ventured to insert into the text.

One in particular, &c. 'This lady is named *Atking*; she resides at Bristol, and has benevolently undertaken the care of our fugitive. By the most constant assiduity, she has persuaded her to reside at the house of a surgeon in that city, where she is still living. He has contrived to gain her esteem, but as soon as he would make any inquiry as to her birth, she lifts her finger to her lips.

'As her aversion to sleeping in a bed subsists, a mattress is placed for her on the ground—and she often amuses herself with shaping the quilt into the imitation of a royal robe.

'One day a coach and four passed along the street—her attendants ran to the windows—She inquired the cause; and then said,—*A wonderful sight truly! my father's coach was always drawn by EIGHT HORSES.*']

From a certain peculiarity of expression, with a slight foreign tincture in her pronunciation, and in the construction of some sentences, some have been led to conjecture, *that she is not of this country.* Various attempts have been made at different times to draw from this circumstance some knowledge of her origin.

About a year ago, a gentleman spoke to her in the languages of the Continent; she appeared uneasy, restless, and embarrassed: but when he addressed her in German, her emotion was too great to be suppressed; she turned from him, and burst into tears.

This anecdote, which is told in the neighbourhood, was a few days ago related to two gentlemen, whom humanity led to visit this forlorn creature.

One of them, who spoke German

fluently, made the experiment: she was evidently confused, blushed, and from accident, or a knowledge in the language, *answered some questions in English*; but, feeling as it she had been hurried into an imprudence, she artfully changed the subject, and denied having understood what had been said to her.

This article's story is written with no other view but the warm hope that it may catch the eye of some one interested in this tale of woe, and the ardent wish of restoring an amiable and wretched young creature to the arms of (perhaps) a broken-hearted parent.

The writer heartily wishes the whole had been a fiction, and that he had not been himself an eye-witness to the distress he relates—it would have spared him many a pang of unavailing sorrow, and (although a man) some tears of useless compassion.

PHILALETHES.

The above story was first published in the St. James's Chronicle about four years ago. The unhappy subject of it is still in a state of confinement under the humane inspection of the well known Miss Hannah Moore, the person meant above by the name of *Atking*. The stranger's disorder approaches nearer to idiotism than to lunacy,—her beauty is gone, and her body pale and emaciated. The French translator thought that the narrative, of which the following is the substance, might perhaps throw light on her story.

'In the summer of the year 1768, the Count de Cohenzel, Imperial minister at Brussels, received a letter from a lady at Bourdeaux; the writer requested him 'not to think it strange, if his advice and friendship were eagerly sought after;'—adding, 'that the universal respect which his talents and his interest at court had acquired, engaged her to address

address herself to him—that in a little time he would know who the person was that had presumed to solicit his good offices, and that perhaps he would not repent of having attended to her.’ This letter, which was written in very indifferent French, was signed *La Fréulen*. The Count was desired to return an answer to Mademoiselle *La Fréulen* at Bourdeaux.

A short time after this, the Count received a letter from Prague, signed ‘*Le Comte J. de Weissendorff*,’ in which he was intreated to give the best advice in his power to Mademoiselle *La Fréulen*—to interest himself warmly in her behalf—to write to Bourdeaux in her favour—and even to advance her money, to the amount of a thousand ducats, if she stood in need of it. The letter was concluded in these words: *When you shall know, Sir, who this stranger is, you will be delighted to think that you have served her, and grateful to those who have given you the opportunity of doing it.*

M. de Cobenzel replied to the stranger, that he was highly sensible of the honour of her good opinion,—that he should be proud of assisting her with his advice, and of serving her to the utmost of his power: but that it was first absolutely necessary he should be informed of her real name.

After this the Count received a letter from Vienna, signed ‘*Le Comte de Dietrichstein*.’ In this he was again requested to pay every possible attention to Mademoiselle *La Fréulen*, and in particular to intreat her to be frugal. He answered this, as well as the former letter from Prague—but no notice was taken of his reply to either.

Meanwhile his epistolary intercourse with the lady at Bourdeaux continued. He heard from a person of that place that she was exceedingly beautiful, and, though very young,

elegant in her manners and prudent in her conduct; that she lived magnificently, but was exceedingly reserved when questioned with respect to her family; and that her countenance had a striking resemblance to that of the late emperor.

The lady afterwards informed the Count, that she was ready to impart to him the circumstances of her story; and as the secret was too important to be trusted to chance, she proposed to visit the Austrian Netherlands on purpose. In the mean time she sent him her picture; which she desired him to examine with attention, as it might lead him to some conjectures as to what she had to relate. The Count saw in it nothing more than the features of a very lovely woman;—but Prince Charles de Lorraine thought it bore a strong resemblance to the late emperor his brother. She afterwards sent him two other pictures, which proved to be the portraits of the emperor and empress.

In December 1768, M. de Cobenzel received a very singular letter, dated, ‘*Vienna: From my bed—two in the morning.*’ In this the Count was highly commended for the good advice he had given the young stranger, and requested to continue his attentions. The writer said that the poor girl had suffered greatly, but that it was designed to put her in such a situation as would make her ample amends, ‘*she was so tenderly recommended to me by that person who was dearest to me in the world.*’ The Count was charged to inculcate economy, and particularly admonished of the importance of the secret. This letter had no signature.

Upon the Count’s informing her that he had received this letter, and that she was recommended to his care in the strongest terms, she replied, ‘I am much obliged to you for your goodness; but I will tell you

you honestly, that if I wanted any particular favour, I would rather address myself to God than to the saints.

While the Emperor was on his travels in Italy, the King of Spain received a letter apparently written by his Imperial Majesty, informing him in confidence, that his father, the late Emperor, had left a natural daughter, who had been earnestly recommended to his care by his father, and that she was resident at Bourdeaux. He intreated the King of Spain to send for her, and give her an establishment at Madrid, till some plan should be fixed on for her future life; which he himself could not do, lest the Empress should hear of it. The King of Spain sent his letter to the Emperor, requesting, some explanation. He, who had not written the letter, sent it to the Empress, and a messenger was immediately dispatched to Bourdeaux to have the lady seized. She was accordingly arrested and conveyed to Brussels to be examined. She arrived at the house of the Count de Cobenzel; and he beheld a figure that would have interested the most insensible heart. She was tall and elegantly formed, her air was at once simple and majestic, her complexion fair, her hair brown, and calculated to receive the embellishments of art to the greatest advantage. She had fine dark eyes, and a look which expressed every emotion of her soul. She spoke French with a German accent, and appeared much confused, but without any particular symptom of female weakness.

By Mr. Cobenzel she was received with great kindness; but enjoined to adhere strictly to truth at her examination, if she wished to preserve his friendship.

The account she gave of herself was as follows:—She said she did not know where she was born; but that she was educated at a sequestered house somewhere in Bohemia, under
New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 10.

the care of two women and an ecclesiastic. That here she was three times visited at distant intervals by a handsome man in a riding suit, who embraced, caressed, and even wept over her, gave her the two pictures she had sent to M. de Cobenzel, and promised her a palace, money, and attendants. That afterwards being told by the ecclesiastic that her protector was no more, she was taken from her solitude, brought to Hamburg, and then to Bourdeaux. Being charged with prevarication in this part of her narrative, she confessed that from Hamburg she had gone to Sweden, where she stayed some time, and had received many civilities from the Imperial minister at Stockholm. From Sweden she went to Bourdeaux, and there refused several advantageous offers of marriage, in consequence of a promise made to the stranger in Bohemia, binding herself to perpetual celibacy.

At Bourdeaux she had received at different times, from unknown hands, about 150,000 livres; which confirmed her in the idea that she belonged to a very wealthy family. But this resource having all at once stopped, she contracted debts to the amount of 60,000 livres.

In this desperate situation she took the wild resolution of fabricating the letters mentioned above, to wit, that dated Vienna—*from my bed—two in the morning*; another signed “Le Comte de Weissendorff,” the letter to the King of Spain, &c. but declared her ignorance of the letter signed “Le Comte de Dietrichstein.” She said she had received 700 Louis d’ors of the late Duke of York, with a promise of as much as would discharge all her debts. That one morning he wrote her a letter as follows: “I was about to send you the remainder of your money; but when I left your house, I received a letter, which positively commanded me to

G g g

give

give you no more than a part of it. I have written to the Princefs d'Aversberg, and have requested permission at least to send you the sum you want to shelter you from your creditors;—but——!" In a few days after his Royal Highness died.

From this examination, the Emperess formed a very disadvantageous opinion of the stranger, and determined to treat her with the utmost severity. M. de Cobenzel opposed himself to this determination; for though he was convinced that the lady was not the daughter of the

Emperor, yet he thought there were circumstances in her story which threw a mysterious perplexity over her birth. He was therefore of opinion that she should be confined in a convent till time should throw some light on her history. But Cobenzel dying in a short while after, the lady was taken out of prison, a sub-lieutenant of the Merechaufée of Brabant conducted her to a small town between Mons and Valenciennes,—fifty Louis d'ors were put into her hands, and she was abandoned to her wretched destiny.

Receipt for making PARMESAN CHEESE, brought from Italy by Mr. Arthur Young, well known for his Labours in Agriculture.

THE Lodisan is chiefly low grounds, and mostly watered.

A dairy farm of 100 cows, makes daily a cheese of 70lb. or 75lb. of 28 ounces. The cheeses in winter smaller, but better. The cows fed only four or five hours a day upon pasture, the rest on hay at home. Eighty cows for the dairy, 20 for calves, and the farm 1000 perticas of land, 800 of standing meadow, and 200 in corn and grass. Rotation; the cows milked twice a day, and give, one with another, about 32 cocallis of 30oz. of milk. The evening's milk is put to the morning's. At 16 Italian hours or so in the morning, the evening and morning's milk, after being skimmed, were put together into a boiler, eight feet diameter at top, five feet three inches deep at the bottom, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ wide, about 272 cocalli, and put under it two faggots of wood, which made the milk rather more than lukewarm; then the boiler was withdrawn from the fire, and a ball of rennet about an ounce weight dissolved in the milk, turning it in the hand in the milk; it was not sufficiently coagulated till about noon, being early in the spring; but in summer it is done in half or

three quarters of an hour; but they then use half as much more rennet as was coagulated, so as to be taken in pieces from the surface of the boiler.

The foreman with a stick that had 18 points, or rather 9 small pieces of wood fixed by their middle in the end of it, and forming nine points on each side, began to break exactly all the coagulated milk, and continued to do so for more than half an hour, from time to time examining it to see its state. He ordered to renew the fire, and four faggots of willow branches were used all at once. He turned the boiler, that the fire might act; and then the underman began to work in the milk with a stick like the above, but with only four smaller sticks at the top, forming eight points, four at each side, a span long each point. In a quarter of an hour, the foreman mixed in the boiler, the proper quantity of saffron (about one third of an ounce) and the milk was all in knobs, and finer grained than before, by breaking continually.—Every moment the fire was renewed or fed, but with a faggot only at a time, to keep it regular. The milk was never heaped much, nor does it hinder to keep the hand in it, to know the

the fineness of the grain, which refines continually by the sick work of the underman. It is of the greatest consequence to mind when the grain begins to take a consistence. When it comes to this state, the boiler is hurried from the fire, and the underman immediately takes out the whey, putting it into proper receivers. In that manner, the grain subsides at the bottom of the boiler, and leaving only in it whey enough to keep the grain covered a little, the foreman, extending himself as much as he can over, and in the boiler, unites with his hands the grained milk, making like a body of paste of it; then a large piece of linen is run by him under that body of paste, while another man keeps the four corners of it, and the whey is directly again put into the boiler, which facilitates the raising the paste, which is put for a quarter

of an hour into the receiver, where the whey was in the linen: The boiler is then put on the fire to extract a poor cheese; after a quarter of an hour, the paste is put into a wooden form without top or bottom; a piece of wood like a cheese, put on top of it, putting, and gradually increasing weights upon it; in the evening, the cheese so formed, is carried into the ware-house, where, after 24 hours, they begin to give the salt. It remains in that ware-house 15 or 20 days, but in summer only from 8 to 12, where the crust will be formed, when it is carried into another ware-house. They turn all the cheeses under six months every day; after that, once in 48 or 60 hours, keeping them clean, otherwise they acquire a bad smell, distinguished by the name of grained cheese.

[The Bee.

The CHARACTER of an HONEST LAWYER.

By H. G. ΧΙΛΟΝΟΜΙΟΝ.

Justitiæ cultor, rigidi servator Honesti, in commune bonus.

Licensed August 29, 1676, ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

AN Honest Lawyer is the life-guard of our fortunes, the best collateral security for an estate: a truely pilot, to steer one through the dangerous (and oftentimes inevitable) ocean of contention: a true priest of justice, that neither sacrifices to fraud nor covetousness; and in this outdoes those of a higher function; that he can make people honest that are sermon-proof.—He is an infallible anatomist of *Meum* and *Tuum*, that will presently search a cause to the quick, and find out the peccant humour, the little lurking cheat, though masked in never so fair pretences: one that practises law, so as not to forget the gospel, but always wears a conscience as well as a gown; he weighs the cause more than gold; and if that will not bear the touch, in a generous scorn puts back the fee.

Though he knows all the criticisms of his faculty, and the nice snapperadoes of practice, yet he never uses them, unless in a defensive way, to countermine the plots of knavery; for he affects not the devilish skill of out-baffling right, nor aims at the shameful glory of making a bad cause good; but with equal contempt hates the wolf's study, and the dog's eloquence; and disdains to grow great by crimes, or build himself a fortune on the spoil of the oppressed, or the ruin of the widow and orphan. He has more reverence for his profession, than to debauch it to unrighteous purposes; and had rather be dumb, than suffer his tongue to pimp for injustice, or club his parts, to bolster up a cheat with the legerdemain of law-craft.

He is not faced like *Jannus*, to take

a re-

a retaining fee from the plaintiff, and afterwards a back-handed bribe from the defendant; nor so double-tongued that one may purchase his pleading, and the other at the same, or a larger price, his silence; but when he undertakes a business, he espouses it in earnest—and does not follow a cause, but manages it. A mollifying letter from the adversary's potent friend, a noble treat, or the remora of a lusty present from the great, have no influence to make him slacken his proceedings; for he is so zealous for his client's interest, that you may sooner divorce the sun from the ecliptic, than warp him from his integrity; yet still is his patron only *usque ad aras* (as far as just); for if once he finds the business smells rank, *St. Mark's* treasure, or the mines of *Potosi*, are too small a fee to engage him one step further.

As his profession is honourable, so his education has been liberal and ingenious; far different from that of some jilting pettifoggers, and purse-milking law-drivers, whose breeding, like a cuckoo's, is in the nest of another trade, where they learn wrangling and knavery in their own causes, to spoil those of other men, and, with sweetened ingredients of mechanic fraud, compound themselves (though simple enough) fit instruments for villainy. But his greener years were seasoned with literature, and can give better proofs of his university learning, than his reckoning up the colleges, and boasting his name in the buttery book: he understands logic (the method of right reasoning) and rhetoric (the art of persuasion), is well seen in history (the free school of prudence), and no stranger to the ethics and politics of the ancients. He is skilled in other languages besides *Declaration Latin* and *Norman gibberish*: he read *Plato* and *Tully* before he saw either *Littleton* or the *Statute Book*, and grounded in the

principles of nature and customs of nations, came (*lotis manibus*) to the study of our common municipal law, which he found to be *multorum annorum opus*, a task that requires all the nerves of industry; and therefore employed his time at the Inns of Court better than in hunting after new fashions, starting fresh mistresses, haunting the play-houses, or acquiring the other little town accomplishments, which render their admirers fine men in the opinion of fools, but egregious fops in the judgment of the wise.

In his study, he traffics not only with the infantry of epitomies, abridgements, and diminutive collectors in *decimo sexto*, but draws his knowledge from the original springs, digesting the whole body of the law in a laborious and regular method, but especially aims to be well-versed in the practice of every court, and rightly to understand the art of good pleading, as knowing them to be the most useful to unravel the knotty intrigues of the cause, and reduce it to an issue; yet hates to pester the court with *circuties*, *negative pregnant*s, *departures*, and multiplied *inconveniencies*.

He never goes about with feigned allegations to cast a mist before the eyes of justice, that she may mistake her road, and assign the child to the wrong mother: endeavours not to pack a jury by his interest to the under-sheriff; nor to balk an evidence with a multitude of sudden ensnaring interrogatories; nor maintains any correspondence with the Knights of *Alfatia*, or *Ram-alley* vouchers. He can prosecute a suit in equity, without seeking to create a *whirlpool*, where one order shall beget another, and the poor client be swung round (like a cat before execution) from decree to rehearsing, from report to exception, and *vice-versa*, till his fortunes are ship-wrecked, and himself drowned, for want of white and yellow

low earth to wade through on. He never studies delays to the ruin of a family, for the lucre of ten groats; nor, by drilling quirks, spins out a suit more lasting than buff, depending a whole revolution of Saturn, and entailed on the third and fourth generation. He does not play the empiric with his client, and put him on the rack to make him bleed more freely, casting him into a swoon, with trights of a judgment, and then reviving him again with a cordial writ of error, or the dear elixir of an injunction, to keep the brangle alive as long as there are any vital spirits in the pouch. He can suffer his neighbours to live quiet about him, without perpetual alarms of actions and indictments, or conjuring up dormant titles to every commodious seat, and making land fall five years purchase, merely for lying within ten miles of him.

He delights to be an arbitrator, not an incendiary, and has *beatus pacificus* oftener in his mouth than *currat lex*. He never wheedles any into endless suits for trifles, nor animates them to undo themselves and others for damage feasant, or insignificant trespasses *pedibus ambulando*; but (as *Telephus*' sword was the best cure for the wounds it made) advises people to

compose their assaults and slanders over the same ale that begot them; nor does he, in weightier cases, extort unreasonable fees; for whatever the foul-chapp'd rabble may suggest, a lawyer's profession is not mercenary; the money given him is only an honorary gratuity for his advice and trouble, or a grateful acknowledgement of our obligations for his well-intended endeavours; and the old emblem of the bramble's tearing off the sheep's fleece that ran to it for shelter in a storm, can have no reflection upon him, whose brain is as active, and his tongue as volatile, for a penniless pauper, as when oiled with the *aurum potabile* of a dozen guineas.

In a word, whilst he lives, he is the delight of the court, the ornament of the bar, the glory of his profession, the patron of innocency, the upholder of right, the scourge of oppression, the terror of deceit, and the oracle of his country; and when death calls him to the bar of Heaven, by a *babeas corpus cum causis*, he finds his judge his advocate, nonsuits the devil, obtains a liberate from all his infirmities, and continues still one of the Long Robe in Glory.

NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the many fruitless attempts that have been made to discover a north-west passage into the South Seas, it would seem that this important geographical question is not yet fully decided; for at a meeting of the Academy of Sciences, Paris, held on the 13th of November last, M. Bauche, first geographer to the king, read a curious memoir concerning the north-west passage. M. de Mendoza, an intelligent captain of a vessel in the service of Spain, charged with the care of former establishments favourable to the marine, has made a careful examination of

the archives of several departments; there he has found the relation of a voyage made in the year 1598, by Lorenzo Herrera de Maldonada.—There it appears, that at the entry into Davis's Straits, north lat. 60°, and 28 of longitude, counting from the first meridian, he turned to the west, leaving Hudson's Bay on the south, and Baffin's Bay on the north. Arrived at lat. 65 and 297, he went towards the north by the Straits of Labrador, till he reached 76 and 278; and finding himself in the icy sea, he turned south-west to lat. 60 and 235, where he found a strait, which

which separates Asia from America, by which he entered into the South Sea, which he called the Straits of Anian. This passage ought to be, according to M. Bauche, between William's Sound and Mount St. Elias. The Russians and Captain Cooke have not observed it, because

it is very narrow. But it is to be wished, that this important discovery should be verified, which has been overlooked for too centuries, in spite of the attempts that have been made on these coasts. M. Bauche calls this passage the Straits of Ferrer.

Messrs. Savords,

Please to publish the following in your entertaining and useful Magazine, and oblige your most humble servant,

A. B.

IN the Christian's, Scholar's, and Farmer's Magazine, vol. i. page 642, oxen are recommended in husbandry, but instead of the yoke in common practice, it is advised to use harness.

describe through the channel of your Magazine, the harness so recommended, and the reason wherefore it is considered as of more utility than the yoke.

A Dutchess County Farmer.

I wish some of your readers would

24th Sept. 1791.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

The MISCELLANIST.—No. IV.

That chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same.

* POPE's *Ess. on Man.*

WHETHER examines into the works of nature, will find them possessed of beauty and variety. Indeed, it is this diversity apparent in all the objects around us which is the chief cause of natural beauty. An extensive field, clothed in green, is delightful and refreshing to the eye; but it must be intersected with rivulets, or interspersed with flowers, or in some manner diversified, before it becomes beautiful. All things give evident proof of wisdom and design, but they display this proof in different ways. The flowers which adorn the earth, as well as the stars of heaven, declare the hand that made them to be divine. This diversity, which is every where so conspicuous, and which tends to the beauty and excellence of the whole, is peculiarly grateful to the mind of man, and shews many of the perfections of the great first cause.

But when we make researches into the mental world, we shall not only find the same diversity to prevail, but

also discover a field for contemplation as much superior to the former as spirit is to matter. An ethereal substance, possessed of powers too mysterious for her own conception, too subtle in their operation, to admit of clear elucidation, is a just cause of wonder and astonishment—Such, however, is the soul. Unconfined by any thing material, she starts from her dwelling of clay, flies in a moment beyond the sphere of calculation, and looks through unbounded nature. She can recall the ages which are concealed behind ten thousand centuries, and anticipates an eternity to come—At one time she is employed in examining the works of nature in our world; at another she traverses the starry regions. Now she reverts to herself, and investigates and admires her own faculties; then she visits the throne of the Eternal, and is lost in the brightness of his glory. Who can fully comprehend such a amazing power? Who but a God is able to explain the work of a God?

OF

Of such a subtle and ethereal nature is the soul. But the powers of investigating truths, the ability to develop hidden subjects, the ardor in the pursuit of objects, and the propensity of desire, is altogether diversified. One has a taste for the sublime, the vast, the unbounded; gazes with delightful astonishment on high and craggy mountains, on the ocean wrought into tempest, or on the expanse of heaven; another is kindled into rapture, by dwelling on the beauties which flush upon the face of the morning, or which bloom in every flower of the spring.—The harmony of the groves, and the beautiful meandrings of a placid stream, are to him the objects which afford supreme delight. A Milton launches boldly into the unknown regions of nature, and meets, undaunted, the frightful spectres of the dark abyss; or, soaring upon the wings of imagination, he opens the golden gates of Paradise, and traverses the plains of light and happiness. A Newton, with more than mortal ken, searches into the works of nature, and sees the hand of a present Deity in the most minute, as well as in the most momentous of his works.—His eye pursues the heavenly bodies through all their intricacy of motion, and marks out the extensive orbits in which they roll, with the most exact regularity. See him ascend above the solar system, and lose sight of his native earth. The sun is dwindled into a star, and the stars increase their magnitude and blaze with all the solar refulgence.

If we descend from men of such uncommon genius, to those who have not imbibed so great a portion of the sublime, we shall still find a remarkable diversity in their taste and judgment. One is delighted with the most abstruse disquisitions, investigates some mathematical proposition, or makes laboured deductions from some metaphysical point. One is

highly pleased with the works of the imagination, listens to the songs of the muses, and loves to range through all the enchanting fields of poetry. The orator gives to his language, which rolls along in all the rotundity of period, the gracefulness of action, and the energy of delivery, and exults amid the thunder of applause.—He calms the mind with the sweetness and harmony of his style, or throws it into tumult, by short, abrupt, and passionate sentences. Thus various are men; and all this variety is the arrangement of infinite wisdom, and promotes the union and perfection of the universe.

Let not him, therefore, who possesses one particular talent in a very high degree, be too much raised with ideas of his own importance. The man of strong memory may be deficient in judgment; and the man of the most accurate reasoning powers, may be unblest with the sprightliness of imagination. He who is able to command a promptitude and fluency of speech on every occasion, may disgust with an unmeaning and tedious redundancy, and in the transactions of life seem to want common prudence. An assemblage of every excellency and of every qualification, is not to be looked for in one man, but must be collected from the whole human race; as the idea of perfect beauty is not taken from one or a few individuals, but from all the various and intermingled traits of beauty which are any where to be found. Every one has some predominant virtue, as well as some predominant vice—no character is completely perfect; this would be beyond the present state of humanity. If men were to examine with candor and impartiality into their own powers, carefully notice every deficiency of energy, and mark their many deviations from the straight line of rectitude, they would find sufficient reason to cultivate humility,
and

and to give to the abilities of others that reputation which they really deserve.

HORTENSIO.

O^r. 19, 1791.

To the Public.

As the pieces under the title of

"*The Miscellanist*" are not confined to any particular subject, but are meant to embrace the greatest variety, the author would be thankful for any useful communications, if left with the printers.

Copy of a letter from an English Slave-driver at Algiers to his Friend in England.

BY the blessing of God, I have now got into a very good birth. I have the command of twenty slaves, some Spanish, some English, and some Americans. I get my victuals, and equal to one shilling a day besides, and all for driving the slaves to the field, and keeping them to their work when they are there. To be sure it went hard with me at first to whip my country-folks; but custom, as the saying is, is second nature. So I whip them now without minding it, just for all the world as if they were a parcel of horses; only when they commit a fault, I make them whip one another, which you know horses cannot do. I hope, Tom, that neither you nor any of my friends will think the worse of me for being as I am in my present birth. People may say this or that of the infidels; but sure am I they do not deserve to be extirpated any more than the English themselves. For one white slave that we have here the English have ten black ones in the West-Indies, and they use their slaves much more cruelly than we do ours. And what though we sometimes make the English sailors slaves, they are much better here than at home, for they are nothing at the best but slaves. You know, Tom, how both you and your brother Jonathan were knocked down and pressed before you could

hand a rope; and how, being cramped into the hold, your brother died of the bad air; but you being stronger, was saved, by the blessing of God. You know how you have shewn me the marks of the flogging which the captain ordered you, and all for falling from the main yard, and killing his whore's lap dog, though sure I am he might have had pity on your broken collar bone. And besides, we do not make the slaves fight for their masters, and they never come by any wounds, as the Englishmen who are pressed for sailors do. We only make them work as they would be obliged to do, or starve, at home. Their victuals are of the best; and for fruit, the best English lord in the land might wish to get what they throw away; so that our dealings are mercy, compared with your treatment of the poor nigers, which both you and I have seen at Kingston, and which you will remember, by this same token, that when we got aboard again, we wished they would rise and cut all the white men's throats. So you must take care of taking up wrong notions to my disadvantage; for we just do here to the whites what the whites do to the blacks in the West-Indies; only we use them more mercifully.

I am, &c.

Algiers, 3d Feb. 1790.

DELIA DRAMA. *By Mr. PRATT.*

MANY are the examples reprehended privately and publicly, of the ill effects of novel reading,

and of lavishing the hours of youth in over-running the trash of a modern library, while the more obvious,

vicious, and equally fatal mischief, of running over the *Play-houses*, passes unnoticed; and being a licensed diversion, is permitted to go on without its being exhibited as an object of danger.—It will be the business of this Essay to prove, that the vilest romances which ever caricatured humanity, are not worse in their tendencies, nor more malignant in their effects, than several tragedies and comedies—more especially to that part of the people of England to whom we entrust the management of our domestic concerns, namely, our wives and daughters. I will tell you a cursed story about this business.

I am the father of an only daughter, who two years ago deserted a good house—for a barn! Yes; it was about two winters ago my Delia saw the tragedy of Macbeth advertised in the bills for Drury-Lane Theatre, and over-persuaded me upon the subject, till I was fool enough to leave Mincing-Lane, and order my coach (then for the first time since Garrick's return from Italy) to the play-house. Now, be it known unto all men, that I ever thought a play the most absurd of all absurdities—and of all the species of them, the thing called a *tragedy* was the most my aversion. What can be more silly, than to see a parcel of fellows thump one another's bosoms—wring their good white handkerchiefs to pieces—twist about their limbs into a parcel of merry Andrew postures—and then, to complete the jest, stab each other with a tin poniard, or drink poison out of an empty bowl?—Then prithee, who the devil struts as they do on the stage? Who holds long conversation in words that are set, as it were, to the tune of Ti-dum-di-dum-di? The lines jingle like a child's coral, and are all measured out so as to be of a length—even to the size of a syllable. *Peo-*
New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 10.

ple ought to be ashamed of themselves for playing such pranks with the English language. Then, again, can any thing be more unnatural, than a man's making his exit, as they call it, with a bouncing brace of verses in rhyme; which then must be mouthed out, forsooth, so as to set the audience clapping, rapping, and roaring, that the fellow may go off, like a squib, with a cracker at his tail?—And all this time we talk of nature, and pretend to love her as she appears on the stage; when this very practice of applauding by bounce and bellow plainly tells us, that 'tis all joke—and if you would, you cannot be deceived. Zoods! can't people sit still and be happy, without making such a damn'd noise?

None of these sentiments, alas! however well founded in the wisdom of Mincing-Lane, had ever any weight with my daughter; who still insisted, that stage-plays were the most instructive, most edifying, and *delightfullest* entertainments in the world. A play-bill warmed her to the very soul. She knew the names and merits of all the actors; was enchanted with the love of one, the rage of another, the jealousy of a third, the madness of a fourth; and I have even caught her with a small edition of the Fair Penitent laid within her prayer-book at church; and she has been mumbling forth 'Be dumb for ever!' while the clerk was giving out the psalm.—The diabolical actions and unheard of impudence of that jade Lady Macbeth made such an impression on her, that, forgetting all Christian decency, she cried out in the ecstasy of her soul, that the Thane of Cawdor was a 'lilly-livered boy'—and she was ready to take her oath of it—that his lady should 'bring forth men-children only;'—and that

Till Birnam wood should come to Dun-
sinane,

H h h h

she

she should never look upon the like of Mrs. Yates ;' who, it seems, performed the part of this bloody-minded lady.

Upon her coming home, it happened that our maid servant had mislaid my velvet night-cap ; upon which, when I began to expostulate in the plain rational language of an angry man, the poor stage-struck Delia rose up, and, throwing herself in a strange posture, cried out in a sepulchral tone of voice,

Father,
Thou canst not say I did it——
Why dost thou shake thy periwig at me ?
——Take any shape but that,
And I will challenge thee to the utmost.

' You challenge me !—Hold your nonsense, girl (said I,) and help Mary to find my cap.'—' I'll not budge,' quoth she.

As we were sitting socially over a snug supper, an old and ever welcome neighbour came to ask how we were entertained ; and the good man had scarce opened the door, before my crack-brained daughter, like a rude hussy as she was, dropped her knife and fork, jumped from her seat, and exclaimed,

——The table's full ;——

which is just as much as to say, ' I had rather have your room than your company.' My friend was started, and, fearful of disturbing the family, went out ; upon which she observed,

——Why, so——being gone,
I am myself—I am a girl again.

' Aye, that you are, sure enough, (said I,) and a cursed saucy girl too. You may take your leave of play-houses, I promise you, Miss.'—My neighbour, imagining that a little absence had settled matters, re-entered ; but, alas ! this made my poor daughter ten times worse ; for she now lost

all civility, and in an angry scurrilous holloosed out,

Avaunt ! and quit my fight ! let the earth hide thee !

Thy bones are marrowless ; thy blood is cold ;

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes Which thou dost glare withal——

and all this without the least provocation on the part of my friend Grogam.—My worthy neighbour, believing her to be distracted, did not take any offence ; but said all he could to soothe and bring her about ; upon which the girl, as if a little recollecting herself, said with a gentler tone of voice, yet with still the same tragical pomp of language,

May it please your Highness, sit.

She called Mr. George Grogam the cloth-merchant, ' your Highness !'—and after that, in a still milder key, but with great wildness of action, and much reeling about, as she were tipsy, she cried,

Sit, worthy friend !—I'm often thus, my Lord !

(Now she made a Lord of him)

My father knows I've been so from my youth :

Pray keep your seat——

The fit is momentary——On a thought I shall be well again——If much you note me,

You will offend me, and extend my passion——

Feed, and regard me not.——

Comforted by this assurance, we all sat down to the table ; where, however, we were not long suffered to remain in tranquillity, before this mad girl started up, and running to my friend Grogam, just as he was going to drink his porter, caught hold of his wrist, and exclaimed,

Are you a man ?
O proper stuff !

Then,

Then, upon my reprobating this conduct, she struck her hand upon her heart, and said,

If I stand here, I saw him.—

(‘Saw who, you ignoramus?’ said I. She went on)

You, I know, father, will say, ‘Fie for shame!’

But what of that? You are old and choleric.

I now intreated her with more gentleness, to banish this nonsense from her head, and to behave like a rational creature; telling her, I knew, if she had a mind to it, she could be as agreeable a companion as Mr. any body’s daughter. This soothed her very sensibly, and I began (for she was my darling) again to look upon her with pleasure; but upon her perceiving my eyes for some time directed towards her, she assumed an air of recollection, called a dimple into her cheek, and again began to pout—

I do forget myself (said she):

Do not muse at me, my worthy friends!

I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing

To those that know me.—Come, love and health to all!

I drink the general joy of the whole table.

After which, bending her body in a theatrical way, and clenching the porter-pot, she went on in the following manner:

—*Think of this, good peers,*

But as a thing of custom: ’tis no other, Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Here she flourished the porter-pot, and drank to us very courteously. We admitted her apology, and all went on vastly well, till my friend unluckily mentioned our evening’s amusement at the play-house; upon which the distracted Delia set down the porter-pot, and catching my friend, who sat next her, again by the hand, delivered herself as follows,

in words half her own and half Shakespeare’s, but with the utmost vehemence of utterance and action:

—*I will to-morrow,*

Believe I will, go to the manager— There will I speak—for now I’m bent to know,

By the best means, the worst for mine own good.

All causes shall give way unto the stage. I am in stage matters sleep so far, That, should I wish to think of it no more,

Returning to the duties of a daughter, Would be as tedious as impossible.

By this time she was black in the face, and we both began to be afraid of her: Grogam got to the end of the room. Seeing her melancholy situation, and perceiving that she grew worse, I pathetically persuaded her to go to bed; but even here she threw tragedy at me:

Yes, you say right, my father:

I lack the sense of all nature’s—sleep.

The maid now came to tell us there had been a fire in the next street, which was not even yet quite out. Starting up, and dashing her plate on the floor,

Cool it (says Delia) *with a baboon’s blood:*

Then the charm is firm and good—

throwing a large piece of bread into the fire, in imitation of the witches tossing their enchanted nonsense into the cauldron.

‘Go to bed, huffy,’ (said I,) ‘and cool your poor distracted senses: go to bed, I say.’ On this, she perfectly maddened, and I thought would have knocked Grogam down with the poker.

—*I will not be commanded—* (says she) *I’ll be an actress, Grogam: deny me this,*

And an eternal curse falls on you—

Yes, my father, even on thee,

Thou venerable good old man!

For being author of a wretch like me.

Here

Here she broke off abruptly ; and looking on the maid, fell into a passion, and bid her get out of the room, for a ' secret, black, and midnight hag' as she was ; and when I threatened to disinheret her if she ever went upon the stage, she gave such a twist with her face, and so goggled with her eyes, that she frightened me, and then burst out again with the damn'd-est nonsense that ever was heard :

Oh ! I could play the woman with my eyes,

And braggart with my tongue. But, gentle Heaven !

*Cut short all intermission: front to front
Bring me this manager ;*

*Within my arm's length set him ; then,
If trembling I exhibit—then protest me
The baby of a girl. Let him, oh !
hear me.*

*And, after having spouted, if he
'scape me,*

May Heaven destroy his patent !

' Upon my word, Miss Delia, (said I), this is mighty fine. You are acting a very pretty part here. You play away nobly. But let me tell you, hussy'—Here she had the impudence to interrupt me with another cursed speech, striding round the table like a mad princess :

Thou say'st truly, Gentles—I do play well.

This tune goes mainly. Come, go with me—

Go to this manager—My powers are ready—

*My lack is nothing but my leave—
Delia*

*Is ripe for acting, and the Gods above
Have given me instruments of voice
and figure.*

And now, my friends, receive what cheer you may :

*This night is long—but next week
I will play.*

' The devil you will, Madam ! (said I) : then not a farthing of my property shall you finger, I can assure you. A stage-player indeed—No, no—you are mad enough already. Here, take the candle, and troop to your chamber. Go this minute, I say—Here.' I had no sooner given her the candle, than she rose up, and shut her eyes, held the light at arm's length, and began to rub her hand—Lady Macbeth-like :

*Yet here's a spot—Out, damned spot !
All the perfumes of Arabia will not
sweeten*

This little band.

' Get away, then, and wash it (said I), and be cursed to you, and don't put me in a passion.' Here she sighed most bitterly,

Oh ! oh ! oh !

Some time afterwards she made towards the door, which I opened ; and then she ran side long out of the room, still shutting her eyes, and cried,

There's knocking at the gate—

Go, go, go, go—

Come, come, come, come—

To bed, to bed, to bed.

Here, thank Heaven, she made her exit for the night. The next day she ran away from me, and really put her threats in execution ; and is now to be seen, in the course of the year, at all the barns, booths, and fairs of Great-Britain and Ireland.

Description of the NISSER WERK, or GOLDEN EAGLE of Abyssinia.

From BRUCE's Travels.

AMONG other benefits that society will derive from the publication of Mr. Bruce's travels, must be ranked the enlargement of our knowledge in natural history. Va-

rious objects in the animal and vegetable kingdom, that were entirely unknown in Europe, are here described and illustrated by drawings of uncommon elegance.

The

The bird which forms the subject of this article, if not the largest in the known world, is at least the largest of the eagle kind. "From wing to wing he was eight feet four inches. From the top of his tail to the point of his beak, when dead, four feet seven inches. He weighed twenty-two pounds."

This noble bird had strength and courage proportioned to his size. Living in the uninhabited desert, he knows not the power, nor has he learnt to dread the arts of man. Ignorant of danger, therefore, he shuns not man, but pursues his prey without regarding the efforts he may make to deter him. "Upon the highest top of the mountain Lamelmon," says Mr. Bruce, "while my servants were refreshing themselves from that toilsome and rugged ascent, and enjoying the pleasure of a most delightful climate, eating their dinner in the outer air, with several large dishes of boiled goat's flesh before them, this enemy, as he turned out to be to them, appeared suddenly: he did not stoop rapidly from the height, but came flying slowly along the ground, and sat down close to the meat, within the ring the men had made round it. A great shout, or rather cry of distress, called me to the place. I saw the eagle stand for a minute, as if to recollect himself, while the servants ran for their lances and shield. I walked up as near to him as I had time to do. His attention was fully fixed upon the flesh. I saw him put his foot into the pan, where was a large piece in the water, prepared for boiling; but finding the smart which he had not expected, he withdrew it, and forsook the piece which he held."

"There were two large pieces, a leg and a shoulder, lying upon a wooden platter. Into these he trussed both his claws, and carried them off; but I thought he looked wishfully at the large piece which remained in the

warm water. Away he went slowly along the ground as he had come. The face of the cliff over which criminals are thrown, took him from our sight."

He soon, however, returned, and gave Mr. Bruce a fair opportunity of shooting him, which gave occasion for observing a phenomenon, not a little singular in its kind. "Upon laying hold of his monstrous carcase," our adventurous traveller proceeds, "I was not a little surprised at seeing my hands covered and tinged with yellow powder or dust. Upon turning him upon his belly, and examining the feathers of his back, they produced a brown dust, the colour of the feathers there. This dust was not in small quantities; for, upon striking his breast, the yellow powder flew out in full greater quantity than from a hair-dresser's powder-puff. The feathers of the belly and breast, which were of a gold colour, did not appear to have any thing extraordinary in their formation; but the large feathers in the shoulder and wings, seemed apparently to be fine tubes, which, upon pressure, scattered this dust upon the finer part of the feathers; but this was brown, the colour of the feathers of the back."

What the uses of this powder were intended by nature, our traveller is at a loss to say. He conjectures it may have been intended in some way to fortify the animal against the rigours of the season it would experience in that lofty situation: But this conjecture does not seem to be corroborated by the other facts he there states. However this may be, it seems to be a peculiarity of this animal of a very uncommon kind, and might well have entitled it to the name of the **POWDERED EAGLE**, a name which would have prevented the danger of confounding it with another eagle, which has long been known by that of the **Golden Eagle**.

For

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

J U V E N I S.—No. XVIII.

"Omnia vincit labor pertinax."

PERSEVERANCE in a good cause is a manly virtue, and is always the result of magnanimity. It is the leading characteristic of the mind which possesses energy, and invests it with a superiority utterly unattainable by the weak and indolent. It constitutes the basis, and is the continual support of bold and hazardous enterprise. It is the parent of improvement and useful discovery, and is thus entitled to the encomium of philanthropy. It raises the mind from mediocrity to eminence, and is the inseparable concomitant of genius. It inflexibly excludes dependency, and progresses by reiterated exertion in the pursuit of its object. It makes the scholar a proficient in eloquence, in composition, in literature. It forms the hero, the philosopher, the statesman.

The little and the timid mind know nothing of its all-stimulating and supporting influence. Terrified by the difficulties which surround the important end, they make no advances toward the attainment. Destined to rely on the efforts of others, they dare to make none for themselves. The mind not endued with perseverance, is feeble, dependent, and self-precarious; calculated for producing nothing original, it servilely follows the vestiges of some beaten path. In every undertaking innumerable obstacles arise to its view, which imagination represents as totally insurmountable. Thus deterred, it contracts a habit of debility and cowardice, which place a barrier to the noble and independent exercise of mental power.

The weak, the irresolute, the precipitate, the unthinking, feel not the constant and deliberate power of per-

severance. This is reserved for the producing, the calmly scrutinizing, the abstracting, the analyzing genius. Him who is engaged in sublime researches, who is intent on promoting general weal, it deafens to the calumnies of the envious, and elevates above the sneers of impotent and self-tormenting malice. Not diverted by any thing of this kind, he moves on, regardless of opposition, with dignified steadfastness, till evident success applaud his well-bestowed labours.

By slow, though uninterrupted steps, we at length gain the summit of the most rugged mountain. By undeviating application to the prosecution of a design, the greatest obstructions are finally removed. Thus the celebrated general of Carthage, supported by a firmness of mind, not to be shaken under the most discouraging circumstances, effected an astonishing passage through the Alps. It was by efforts successfully repeated that Demosthenes subdued a natural imperfection, and became master of an art, in which no one under the same embarrassments, with less perseverance, could have possibly excelled. By an invincible resistance to his natural evil propensities, Socrates at length gained a complete victory over them, and became both the teacher and the example of virtue. Newton, by an unvaried attention to the discovery of knowledge, hath become the sun of the philosophic world. By laborious and continued research Priestley hath been of infinite service to mankind, and his name is enrolled on the list of immortal fame. Reid, by an indefatigable ex-administration of all the vague and indefinite systems of his predecessors, and

and of his cotemporaries, hath detected and demonstrated their errors; hath illumined some of the most abstruse subjects, and hath proved by his own example, that moral philosophy may be reduced to a system, with mathematical precision. Hamilton, the American politician, hath convinced the world, that perseverance is the character of exalted genius, and can effect any thing on this side of possibility. Though Troy held out a ten years siege, against the united power of the Greeks, yet by the unbending persistence of the latter, it was afterward captured and destroyed. To this we owe as well the improvements as the inventions in

arts and sciences; it is, in fact, the axle on which circumsolve the wheels of every kind of useful business; it is the prop of industry and the enemy of indolence. No man ought to begin a work, except he design to finish it, and to finish it perseverance is necessary. This produces uniformity of conduct. By this the friends of virtue promote her cause, and are enabled to preserve their integrity. By perseverance they maintain a formidable opposition to the progress of vice; and by this they will finally obtain the celestial prize for which they contend.

October 18, 1791.

Letter from the learned and illustrious Princess of Daschkaw, President of the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, Privy Counsellor to the Empress of Russia, &c. &c. concerning the new American Theory of the Magnetic Variation, dated Peterburgh, 27th of February, 1791:

SIR,

THE contents of your letter, which we received, with the enclosed *magnetic atlas*, and its explanation, in due time, were the more interesting and agreeable to the Imperial Academy of Sciences, as the same matter is the subject of a premium, even now proposed by our academy, as you will see by the printed advertisement which I send you herewith.

The progress you have already made, gives me a pleasant hope this important matter will derive no small increase from your ingenious works; and I make no doubt but your la-

bours will greatly contribute to the final solution of this question.

By the communication of your further enquiries and discoveries, (especially relating to the southern hemisphere, the calculation of an universal set of tables, and the ascertaining the exact revolutions of the two magnetic points round the poles of the earth, by a greater number of observations) you will very much oblige

Your humble servant,

PRINCESS OF DASCHKAW.

Mr. JOHN CHURCHMAN,
North-America.

Historical Remarks on the Death of HENRY IV. of France; from a French Manuscript.

HENRY the Great, the glory of the crown of France, the pride of his people, and terror of his enemies, had alarmed the court of Spain by the great preparations he had been making to humble the pride of that haughty nation. It was there-

fore resolved to take off by assassination a Prince who was invincible in war.

History hath informed us, that Francis Ravaillac, a native of Angouleme, was the perpetrator of this deed; but it hath concealed from us the

the names of his instigators and accomplices. It is not to be doubted that the Spaniards, who were most interested in the death of this great King, were the principal contrivers of it; but the fear of offending other powers, and of plunging France into new troubles, obliged not only the administration, but even the judges, in the proceedings against Ravaillac, to suppress the names of the conspirators.

The Marshal d'Estrées, in his history of the regency of Mary de Medicis, says, that *Descoman* accused the Duke d'Espernon, and the Marquis of Verneuil, in whose family she had lived, of having been concerned in the contrivance of Henry's death; but that being unable to verify her accusation before the parliament of Paris, to which the matter was referred, she was condemned to perpetual imprisonment. This probably proceeded from the same interest which suppressed the names of the accomplices at the trial of Ravaillac. This man was a native of Angoulême, of which the Duke d'Espernon had the government. The latter sat next to the King in the carriage at the time of the murder. We are assured, that the first blow not being decisive, the Duke withdrew his shoulder to favour the second, which proved mortal; and that he immediately ordered the carriage to return to the Louvre. These circumstances seem to justify the accusation of *Descoman*. Besides, the affidavit of one Peter Dujardin, Sieur de la Garde, leaves no room to doubt of d'Espernon's guilt. This Dujardin had served Henry at the time of the league, under the Marshal Biron.

His affidavit bears, 'That he had gone to Hungary, and afterwards to Naples; where he met with two people, called *Hebert* and *la Bruyere*, who had been with Marshal Biron, and had taken refuge in Naples after

his death: That these two men introduced him to father d'Alagon, a Jesuit, uncle to the Duke of Lerma, first minister and favourite of the King of Spain: That this father getting into a passion with Henry the Great, whom he called a tyrant, accused him of ingratitude to Marshal Biron, whose head he said he had ordered to be struck off, without remembering that Biron had put the crown of France upon his own. He wondered that so many brave men, who had carried arms under this great general, did not avenge his death by that of its author; and asked at him, la Garde, if he had not the courage to undertake it?

'That he, la Garde, imagining that it would not be safe entirely to reject so unexpected a proposition, because d'Alagon, in the place where they were, might easily have taken him off, to prevent his disclosing it; and likewise considering that it was of importance to penetrate to the bottom of this affair, and to give intelligence of it to the King; contented himself with stating the difficulties that would attend such an enterprise; but that this father removed them all, by telling him, that as the King was exceedingly fond of the chase, an opportunity might be taken when he was hunting and separated from his people, which often happened, to dispatch him with a pistol, and then to make good a retreat by horses stationed for the purpose. That if he, la Garde, would make the attempt, he should receive 50,000 crowns.

'That he demanded time to consider of an enterprise so perilous.

'That being afterwards at dinner with Hebert and la Bruyere, who importuned him incessantly, Francis Ravaillac entered, who said he came on the part of the Duke d'Espernon with letters for the Viceroy of Naples; and showing the knife which he made use of while he ate, said, that

that the King would never die by any other hand than his.

That being frightened with this discourse, he la Garde left them, and went to the brother of the Sieur Zamel, a Neapolitan, who was in the interest of France: That having told these things to him, he advised him to go post instantly to Rome, and to wait on M. de Breves the French ambassador.

That M. de Nevers having presented him to the King, he informed him of the conspiracy in presence of certain of the council: That they caused portraits of Ravailac to be procured, that they might be on their guard against him when he should enter the kingdom: and that the King sent him, la Garde, with the great Marshal of Poland, who served in France, that he might not be known by the emissaries of Spain, who would not have failed to assassinate him.

That he was afterwards watched, and stabbed near Metz, of which M. d'Espèrnon was governor; and left for dead.

That having informed Louis XIII. Henry's son, of these things, he was confined in the palace, where he was examined four times, and made affidavit. That he was, after a long imprisonment, discharged, and had a pension of 600 livres.

After this, can we doubt the truth of Descoman's accusation against the Duke d'Espèrnon and the Marquis de Verneuil? The Duke's connection with Mary de Medicis, and other circumstances, show, with great appearance of probability, that she too was an accomplice in the death of her husband. Her jealousy had produced perpetual jarings between them; and she had the vindictive disposition of her country. The Duke of Sully, Henry's prime minister and favourite, had laboured often to reconcile them. The King, a short

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 10.

while before his death, had in a great passion turned the Queen out of bed. Upon which she applied to Sully to use his influence with the King to take her again into favour. But Sully excused himself, saying, that she spoiled more in an hour than he could repair in a month. The Queen replied, that she would trouble him but this once: From which we may infer that she knew his death was at hand.

It is said, that Conchini, afterwards Marshal d'Ancre, and his wife, who governed the Queen, persuaded her to beg of the King that he would order her to be crowned; that in the confusion of this ceremony Ravailac might more easily execute his fatal design. Sully remarks in his Memoirs, that the King said to him more than once: 'My friend, this coronation bodes me no good; I shall be killed. My enemies have no resource but my death.' He had also other reasons for being apprehensive of this disaster, from some treaties carried on by the Queen, without his knowledge, at the court of Spain.

She had so strict a connection with d'Espèrnon, that, during the regency which he procured for her, when she fell into disgrace with the King her son, d'Espèrnon had the audacity to carry her off from the place where the King had confined her. And when she had recovered his favour, and regained her former authority, she used it against Richelieu, whom she had raised; and who, in order to maintain his place, was obliged to inform the King of the part she had had in the murder of his father. It was this information that persuaded Louis XIII. that she deserved greater punishment than the voluntary exile, and the poverty with which Providence afflicted her. After her death, when an inventory was taken of her moveables in the Luxembourg palace, which she had built, there were

I i i found

found several sorts of poisons contained in different boxes.

But the vengeance of heaven not only showed itself in her punishment, but in that of Espernon, whose family is now utterly extinct.

We are told, that after the death of the King, Espernon went to Harley, first president of Paris, and threatened him with assassination, if he permitted any thing to be laid to his charge, or that of the Queen, in the trial of Ravaillac. He was always hated by the King, as may be learned from Sully, who likewise describes the unaccommodating temper of the Queen, who was instigated by the Marshal d'Ancre and his wife, by which the King's domestic happiness was so much disturbed. These things are also confirmed by Mezerai in his history.

There were in the coach with the King when he was killed, the Dukes

of Espernon and Monthaſon, the Marshal de Lavardin and Roquelaure, the Marquises de la Force, and Mirabeau.

After the death of this great monarch, his orders were all overturned, his finances dissipated, his faithful servants discarded, and his alliances forsaken for new ones: so that France, which had been, as it were, the mistress of Europe, was now governed by the direction of Spain; and the agents of the court of Rome were now the oracles of the regency.

Thus it appears, that both the Queen and the Duke d'Espernon were accomplices in the murder; their interests were interwoven to protect themselves from punishment. And surely guilt cannot be better protected than when it has procured to itself the authority of the judge.

Pieces Interessans.

DIALOGUE betwixt **DIOCLETIAN, Emperor of Rome, and ABDOLONYMUS, King of Tyre.**

Abdol. **W**E were both of us gardeners: myself, before I was raised to the throne of Tyre; you, after having quitted the empire of the world.

Diocl. That is, my career terminated more happily than yours.

Abdol. The conqueror of Asia, upon whom crowns seemed to shower, forced me to accept one. It gave me great uneasiness to lay aside my spade to assume the sceptre. I knew that it was much easier to manage plants than men.

Diocl. I, for my part, learned this truth too late. You were indebted to your penetration alone for a discovery which I owed entirely to my experience; a matter whose lessons are rather of the slowest. But they say besides, that you were descended from the ancient kings of Phœnicia.

Abdol. So Alexander told me. He

was more interested in my genealogy than I was myself.

Diocl. I knew mine better; and I had no reason to be vain of it. My father was a freed-man; of consequence a slave. I wished to mend my birth, and entered into the army. I was only a centurion in Gaul, when a priestess of the Druids promised me the empire.

Abdol. And did you find no difficulty in believing the prediction?

Diocl. We always believe those who flatter us.

Abdol. Perhaps still more those who threaten us. Man is not less susceptible of fear than of hope.

Diocl. I possessed the boldness and presumption which commonly attend ambition. The Gaulish oracle, it is true, was ambiguous, as has been the custom of oracles from time immemorial. It promised me the empire

pire when I should kill *Apar*; a word which in our language means a wild boar. From that moment I commenced the most persevering of hunters. I killed a prodigious number of wild boars, and continued a centurion. At last, a certain *Apar* having killed the Emperor Numerianus, seated himself on his throne. I slew that *Apar*, and seated myself on his.

Abdol. I see you were very ambitious of the throne. Had it many charms for you?

Diocl. None; except that I could then make war in my own name, instead of carrying it on in the name of others. The empire was menaced on all sides: I was victorious wherever I fought: but it was impossible to make war every where at once; in the east, the west, the north, the south. This is what cannot be accomplished by human genius. I performed a prodigy, however, almost as improbable.

Abdol. Do, let me hear it. I was always fond of prodigies. I used to amuse myself with accounts of them when I worked at my first business.

Diocl. Hear then—I divided what had always been deemed indivisible—the sovereign power; the throne; the pleasure of commanding all, so soothing to our pride; the pleasure of receiving the homage of all, which has still more allurements for our vanity: in one word—I took a colleague.

Abdol. This indeed is wonderful. But why this division, if you please? When my own hands were not sufficient to labour my garden, I hired day-labourers; but they had no share either in the soil or the harvest.

Diocl. Ah, my doubly connected brother! the empire of the Cæsars was an enormous garden indeed.—Often has the mercenary seized upon the soil which he was hired only to cultivate or to protect. It was this consideration which prompted both my colleague and myself to subdivide

the authority we already shared between us. The world saw with astonishment two Cæsars seated on the same throne. They soon reckoned as many more.

Abdol. Good! The garden is now divided into four quarters. It will be taken better care of now, since it was too extensive before.

Diocl. My dear Sidonian garden-er, my sweet monarch of Tyre! you have felt something of a throne. Is it an easy affair to please those you govern?

Abdol. I got over the affair, for my own part, pretty easily. I had the happiness to reign over a small nation; but an active, a sober, and industrious one; of consequence wealthy and submissive; the more upon this account, that I asked but little from them: for the whole government may be reduced to this, Ask little money from the people, and they will not complain of their rulers.

Diocl. The throne, I see must have pleased you.

Abdol. I was patient.

Diocl. What, did you regret your garden at Sidon?

Abdol. I did: and when, after the death of Alexander, Demetrius Poliorcetes sent me back thither, I returned as a man returns from banishment.

Diocl. You were sent back; while I, on my side, voluntarily quitted the capital and the throne of the world to regain the little farm of my father. I exhibited to the world the first example of a sovereign who freely divides his authority. I displayed also the first example of an emperor willingly abdicating his crown. I have since had some imitators: Amurath among the Turks; Charles V. Christina, and Amadee, among the Christians. But Amurath resumed the sceptre which he had resigned, and quitted it a second time to resume it again.

again. Charles V. tired himself out in winding up watches and taking them to pieces; Christina was a source of affliction to the sacred college; Amadee pined away at Ripaille: I, for my part, merrily planted my cabbages and turnips.

Abdol. I believe it; never was gardener sad but after a shower of hail.

Diocl. I said to myself, while handling my spade and my rake, The earth is grateful, it will restore to me more than I give it. I have given much to men; I have even shared my power with many; I have found nothing but ingratitude.

Abdol. A plant, it is true, is indeed the reverse of a courtier. Water the former, it becomes the more beautiful and delicate: pamper the latter, he becomes only the more intractable.

* *Diocl.* I was solicited more than once, and always without effect, to reascend the throne. I one day showed the deputies of the senate cabbages excellently planted with my own hand—See, said I to them, my new subjects; they answer my cares; they never show themselves intractable. In this way I gave birth to a proverb which subsists to this day: Must I go, humourously says a half-pay lieutenant; must I go plant my cabbages? He may be in the right; but I had paid my debt to society: I had fought for twenty years the battles of the state, while victory always attended my banners; for twenty years I had supported the cares, the burden, the pains of government; I surely deserved the sweet, the precious consolation of planting my cabbages in peace.

Curious Account of one of the famous Spanish Armada Fleet coming into the Frith of Forth.

S I R,

HAVING often heard it alledged, that at the time the famous Spanish Armada was dispersed, one of the vessels came into the frith of Forth, and there found shelter from the storms that had almost totally swallowed this prodigious armament, I made several enquiries of many people who I thought were best acquainted with the tradition of this transaction; but it was without effect, till lately, when meeting with a manuscript containing the life of Mr. John Melvill, who was minister of Anstruther in the year 1588, and which was wrote by himself, I found a detail of the very transaction which I had been in search of. I shall give it you in his own language; which, though a little uncouth, gives a picture of the times. A. C.

Apocalypse, and in setting out of sermons thereupon, against the Papists and Spainzards; and yet by a piece of great oversight the Papists practised never mair busilie in this land, and maid greater preparation for receiving of the Spainzards nor that zeir. For a lang tyme the newes of the Spanish navie haid been blazed abroad; and about the lambas tyde of the 1588, this yland haid fund a fearful effect thereof to the utter subversion bathe of kirk and police, giff God had not wonderfullie watched over the same, and mightilie faughten and defeat that armie be his fauldians the elements, quwhilk he maid all four maist fercelie to afflict them, till al-maist utter consumption. Terrible was the feir, presshing war the preachings, earnest, zealous, and servent war the prayers, sounding war the fiches and sobbes, and abounding war the tears at that first and General Assembly

“ That winter, the year 1588, the king occupied in commenting of the

sembly kept at Edinburgh, when the newes war credibilie tauld, sumtymes of their landing at Dunbar, sumtymes at St. Andrais, and in Tay, and now and then at Aberdeen and Cromartie frith; and in verie deid as we know certainlie soon after, the Lord of armies, wha ryddes upon the wings of the wunds, the keeper of his awin Israel, was in the mean tyme conveying that monstrous navie about our coasts, and directing their hulks and galiaces to the ylands, rokkes, and sands, wharupon he haid destinat their wrak and destruction; for within twa or thrie moneths thereafter, earlie in the morning be brake of day, ane of our bailzies came to my bed-side, saying, (but not with fray) I have to tell you newes, Sir; there is arrived within our harbrie, this morning, a shipfull of Spainzards, bot not to giff mercie, bot to ask, and sa shaws me that the commanders haid landit, and he haid commandit tham to their ship again, till the magistrates of the town haid advyst; and the Spainzard had humble o-beyit; therefore desiret me to ryse and hear thair petition. With thaim up I got with diligence, and assembling the honest men of town, came to the tobbuthe, and after consultation taken to hear them, and what answer to make, there presented us a verie reverend man of big stature, and grave and stout countenance, gray-headed, and verie humble like; wha, after mikle and verie low courtessie, bowing down with his face neir the ground, and twitching my sho with his hand, began his harange in the Spanish towng, wharof I understood the substance; and being about to answer in Latin, he haiffing onlie a zoung man with him to be his interpreter, began and tauld over again to us in guid English. The sum was, That King Philip his maister had rigit out a navie and armie to land in England, for just causes,

to be advengit of manie intollerable wrangs quhilk he haid receivit of that nation; but God for thair sins haid been against them; and be storme of weather had dryven thair navie by the coast of England, and him, with a certean of capteans, being the general of twentie hulks, upon ane yll of Scotland called the Fair yll, whar they maid shipwrack, and whar sa monie as had eschapel the merseless seis and rokkes, haid mair nor sax or seaven ouks suffered great hunger and cauld, till conducting that bark out of Orkney, they were come as to thair special friends and confederates, to kiss the King's Majesty's hand of Scotland, (and therewith bekkit even to the zeird), and to find relief and comfort thereby to himself, the gentelmen, capteans, and the poore souldearie, whase condition was for the present maist miserable and pitifull. I answerit this mikle in sum, That whowbeit neither our friendship, quhilk could not be great, seeing thair King was friends to the graitistemie of Christ, the Pope of Rome, and our King and we desyed him, nor zit thair cause against our nighbours and speciall friends of England, could procure anie benifit at our hands for thair relief or comfort, nevertheless they should know by experience that we war men, and se maned to human compassion and Christainess of better religion nor they, which should kyth in the fruits and effect plan contrar to thairs; for whereas our people resorting amang tham in peaceable and lawfull affairs of merchandise, war violentlei taken and cast in prisen, thair guidis and gear confiscat, and thair bodies committed to crewal flaming fyre for the cause of religion, They sould find nathing among us but Christian pitie and warks of mercie and almes, leaving to God to work in thair hartes concerning religion as it pleased him. This being trewlie reported to him be his Frenchman, with

with great reverence he gaiff thanks, and said, he could not make answer for their kirk and the laws and order thair of; only for himself, that thair war divers Scotchmen who knew him, and to whom he had shewn courtesei and favver at Calles, and as he supposit since of the same town of Anstruther. Sa show him, that the bailzies granted him lecince with the capteans to go to thair ludging for thair refreshment, bot to nane of thair men to land, till the over lord of the town was advertised, and understand the King's Majelty's mind annent them. Thus with great courtesei he departed. That night the lord, being advertised, came; and on the morn, accompanied with a guid number of the gentlemen of the

countrey round about, gaiff the said general and the capteans presence, and after the same spietches in effect as before, receavit them in his house and interteaned them humaneilie, and sufferit the souldeirs to come a land and ly all togedder, to the number of thirteen score, for the maist part young berdless men, sillie, trauchled, and hungrit, to the quhiik a day or two keall pottage and fish was giften; for my advyce was conforma to the prophet Elizeus his to the King of Israel in Samari, Giff them bread and water. The names of the commanders ware Jan Gomes de Medina general of twenty hulks, Capitan Petricio, Capitan de Legaritto, Capitan de Luffera, Capitan Mauricio, and Seigneur Serrano." [Ed. Mag.

AN E C D O T E S.

AT Croydon affizes, a surgeon was called as a witness, for the purpose of proving damages, upon an action of assault. He deposed that he had bled the plaintiff; and being asked upon oath, if bleeding had been necessary, candidly answered, "we always find it *necessary* to do *something* when sent for."

A Gentleman, whose father had been robbed of a considerable quantity of plate, dined with the son of a wealthy man supposed to be a receiver. A large silver tureen was brought to table without a cover.—"I am admiring your tureen (said the guest to his host) not so much for its fashion or value, but from a very extraordinary circumstance, which is, that a *cover* I have got at home would exactly *fit* it."

A Short time previous to the late war, a magistrate, who had served the office of lord-mayor, (in London) read in the papers that the French had taken *umbrage*; upon

which he ran to his stock-broker to order him to sell out. "The French have commenced hostilities (said the magistrate)—they have taken *Umbrage* from us." The stock-broker applied to his Gazetteer—No such place was to be found. They flew to Change Alley, and there, after some difficulty, the point was cleared up.

A Lady asked an Irish gentleman how he liked Veltres the dancer—"Upon my shoul, (said the Hibernian) I think he *handles* his legs very well."

TWO felons, an Irishman and a Welshman, being brought to the hill near Chester to be executed, the Welshman was first turned off. The halter breaking, Taffy rolled down the hill into the river—swam across, and made his escape. Paddy seeing the accident, exclaimed to the hangman, "O *death* and *cunz*! take care you have a strong rope for me; for should I fall into the river, as I cannot swim, I'd be *drowned*."

The

The circumstances of the following Tale are interesting and natural; and the whole will at least serve to shew, that the paths of Virtue and Vice run in parallel lines, and are so closely united, that there is no possibility of deviating from the first without emerging into the latter, and when once entered, none can say how far that road will lead him!

STORY of VALMORE and JULIA.

VALMORE was descended from an ancient and reputable family in Brittany. His father was a gallant officer, who had served his King and country for the space of thirty years, without receiving any other reward for his services than a distinguished reputation for bravery, and a captain's commission—which at the end of that æra he resigned, and retired to his native country, and a small patrimony which he inherited, with a beloved wife, and an only child, the unfortunate hero of the present tale.

When Valmore was about ten years old, his mother died; and from that moment no other object seemed to exist on earth for Captain Valmore but his son. To the care of his education he devoted his every thought; and when the youth had reached the age of eighteen, the fond father thought his son must be happy, because he was perfectly satisfied that his principles were noble, and his heart good. He procured a commission for him from one of his former friends, in the same regiment in which he had served, equipped him properly for the service, and presented him with a hundred louis d'ors, "which (he said) he had saved from the poor, who should, from that time, be heirs to his superfluities."

About a month before young Valmore was ordered to join his regiment, in one of his morning walks he happened to see a chariot overturned by the negligence of the coachman, and heard a female voice give a loud scream. He flew to offer his assistance and beheld a most beautiful girl, about sixteen, who had fainted from the fright and shock she had sustained.

He soon released her from the carriage, caught her in his arms, and bore her to a bank, before the servants who attended her could come up. A few minutes brought her to herself; and the modest confusion she expressed at finding her head leaning on the bosom of a stranger, completed the conquest which the beauties of her form and features, even in that death-like state, had already begun. She expressed her gratitude in the most elegant terms, and as she had received no injury, except fright, from the accident, said, "She would accept of his arm to convey her home, as the distance to her father's house was not more than a quarter of a mile." When arrived, she presented him as her deliverer to her mother, Madame De Forhele, who, upon learning his name, acknowledged an acquaintance with his family, and pressed him to pass the day with her and the lovely Julia, as Monsieur de Forhele was then absent.

From that time Valmore appeared both to himself and to every one who saw him, a new being; an idea of happiness, which he had never before conceived, animated his whole frame, his eyes sparkled with unusual lustre, he scarcely touched the ground as he walked, and the sound of his voice seemed to vie, for musical sprightliness, with the morning lark.

He rose before the sun next day in order to renew his visit, mounted his horse, and found himself at Monsieur Forhele's, long before any of the family were stirring. He rambled about the adjacent country, impatiently waiting for the rising of his bright luminary, and had again the happiness

happiness of passing the day under her benignant auspices. At this second interview he was introduced to Monsieur Forhele, who received him with civil reserve and distant courtesy; but our hero was by no means sensible of any peculiar slight from his behaviour, as he thought himself in every respect his equal.

The days now flew away on downy wings with Valmore, as none of them passed without seeing and conversing with his adored Julia, who now seemed to think with him, that the hand of Providence had guided him to the spot where they first met, and that they of course were destined for each other. Full of this juvenile idea, "What hinders then (said Valmore, as he walked with Julia in the gardens of Forhele) what hinders me to avow my passion to your father, to implore his consent to our union, to our becoming the happiest pair that the blest sun can see even in his annual course."

Before Julia could start an objection to this proposal, Mons. Forhele gave him an opportunity to try its effect, by walking towards them with a countenance full of resentment. Valmore was no physiognomist; he read no face but Julia's. He threw himself at Forhele's feet, declared the ardour of his love, and added, "that he hoped his respectful tenderness had inspired his fair mistress with such a predilection in his favour, as to approve his passion."

With the most insulting coldness Mons. Forhele replied, "Your alliance, Sir, would, doubtless, do me infinite honour; but I am both surprised and sorry that my daughter should have disposed of her affections without my consent, as it is not from her choice, but mine, she must receive a husband, and you are by no means the person I should chuse. I must therefore desire you to retire immediately, and never more repeat your visits here."

When Valmore returned home, the traces of the deepest despair were visible in his countenance: his father was immediately alarmed, and tenderly enquired the cause of his affliction. As soon as the unhappy youth could give utterance to his grief, he exclaimed, "O! Sir, receive into your bosom the sighs of a wretch who is weary of his existence, and who is no longer worthy to live, for having wanted confidence in the best of fathers! But I will repair my fault, and avow a passion which is only rendered criminal by concealment." He then related every thing that had passed between him and Julia, and with streaming eyes implored his father to solicit Monsieur Forhele's consent to their union.

The good old gentleman, though softened by his son's distress, saw the folly of his pursuit, and commanded him, in the most peremptory tone, to join his regiment immediately. "There (said he) my beloved Valmore may have opportunities to render himself worthy of the amiable Julia. Love makes heroes, and if your mistress deserves your attachment, fear not that even a father's power can rob you of her heart; no force can subdue a passion founded on esteem. If she can give her affections to another, that ought to console you for her loss, by shewing her to be unworthy of you."

Our young soldier's spirits were fired by this discourse; he tenderly embraced his father, said he was ready to depart that moment, and trusted that his future conduct should never deviate from the noble sentiments with which his father's precepts and example had inspired him.

It was impossible, however, that he should set out without taking leave of Julia. He was forbid the castle of Forhele; but he found means to convey a letter to her, filled with the tenderest professions of love, and
 ever-

ever-during constancy. In her reply she approved his resolution; called Heaven to witness, that her heart should never be bestowed on any other object, though certain that she never more should see him, as her father's cruelty must quickly end her days; and begged he would forget her, though her last sigh, she vowed, should breathe the name of Valmore.

This tender billet quickly banished all the salutary advice he had received from his father; his passion was augmented by the idea of Julia's sufferings, and to forsake her in such a situation appeared dishonourable. He instantly resolved to rescue her from her father's tyranny; and at all events to become her husband and protector through life. He wrote to her to this effect, imploring her to throw herself into his arms; adding, "that he had a rich uncle at Falaise, in Normandy, who would, he was certain, receive and cherish them both; that under his protection they would have nothing to fear from her family; that there they should be indissolubly joined, and that the study of his whole life should be to render her happy."

The moment he had sent off this letter, his heart was torn to pieces by the idea of the deceitfulness of his conduct towards his father, and of the anguish he must feel when he should discover his son's flight; but passion triumphed over filial affection; and, to avoid the painful sight of a parent whom he loved and honoured, though he disobeyed, he took leave of him, as intending to join his regiment directly. Old Valmore was pleased at his seeming impatience to become a soldier, repeated his parental admonitions, embraced and blessed him.

Our young adventurer travelled no farther than to the next village, which was about a league from the castle of Forhele, and there waited the return

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 10.

of his messenger with Julia's answer, which was to determine both their fates. Judge of his distraction, when he read the following words:

"It is over! You have removed the veil that concealed your real sentiments, and from this moment I tear asunder the ties that attached me to you. The purity of my own mind made me think your's virtuous. In that idea I found an excuse for my weakness, and gave myself up to the delightful thought of being beloved by the worthiest of men: this was a consolation for all my sorrows, and I should have cherished it to my latest hour. But you have banished this illusion, and in its room have shewn me a wretch, who would lead my unsuspecting fondness to shame and misery; that would load me with the reproaches of my injured parents, and tempt me to disgrace a respectable family, by bringing infamy on myself. This, inhuman as you are, is the return you make to tenderness like mine!

"Tho' sunk in my esteem, I still pity you; my tears at this moment cannot be restrained; but I will dry their source, by banishing your idea from my heart.

"Adieu for ever!

"JULIA."

The instant stroke of lightning could not have had a more sudden, nor, indeed, a much more fatal effect upon Valmore, than the perusal of these lines.

*The damps of Death bedewed his face,
He sighed, he groaned, he fell!*

The good folks of the cottage where he lodged ran to his assistance, and brought him back to misery. On the instant he wrote to his offended fair-one, in the following terms:

"The wretch who has offended Julia does not deserve to live! Nor will he longer endure a being which her contempt has rendered odious to

K k k

him.

him. But before he takes his everlasting leave of all his heart holds dear, examine his offence, and try if you have not misjudged him, and mistaken the innocent ardour of his passion for the artful plan of a seducer.

"I cannot bear the thought, nor will I attempt to excuse what you think criminal. You have withdrawn your love; my life depended on that only. The moment I receive a confirmation of that cruel sentence, my death shall rid you of a being that must be hateful to you, and in the grave, at least, I shall elude your hate.

"Adieu for ever!"

He had no sooner dispatched his letter, than the agitation of mind he had suffered began to operate upon his body; he was seized with a fever, and became delirious in a few hours. The tender Julia was almost as much distracted as her lover when she had read his letter; she feared the violence of his resentment, at her unjust suspicions, might tempt him to destroy himself, and willingly would she have laid down her life to have saved his.

Her father and mother were at that time on a visit. What hindered her seeing him once more, granting his pardon, and bidding him farewell for ever? No time was to be lost; she mounted behind his servant, and arrived at the cottage where he lay, as quick as the horse's speed could carry her. Valmore, as I have already said, was senseless; but her loved voice soon lured his reason back, and the soft tears she shed upon his cheek dispelled the fever's rage; she gave him leave to plead his pardon, as soon as his health would permit, and gave him a key which would open an entrance to her father's garden, where he should come at midnight before he set out for the army, and receive her last adieu.

Need I say that Julia's presence, as if by magic, restored the health and happiness of Valmore? He avail-

ed himself of her permission to sue his pardon at her feet on the ensuing night, and many interviews ensued; at each of which Julia became less shocked at the idea which had at first so much alarmed her prudence. To be short, she at length consented to elope, and the lovers set out accordingly for Falaise.

Valmore truly loved his mistress; his behaviour to her, therefore, during their long journey was bounded by the most respectful tenderness, which, however, could not dissipate the sorrow she felt, from the consciousness of having acted wrong. The moment they arrived at Falaise, Valmore left Julia at the inn, and flew to his uncle's house. He was received with the most cordial caresses by the old gentleman, till the impatient youth declared the occasion of his visit, and implored his parental protection for one far dearer than himself. The scene was quickly changed; instead of caresses, he was loaded with reproaches, and bade to fly with his infamous companion for ever from his sight.

At his return to the inn, Julia read her fate in Valmore's looks; he was incapable of revealing the anguish of his mind by words; he threw himself at her feet, and bathed them with tears. "I know it all (said she); we are completely ruined; we have offended Heaven, and deserve our punishment. I became a sharer in your guilt, from the moment I calmly listened to the fatal proposal that has undone us both. But I will not reproach you."

The unhappy fugitives passed the night in tears, without being able to form any plan for their future conduct or subsistence; towards morning they retired to their separate chambers, and Valmore's exhausted spirits were refreshed by a profound slumber. It was late when he awoke, and the first object that struck his sight was

was a letter that had been thrust under the door of his chamber; he took it hastily up, and read as follows:

"Return thanks to Heaven, my dear Valmore, for the happy resolution with which it has inspired me. Those illusions of felicity with which we flattered ourselves are vanished, and in their room the most horrid realities remain for both, if we continue together. My flight will prevent your misery, and may in time secure my repose; at least, I will bury my faults and my shame together in a cloyster. Adieu!

"Strive to forget the unhappy
"JULIA!"

I will not pretend to describe Valmore's situation when he had read this fatal billet; suffice it to say, that it was very little short of distraction. He flew to all the adjacent convents, and made fruitless enquiries for his Julia; no one could give him tidings of her. He questioned every human creature he met on the highways, if they had seen his love; and for many months continued his vain pursuit, without ever sleeping under a roof; his countenance became ferocious, and his figure squalid, so as to inspire every one who saw him with horror.

After enduring a variety of misery, and being totally devoid of the means of subsistence, he enlisted as a common soldier, in a regiment which was then going to serve in Germany. During the campaign he sought death, even in the cannon's mouth, in vain; all that he wished eluded his pursuit, and he dragged on a wretched existence in despite of himself. In this deplorable state he continued almost five years, till, at the conclusion of the war, the army marched into winter quarters at Frankfort.

Valmore's despair alone could withstand the joy that then universally reigned in that great city; he shunned the haunts of men, and lived in the wild woods alone. He happened,

in one of his sequestered walks, to see his colonel drive by with a lady in a chariot, and he paid with sullenness the usual compliment of a salute to his commander. On the instant his eyes seemed fascinated; the form of Julia appeared to his bewildered imagination, a thick darkness overshadowed his sight, and he sunk senseless to the earth.

The colonel ordered one of his servants to dismount, and take care of Valmore. When he came to himself, he eagerly enquired who the lady was that he had seen in the chariot? and was informed, that she was a lady of *easy virtue*, whom *Mons. De Farbanne*, his colonel, was remarkably fond of. He then exclaimed aloud, "It is impossible! Dear shade, forgive the injury which for a moment my rash thoughts have done thee!"

On his return to Frankfort, the likeness between Julia and the lady he had seen, still haunted him, and he resolved to clear his doubts by an interview. The next morning he found out her house, and desired permission to see her; she immediately supposed he brought some message from his colonel, and permitted his admission to her presence. She was alone; he gazed on her till all his doubts were passed, and then with streaming eyes addressed her thus: "Ah, Julia! have these tears flowed for thy loss so long, to find thee thus! Is this the cloyster in which you wished to bury the hapless errors of an innocent love? And didst thou leave the chaste, the tender arms of the despairing Valmore to plunge into the horrors of vice and infamy!"

Though the change, which so many years of misery had wrought in Valmore, prevented her knowing him at first, his accents and his words quickly recalled his former image to her recollection, and made her rush into his arms, exclaiming aloud "It is, it is, my Valmore!"

Then

Then tearing herself from him, she threw herself on a couch, burst into tears, and turned away her face. "Cruel Julia! (said Valmore) wouldst thou again deprive me of thy sight?"

"Yes (she replied), I wish to fly from thee, of all mankind, because I am unworthy of thy love, and have forfeited every claim to my own esteem, as well as thine; thy contempt, my own, and that of all that know me, is my portion. Yet Heaven is my witness, that when I quitted thee, I meant to consecrate my heart to God, and in a convent expiate the crime of having disobeyed my parents, for that, thou knowest, was then the only guilt my soul was conscious of.

"In vain did I repeatedly implore admittance at different monasteries; my dress, my youth, and even my beauty, were objections to my being received into any. I had no means of assuring them that my pension would be paid; and they seemed to consider me as a wretch who had been seduced from virtue, who might possibly carry about me the effect of my supposed crime, and disgrace their community. In consequence of these reiterated disappointments, I returned to the inn where I had left you; but you had fled from thence like an arrow in the air, and left no trace behind.

"Distracted with my grief, and not knowing whither to direct my steps, I wandered on, resolving to lie down and die, when my poor feeble limbs could not convey me farther.—That hour approached, I breathed a prayer for you, and sat me down beside a little brook, hoping each sigh I drew would be my last. A chaise came driving on. I had not strength to move out of the way, though called to by the postillions. The horses stopped to water. A lady who was in the carriage gazed upon me, and became interested by my appearance; she spoke to me with

kindness. I answered not but with my tears. She alighted and took me by the hand, bid me be of comfort, and pressed me to accept a seat in her carriage to the next inn, where she would endeavour, by any means in her power, to be serviceable to me.

"The voice of pity soothed my breaking heart, and as well as I was able I expressed my gratitude, and accepted her offer. To be short, I acquainted her with my distressful story, concealing only my name and family. She conveyed me to her house at Rouen, and treated me like a sister. But judge of my distress, Valmore, when I discovered that my humane benefactress, though she possessed all others, was deficient in the most material of all female virtues! A thousand times did I resolve to quit her; but the charms of her conversation, the gentleness of her manners, and, above all, her generosity and kindness to me, prevented me. Vice is contagious; spare my confusion, Valmore, and guess the rest."

"If you have virtue enough left (said Valmore) to blush at your unhappy situation, you surely will consent to quit it. Fly, my adorable Julia! fly from the paths of vice! Renounce these gilded trappings, these marks of infamy; repent in humble poverty, strive to atone thy crimes by patient suffering, and in thy faithful lover's arms regain thy virtue." "Heaven (said Julia) is witness of my sincere repentance; but whither shall we fly?"

As she pronounced these words, Colonel Farbanne entered. He stood amazed at seeing Valmore, and observing that they were both dissolved in tears. Then turning to him said, "What dost thou here? Begone, this instant!" "Do you begone! (said Valmore). Vice is forbidden now to enter here." "What means this insolence?" replied the colonel, and raised his cane to strike at Valmore, who

who at that moment drew his sword, saying, "The very garb he wore, forbade his receiving the indignity he had offered, and bid Farbanne instantly defend himself." The colonel drew, and in a moment Valmore's too furious arm directed his weapon's point to his antagonist's heart, who fell dead on the instant.

Valmore was quickly seized, torn from his Julia's arms, who begged to accompany him, and thrown into a dungeon. A Court Martial was immediately called, and he was sentenced to be shot on the next day. He received his sentence with firmness. The hope he felt of having recalled his beloved Julia to the paths of virtue sat smiling at his heart. He marched to execution between two ranks of his former fellow-soldiers with a manly step, and an elevated air. His eyes alone were dry.

As he approached the fatal spot, he heard a tumultuous sound. He turned his head, and saw a woman pale and dishevelled, rushing through the crowd; he heard his name pronounced by a soft dying voice, and at that instant Julia caught him in her arms. Exhausted and convulsed, she exclaimed, "Thank Heaven, I have reached this spot to die at the feet of a faithful husband! Valmore, forgive me! we shall meet again!" As her pale lip received the seal of pardon, the guilty Julia sunk—and expired. Valmore threw himself upon the ground beside her, and fell into strong convulsions. Insensibility succeeded these emotions; he was remanded back to prison, and ere the next day's dawn, his spirit was released from his poor suffering clay, and free to seek the kindred soul of Julia.

T H E

A M E R I C A N M U S E.

O R I G I N A L P O E T R Y.

E V E N I N G.

SOL's golden chariot down the western sky
Has roll'd—clos'd are the pearly gates of light;
The varied prospects, *fading*, leave the eye
Wrapt in the *shroud* of *solitary night*.

Hudson, in silence, laves the moon-gilt shores,
The winds hum sullen o'er the lucid plain,
And *grief* her plaints in pensive music pours,
While *echo*, *sad*, repeats the melting strain.

Ah! what a tone arrests my raptur'd ear,
Sweet as the *thrush's* note at close of day,
While balmy breezes, thro' the humid air,
On gilded plumes waft the soft sounds away.

'Tis *Artha* sings—the mournful voice I know—
I know the broken sigh which checks the song,
While accents soft of unaffected woe,
Warm from the heart—drop from her artless tongue.—

"O *chilly*

" O *chilly moon!* O *paler lamp* of heav'n!
 " The joys I've known by thy fair light are o'er,
 " And these sad eyes, which hail'd returning ev'n,
 " See beauty in thy *silver ray* no more :
 " For since my *brother* slumbers with the dead
 " Each once-lov'd object wears a cheerless gloom ;
 " Each jocund thought, each happier view is fled,
 " Is with my *Orlin* sunk into the tomb.
 " *Five* years had seen me taste unmingled joys,
 " When *war's* trump blew—I heard the solemn swell ;
 " My *father* heard his struggling *country's* voice—
 " He felt *her* wrongs—he rush'd to war—he fell !
 " With pious hand my *Orlin* wip'd the tear
 " From the *pale cheek* of *her* who gave us breath ;
 " But vain to soothe her anguish was his care,
 " She *pinning* sunk—*cropt* by the *band of death!*
 " One yet remain'd my heedless steps to guide,
 " To feel *my* sorrows he forgot his own ;
 " Blest with his care, I had no wish beside ;
 " But *he*—oh, bitter thought!—*he* too is gone !
 " O life ! how complicated are thy woes !
 " Fain from thy realm of sorrow would I fly,
 " Forget the goods and ills thou canst bestow,
 " And pass thy *closing gates* without a sigh.
 " Peace—peace, my heart ! thy achings soon will cease,
 " Forbear thy pantings, I shall soon rejoin
 " The happy spirits of my *loves* in peace,
 " And taste with them the bliss which is divine.
 " *Silent as death* the moments stole along,
 " Last night, as late thro' *mould'ring ruins* I past ;
 " The *bird of eve* had clos'd her *darkling* song,
 " Nor hung an *echo* on the dying blast :
 " When, lo ! in *sleepless unremitted* calls
 " The *death-watch* beat the flying hours away,
 " And *fighing ghosts* bent thro' the *broken walls*,
 " And slowly whisp'ring, chid my ling'ring stay.
 " O grant me resignation ! power supreme,
 " Till thou in love shalt summon me away—
 " Till *death* shall wake me from this troublous dream,
 " And mine eyes open on eternal day."
 So be it love—may *peace* her pinions spread
 Around the weary couch by *Artha* prest ;
 May *angels* warble sonnets round her head,
 To lull her melancholy soul to rest.
 And, oh ! may heav'n, in pity to her woes,
 Soothe her sad heart, to many a pang a prey,
 And in *religion* grant her sweet repose,
 Till *angels* waft her to the realms of day.

ELLA.

On

*On seeing Miss S**** T** E*** crossing the Hudson.*

BY THE LATE MRS. ANN E. BLEECKER.

'TIS she, upon the sapphire flood, E'en Neptune quits his glassy caves,
 Whose charms the world sur- And calls out from afar,
 prise, "So Venus look'd, when o'er the
 Whose praises chanted in the wood, waves
 Are wafted to the skies. "She drove her pearly carr."

To view the heaven of her eyes, He bids the winds to caves retreat,
 Where'er the light barque moves, And there confin'd to roar :
 The green hair'd sisters, smiling, rise "But here (said he) forbear to breathe
 From out their sea-girt groves. "Till Susan comes on shore."

TO DELIA.

WHEN smiles of sweetness fondly rove
 Upon thy face, and kindle love ;
 When goodness too, and beauty join
 To make my *Delia* more divine,
 And still when wisdom claims her part,
 And guides, and rules, and owns thy heart,
 Art thou in earnest, *Delia*, say,
 When thou command'st my love away ?
 Not think of thee, not yield my soul
 To the soft power of love's control ?
 Say, not indulge the ravish'd gaze,
 And not admire bright beauty's blaze ?
 Behold the vernal morn diffuse
 O'er blooming fields refreshing dews ;
 Behold the moon, serenely bright,
 Ride thro' the heav'ns the queen of night ;
 Behold the sun, with golden ray,
 Illumines worlds around with day :
 As well the vernal morn might rise,
 To be obscur'd with wintry skies—
 The moon as well forget to shine,
 Nights queen, in majesty divine—
 As well the sun refuse his rays,
 Which give surrounding worlds their days,
 As this fond heart forget the fair
 Who holds her pleasing empire there.
 Too long I've seen, too long I've known
 The lovely fair my soul would own ;
 Too long her looks, with sweetness blest,
 Have robb'd my hours of tranquil rest ;
 Too long to suffer this pain'd heart
 From so much beauty to depart.
 Come then, my *Delia*, haste approve
 My passion with returning love.

Sept. 13, 1791.

BEVIL.

SOLUTION

SOLUTION to the REBUS, page 540.

ON the banks of Hydaspes *Nicæa* was built,
By the son of great Philip, renown'd;
Epaminondas expir'd like Mercer the brave,
With the wreath of bright victory crown'd.

To the crown of king Harold bold *William* laid claim,
And invaded Britannia's fair shore;
The kings of Peru were by millions rever'd,
And the title of *Yncas* they bore.

The riddle of Sphinx was by *Oedipus* solv'd,
Rebeboam o'er Israel did reign;
Fair Tifflis adorns the gay banks of the *Kur*,
That enriches the Georgian plain.

Now join these initials, and soon will appear
NEW-YORK, not unnotic'd by Fame;
On the shores of the West, th' emporium of trade,
And in time the fair queen of the main.

Yes, here the bold Hudson, with majesty flows,
Its banks with gay foliage o'erspread,
Proud Thames and old Tiber would drown in its wave,
And wide Danube might roll in its bed.

NEW-YORK! oh! blest Peace still reside in her walls,
Here genius of Freedom remain,
Philanthropy, warm, still ennoble the heart,
And, oh! Virtue triumphantly reign.

Fair Science, go on, still allure with thy charms,
And cherish the emulous flame,
Direct our brave youth, who to glory aspire,
And pant for the plaudits of Fame.

When they enter thy portals, then point to the wall,
And say, "You who pant with desire,
"Here a JAY and a HAMILTON courted my charms,"
And the names their young bosoms shall fire.

Oh teach them the blessings of Freedom to prize,
And to die in defence of their laws;
Let them know how their fathers most valiantly fought,
And bled in fair Liberty's cause.

NEW-YORK! may curs'd Faction ne'er brood in thy walls;
May Luxury never prevail,
May fordid Corruption be banish'd thy shore,
And Justice well balance her scale.

If her sons will resolve to be virtuous and free,
Her name and her praise shall resound
Till Fame's silver trumpet shall crumble to dust,
And Time bring her fane to the ground.

New-York, October 11, 1791.

SELECTED

SELECTED POETRY.

LOVE RENEW'D :

A SONNET.

LIGHT fly the hours, attendant
joy,

Gay mirth, and every sweet employ,
Chasing the short-liv'd moments,
prove

The blissful state of growing Love :
New to the heart, the youthful Fair,
First learnt to feel a tenderer care ;
A fond sollicitude, which says,
How poor the Calm of former Days !

Then hope and fear, alternate reign,
Transition of delight and pain ;
That dear distress, that charming
strife,

Which interests every scene of life :
The cheek suffus'd, the downcast
brow,

The sigh escap'd we know not how ;
The soft rebuke, th' unwilling blame,
Triumphant Nature all proclaim.

Sweet is the Passion thus pursu'd,
But sweeter far is Love Renew'd ;
That Love, which, when the bosom
thrill'd,

Suspence with icy hand hath chill'd ;
Hath doom'd to sit the mournful day,
And weep the ling'ring time away ;
The heart's best prospects, once so
fair,

Chang'd in an instant to despair —
How hard ! to view the budding Rose
In Life's glad morn its sweets dis-
close ;

Then in the fond expectant hour,
To lose the lovely yielding flow'r.

How sweet ! when Hope was scarce
alive,

To see that hour again revive ;
The long-lost Rose once more to view,
With ripen'd fragrance bloom anew ;

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 10.

Then Love, with soft-ey'd Pity blends,
Then Mem'ry all her aid extends ;
Past sorrow, heightens present joy,
And rapture lives without alloy.

ARLEY.

ON HAPPINESS.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

THE midnight moon serenely
smiles

O'er Nature's soft repose,
No lowering cloud obscures the sky,
Nor rustling tempest blows.

Now every passion sinks to rest,
The throbbing heart lies still,
And varying schemes of life, no more
Distract the lab'ring will.

In silence hush'd to Reason's voice,
Attends each mental power ;
Come dear Emelia and enjoy
Reflection's favourite hour.

Come, while the peaceful scene in-
vites,

Let's search this ample round :
Where shall the lovely fleeting form
Of HAPPINESS be found ?

Does it amidst the frolic mirth
Of gay assemblies dwell ?
Or hide beneath the solemn gloom
That shades the hermit's cell ?

How oft the laughing brow of Joy
A sick'ning heart conceals !
And thro' the cloister's deep recess
Invading Sorrow steals !

In vain thro' beauty, fortune, wit,
The fugitive we trace ;
It dwells not in the faithless smile
That brightens CLODIO's face.

Perhaps the joy to these deny'd,
The heart in Friendship finds ;
Ah ! dear delusion, gay conceit,
Of visionary minds.

L 111

Howe'er

Howe'er our varying notions rove,
Yet all agree in one,
To place its being in some state
At distance from our own.

O! blind to each indulgent aim
Of power supremely wise,
Who fancy HAPPINESS in ought
The hand of Heaven denies.

Vain are alike the joys we seek,
And vain what we possess,
Unless harmonious Reason tunes,
The passions into peace.

To temper'd wishes, just desires,
Is HAPPINESS confin'd,
And deaf to Folly's call, attends
The music of the mind.

PLACILLA.

SONNET.—TO TWILIGHT.

MEEK Twilight! soften the declining day,
And bring the hour my pensive spirit loves:
When o'er the mountain flow descends the ray
That gives to silence the deserted groves.

Ah, let the happy court the morning still,
When, in her blooming loveliness array'd,
She bids fresh beauty light the vale or hill,
And rapture warble in the vocal shade.

Sweet is the odour of the morning's flower,
And rich in melody her accents rise;
Yet dearer to my soul the shadowy hour,
At which her blossoms close, her music dies—
For then while languid nature droops her head,
She wakes the tear 'tis luxury to shed.

President's Speech.

On Monday the 24th of October, 1791, the Second Congress of the United States under the NEW CONSTITUTION, met at Philadelphia.—A quorum having appeared, the necessary oaths were administered, and other preliminary business performed.—On Tuesday the House of Representatives attended in form, at the Senate Chamber, where also were present the principal Officers of State, and other persons of distinction. After being seated a few minutes the PRESIDENT of the UNITED STATES (having attended for the purpose) rose and delivered the following SPEECH:—

Fellow Citizens of the Senate, and of the House of Representatives,

I MEET you, upon the present occasion, with the feelings which are naturally inspired by a strong impression of the prosperous situation of our common country, and by a persuasion equally strong that the labors of the session, which has just commenced, will under the guidance of a spirit no less prudent than patriotic, issue in measures, conducive to the stability and increase of national prosperity.

Numerous as are the providential blessings which demand our grateful acknowledgments—the abundance with which another year has again rewarded the industry of the husbandman is too important to escape recollection.

Your

Your own observations, in your respective situations, will have satisfied you of the progressive state of agriculture, manufactures, commerce, and navigation : In tracing their causes, you will have remarked, with particular pleasure, the happy effects of that revival of confidence, public as well as private, to which the constitution and laws of the United States have so eminently contributed : And you will have observed, with no less interest, new and decisive proofs of the increasing reputation and credit of the nation. But you nevertheless cannot fail to derive satisfaction from the confirmation of these circumstances, which will be disclosed, in the several official communications, that will be made to you in the course of your deliberations.

The rapid subscriptions to the Bank of the United States, which completed the sum allowed to be subscribed, in a single day, is among the striking and pleasing evidences which present themselves, not only of confidence in the government, but of resource in the community.

In the interval of your recess, due attention has been paid to the execution of the different objects which were specially provided for by the laws and resolutions of the last session.

Among the most important of these, is the defence and security of the Western Frontiers. To accomplish it on the most humane principles, was a primary wish.

Accordingly, at the same time, that treaties have been provisionally concluded, and other proper means used to attach the wavering, and to confirm in their friendship, the well-disposed tribes of Indians—effectual measures have been adopted to make those of a hostile description sensible, that a pacification was desired upon terms of moderation and justice.

These measures having proved unsuccessful, it became necessary to convince the refractory of the power of the United States to punish their depredations. Offensive operations have therefore been directed ; to be conducted, however, as consistently as possible with the dictates of humanity. Some of these have been crowned with full success, and others are yet depending. The expeditions which have been completed, were carried on under the authority, and at the expence of the United States, by the Militia of Kentucky ; whose enterprise, intrepidity and good conduct, are entitled to peculiar commendation.

Overtures of peace are still continued to the deluded tribes, and considerable numbers of individuals belonging to them have lately renounced all further opposition, removed from their former situations, and placed themselves under the immediate protection of the United States.

It is sincerely to be desired, that all need of coercion in future may cease, and that an intimate intercourse may succeed, calculated to advance the happiness of the Indians, and to attach them firmly to the United States.

In order to this it seems necessary, That they should experience the benefits of an impartial dispensation of justice :—That the mode of alienating their lands (the main source of discontent and war) should be so defined and regulated as to obviate imposition, and as far as may be practicable, controversy concerning the reality and extent of the alienations which are made :—That commerce with them should be promoted, under regulations tending to secure an equitable deportment towards them ; and that such rational experiments should be made for imparting to them the blessings of civilization, as may, from time to time, suit their condition :—That the executive

executive of the United States should be enabled to employ the means to which the Indians have been long accustomed, for uniting their immediate interests with the preservation of peace:—And, that efficacious provision should be made for inflicting adequate penalties upon all those who, by violating their rights, shall infringe the treaties and endanger the peace of the Union.

A system corresponding with the mild principles of religion and philanthropy towards an unenlightened race of men, whose happiness materially depends on the conduct of the United States, would be as honourable to the national character, as conformable to the dictates of sound policy.

The power specially vested in me by the act laying certain duties on distilled spirits, which respects the sub-divisions of the districts into surveys, the appointment of officers, and the assignment of compensations, have likewise been carried into effect. In a matter in which both materials and experience were wanting to guide the calculation, it will be readily conceived, that there must have been difficulty in such an adjustment of the rates of compensation as would conciliate a reasonable competency with a proper regard to the limits prescribed by the law. It is hoped that the circumspection which has been used will be found, in the result, to have secured the last of the two objects; but it is probable that, with a view to the first, in some instances, a revision of the provision will be found advisable.

The impressions with which this law has been received by the community have been, upon the whole, such as were to be expected among enlightened and well disposed citizens, from the propriety and necessity of the measure.—The novelty however of the tax in a considerable part of the United States, and a misconception of one of its provisions, have given occasion in particular places to some degree of discontent.—But it is satisfactory to know that this disposition yields to proper explanations and more just apprehensions of the true nature of the law. And I entertain a full confidence, that it will, in all, give way to motives which arise out of a just sense of duty, and a virtuous regard to the public welfare.

If there are any circumstances in the law, which, consistently with its main design, may be so varied as to remove any well intentioned objections, that may happen to exist, it will consist with a wise moderation to make the proper variations. It is desirable, on all occasions, to unite with a steady and firm adherence to constitutional and necessary acts of government, the fullest evidence of a disposition, as far as may be practicable, to consult the wishes of every part of the community, and to lay the foundations of the public administration in the affections of the people.

Pursuant to the authority contained in the several acts, on that subject— a district of ten miles square for the permanent seat of the government of the United States has been fixed, and announced by proclamation; which district will comprehend lands on both sides of the River Patowmac and the towns of Alexandria and George-Town. A city has also been laid out agreeable to a plan which will be placed before Congress: And as there is a prospect favored by the rate of sales which have already taken place, of ample funds for carrying on the necessary public buildings, there is every expectation of their due progress.

The completion of the Census of the inhabitants, for which provision was made by law, has been duly notified (excepting one instance in which their return has been informal, and another in which it has been omitted,

or

or miscarried) and the returns of the officers who were charged with this duty, which will be laid before you, will give you the pleasing assurance that the present population of the United States borders on four millions of persons.

It is proper also to inform you that a further loan of two millions and a half of Florins has been completed in Holland; the terms of which are similar to those of the one last announced, except as to a small reduction of charges. Another on like terms for six millions of Florins had been set on foot under circumstances that assured an immediate completion.

Gentlemen of the Senate,

Two Treaties which have been provisionally concluded with the Cherokees, and six nations of Indians, will be laid before you for your consideration, and ratification.

Gentlemen of the House of Representatives,

In entering upon the discharge of your legislative trust, you must anticipate with pleasure, that many of the difficulties necessarily incident to the first arrangements of a new government, for an extensive country, have been happily surmounted by the zealous and judicious exertions of your predecessors, in co-operation with the other branch of the legislature. The important objects which remain to be accomplished, will, I am persuaded, be conducted upon principles equally comprehensive, and equally well calculated for the advancement of the general weal.

The time limited for receiving subscriptions to the loans proposed by the act making provision for the debt of the United States, having expired, statements from the proper department, will, as soon as possible, apprise you of the exact result; enough, however, is already known, to afford an assurance that the views of that act have been substantially fulfilled. The subscription in the domestic debt of the United States has embraced by far the greatest proportion of that debt—affording, at the same time, proof of the general satisfaction of the public creditors with the system which has been proposed to their acceptance, and of the spirit of accommodation to the convenience of the government with which they are actuated. The subscriptions in the debts of the respective states, as far as the provisions of the law have permitted, may be said to be yet more general. The part of the debt of the United States, which remains unsubscribed, will naturally engage your further deliberations.

It is particularly pleasing to me to be able to announce to you, that the revenues which have been established, promise to be adequate to their objects, and may be permitted, if no unforeseen exigency occurs to supercede for the present, the necessity of any new burdens upon our constituents.

An object which will claim your early attention is a provision for the current service of the ensuing year, together with such ascertained demands upon the treasury as require to be immediately discharged, and such casualties as may have arisen in the execution of the public business, for which no specific appropriation may have yet been made; of all which a proper estimate will be laid before you.

Gentlemen of the Senate, and House of Representatives,

I shall content myself with a general reference to former communications for several objects, upon which the urgency of other affairs has hitherto postponed any definitive resolution. Their importance will recall them to your

your attention, and I trust that the progress already made in the most arduous arrangements of the government, will afford you leisure to resume them with advantage.

There are, however, some of them, of which I cannot forbear a more particular mention.

These are the militia—the post-office and post-roads—the mint—weights and measures—a provision for the sale of the vacant lands of the U. States.

The first is certainly an object of primary importance, whether viewed in reference to the national security, to the satisfaction of the community, or to the preservation of order.

In connection with this, the establishment of competent magazines and arsenals, and the fortification of such places as are peculiarly important and vulnerable, naturally present themselves to consideration. The safety of the United States under divine protection, ought to rest on the basis of systematic and solid arrangements, exposed as little as possible to the hazards of fortuitous circumstances.

The importance of the post-office and post-roads, on a plan sufficiently liberal and comprehensive, as they respect the expedition, safety and facility of communication, is increased by the instrumentality in diffusing a knowledge of the laws and proceedings of the government which, while it contributes to the security of the people, serves also to guard them against the effects of misrepresentation and misconception.

The establishment of additional cross posts, especially to some of the important points in the western and northern parts of the union, cannot fail to be of material utility.

The disorders in the existing currency, and especially in the scarcity of small change—a scarcity so peculiarly distressing to the poorer classes,—strongly recommend the carrying into immediate effect the establishment of a mint. Measures have been taken, pursuant to that resolution, for procuring some of the most necessary artists, together with the requisit apparatus.

An uniformity in the weights and measures of the country, is among the important objects submitted to you by the constitution, and if it can be derived from a standard at once invariable and universal, must be no less honourable to the public councils, than conducive to the public convenience.

A provision for the sale of the vacant lands of the United States, is particularly urged, among other reasons, by the important considerations,

That they are pledged as a fund for reimbursing the public debt;—That if timely and judiciously applied, they may save the necessity of burdening our citizens with new taxes for the extinguishment of the principal; and that being free to discharge the principal, but in a limited proportion, no opportunity ought to be lost for availing the public of its rights.

George Washington.

United States, October 25, 1791.

I N T E L L I G E N C E.

NEW-YORK, OCTOBER 1.

THE President of the United States has been pleased to issue letters patent, recognizing the ap-

pointment of R. Codman, Esq; of Boston, as vice-consul of her Most Faithful Majesty the Queen of Portugal for the state of Massachusetts.
Gen.

Gen. Wilkinson, in his late expedition through the Wabash country, took 32 prisoners, one of them a boy, the rest squaws; burnt two towns on the Wabash, and destroyed 400 acres of corn.

16.] This morning about three o'clock a fire broke out in a public house in Chatham-street, occupied by Mr. John Carrow, which entirely consumed the same.

17.] This day arrived here in the British packet Grantham, the Hon. Mr. Hammond, said to be charged with an important mission from the British court, supposed to be of a commercial nature.

25.] The Hon. the Council of Appointment have appointed Marinus Willett, Esq; sheriff of the city and county of New-York.—Also, J. F. Rooback, Esq; attorney at law, an assistant justice for the same.

A subscription has been opened in Paris to erect a statue of the late Dr. Franklin, in order to preserve to distant ages the memory of a man, who, by inducing France to support the standard of liberty in America, taught her the way to erect it in the heart of her own dominions.

The Western Territory of the United States is said to contain 220 millions of acres, inferior in fertility, salubrity and conveniency, to no country upon earth.—What a fund for the future exigencies of our country!

Last night a fire broke out in a house occupied as a hair-powder and starch manufactory, in Broad-street, which was entirely destroyed; but happily the flames were extinguished without materially injuring any other building.

On the 28th ultimo nearly a third part of the town of Newbern, (N.C.) fell a sacrifice to fire. The exertions of the inhabitants in endeavouring to stop the progress of this destructive element, were truly conspicuous, but

unfortunately they were unprovided with fire-engines. A general consternation took place; at length it was suggested to have recourse to an expedient, perhaps never before practised in this part of the world. A considerable number of barrels of gun-powder were placed in a house, and by being blown up, insured the safety of the rest. By the mere heat of the fire, which raged at the distance of 80 feet, flames were kindled in wooden tenements; and thus the ruin of the town would have been complete, had not fire been used for the purpose of extinguishing fire. The loss is estimated at 100,000*l*.

28.] A church is now building at Petersburg, (Russia) supposed to be the largest in Europe. Two thousand men have been working on it these twenty years, and are not yet at the top of the walls. It is of polished marble, both outside and in; the pillars are of one piece, fifty feet high; the base and capitals of solid silver; but the greatest curiosity of all is the wooden box, which covers the whole from the weather, constructed in a particular manner. All the Empress's buildings are on the same immense scale. The Great Duke's dog-house has fifteen hundred windows; and the audience-chamber, in which the Empress receives foreign ambassadors is lined with solid silver. Such is the magnificence of her Imperial Majesty. [*Lond. paper.*]

The Hon. Jonathan Trumbull, of Connecticut, is chosen Speaker of the House of Representatives of the United States.

Thomas Willing, Esq; of Philadelphia, is chosen President of the Bank of the United States.

—MARRIAGES.—

In *New-York*.—In the capital, Captain Samuel Armour, of this city, to Miss C. Provost, late of Amsterdam.—Francis Lynch, Esq; attorney at law, to Miss Maria Rose.—James Anderson,

Anderfon, Esq; of South-Carolina, to Miss Webb, of this city.—Mr. L. Hartman, to Miss Catharine Menuse.—Mr. C. Crygier, to Miss Hannah Parker.—Mr. T. Greenleaf, printer, to Miss Nancy Quackenbosc.—Mr. John Mildenberger, to Miss Polly Gessner.—Mr. William Grant, of St. Augustine, to Miss Ann Sample, of this city.—James Everitt, Esq; attorney at law, to Miss Tallman.

At Newburgh, Ulster county, Mr. Robert Gardiner, merchant, to Miss Jane Smith.

On Long-Island, at Flat-Lands, Mr. J. Baxter, to Miss A. Stoothoff.

In *Massachusetts*.—At Salem, Mr. Benjamin Nourse, jun. to Mrs. Abigail Combs.

In *New-Jersey*.—At Newark, Mr. Matthias B. Higgins, to Miss Pamela Andrews.—William Griffith, Esq; to Miss Abigail Hatfield.

At Orange, Mr. Gersham Williams, to Miss Phoebe Squires.

In *Pennsylvania*.—In the capital, Mr. David C. Claypoole, to Miss P. Britton, daughter of T. Britton, Esq.—Nathan Bloodget, Esq; to Mrs. Bland, widow of the Hon. T. Bland.

—DEATHS.—

In *New-York*.—In the capital, Captain Andrew Robertson, aged 24.—Captain. J. Adams.—Mrs. Harper, of the Old American Company of Comedians.—Mr. Jabez Peck, teacher of the Latin and Greek languages.—After a lingering illness, Miss Mary Van Wagenen, in her 23d year.—Mr. Samuel Dunlap, merchant.—Mr. Thomas Smith.—Mr. Enoch Robbins, hatter.—Miss E. Brown.

In Ulster county, P. Barber, Esq.

At Goshen, Mr. Eliud Tryon, aged 52.

At Lansingburgh, in the 71st year of his age, Abraham J. Lansing, Esq; the original proprietor of the soil of that town.—Mrs. Catharine Lansing, his consort, in her 69th year.

On Long-Island, in Queen's coun-

ty, in an advanced age, Timothy Smith, Esq; many years first judge of the county court.

In *New-Hampshire*.—At Portsmouth, John Parker, Esq; late marshal for New-Hampshire district, and sheriff for Rockingham county.

In *Massachusetts*.—At Boston, Mr. William Leachmore.—Mr. Daniel Bell, merchant.

At Brimfield, the Hon. Timothy Danielson, aged 58.

At Haverhill, the Hon. Nathaniel Peafely Sargeant, chief justice of the supreme judicial court of Massachusetts.

In *Rhode-Island*.—At Providence, after a short indisposition, John Foster, Esq; much regretted.

In *Connecticut*.—At Danbury, Mr. James Fielding.

At Siamford, the Rev. John Avery.

At Hartford, Mr. David Ross.

At Pomfret, William Osgood, Esq; aged 90.

In *New-Jersey*.—At Newark, Dr. William Burnet, in his 61st year.

At Westfield, Col. John Scudder.

In *Pennsylvania*.—In the capital, Mr. William Bradford, in the 73d year of his age, many years editor of the Pennsylvania Journal.—After a tedious illness, Alexander Nesbitt, Esq.—Mr. Philip Benezet, aged 69.

In *Virginia*.—At Fredericksburg, Mrs. Isabella Mercer, relict of the late General Hugh Mercer.

—FOREIGN DEATHS.—

In *Morocco*.—At Algiers, Mahomet Basha, dey of Algiers, aged 80.

In *England*.—At Bristol, the Rev. Caleb Evans, D. D. aged 54, many years president of the Baptist academy in that city.

In *Scotland*.—At Edinburgh, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Blacklock, a name well known in the learned world, and which will long survive him.

In *Nova-Scotia*.—At Halifax, Mr. William Petty, aged 40.—Captain John Cunningham, aged 34.

N. York Mag.



DESPAIR.

T H E
NEW-YORK MAGAZINE;
O R,

L I T E R A R Y R E P O S I T O R Y :

FOR NOVEMBER, 1791.

N U M B E R X I . — V O L U M E I I .

C O N T A I N I N G .

	Page.		Page:
Meteorological Observations for October, 1791, - - - - -	618	Description of the City of Wash- ington, - - - - -	656
Despair; or the History of Delia and Lorenzo, - - - - -	619	A Visit to a Turkish Lady of quality, - - - - -	658
The Club—No. XI. - - - - -	621	Account of the Choral Bishops of Salisbury, - - - - -	660
Extraordinary Instance of Reco- very in a Child supposed to be drowned, - - - - -	624	The Felucca; or, the Utility of Men and Things in their pro- per Elements, - - - - -	661
Remarks on Nobility, - - - - -	ibid	Anecdotes, - - - - -	662
Description of the Lake of Kil- larney, - - - - -	625	The Quest of a Wife—A Tale, - - -	663
Original Anecdote of Mr. John Wesley, - - - - -	630	Anecdote of George the III. - - -	668
Curfory Remarks, &c. - - - - -	631	<i>The AMERICAN MUSE.</i>	
Account of a Negro's turning white, - - - - -	634	ORIGINAL.	
Advantages of Periodical Per- formances, - - - - -	635	Winter, - - - - -	669
Petition of Madame Guillon, - - -	637	On reading Dryden's Virgil, - - -	670
Thoughts on the Importance of the Season of Youth, - - - - -	641	Paraphrase on the 104th Psalm, - -	ibid
On Comedy, - - - - -	643	SELECTED.	
The Honest Fellow and the Tippler, - - - - -	646	To Night—A Sonnet, - - - - -	674
Instance of Female Heroism, - - -	647	Carolan's Monody on the Death of Mary Mac Guire, - - - - -	ibid
The Solitary Philosopher, - - -	ibid	Answer to Dr. Piercy's Song of 'O Nancy, wilt thou go with me,' - - - - -	675
On the State of Ruffia, - - - - -	650	Intelligence, - - - - -	676
Mechanical Inventions, - - - - -	653	Appointments, - - - - -	679
Mathematical Demonstration, - - -	655	Marriages, - - - - -	680
		Deaths, - - - - -	ibid

Embellished with a handsome Picture of DESPAIR, and a Plate represent-
 ing two USEFUL INVENTIONS.

NEW-YORK: PRINTED BY THOMAS AND JAMES SWORDS,
 No. 27, WILLIAM-STREET.
 M,DCC,XCI.

—Notes to Correspondents—

The representation of the MAELSTROOM is a beautiful piece. The respectable and ingenious delineator, while he is tendered our hearty thanks, may be assured that early attention will be paid this favour.

R will find we have not neglected him. His other communications shall appear in season.

Juvenis, No. XIX, shall have a place next month.

Several pieces without signatures are received, and shall be noticed in order.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS for October, 1791.

Days.	Degrees of Heat by Fahrenheit's Ther.			Prevailing Winds.			Change & Full of Moon.	WEATHER, &c.
	8	2	8	8	2	8		
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.		
1	66	72	69	S. W.	S.	S.	First Q.	Clear, clear, clear.
2	68	72	66	S.	S. E.	N. E.		Cloudy, cloudy, dull.
3	63	62	51	N.	N.	N. W.		Dull, cloudy, clear.
4	48	54	53	N. W.	N. W.	N. W.		Clear, clear, clear.
5	51	58	57	W.	S.	S.		Cloudy, clear, clear.
6	52	61	58	W.	S. W.	S. W.		Clear, clear, clear.
7	55	65	62	N. W.	S.	S.		Do. do. do.
8	57	61	55	N. W.	W.	W.		Do. do. do.
9	53	64	61	S.	S.	S.	Full.	Do. do. do.
10	53	58	54	N. W.	N. W.	N. W.		Do. do. do.
11	49	57	55	N. W.	S. E.	S. E.		Do. do. do.
12	57	65	57	S.	S. W.	N. W.		Rain, clear, clear.
13	43	51	48	N. W.	N. W.	N. W.		Clear, clear, clear.
14	43	60	57	N.	S.	S.		Clear, clear, cloudy.
15	57	71	57	S. W.	W.	N.		Cloudy, cloudy, clear.
16	50	51	50	N.	N. E.	W.		Do. do. do.
17	46	51	48	W.	N.	N. E.	Last Q.	Clear, cloudy, dull.
18	36	38	40	N. E.	N. E.	N.		Snow, snow, dull.
19	41	48	43	N.	N.	N.		Cloudy, clear, clear.
20	42	45	44	N. E.	N. E.	N. E.		Dull, dull, rain.
21	45	49	48	N.	N.	N. W.		Cloudy, dull, clear.
22	43	43	42	N. W.	N. W.	N. W.		Clear, squally, clear.
23	45	48	44	N. W.	N. W.	N. W.		Cloudy, cloudy, clear.
24	42	52	48	N. W.	N. W.	N. W.		Clear, clear, cloudy.
25	47	52	48	N. W.	S. W.	S. W.	New.	Cloudy, clear, clear.
26	47	54	47	N. W.	N.	N. W.		Clear, cloudy, clear.
27	42	51	47	N. W.	E.	N. E.		Clear, cloudy, cloudy.
28	44	51	46	N. W.	N. W.	N.		Clear, cloudy, dull.
29	46	55	50	W.	W.	W.		Cloudy, clear, clear.
30	49	56	52	S. W.	S.	S.		Clear, cloudy, cloudy.
31	56	68	59	S. W.	S. W.	S. W.		Dull, cloudy, clear.

NEW-YORK MAGAZINE;

• R,

LITERARY REPOSITORY:

FOR NOVEMBER, 1791.

For the New-York Magazine.

DESPAIR; OR THE HISTORY OF DELIA AND LORENZO.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

DELIA was the daughter of an eminent merchant of Philadelphia, who had retired from the noise of the city to a delightful villa on the banks of the Schuylkill, and left the management of his business to *Euvata*, a young man of good mercantile knowledge, and who had served his apprenticeship with him. The person of *Delia* was beautiful—her sentiments were refined—her manners sweet and engaging—and her education had been the most polite and liberal. When she had left her teens, and entered on the twentieth year of her age, her father was extremely solicitous to have her settled, and without consulting her inclination, proposed *Euvata*, whom he shortly intended taking into partnership, as a proper person with whom to pass the remainder of her days: but he was by no means an object whereon *Delia* could place her affections—she had already felt a secret attachment to *Lorenzo*, who, though inferior in point of pecuniary prospects to *Euvata*, was nevertheless possessed of great merit, and had many amiable qualities to recommend him to the notice of the ladies.

This young gentleman had been brought up in the neighbourhood with *Delia*, and the most friendly intimacy had subsisted between them

from their early youth. He was passionately fond of her, and he had the happiness to see his flame rewarded with abundant proofs of her partiality: but as he knew any application to her father would then be inauspicious, he put it off to a future period, when he hoped fortune would favour his views. In this he was seconded by the desire of his beloved *Delia*, who was apprehensive lest her father, finding she had fixed her affections without his consent, and that too upon a person not likely to meet his approbation, should compel her to an instant acceptance of the man of his choice.

Lorenzo being of a volatile, yet virtuous turn of thought, took an early and active part in the glorious struggles of America. He had a company in one of the Pennsylvania regiments. A secret expedition was set on foot, and he was ordered upon it, leaving his *Delia* to mourn his absence. He was fired with the cause of his country, and love animated his soul; so that he hoped speedily to return, loaded with such laurels as might justify his demands upon the parsimonious father of the mistress of his heart.

The parting-scene between these two faithful lovers was virtuously affectionate, and such as would melt the

the heart of any one not callous to the feelings of sensibility. It happened that the father of our heroine broke in upon them just as a mutual kiss had sealed the pledge of constancy on their glowing cheeks. The sight awakened his anger, and as soon as *Lorenzo* had departed, he desired her to think of none but the man whom he had chosen as her partner for life, and commanded her to prepare for their nuptials, which he intended should be solemnized in a very few months. He then abruptly left her, and she gave aloof to the tormenting reflections which such an arbitrary command is calculated to inspire.

At this time *Euvata*, urged no doubt by *Delia's* father, began to display a thousand ridiculous attempts to please her, and availed himself of every means to intrude himself into her company, thinking thereby to gain, if not a voluntary, yet a tacit compliance with the will of the old gentleman. But *Delia* was not to be taken in by these artful tricks of gallantry; she equally despised them and their author; and instead of pleasing her, *Euvata* only rendered himself more contemptible than ever.

Finding nothing likely to be done by fair means, the father of our perplexed fair determined on the exercise of his parental authority. He fixed a day on which the union between *Euvata* and his daughter should take place. *Delia* too well knew with what punctuality her father performed every promise he had ever made, and she had not the least reason to expect a deviation from his long-established rule in this respect. Ten months had elapsed since *Lorenzo* left her—'twas now three since she had heard from him: but his return was soon expected. She knew not what to do—her perplexity was great—her father was resolute and vindictive—and she feared her lover would not arrive in time to snatch her from the

hands of one whom she now really detested. The appointed day of her misery rapidly approached, and she grew distracted with the thought.—In this perplexed situation she every day anxiously sought the newspapers, to learn whether *Lorenzo* was not on his return; and the better to give vent to her grief, she would retire with them to a sequestered bank of the river, and under the spreading branches of a lofty willow, pour over their important columns.—O fatal harbinger of woe!—In one she read a hasty account of a battle, in which Captain *Lorenzo F*— was numbered among the slain!—Dreadful thought!—Lest she should be deceived, she read it again and again, and even examined every letter, which exactly corresponded with the name of her beloved. This was too great a shock for her to withstand—She did not reflect that the account, being hasty and unauthorized, might be vague, or that a similarity of names is not an unfrequent circumstance.—Every endearment of life fled with the dear soul of the object of her affections—she resolved not to survive it—and death itself, losing its terrors, was far preferable to the state which she should be obliged to enter thro' the cruelty of her relentless father.—With *Delia*, now every comfort had lost its relish, and every charm its fascination, life was a burthen some load, and “to die was landing on a friendly shore.”

The fatal resolve having been fixed, she made some pious ejaculations to the author of her being, and implored the mercy of his forgiving hand for the offence she was about to commit; then bidding adieu to this vale of sorrow, she cast herself into the stream of the blushing flood!—Rash deed!—But happy, happy circumstance!—At a small distance, her ever-faithful *Lorenzo* was crossing the river in a boat, on his way to the capital, crowned with honours nobly won, and

and the joyful bearer of glad tidings. He saw a beautiful maid in the act of plunging into the flowing current, and flew like lightning to her rescue. As she was sinking to rise no more, he caught her by the arm, and snatched her from the opening gulph. On recognizing each other, their surprise was mutually great, and the excess of their joy had nearly been as fatal as the attempt *Delia* had just made to rid herself of an insupportable life, was rash and inconsiderate.

A faithful slave, who knew *Delia's* favourite retreat, now came to tell her

that her father was dying. He had been ill a few days, and being suddenly seized with a paralytic stroke, was carried off almost instantaneously, leaving his daughter the sole possessor of a very ample fortune.

The sequel will doubtless be pleasing.—After a decent time, *Lorenzo* and *Delia* were united in the bonds of wedlock, and at this moment, surrounded with a beautiful offspring, afford one of the most exemplary proofs of conjugal felicity perhaps any where to be met with in the humanized world. S.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

THE CLUB.—No. XI.

“Those employments, which excite strong hopes and fears, are apt to interrupt the course of social happiness.”

THE original plan of these essays contemplated that one should be published in each month. As they have been discontinued for some time past, it may seem abrupt to resume them, without first offering reasons for the discontinuance. The reader will be pleased to recollect that this publication originated in a social club, which frequently met for the relaxation of care, in such a manner as to unite festivity with instruction. Many of the members discovered an anxious wish that some of the leading topics of conversation should furnish the basis of a monthly publication for the *New-York Magazine*. Before much progress was made in carrying these views into effect, the club was interrupted in its stated meetings; and consequently those essays, which were to be predicated on what passed at such meetings, could no longer make their appearance. The interruption of the project must then be ascribed to a want of punctuality in the formation of the club itself. But what apology

can be offered by the club for such want of punctuality? There is but one excuse that any member has pretended to offer; which is, that they were too deeply engaged in monied speculations to render it convenient to attend to any other object. A small number of us, however, who were less interested, than the rest, in operations of this sort, met the other evening, and made some attempts to revive an institution, which, whatever the public may think of it, had been a source of much edification and hilarity among ourselves. We could not reduce it to a certainty that the club would hereafter proceed with regularity; and the difficulty of doing it, is solely to be ascribed to that eager solicitude which has seized the minds of men for negotiating in the public funds. The conversation, that passed on the evening to which we allude, was principally turned to a discussion of the effects that this speculative spirit has produced upon social intercourse. It would perhaps gratify the reader to be made acquainted

acquainted with the remarks that were interspersed over the subject; but we must omit to afford him this gratification, and instead of it, will present him with a few sketches of the principal characters who composed the party, on that evening.

Aurus, who last year patronised the club, who was one of its brightest ornaments, and who pledged himself in the most unequivocal language to support it, has so far lost his ardor for science, and has become so indifferent to wit and pleasantry, as to declare, that our social party can no longer awaken him with its attractions. The few minutes he passed with us, the other evening, were employed in complaining of the inconvenience he sustained in being there, and his impatience was so keen, that he could not even take time to determine whether he would ever meet with us again. But we must not yet consider *Aurus* as a lost member. The past habits of his life are so well accommodated to liberal society, that we view his present anxiety for business, rather as an occasional suspension, than a total dereliction of his former attachment to social pleasure.

SILENUS discovered some reluctance at the idea of abandoning the club altogether. He was not, like *Aurus*, too impetuous to take the affair into consideration. But it was easy to discern that his highest wishes looked another way. In short, he desired to make a compromise of the matter, and proposed to be admitted as a member with the privilege of giving only a partial attendance. His relish for amusement still seemed to exist, and he spoke in terms of commendation of that kind of social intercourse we were then contemplating. His mind, however, was not at rest. It was difficult for him to assume that gaiety of spirits, which is the main spring of gratification in parties of this nature. This was a

circumstance which he could not himself but regret, though at the same time, he declared it was unavoidable. The same anxious temper, he said, attended him even when at home with his family. His wife complains that his love of domestic pleasure is abated, and that he discovers an hurry of spirits very incompatible with polite and amiable manners. After all, however, *Silenus* is a most worthy character. His heart is never bad. The generosity which characterises the general run of his conduct deserves admiration. We mean not to reproach him, and should not have brought his name forward on this occasion, but to make out an apology, why the club has come so nearly to a dissolution.

Thomas Prattle, though deeply concerned in speculation, pressed hard for the revival of the club on its original principles. It is evident, that, as much as he loves the acquisition of property, he can still consent to appropriate some time to the pleasure of festive interviews. But we are sorry to be obliged to add, that *Thomas* cannot be considered as one of the pillars of the institution. He never converses upon any subject but what relates to himself or his own affairs; and since he has become negotiator, one may as well be in a broker's office, as at the club when *Thomas* is present. There are two ways to remedy this inconvenience; one is, to restrain the members to certain limitations of time in conversation; and the other, to exclude topics of current business altogether. Should the latter of these rules be adopted, it is to be feared, *Thomas* will quit the club; for unless he be allowed to talk of his own affairs, he will have nothing to say; and no person who knows him, will believe he will voluntarily put himself in a situation, where he must long remain silent.

It

It might be expected that *Jared Gayheart*, from the extreme versatility of his character, would not readily have yielded himself up to the mere drudgery of detail. His friends, who have long and intimately known him, had felt an assurance amounting to certainty, that Jared would always retain those gay and alluring manners, which give so much elasticity to enjoyment in all scenes of society. But this fascinating companion begins to wear a new aspect. By some means or other he has lately acquired an insatiable thirst for gain. And though he accumulates property less rapidly than he could do, with a better regulated spirit, he is nevertheless incessantly tortured by his inordinate desires. From this account of him, it will easily be imagined there is little prospect that the lustre of his talents will shine again in our club. This sudden change in the disposition and manners of Jared, must be ascribed to the prevalence of certain connections who introduced him to habits of speculation, till he had gone too far to retract without ruin. He had not been accustomed to that severe application to business which engrosses every faculty of the mind; and when once he plunged into the abyss, the scene was so new and perplexing, that he must renounce every thing unconnected with the main object. Jared should by no means be called a depraved character. Perhaps there is not an action of his life that has a tint of moral turpitude in it. We bring him forward to public notice, for no other reason, than to lament the loss of his wit and good humour as a member of our social party.

There would still exist an hope that our society might be revived, if six or eight members could be found whose characters would assimilate with that of *TITUS NEVERWRONG*. It is true that Titus is not averse to monied speculations, but in many

instances has been a bold adventurer. His operations have generally succeeded to his wishes. But the most critical observer of his conduct will not say that he has changed his former habits. He attends to his family and friends as he had been accustomed to do: he, as usual, devotes some time to the gratification of his social propensities. Nor can it be perceived that his attention to the public good has abated. Titus, in short, manages his affairs as becomes a reasonable man, who does not suppose that utility or happiness consists in sacrificing every consideration to any single passion, whether it be the love of gain, the love of honour, or the love of pleasure. He blends them in such a manner, as, that while he acquires property, he encreases his reputation, and participates in social enjoyment. There can be no occasion to say, that such a man as Titus is solicitous to keep alive an institution, which had been a source of so much gratification. But what can he accomplish alone, or with but two or three of a like description? We can make no assurance to the reader that the club will resume any regular existence.

It has not been our intention to give an air of reproach to our remarks upon the characters that have been introduced. In so free a country as this, every person claims the right of marking out the objects of his own business, and of devoting, according to his own option, much, little, or no time to amusement and literature. We hope to be excused from the charge of satirical animadversion, in having merely apologized for the discontinuance of a publication which had promised to be periodical. In offering these reasons, we feel an obligation to adhere to the truth. The public have good ground to expect that no promise made to them should be disregarded, without at least having some pretext mentioned

tioned by way of palliation. Under such a view, we have endeavoured to make a satisfactory apology why this course of essays has been inter-

rupted. What their fate will be hereafter, we shall at present risk no assurances.

Z.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

Extraordinary Instance of Recovery in a Child supposed to be drowned.

SOME time in September last, a female black servant child, between three and four years of age, and belonging to Samuel Verplank, Esq; of Fishkill, in Dutchess county, by some means unperceived by the family, fell into a well, wherein the water was deeper than the height of the child. Although the exact time when the accident happened cannot be ascertained, yet, from a number of circumstances it was generally agreed, that she was at least an hour under water. Upon being taken out, her skin was discoloured—the joints rigid—every part devoid of warmth—the abdomen inflated, and in short, the representation of death was complete. Notwithstanding this combination of unfavourable appearances, Mr. Verplank's philanthropy impelled him to endeavour to re-illumine the lamp of life. His long residence in Europe had made him acquainted

with some of the methods which had been practised there with success. He ordered a blanket to be spread before a fire, on which the child was laid, stripped of its clothes, and directed it to be rubbed with warm flannel on every part, and at the same time, tobacco smock to be injected up its nostrils; in which operation a full paper was consumed.

These humane offices were continued without the least intermission during two hours; when, upon a fresh injection of smock up its nose, it faintly turned aside its head, as if with disgust: the symptoms of returning animation grew more and more apparent, and a physician at that instant arriving, and administering proper additional restoratives, the child was able before night to walk, and after the repose of a night, enjoyed perfect health.

R.

The Abbe Trublet's Remarks on Nobility, written in the year 1755.

NOBILITY is the proper reward and incitement to virtue. Nothing then is more just or more useful than the institution of it. A prince ought to reward virtue; and, if I may be allowed the expression, he ought to recompence it according to the taste even of virtue; that is to say, by honourable distinctions. After the reward which it procures for itself by the inward satisfaction which accompanies it: after the glory and reputation, the desire of which is the principal source of virtue, purely human, nothing is more flattering to it than these marks of honour established in all nations, to justify and confirm

in some manner the public esteem.

To reward virtue, is a justice which the prince owes to virtuous men; he owes it also to the public, to the rest of his subjects: since by rewarding virtue, he endeavours to make it both more perfect and more common. It is a duty a prince owes to his subjects, to endeavour to excite virtuous exertions; he owes it them, I say, both on account of the advantage it procures to those themselves who shall be virtuous, as to those who shall profit by the virtue of others. I have only farther to remark, how much the virtue of his subjects is advantageous to the prince himself.

The

The Beauty of the Style, lively Fancy, and pleasing Images of the following Letter, describing the LAKE of KILLARNEY and MUCRUSS GARDENS, in Ireland, require no Apology to our giving it here a place for the Entertainment of our Readers.—It was written to a Lady by the late WILLIAM OCKENDEN, Esq; Member for Great Marlow.

MADAM,

YOUR Ladyship must have heard the lake of Killarney often mentioned among your Irish acquaintance, as those gentlemen very generally esteem it one of the capital ornaments of their country. It is not long since I was engaged with a small party from Limerick on purpose to see it; and I do assure you that the beauties we beheld there appeared so very striking, and the voyage we made upon it looked so very like enchantment, that I cannot help flattering myself you must be surprised and pleased with an account of it.

We arrived at the town which gives name to the lake towards evening; and our principal entertainment after supper was in hearing little pieces of history told over, very necessary to be known by adventurers going to embark upon this romantic piece of water.

There lived in the largest island (for there are several islands on the lake) many hundred years ago, a petty prince, named *O'Donoghoe*, who was lord of the whole lake, the surrounding shore, and a large district of neighbouring country.

He manifested, during his stay upon earth, great munificence, great humanity, and great wisdom: for, by his profound knowledge in all the secret powers of nature, he wrought wonders as miraculous as any tradition has recorded, of saints by the aid of angels, or of forcerers by the assistance of dæmons; and among many other astonishing performances, he rendered his person immortal. After having continued a long time upon the surface of the globe without growing old, he one day at Rose-

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 11.

castle (the place where he most usually resided) took leave of his friends, and rising from the floor like some ærial existence, passed through the window, shot horizontally to a considerable distance from the castle, and then descended. The water, unfolding at his approach, gave him entrance down to the subaqueous regions; and then, to the inexpressible astonishment of all beholders, closed over his head, as they believed, for ever: But in this they were mistaken.

He returned again some years after, revisiting—not, like Hamlet's ghost, the glimpses of the moon, making night hideous, but the radiance of the sun, making day joyful, to those at least who saw him: Since which time he has continued to make very frequent expeditions to these upper regions; sometimes three or four in a year; but sometimes three or four years pass without his once appearing, which the bordering inhabitants have always looked on as a mark of very bad times.

It was feared that this would be the third year he would suffer to elapse without his once cheering their eyes with his presence. But a few weeks since he again appeared, to the inexpressible joy of all, and was seen by numbers in the middle of the day. I had the curiosity, before I left Killarney, to visit one of the witnesses to this very marvellous fact.

The account she gives is, That returning with a kinswoman to her house at the head of the lake, they both beheld a fine gentleman mounted upon a black horse, ascend thro' the water with a numerous retinue on foot; who all moved together along

N n n n

the

the surface towards a small island, near which they again descended under water. This account is confirmed in time, place, and circumstances, by many more spectators from the side of the lake, who are all ready to swear, and, not improbably, to suffer death, in support of their testimony.

His approach is sometimes preceded by music inconceivably harmonious; sometimes by thunder inexpressibly loud; but oftenest without any kind of warning whatever. He always rises through the surface of the lake, and generally amuses himself upon it, but not constantly; for there is a farmer now alive, who declares, as I am told, that riding one evening near the lower end of the lake, he was overtaken by a gentleman, who seemed under thirty years of age, very handsome in his person, very sumptuous in his apparel, and very affable in his conversation. After having travelled for some time together, the nobleman (for such he judged him to be by his appearance) observed, that as night was approaching, the town far off, and lodging not easy to be had, he should be welcome to take a bed that night at his house, which he said was not very distant.

The invitation was readily accepted; they approached the lake together; and both their horses moved upon the surface without sinking, to the infinite amazement of the farmer, who thence perceived the stranger to be no less than the great O'Donoghoe. They rode a considerable distance from shore, and then descending into a delightful country under water, lay that night in a house much larger in size, and much more richly furnished, than even Lord Kenmare's at Killarney.

Thus far in the history of O'Donoghoe it was necessary to proceed, previous to the history of our voyage upon the lake, for reasons that will soon be very obvious.

The present proprietor of O'Donoghoe's dominions is Lord Kenmare, a gentleman, by universal good character, of as much spirit, taste, and politeness, as any man in the three kingdoms. I had not the honour of his acquaintance; but ventured to send him a card, expressing our great desire to see the lake; and his lordship in return most obligingly furnished us with a six-oared boat ready manned, and all the apparatus necessary for our voyage. We put a cold dinner on board, together with a proper quantity of liquor, and embarked by eight o'clock in the morning: The weather was fair; the wind was still; the lake was smooth; and the boat, impelled by the oars, 'cut swiftly through the clear expanse,' till we reached Innisfallen, an island of large extent, containing twenty English acres, and lying half a league from shore.

It appeared very beautiful to us from the boat, bordered round with rock, and covered high with trees.

We landed near the remains of an old fabric, built for the business of religion a thousand years ago, but now turned into a room for the purpose of pleasure.

It stands upon a rock, looks down upon the water, is in part shagged with ivy, and the whole buried in a wood. From hence, pursuing our way along a shady walk, which the noble proprietor has lately carried round the whole circumference, we passed by a great variety of ground, small hills, gentle descents, little brays, rising promontories, all formed by the natural irregularity of the island. Some of the interior parts have been ploughed up, where the richness of the soil, and the luxuriance of the vegetation, are indeed surprising; but all the rest still retains the pleasing wildness of a forest.

There are various eminences in different parts of this most truly Fortunate

fortunate Isle, commanding several beautiful views over different parts of the lake. To the north-west there is one, surveying an expanse of water four miles in length and three in breadth, bounded on the right hand by the cultivated hills of Aghadoe, and on the left by shaggy mountains. There is another to the south-west, which, extending two miles across the lake, terminates in the bowery shoulder of Mount Glengla. But the finest lies south-east, where the eye is lost in a labyrinth of water, winding round a multitude of islands, rising one beyond another; some rocky and bare, and some tufted with trees; which, thick on every side, hang wavering over the lake.

On re-embarking, I expressed great desire to pursue our voyage through that liquid maze which looked so singularly pleasant: but our admiral assured me that it was a maze in appearance only; for on going among the islands, which seemed to form it, they would be found much farther apart than what they showed to our low distant view, glancing along the surface of the water.

From Innisfallen we therefore steered another course; and after two miles of very pleasant navigation, with the open part of the lake on our right hand, and the islands clustering on our left, we approached those Alpine hills which hang upon the southern edge of the water; and were quite transported with a marvellous scene of pure nature, which there arose before us, more exquisite than I had ever seen, either in France, Italy, or England:—it is formed by the side of Mount Glengla, which bends a little hollowing, very rocky, extremely steep, and is covered quite up with great variety of trees, as oak, beech, and mountain-ash, most beautifully blended with holly, yew, and arbutus, rooted in the rock a thousand feet above the surface of the water. We

rested upon our oars within the bowery bosom of this sublime theatre (for so I call it, though the curve is small) and remained there some time, enraptured with the beauties we beheld.

Departing with reluctance, we coasted along upon a broken shore to the mouth of a considerable river, which comes from another large piece of water among the mountains above, and, after many turnings and windings in the course of five miles running, unites the two lakes by a navigable communication. We rowed up this serpentine stream, in some places very gentle, in others extremely rapid; and pursuing our way through very uncommon scenes of wildness, such as rocks clad with the straw-berry or arbutus tree, shooting up through the crevices of the marble, we approached another tall mountain, called the *Eagle's Nest*. It begins to rise from the edge of the water in a steep slope, covered with forest-trees mixed with ever-greens; above which it rises perpendicular in rock, quite naked, except some tufts of ivy fringing the edge of the cliff; —from thence the mountain again grows sloping; and covered with grass, terminates in an obtuse pike, more than two thousand feet above the water.

Here we again rested upon our oars, to mark the flight of numerous eagles (the chief inhabitants of those lofty regions), which was slow, solemn and very high; to view the marble chasm in the perpendicular side of the mountain, in which they had formed their nests; and to admire the many noble objects which presented themselves on every hand in this stupendous scene; when suddenly, to our inexpressible amazement, we were surprised with music, sweeter than any I had ever heard before, which seemed to rise from the rock at which we gazed; and, breaking upon us in short melodious strains,

strains, filled the very soul with transport.

Angels from the sky, or fairies from the mountain, or O'Donoghoe from the river, was what we expected every moment to appear before us: but after a quarter of an hour's fixed attention, all our raptures were dispersed by a clap of thunder most astonishingly loud; which, bursting from the same direction whence the music had lately seemed to flow, rent the mountain with its roar, and filled us with the apprehension of being instantly buried in a chaos of hill, wood and water: But the horror was as suddenly dissipated by the return of the same soothing strains which had before entranced us.

This music, which immediately succeeded the thunder, seemed more soft and lulling than the first. But our elysium was very short; being soon lost in another clap, still louder than that which had preceded, and which again burst suddenly upon us; again awaking us to terror; when, lo! a third return of music, superlatively sweet indeed, restored our senses, and re-entranced our hearts. It lasted some time—and a most solemn silence ensued.

We waited now motionless and awe-struck, for what wonders might follow next in this region of enchantment! We gazed at the wood, the rock, the mountain, and the river, with alternate hope and fear; hope, while the music dwelt upon our thoughts; and fear, while we remembered the thunder: However, the music being lost, our hopes were strongest; and we expected, with a pleasing impatience, some very marvellous event.—In vain—no angel appeared to delight our eyes! no demon to alarm us with new terrors! no Donoghoe to gratify our curiosity! So that at last, abandoning our fruitless attention, we took up our ears, and pursued our course along

the serpentine river, labouring against a very strong current; and passed at length under the arch of a stone-bridge, rendered venerable, in some degree, by time. After several miles meandering, we entered the Upper Lake between two rocks, through a very narrow passage called *Coleman's Eye*.

The second piece of water, much smaller than the first, is thick spread with very odd figured islands, and inclosed quite round with tall mountains, rising for the most part from the edge of the water. It appears of an oblong shape, and at some little distance, above the upper end, the whole river that feeds it is formed by nature into a large cascade, which makes a most glorious appearance, tumbling down the bosom of the mountain, and glittering between the trees, with which it is on both sides very richly embroidered. It falls more than two hundred feet perpendicular, flowering in its descent, and divided into two sheets, until, striking against some small craggy rocks which project from the mountain side, it then forms three sheets, and roars and foams, and rushes to the bottom.

The vast height of the descent, the variety of streams, and the richness of shade on both sides, have made that great traveller Dr. Pococke, bishop of Ossory, deem it the most beautiful cataract he ever saw in any part of the world. There might have been no occasion of appealing to his Lordship's high authority in this case, had I not been prevented from viewing this admirable object myself, in that complete manner I intended, by a shower of rain, which obliged us to return before we had enjoyed the sight many minutes.

Our boatmen now reversed their course, and rowed back with all the expedition that unceasing pursuit of bad weather could excite. We landed at the place where we had first embarked,

embarked, and completed our voyage before night, after having had the whole mystery of the music and thunder, as we repassed the Eagle's Nest, explained to us as follows :

The situation of the mountain on one side of the river, and the place from which we viewed it being at the foot of a small hill on the other side, have already been described. I shall therefore proceed to inform you, that at a short distance, upon a chosen spot of ground, open to the mountain, but covered from us by the interposition of a small hill, a French-horn and a small piece of cannon were secretly planted, where, while we were feasting our eyes upon the sublime scene which lay before us, the music played, and the sound, cut off by the small hill from our immediate hearing, was reflected by the perpendicular rock, and poured upon us in full echo from the mountains, with all the wonderful sweetness before-mentioned : which last circumstance still remains very surprising to me ; for, in all other echoes I ever heard, the reflected sounds have been constantly lower, fainter, and less distinct than the sounds themselves ; but here the echo preserves all the strength, brilliancy, and clearness of original music ; at the same time that it sounded in the ear with improved and exalted degrees of melody, which it is as hard to describe as to account for.

The mystery of the music being thus laid open, that of the thunder will be easily understood ; for during our fixed attention, the cannon was suddenly discharged, and the loud report it then made being echoed and re-echoed from the surrounding rocks and mountains, stunned us with all the terrifying roar and peals of real thunder, from which it could not be distinguished.

The next day we visited the environs of the lake, and viewed those scenes by land we had no opportunity of surveying by water.

We began our view of these environs with Mucrus Gardens, the property of Edward Herbert, Esquire. They lie, or rather hang, upon the east end of the lake ; and consist of a most uncommon mixture of large rocks, shady valleys, and opening lawns, extremely lively in their verdure. The rocks are high, craggy, and their tops covered for the most part with variety of young wood : the valleys extremely narrow, embowered in many places by the branches shooting from the craggs on either side, wind round the rocks, and unite the lawns with a number of serpentine communications. The whole of these striking particulars are so happily disposed by nature, as to form a real wilderness ; but vastly superior in grandeur, elegance, and beauty, to every thing of the kind yet attempted by art, even with profusion of expence.

The celebrated bishop Berkley, when he first saw this delightful rural scene, could not help crying out, with surprise and ecstacy ; ‘ Another Louis Quatorze may make another Versailles ; but the hand of the Deity only can make another Mucrus.’

On entering these gardens, we were immediately conducted to a natural terras, extending upon the verge of the lake near half a mile, rising and falling in its course according to the original unevenness of the ground over which it passes.—We pursued our way along this undulating walk, (to use a favourite epithet of poor Mr. Southcot's) till we came to the summit of a large mount, most romantically raised by the hand of nature, lofty, craggy, and woody, commanding the whole extent of the wilderness one way, and looking down upon the lake the other, from a rocky precipice, quite naked, except a few spindling branches of yew and arbutus ; which having crept through the crevices of the marble rock,

rock, hang dangling down (not without a pleasing effect) towards the water.

From this eminence the prospect is amazingly fine indeed, extending over the lake among that beautiful cluster of tufted islands, the opposite sides of which we had, during our voyage, gazed on with so much rapture from Innisfallen. They hence seemed to us about a league distant. Nearer to the shore we beheld a sprinkling of naked rocks and smaller islands, which, rising through the water, diversified the view, and greatly improved the picture; these, by the oddly pleasing rudeness of their sides, and those by the rich variety of evergreens intermingled on their heads. For the sake of viewing this capital scene in the most advantageous manner, a stone structure is intended here to be built, either in the temple or the castle style; which, when completed, cannot fail of proving a great ornament to the gardens, lake, and country.

We stood upon this closed spot a considerable time, till the increasing heat of the day obliged us to descend, and seek the cool shelter of the wilderness. Here we seated ourselves upon a curious natural bench of stone, rendered very inviting by a soft covering of moss at the foot of a rock, whose shaggy brow projecting forward, shaded us completely from the sun. Having sufficiently rested ourselves in this recess, we pursued our wanderings through the valleys, and over

the lawns, till we came to a walk, which led us, winding by an easy ascent, to the top of one of the tallest rocks in the whole improvement, and gave us another prospect of the lake, less ample indeed, but not less beautiful; for though the wilderness here intervened between us and the water, and covered the largest part of the lake; yet, our view being to great advantage over the tops of the trees, that pleasing circumstance made ample reparation for the loss of all the water those trees concealed.

Looking forward from hence, my eye was caught by a grove of clustering stately trees, in the centre of which we could distinguish the lofty ruins of an old tower rising up to a mighty height. This, the gardener told us, was the remains of an old abbey built many centuries ago, and dedicated to St. Finain. As it is now a part of Mr. Herbert's estate, and bordering within a furlong of his gardens, I make no doubt, but one time or other it will be taken into them: Then, should the principal walk, which at present has no particular point or building to terminate it, be carried into this grove, it will have a most noble effect, and Murcrus garden, on the northern side, be rendered quite complete, and, taken altogether, the most delightful and romantic situation any where to be found.

I am, &c.

W. OCKENDEN.

Edinb. Mag.]

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF MR. JOHN WESLEY.

As he was one day riding in the north of England, he met a Quaker Preacher, who coming up to him, accosted him after the following manner: "How dost thou do, friend John? I respect thee, but I do not like thy gown, thy robes." "Friend,"

replied he, "the preaching comes not out of the gown." "But I do not like thy singing," rejoined the Quaker. "Friend," said Mr. Wesley, "I sing before and after sermon, but thou singest all the time."

CURSORY

C U R S O R Y R E M A R K S

On the late Pamphlets of the Right Hon. Mr. BURKE, and of Mr. PAINE; with Reflections on the Revolution in France, and also on the present State of Government in England.

[Continued from page 566.]

ANOTHER cause of complaint, another source of grievance that is very alarming in its nature, are the vast number of penal statutes that at present exist in the nation. This is injurious and destructive to liberty. Penal laws ought always to be looked upon and observed with the most scrutinizing and critical attention: and the making particular acts that are harmless and innocent in their own nature, liable to all the pains, penalties and forfeitures of felony, can only be justified or excused upon principles of the most apparent and absolute necessity. We should always remember that every unnecessary restraint operates as a hardship, and that every penal law takes from us the liberty of action.

These are but a specimen of many other statutes which equally infringe upon the rights and liberties of the people, and are equally injurious to the general rights of man; and these, it is hoped, will obtain a speedy and an effectual redress.

For this redress the eyes of the nation, the sole dependence of the people, are placed upon their representatives in parliament: it is to the House of Commons that the English nation look up for the salvation of their political rights, and for the preservation and safety of their liberties and their privileges: but I am afraid that their dependence is placed upon a body of men who are neither able to relieve, nor willing to aid and assist them.

With all due deference to Mr. Burke, I will now conclude by making a few observations upon the present state of the English House of Commons, and upon the English representation, which he has so strenu-

ously and so eloquently recommended as an example and a pattern to the National Assembly of France. And I will take it upon myself to shew,

First, That the English nation are not fully represented in their parliament.

Second, That the House of Commons is no safeguard against the power of the crown.

Third, That it is both impossible and improper that the English government should amend itself. And

Fourth, and lastly, That the only method by which the national freedom can be restored, and the public grievances and oppressions removed and redressed, is by the formation and establishment of a certain, fixed, and stationary constitution.

The English House of Commons, formed from the remains of the old Saxon and Gothic institutions, forms but an extremely partial representation of the English nation. Neither the general principles by which governments should be regulated, nor those by which societies should be governed and conducted, were well understood at the time it was formed: and I believe that I will not be wrong in asserting, that it owes its origin more to the grants and concessions of their kings, than it does to the appointment or establishment of the people.

The state, the circumstances, and the affairs of the kingdom have also been exceedingly altered and changed since the apportionment of the English representation. Owing to the increase of trade, commerce and manufactures in some places, and perhaps to its decline

cline in others ; and also owing to a variety of other circumstances, the relative degree of population in the different counties and towns, has very much fluctuated ; and it is chiefly owing to this reason, that at least three fourths of the English House of Commons are chosen by petty boroughs, and by deserted and depopulated villages.

It has been computed that the English nation contains seven millions of men ; and I will venture to say, that fourteen out of fifteen parts of the whole, have not a single vote for a member of parliament : of consequence, the English House of Commons represents but a fifteenth part of the English nation, and but a fifteenth part of the community have the smallest share or agency in the government.

If the representatives of the British nation were duly apportioned in the different counties, and each county was divided into an indefinite number of smaller districts, equal to the number of representatives that its relative population entitled them to send, then, if a member was to be sent from each of these small districts to the general parliament, by this means each representative would be acquainted with the sentiments of the inhabitants of his own particular district, and a circumstance that has always been wished for in popular governments would take place, and the sense and public opinion of the nation would govern the nation.

The representatives in the British parliament for the southern division of the united kingdom, amount to 513. Out of these but 158 are sent from the counties, cities and chief towns ; the others are but the representatives of little, mean and insignificant boroughs. The great, the extensive, the wealthy, the populous and commercial city of London, which con-

tains the seventh part of the population, and perhaps near a fourth part of the wealth and trade of the whole kingdom of England, sends but four members.* If this is the boasted excellence of the British constitution in Mr. Burke's ideas, I pity his want of knowledge in political matters, and cannot help advising him, old as he is, to cross the Atlantic, in order that he may learn the science of legislation and government in America.

The spirit of aristocracy, like the hand of death itself, has perverted and pervaded every part of the British government : even the House of Commons, the only part of the government that has the least resemblance or likeness to the principles of democracy, is infested and filled with lords, baronets, knights, ministerial panders and would-be peers.

Is it not iniquitous and unjust, that a petty borough containing at the best a few hundred souls, should send as many members to the grand national council as a county containing one thousand times the number, or a large city containing a million of souls ? Is it not in fact reversing the order of things ? Are not the few giving law to the many ? And do not the minority govern and rule the majority ?—While this remains the case, elections will be venal and mercenary, and the elected corrupt : the liberties of the nation will be bartered and sold to the ministry.

I will make no hesitation in affirming, that the House of Commons, in its present state, is no safety, security or guard against the power and dominion of the crown ; and that it only serves as a screen to hide from the view and observation of the people, the arbitrary power, the real oppression, and the absolute despotism of the court.

I must acknowledge, that while the parliament has the power of withholding

* *The city of London is entitled to send members to Parliament.*

holding from the government the necessary supplies for the prosecution of its measures, that the government, the ruling powers, and the ministry must, in a great measure, depend upon them for their support and existence: but, while this power is not in the hands of a patriotic, upright and honest parliament, and while we see the House of Commons granting to the king and his ministry, with readiness, avidity and promptitude, every sum of money that their despotic views may demand, or their extravagant measures suggest, we cannot help pitying the blindness of the nation, and deploring their gross infatuation.

While the House of Commons are thus arbitrary, mercenary, venal and corrupt, the people gain very little by having placed this invaluable privilege into their hands; and indeed they have nearly as much to fear, to apprehend and suspect, from the omnipotence of parliament, as they have from the extensive and powerful prerogatives of the crown itself. Oppression is the same, by whatever hand it is dispensed; and power is to be dreaded, suspected and feared, in whatever form it appears.

It is asserted that the English nation have delegated to their parliament the whole of their authority and power, and from hence the notion of the omnipotence of parliament. This arises from the want of a constitution. As it is certain that the people have vested their representatives with a certain proportion of power, and as this proportion is not ascertained, the parliament have very generously and cordially assumed the whole of the power that resides in the people themselves; because there is no constitution to contradict them, and to say, such are the powers you may exercise and exert.

It is a principle the most dangerous that arbitrary dominion, despotism and tyranny ever adopted, to as-

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 11.

sert authority by implication. We should never suppose power to exist that cannot be proved by the most substantial and evident testimony. In conformity with these sentiments, the English parliament, in the support of their omnipotence, should produce a sufficient grant, made by such persons as were capable, and possessed of sufficient and adequate authorities to make it.

The liberties of the English nation received a fatal and a mortal stab from the act for turning triennial into septennial elections. The bad effects of this illegal, this arbitrary and improper measure, have been severely and universally felt. The same parliament that could more than double the term of its duration, can vote itself to last for ever.

The government of the English nation is very changeable and unsettled. It may be one thing to-day, another to-morrow, and a different the next. The sentence and the fate, the political salvation and the form of government, the happiness or the misery of nearly ten millions of people, entirely depend upon the fiat, the vote and the good pleasure of 558 of their fellow citizens, who daily traffic their interests to the aristocracy, barter their privileges to the ministry, and shamefully sell their liberties to the court.

But, even were the parliament to coincide with the views and the interest of their constituents; were they to be excited by the principles of patriotism, and influenced by a noble love and regard of their country; and were they to take the measures of the court into their most serious consideration—the crown would in an instant take the alarm; it would instantly put an end to all further investigation and enquiry into its proceedings by a prorogation of the parliament. The king would sign their death-warrant by virtue of a branch of his prerogative.

O o o o

If

If even bills to remove the national injuries, and the grievances and oppressions of the public, were to pass both houses of parliament, (and really it is an unlikely event) still the consent of the king must be obtained before this relief is operative, or this redress effectual.

And is it not so in Turkey? or was it not the same in France? Cannot the grand seignior afford his subjects relief? or could not the French monarch grant franchises and liberties to the citizens of France? But the situation of the English citizen is in this instance far worse. The king cannot relieve without the consent of lords and commons; nor the parliament redress without obtaining the consent of the king.

Thus the parliament, with all its power, energy and authority, is no security to the people against oppression; nor can it relieve against the arbitrary proceedings of the ministry and of the crown.

A parliamentary reform has long been wished for in England by patriotic and liberal minded men; but I am afraid that they have not paid as

much attention to the subject, as its weight and importance requires and deserves. Mr. Paine very wisely and judiciously observes, that it is an absurdity for corrupt bodies to alter or amend themselves: and he also informs us, that it was contended in the parliament of Paris, that a government has not a right to alter itself; and that if the practice were once admitted and adopted, it would grow into a principle, and be made a precedent for any future alterations the government might wish to establish; and that the right to alter the government is a national right, and not a right of the government.

There cannot be a more striking point of evidence to prove that the English government constituted itself, than the power it possesses of altering itself. If it was formed from any constitution of the people, it must have remained in the same form as it was constituted by that constitution; and if an alteration was necessary, it should be made in the same manner and by the same authority as the constitution itself was formed.

(To be concluded next month.)

An Account of a Person born a Negro, or a very dark Mulatto, who afterwards became white. By Charles W. Peale.

THIS person resides at Mr. Bloodworth's, in Somerset county, Maryland, where I saw and conversed with him, a few weeks since. He is commonly called *James*. Certificates can be had from gentlemen of character to the following purport, as I had it from them: *James* was born in Charles county, Maryland, about the year 1741, of a black negro mother. His father was a white man, as *James* says, and as all believe. His birth was at Ignatius Bowman's, and he successively belonged to the said Mr. Bowman, a William Bowman, a Mr. Hancock, Thomas Hopewell, Col. William Hopewell, and John Bloodworth, where he is at pre-

sent. He was of a black or very dark mulatto colour till he was about 15 years of age, when some white spots appeared on his skin, and which have since gradually increased; so that at this time his skin is entirely white from head to foot, excepting a few brown specks, like moles, and some blotches of a dark mulatto colour on his cheek bones. Concurring in the above particulars, *James* adds of himself, that he was born with some white locks of hair on his head, which still remain. That he had a child, which is in Charles county, born with such white spots of hair on his head.

It

It is also well ascertained, by numbers with whom I conversed in the neighbourhood of *James*, that from their own knowledge, about sixteen years ago, he had not more white on him than there is now of black. He has a negro wife and several children by her, now living. These are all black as negroes commonly are. But he knows not the condition of the child he left in Charles county; whether there has commenced any change in the colour of his skin, as the spots in the hair might promise.

James is about fifty years old, his hair is black, with a few white spots short and much curled (more like a mulatto's than a negro's); the white spots on his head, and two spots of hair on his chin, give him an odd appearance; he gave me the following account of the change—A portion of the

black becomes of a reddish brown colour by degrees, and remains so about six months, when it changes further and becomes white—upon this change the white parts are very tender, and are soon hurt by the sun, even to their becoming sore for a while: and afterwards the white, which now is nearly the whole of his skin, is more tender and more susceptible of injury from the sun, than it used to be in the black spots. He added, that the changes of colour from black to white, have been much more rapid of late than formerly. His skin is of a clear, wholesome white, fair, and what would be called a *better skin* than any of a number of white people who were present at different times when I saw him.

C. W. P.

October 20, 1791.

On the ADVANTAGES of PERIODICAL PERFORMANCES.

MAN is the only animal we know, that possesses the power of *aggregate* existence. All other animals may be said to exist individually; that is to say, each individual, after it comes into the world, is directed only by its own instincts, observation and experience, to pursue the mode of conduct that is suited to its nature, and the circumstances in which it finds itself placed. Hence it happens, that the aggregate powers of any one class of animals remain without any change. Their numbers may increase or diminish; but their faculties are, upon the whole, for ever the same. The distinctive properties of the horse, the ass, the elephant, the bee, and all other classes of animals we know, are precisely the same at the present moment as in the days of *Moses* and of *Homer*, and will continue unchanged till the end of time. But of *MAN*, the same thing cannot be said. Each *individual* of his species, like those of other

animals, comes into the world, endowed with certain instincts and preceptive faculties, which enable him to make observations, and derive knowledge from experience as they do, and from reasoning. This experience, and the knowledge resulting from it, is not, however, in him confined to the individual alone—he is endowed with the faculty of communicating the knowledge he has individually acquired to others of his own species, and to derive from them in return, the knowledge that other individuals who fall in his way, have in the same manner acquired. The young derive information from the old; and thus are enabled, at their first entry into life, to set out with a greater share of *acquired* knowledge than any one individual of the human species ever could have attained during the course of the longest life, had he been left entirely to himself, like other animals. He does more—The experience of *ages* thus furnishes an accumulated

Rock

ck of knowledge for every single person ; and the individual who died a thousand years ago, may become the instructor of those who are born in the present time. It is this faculty of accumulating knowledge in the aggregate, which forms the distinctive character of the human species, when compared with every other class of animals, and which has conferred upon man that distinguished rank he holds in the universe. It is this circumstance which gives to the man, even of the lowest intellectual powers, that marked superiority he holds above the most intelligent individuals of the most sagacious class of animals in the world : for there is scarcely room to doubt, that if the most sagacious animal in the order of the elephant, and the lowest individual as to intellectual powers among the human species, had been left entirely to themselves, as individuals, the elephant would have appeared to be the wisest animal of the two.

This progressive knowledge of man, considered as an aggregate body, though it has never, that I know, been hitherto contrasted with that of other animals, has long been an object of human attention ; and this state of advancement has been denoted by the name of the progress of human society—the advancement of man in civilization—the progress from rudeness to civilization, &c.—and to man considered in this *aggregate* capacity, must be referred the words, manners, habit, custom, fashion, and innumerable others of a similar nature, which it is not necessary here to enumerate.

Man has been distinguished as a *social* animal ; but this is by no means a distinctive peculiarity. Many other animals feel the influence of the social principle in an equal, or perhaps superior degree to man. All the gregarious animals seek society, and shun solitude with an equal solicitude as

man ; and most of these, in cases of danger, unite with equal alacrity and firmness in their common defence, so as to derive, in this way, an aggregate power which they could not individually have possessed. The ox, the horse, the ass, do so ; the sheep even, though unjustly characterised by naturalists, as the most stupid of all animals, when in a state of nature, unite in a firm phalanx for common defence, and present an armed front to the enemy so closely compacted, as to be impenetrable to the fox or wolf, who dare not attempt a direct attack, but must watch an opportunity of stealing upon them, when unprepared, to obtain their prey. And the economy of the bee, whose joint labours discover an aggregate effort of an immense number of individuals, conducted with the most unceasing assiduity, persevering industry, and exact order, towards one common end, has long furnished a subject of wonder and admiration to man, and discovers a much closer system of association for mutual defence and preservation, than ever yet has been found among the human species. It is not, therefore, by the social principle that man is essentially distinguished from other animals ; nor by his sagacity in calling in the aid of multitudes to add to his individual strength : It is to the faculty of communicating ideas from one to another, and the accumulation of knowledge, that, in a course of ages, this necessarily produces, that he solely owes the superiority he now so conspicuously holds over all other animals on this globe ; and from that circumstance alone derives that irresistible power, by which all the animate objects in nature are subjected to his sway ; and by which the elements themselves are made to minister to his will.

It follows from these premises, that whatever tends to facilitate the communication of ideas between man and man,

man, must have a direct tendency to exalt the human species to a higher degree of eminence than it could otherwise have attained. This, the art of printing has done in a very conspicuous manner. Men are thus brought, as it were, to converse together, who could never otherwise have known that such persons existed on the globe: The knowledge that has been acquired in one country, is thus communicated to another; and the accumulated experience of former ages, is preserved for the benefit of those that are to come. But the effects of this art would be greatly circumscribed, were not methods contrived for diffusing that knowledge very generally among mankind;—and among all the modes that have been devised for that purpose, no one has been so effectual as that of periodical performances. Periodical performances, therefore, though apparently a humble kind of writings, are in effect the most proper means that ever yet have been contrived, for raising human nature to its highest degree of exaltation, and for conferring upon man a more conspicuous degree of dignity above all other animals, and a more extended power over the elements, and other objects of nature, than he could otherwise hope to obtain.

Men of all ranks, and of all nations, however widely disjoined from each other, may be said to be brought together here to converse at their ease,

without ceremony or restraint, as at a masquerade, where, if a propriety of dress and expression be observed, nothing else is required. A man, after the fatigues of the day are over, may thus sit down in his elbow chair, and, together with his wife and family, may be introduced, as it were, into a spacious coffee house, which is frequented by men of all nations, who meet together for their mutual entertainment and improvement.—The dead are even called back to their friends, and mix once more in social converse with those who have regretted their departure. Could a Pliny or a Cicero have formed an idea of such a high degree of mental indulgence, what would have been the raptures they would have experienced? To them, this most exalted of all entertainments was forbid by fate: But what they could never enjoy, and what Cicero would have gladly purchased at the price of his beloved *Tusculum* itself, is now offered to every inhabitant at a very small expence. Let us then enjoy with thankfulness the blessings that Heaven hath bestowed, and make a proper use of those distinguished privileges that the progress of improvement in society hath conferred upon us; nor let us fail to add our mite as we pass, to the general store, that posterity may not have reason to reproach us for having hid our talent in the earth, and allowed it there to remain without improvement or benefit to any one.

PETITION OF MADAME GUILLON,

Delivered to the President of the National Assembly, the 13th of August, 1791.

Previous to the Petition being read, Madame Guillon being introduced to the Bar, thus addressed the National Assembly of France:

GENTLEMEN,

IT will perhaps appear surprising, that surmounting the natural timidity of my sex, I should appear before you to claim that justice which

you certainly owe to my misfortunes. I shall not try to move the tender emotions of your hearts, by the recital of my distresses: I shall confine myself
in

in telling you that I was the beloved spouse of a man, respectable by the services he had rendered his country. This precious title was lately snatched away from me by a horde of assassins, who, in contempt of the laws—of justice, of individual safety, and of property, came to the peaceful retreat where we lived, and sacrificed to their fury the man whose loss I so much deplore. I only escaped death by the special protection of Divine Providence, who, doubtless, preserved me to give you an opportunity of signifying your justice.

If I attended only to the emotions of my heart, authoritative vengeance would satisfy me; but I am a mother of two children, who are not as yet capable of estimating their loss. I therefore feel it my duty to interest myself in their behalf; and you will permit me to inform you, that in that dreadful day I lost my husband, I also lost in bonds and other effects to the amount of 300,000 livres; and, by my husband's death 28,000 in annuities, part of which was due from the state, and the rest from private persons.

After this faithful recital, you may form some idea of my calamitous situation; but nothing can paint to you the state of my mind, incessantly torn and distracted by the most poignant reflections.

And thou! who wast always so dear to me, regard, if thou canst, the steps I am now taking in behalf of thy wretched family, from whom thou wast untimely snatched away by the hand of sanguinary assassins; support my courage in the midst of my deep afflictions; it is for thy children I am going to implore this august Assembly, who will not refuse me the kindness of taking them under its protection, of covering them with its *Egis*, under shelter of which they will undoubtedly prosper.

I here present a petition to the Pre-

sident, which contains a detail of the misfortunes of my family, and request he will order it to be read, as it would distress my feelings too much to do it myself.

The President replied—

MADAME, in the midst of the general marks of approbation which have encouraged the National Assembly in their indefatigable labours, they cannot deny that particular outrages had cast a tarnish on the glorious revolution. These disasters have afflicted every good citizen; they have served as an excuse for the backwardness which peaceful men have shewn for the alteration of a government proscribed by reason and philosophy, but under which they at least saw the shadow of slavery protected.

Whether those ravages were committed by a criminal exaltation, by desperate robbers, or by the perfidious machinations of the enemies of the country, they excite equal horror in the nation: they have caused the National Assembly to tremble for their enormities, and have mingled with bitterness the sentiment of the purity of its intentions, and the pride of its success.

There is no sacrifice it would not have made, no danger it would not have encountered, to have obtained that change, without those violent state convulsions which commonly attend grand revolutions, wherein suavity of manners tempered the influence of despotism. The Assembly hoped to improve and perfect manners by the effect of a free constitution. Its wishes will be fulfilled, but the certainty of seeing this some day, does not render it insensible to your affliction. Yes, the Assembly partakes of your sorrows; at the sight of your tears it feels itself moved, and pays with satisfaction a tribute to nature, in receiving with care the thrilling accents of virtue in distress.

One

One of the Clerks then read

THE PETITION.

A WIDOW in tears—a mother dismayed—a father borne down with years, and with chains; her unfortunate children without consolation, without protection—such is the picture upon which I would fix your attention.

The cry of nature—the accent of despair will not vainly rebound at the bottom of your souls, but will touch and move your hearts to pity. Clemency is no stranger to you, Gentlemen, and when involuntary transgressions, when errors, imprudences are expiated by all the calamities with which the head of the unfortunate can be afflicted—when her body is wasted, her heart broken, her soul torn to pieces by every kind of punishment, when her deplorable family remains estranged in the midst of the Globe—when every species of accumulated losses are around her, you will deign to attend to her first and last prayer—you will grant her the possibility of going to mourn over and die upon the tomb of every thing that was dear to her.

You will doubtless recall to mind, Gentlemen, the distressing circumstances the city of Lyon experienced, when the *Sieur Guillon de Pougelon*, my husband's brother, was impeached, with some other persons, with having formed a plan of a counter revolution. The account which was given you at that time appeared to criminate, in some measure, the accused persons. An active and necessitated prescience drew your committee of research into rigours which proved fatal to individuals, but salutary for the public weal. The *Sieurs Guillon, Teraffe, and Descarts*, accused, were condemned to prison till it should be otherwise ordered.

This is not the place, Gentlemen, to describe the character of the accusers—the grounded imputations a-

gainst them—the criminal snare prepared—the rebellious perfidy consummated by one of them, the chief of the conspiracy. I could adduce circumstances the most convincing in favour of the accused, which the equity of the Minister of Justice himself has brought to light, to confirm the innocence of the *Sieur Guillon* and the others accused. I must, however, confine myself to represent to your feeling hearts the deplorable situation of that old man, who was the benefactor, the counsellor, and the defender of those who dare now to accuse him. His cause is intimately connected with mine, and that of my children.

What had I then done? How have I merited the disastrous fate to which I am condemned upon this earth, sprinkled with the blood of my innocent spouse? Who will restore me my husband? Who will restore a father to his children? Ah! what a father!—Who will henceforth be their and my protector?—What had the *Sieur Guillon de Montel*, my husband, done, to become the victim of barbarity and ferocity?

Pardon, Gentlemen, if I give vent to my grief—I *was* a wife—I *am* a mother; I do not come hither to utter reproaches; but when the measure of my calamities is full, I then solicit you, as an act of justice, to stretch forth your helping hand.

The *Sieur Guillon de Montel*, my husband, had paid his tribute to his country;—his country had rewarded him. Covered with honourable wounds—overpowered with years—surrounded by public esteem, he lived peaceably in his habitation of *Polemieux*, near Lyon; I and his children were all his society; his house was always an asylum to the unfortunate, who never solicited in vain; it became also that of his brother's family, when the storm destined to crush us to pieces, had already roared around

around his head. No just complaint, no merited reproach had ever been raised against him. Ever faithful to all kinds of obedience, he respected every sort of authority. Already several visits had been in the house—already had they been assured that peace reigned in our asylum, and wisdom in our conduct. Ah! doubtless, some enemies of the name we bear, did not think their hatred satisfied by the first misfortunes with which we were afflicted.

On the 26th of June last, two municipalities, joined to that of Polemicux, had the temerity to surround our habitation, under pretence of seeking for arms. Preparation was made for an attack, and three hundred national guards pressed round the municipal officers. No defence was made—Alas! what could an old man do, surrounded only with women, and children in the cradle?

The *Sieur de Montel* demands to know if they acted by orders; informs them, that the resolutions of the department forbid similar incurSIONS. He speaks in the name of the law; the municipal officers themselves deign not to hear him. I advance in the presence of the most exasperated; but they paid no respect to my remonstrances. The cry of fury is heard from afar, the alarm bell is rung, the neighbouring villages assemble, thirty parishes run to arms, and thirty colours are paraded before them; Ah, Great God! against whom? against an old man, against women and children! With clamorous voice, they demand my husband's head! The domestics flee, the doors are broken open, the furniture destroyed. I compel my husband to take refuge in a private room; he had already lain down his arms without attempting the life of any of the assailants.

I remain, alone, in the midst of these enraged people; they had now

begun to plunder, having first set fire to the house; I make my way thro' the midst of the flames, at the hazard of my life; my sex is no longer a protection from the furious; I raise my voice in the most supplicating manner, I stretch out my arms, in which were clasped my two children, chilled with fear, and in deadly convulsions. Rambling in the midst of hostile weapons, covered with cowardly blows and dastardly insults, I offer my own life to save that of my husband. In the name of humanity and the law, I summon the municipal officers to interpose their authority, and their rage seemed suspended for a moment: I flattered myself—but—it was too late; the flames had by this time made great progress: My unfortunate husband, beset by them, from retreat to retreat, only avoiding one kind of death to fall into the hands of barbarous assassins. Some few persons encouraged him, spoke kindly to him, and offered to answer for his life. Vain oaths! the moment he appeared, their rage redoubled; they pressed upon him, and savagely strive who shall give him the first blow. I saw my tender, my unfortunate husband, cut to pieces alive; his limbs torn asunder: I saw his dying eyes, and I heard his expiring breath faintly utter his last farewell. He is murdered—I saw him decapitated, and his bleeding limbs carried away to the adjacent villages. Those who remain dispute who shall possess his shapeless and mutilated trunk. Their hideous faces, and their homicidal hands were smearing with his wreaking blood; and in this odious state, they shew it as a spectacle of triumph. Dismayed, disordered, howling in despair, I call loudly for death; and the cruel wretches, doubtless to augment my misery, reserved me the torment of my loathsome existence.

The cannibals at length retire; whither are they going, Great God!

to renew the feast of Aſtreá, to roaſt the limbs of their victim, and afterwards devour them. The National Gendarmerie ſtopped them in the middle of this abominable repaſt.

Wandering in the miſt of woods, it was not till after twenty-four hours that I rejoined the unfortunate remains of my family. We took refuge in Lyons; not being able any longer to live in a houſe reduced to aſhes, which had ſwallowed up in its ruins, furniture, money, contracts, and every thing we poſſeſſed. And what is there now remaining for myſelf and children? *Nothing*. What is there left for a wretched woman, for her two ſons, bent down under the weight of miſfortune?—*Neither father nor huſband*.

The Sieur Guillon de Pougelon has been impriſoned nine months. This old man, whom 68 years uſeful toil have never led to the commiſſion of guilt, is now pining away with ſorrow, deprived of the ſight of his family, without any hope of conſolation, his mind conſumed by *grief*, and his body waſted by *difeaſe*. Every day ſeems to augment his diſtreſſes. The wife of his ſon, a virtuous woman, and tender mother, who was the comfort of his old age, deeply depreſſed by the act which deprives her of a father-in-law who ſhe cheriſhed, in a fit of deſpair, after having bathed her child with her tears, threw herſelf out of

a window, and died lamented by every feeling heart.

The Sieur Guillon de Pougelon, whoſe liberty I moſt humbly implore, is the guardian of my children. It is on him alone our hopes are founded. He is the only protector we can claim. Nature gave him to us; and the Magiſtrates confirmed him in that office.

Ah! Gentlemen, reſtore him to light and to liberty; reſtore him to my tears; reſtore him to the innocent blood of my huſband, his virtuous brother who liſts up his voice towards you.—You will not ſurely finiſh the mournful picture, which would envelope us all in the ſame proſcription. If you reject my prayer and reſiſt my tears, there are my children. It is to the *nation* I give them, a mother which puts them under her protection. They liſt up their innocent hands towards you; they claim from you a father,—who is—no more,—they claim a ſecond father, who ſtill lives, the Sieur Guillon de Pougelon; he is the only ſupport left in the family. Let me then implore you, in the name of the nation, and in the name of juſtice, to be favourable to my requeſt, and to crown it by granting liberty to the Sieur Guillon, my brother-in-law, guardian of my children.—You will acquire by this conſpicuous act of beneficence, a new claim to the gratitude and veneration of every Frenchman.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

THOUGHTS on the IMPORTANCE of the SEASON of YOUTH.

Addressed to Juvenile Readers.

[Continued from page 573.]

THE diſagreeable ſenſations we experience on viewing a deformed or diſgusting object, are removed when we behold an agreeable or beautiful one. In like manner, more delightful emotions will ſucceed our preſent feelings of regret, if we repreſent to ourſelves a character con-

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 11.

traſted to the former. At the ſame time, it will point out the vaſt difference between them, and tend to ſhew the unſpeakable advantages of cultivating the beſt principles in the proper ſeaſon.

A young man educated under the influence of juſt ſentiments reſpecting himſelf

P p p p

himself and mankind, the present world and a future, comes upon the stage of life furnished with proper materials for action. He does not stare around him like an idiot, wondering at every thing he sees, without knowing how to act a becoming part; but exerts himself in those duties which his situation and circumstances require. He has been taught, that not every thing which appears beautiful to the eye, is really beautiful; nor every thing that promises delight in the possession, is capable of bestowing it. Hence he is led deliberately to weigh the consequences of actions, before he engages in them, and thus escapes from many of the dangers to which this season of life is more immediately exposed. The laws of God, the laws of men, the dictates of his own conscience, form the invariable rule which directs him in all possible cases. Does Pleasure, with all her allurements, invite him to groves of uninterrupted delights—does she represent to him the difficulty of a virtuous life, and the uncertainty of a far distant reward—does she warble in his ears that variety of melody which drives cares and sorrow from her delicious abodes, and promise him happiness at a much easier rate than can be obtained by beating the rugged path of virtue;—and does he bow to the goddess, and worship her with all her thousand votaries? No. His mind is superior to her highest rewards: he contemns, with an invincible magnanimity, her repeated solicitations, and despises her compensation as ignoble joys and deadly poison. He soars far above all the objects she can present, and pants for glory and immortality.

Only in such a character can we expect to find the true friend, and the true patriot. The soul continually under the influence of such sentiments, makes great progress in cultivating the mild and social disposi-

tions. She has been taught to reverence God, and to love men; and, by constantly obeying this precept, she has greatly improved all the finer feelings and lovely affections. She cannot indeed be without intermission in the act of reverence and love; but these are so habitual, that they are conspicuous on every proper occasion.

If we had such a friend, could we suspect him of insincerity? Could we imagine envy, malice, jealousy, or hatred, to dwell in a breast so pure and angelic? Such a character is highly amiable, in whatever relation of life it appears. He will indubitably constitute the very best of citizens. Proper ideas respecting order and subordination, have been early inculcated on his mind; and he has been taught the great duty of giving due honour to the laws and civil institutions of his country. Liberty, and the rights of man, are always dear in proportion as they are known; and therefore, properly to prize and maintain these blessings, we must be informed betimes of their nature and value.

What description of men make the best rulers, or the best subjects?—Those, whose minds have never imbibed just notions of things, and never been formed to habits of virtue? Those, who have no other motive for acting, than what arises from self-interested views? Those, who have never considered their situation, as rational, or accountable creatures?—Are these the men who are to administer impartial justice, to give protection to the injured, to guard the rights of their country, and defend it with their blood? Or, is it not from men of quite a different character, that we are to expect actions like these? Noble achievements, in the true sense of the word, are the production only of noble minds; and a mind truly noble, is never actuated by base or mercenary views.

H,

If, therefore, the prosperity of the state, the ease and tranquillity of families, and the happiness of individuals, are objects of infinite concern, that season of life which in general fixes and determines our character for the whole of our existence, must strike every mind as of the most unspeakable importance.

The season of youth will appear of great moment in another and equally interesting point of view. This is the only period for laying in a stock of useful knowledge. Unable to provide for our own necessities, and too feeble to undergo a variety of cares, we are furnished by a compassionate providence, with parents, guardians, or friends, whose sedulous attention for our welfare leaves our minds unoccupied and happy. The disquietudes of life are thrown far back, to give us leisure to grow wise. If we were to procrastinate the acquisition

of knowledge to the season of manhood, not only the necessary avocations of life would harass our minds with a various anxiety of cares, but the passions, which are inseparable from our nature, and to which this vigorous season would have given stability, would frequently storm the mind, and efface all the culture of study. If habits of industry are not formed in youth, there is great reason to believe they will never be formed at all. Indolence, if suffered to prevail in this sprightly period of our days, will before long embrace us in its sluggish arms, and deaden every noble faculty of the soul. Now the powers of the mind are active and wakeful; they will be employed in some pursuit or other, and it is our interest as well as duty to exercise them in the most laudable.

[The remainder next month.]

ON COMEDY.

[From Heron's Letters.]

YOUR opinion of the comedy of *Le Mechant* I heartily subscribe to, though Mr. Gray has pronounced it the best comedy he ever read. It is perfectly in the style of the French tragedy, inactive and declamatory. Yet I do not wonder at Mr. Gray's favourable opinion of it, when he admired the silly declamation of Racine so much as to begin a tragedy in his very manner; which, however, he was so fortunate as not to go through with.

Our stage, thank heaven, refuses the insipidity of the French drama; and requires an action, a business, a vigour, to which the run of *Geronstes* and *Damons*, which all their comedies are stuffed with, are mere strangers. *Molliere*, in attempting to introduce laughter into the French comedy, has blundered upon mere farce; for it is the character of that

nation always to be in extremes. In short, if we except Fontaine, I know of no writer in the French language who has real claim to poetical merit. Their language is not the language of verse; nor are their thoughts, or their *cosume*, those of poetry. Fontaine uses their language familiarly, in which way only it can be used to advantage. His thoughts are likewise in the style of mere familiar humour. Comic tales may be well written in French, but nothing else. Their prose writers, I readily allow, yield to none in the world; but of their poetry the *bon mot* said by one of themselves to Voltaire, which was, *Les François n'ont pas la tete epique*, may be with great justice enlarged thus, *LES FRANÇOIS N'ONT PAS LA TETE POETIQUE*.

In English comedy, Congreve, I believe, stands without a rival. His plots

plots have great depth and art; perhaps too much: his characters are new and strong; his wit genuine; and so exuberant, that it has been alledged as his only fault, that he makes all his characters inherit his own wit. Yet this fault will not be imputed by adepts, who know that the dialogue of our comedy cannot possibly be too spirited and epigrammatic; for it requires language as well as characters stronger than nature.

Shakespeare excels in the strength of his characters and in wit; but as plot must be regarded as an essential of good comedy, he must not be erected as a model in the comic academy; a loss sufficiently compensated by the reflection, that it were vain to place him as a model, whose beauties transcend all imitation.

Tragedy and Comedy both ought certainly to approach as near the truth of life as possible; insomuch, that we may imagine we are placed with *Le Diable Boiteux* on the roof of the house, and perceive what passes within. This rule in tragedy cannot be too strictly observed, though it has escaped almost every writer of modern tragedy; the characters of which speak similes, bombast, and every thing except the language of real life; so that we are eternally tempted to exclaim, as *Falstaff* does to *Pistol*, "Pr'ythee, speak like a man of this world."

In comedy, this rule ought by no means to be adhered to; as insipidity is the worst fault writing can have, but particularly comedy; whose chief quality it is to be poignant. Now poignancy cannot be effected without strong character: but an excellent tragedy may be written without a strong character in it; witness *Douglas*. The characters of tragedy, therefore, cannot have too much truth: but those of comedy ought to resemble the painted scenes, which, if examined too nearly, are mere

daubings; but at a proper distance have the very truth of nature, while the beauties of more delicate paintings would not be perceived.

Sentimental comedy, as it is called, though of late birth in England, is yet the comedy of *Menander* and of *Terence*. *Terence* is quite full of sentiment, and of a tenderness which accompanies it; and so barren of wit and humour, that I only remember two passages in his six comedies that provoke a smile; for a smile is all they can provoke. The one is that scene which passes after the eunuch is supposed to have ravished a young lady. This is the only proof of the humour of *Terence*: and the only sample of his wit we have in the reply of an old miser to one who he expected brought him tidings of a legacy, but who instead thereof made very gravely a moral observation to the impatient old man; who peevishly retorts, "What! hast thou brought nothing here but one maxim?"

Sentimental comedy bore a very short sway in England. Indeed, it was incompatible with the humour of an English audience, who go to a comedy to laugh, and not to cry. It was even more absurd, it may be added, in its faults than that of which *Congreve* is the model; for sentiments were spoken by every character in the piece; whereas one sentimental character was surely enough. If a man met with his mistress, or left her; if he was suddenly favoured by fortune, or suddenly the object of her hatred; if he was drunk, or married, he spoke a sentiment: if a lady was angry, or pleased; in love, or out of it; a prude, or a coquet; make room for a sentiment! If a servant girl was chid, or received a present from her mistress; if a valet received a purse, or a horse-whipping; good heavens, what a fine sentiment!

This fault, I say, was infinitely more absurd than that of *Congreve*; for

for a peasant may blunder on wit, to whose mind sentiment is totally heterogeneous. Besides, Congreve's wit is all his own; whereas, most of the said sentiments may be found in the proverbs of Solomon.

No wonder then this way of writing was soon abandoned even by him who was its chief leader. Goldsmith in vain tried to stem the torrent by opposing a barrier of low humour, and dullness and absurdity, more dull and absurd than English sentimental comedy itself.

It is very much to the credit of that excellent writer, Mr. Colman, that, while other dramatists were lost in the fashion of sentiment, his comedies always present the happiest medium of nature; without either affectation of sentiment, or affectation of wit. That the able translator of Terence should yet have sufficient force of mind to keep his own pieces clear of the declamatory dullness of that ancient, is certainly a matter deserving of much applause. The *Jealous Wife*, and the *Clandestine Marriage*, with others of his numerous dramas, may be mentioned as the most perfect models of comedy we have: to all the other requisites of fine comic writing they always add just as much sentiment and wit as does them good. This happy medium is the most difficult to hit in all composition, and most declares the hand of a master.

By the *School for Scandal*, the style of Congreve was again brought into fashion; and sentiment made way for wit and delicate humour. That piece has indeed the beauties of Congreve's comedies, without their faults: its plot is deeply enough perplexed, without forcing one to labour to unravel it; its incidents sufficient, without being too numerous; its wit pure; its situations truly dramatic. The characters, however, are not quite so strong as Congreve's;

which may be regarded as the principal fault of this excellent piece. Lesser faults are Charles's sometimes blundering upon sentiments; nay, sometimes upon what are the worst of all sentiments, such as are of dangerous tendency, as when Rowley advises him to pay his debts before he makes a very liberal present, and so to act as an honest man ere he acts as a generous one.

ROWLEY. *Ab, Sir, I wish you would remember the proverb.*—

CHARLES. *Be just before you are generous.—Why so I would, if I could; but Justice is an old lame bobbler beldame, and I can't get her to keep pace with Generosity for the soul of me.*

This sentiment, than which nothing can be more false and immoral, is always received by the silly audience with loud applause; whereas no reprobation can be too severe for it. A lesser blemish lies in the verses tagged to the end of the play, in which one of the characters addresses the audience. The verses are an absurdity, the address a still greater; for the audience is by no good actor supposed to be present; and any circumstance that contributes to destroy the apparent reality of theatrical representation, cannot meet with too sharp censure. But it gives me pain to remark any faults in a piece that in general so well merits the applause it constantly receives. I shall only observe, that the sentiment put into Charles's mouth in the last scene, though not liable to the objections brought against the former, is yet incompatible with the character, which is set in strongest opposition to the sentimental one of Joseph. The words I mean are, 'If I don't appear mortified at the exposure of my follies, it is because I feel at this moment the warmest satisfaction at seeing you my liberal benefactor.'

It

It may be observed, that every thing like a sentiment is sure to meet with applause on our theatre; which the actors well express by calling sentiments *clap-traps*. This trick of securing applause by sentiments lately proved the salvation of the very worst tragedy that ever appeared on any stage: for the audience had so much applauded the two first acts, from the number of those *clap-traps*, that they

were ashamed to retract; so that the piece took a little run very quietly to the disgrace of our taste, it being one of those very *sarragos* of nonsense that the Rehearsal was written to expose to due scorn; and, had it been fabricated before the era of that witty performance, it would certainly have had the honour of being placed in the first shelf of absurdity.

Two Characters:—The Honest Fellow and the Tippler.

THE *honest fellow* is often found to be a downright scoundrel. He is *profuse* without being *hospitable*, for he expects a return for every dinner he gives; and merit in distress never finds a place at his table, unless for the purpose of promoting entertainment, or being made a *butt* for ridicule.

Every *rascal* with a good voice is sure of a good dinner from the *honest fellow*; but his most exquisite satisfaction consists in depriving his guests of their reason; and his base spirit is as proud of laying his guests prostrate and wallowing on the floor, or reducing them to loathsome sickness, as a general, when an army flies before him.

His great boast is the strength of his head, and he prefers being master of seven bottles of claret, to the possession of the seven cardinal virtues, though he knows that drunkenness is parent of the seven deadly sins.

The *honest fellow* seldom appears in the morning, that part of the day being appropriated to sleep or vomits, so that he is always either at bed or board, and has not a moment even to think on any subject worthy the contemplation of a human creature.

The *honest fellow* breaks lamps—he breaks heads—and often commits murder.

The *honest fellow*, if he is not hanged, or killed in a quarrel, generally dies under a complication of disorders, or rather, as *Congreve* has it, “he goes off in a sink, like a snuff upon a save-all.”

THE TIPPLER.

THE *tippler* is quite a different character—He drinks in small quantities, and at several stated periods.

In the morning he is crop-sick, and craves a stomachic—This is either bitters and brandy, cherry-bounce, or purl, which, to adopt his own technical phrase, he calls *fortifying* his stomach against the rawness of the morning:—Thus *fortified*, he issues out to transact his business, but fully resolved not to make a *dry* bargain, till with a *drum* here, and a *drum* there; a *cordial* in one place, and a *cordial* in another; a *drop* mixed with a *friend*, a *reconciliation draught* with an *enemy*; a *squib* with an *old acquaintance*, or a *bow* of congratulation, condolence, &c. &c. he sinks into a state of ebriety, and having been imposed upon in all his dealings, ends his wretched existence in a gaol!—

Look to the walls of the drunkard, says Solomon, and you will see them in ruins!

Never was there a juster observation.

An Instance of Female Heroism, which happened in New-York in May, 1773.

MR. H——, who paid his addresses to Miss T—— for a considerable time, suddenly withdrew himself, and took several indecent liberties with the lady's character. A third person, enemy to both parties, counterfeited the gentleman's hand, and sent her an obscene and scurrilous letter. The injured and enraged fair, fully satisfied that her apostate lover was the author, sent for him; and on his coming, took him into her dressing room, and locked the door. 'I have sent for you, Sir, (said Miss T——) to punish your insolence and cruelty; the world, no doubt, will censure me, and call my conduct madness: you will be acquitted; I shall be condemned: but you, Sir, have wantonly robbed me of my reputation, and I hold life without it insupportable.' Upon which she presented him with the letter, and opening a drawer took out a brace of pistols, and insisted on his taking one. In vain Mr. H—— protested his in-

nocence; he swore he was an entire stranger to the letter till that very moment, and wished to discover the author. All this was considered as hypocrisy, as cowardice added to the blackest villany, and she persisted in her resolution. Accordingly he accepted a pistol, and retired to the opposite corner: she fired and missed him, and he discharged his pistol through the ceiling. He again protested his innocence. 'Hold, Sir,' said she, and immediately produced another brace, and, as before, insisted upon his taking one. It was in vain to refuse, and once more they retreated: she fired, and shot him thro' the elbow, and he again discharged his pistol in the ceiling. 'Now, Sir, you are at liberty to retire; I have redeemed my character only in part; I seriously advise you never to injure the reputation of a woman; for the loss of it must, if she has any sense of shame, be followed with the loss of life. Upon which she retired and shot herself. [Univ. Mag.]

The SOLITARY PHILOSOPHER, a living Character.

[From the BEE, a late Periodical Work, published in Edinburgh.]

ON the side of a large mountain, about ten miles west from this place, in a little hut of his own rearing, which has known no other possessor these fifty years, lives this strange and very singular person. Though his general usefulness, and communicative disposition requires him often to associate with the surrounding rustics; yet having never had an inclination to travel farther than to the neighbouring village, and being totally unacquainted with the world, his manners, conversation, and dress are strikingly noticeable. A little plot of ground that extends round his cottage, is the narrow sphere to which he confines himself; and in this wild

retreat, he appears to a stranger as one of the early inhabitants of earth, e'er polished by frequent intercourse, or united in society. In his youth, being deprived of the means of education, and till this hour a stranger to reading, the most valuable treasures of time are utterly unknown to him; so that what knowledge he has acquired seems to be from the joint exertions of vigorous powers, and an unwearied course of experiments.

It is impossible, in the limited bounds of this paper, to give the particulars of all the variety of professions in which he engages, and in which he is allowed by the whole inhabitants around him to excel. His genius seems

seems universal; and he is at once by nature, Botanist, Philosopher, Naturalist, and Physician.

The place where he resides seems indeed peculiarly calculated for assisting him in these favourite pursuits. Within a stone's throw of his hut, a deep enormous chasm extends itself up the mountain for more than four miles, through the bottom of which a large body of water rages in loud and successive falls through the fractured channel, while its stupendous sides, studded with rocks, are overhung with bushes and trees, that meeting from opposite sides, and mixing their branches, entirely conceal, at times, the river from view; so that when a spectator stands above, he sees nothing but a luxuriance of green branches, and tops of trees, and hears at a dreadful distance below the brawling of the river. In this vale or glen innumerable rare and valuable herbs are discovered; and in the harvest months, this is his continual resort. He explores it with the most unwearied attention, climbs every cliff, even the most threatening, and from the perplexing profusion of plants, collects those herbs, of whose qualities and value he is well acquainted. For this purpose he has a large basket, with a variety of divisions, in which he deposits every particular species by itself. With this he is often seen labouring home to his hut, where they are suspended in large and numerous parcels from the roof, while the sage himself sits smiling amidst his simple stores.

In cultivating his little plot of ground, he proceeds likewise by methods entirely new to his neighbours. He has examined by numberless strange experiments, the nature of the soil, watches every progressive advance of the grain, and so well is he provided for its defence against vermin, that they are no sooner seen than destroyed. By these means he

has greatly enriched the soil, which was by nature barren and ungenerous, while his crop nearly doubles that of his neighbours; the more superstitious of whom, from his lonely life, and success in these affairs, scruple not to believe him in league with the devil.

As a mechanic, he is confined to no particular branch. He lives by himself, and seems inclined to be dependent on none. He is his own shoemaker, cutler, and taylor; builds his own barns, and raises his own fences; threshes his own corn, and with very little assistance cuts it down. From his infancy, he has enjoyed an uninterrupted flow of health; but there is scarce a neighbouring peasant around, who has not, when wounded by accident, or confined by sickness, experienced the salutary effects of his skill.

In these cases his presence of mind is surprising, his application simple, his medicines within the reach of every cottager; and in effecting a cure, he is seldom unsuccessful. Nor is his assistance in physic and surgery confined to the human species alone. Domestic and useful animals of every kind profit by his researches. He has been known frequently to cure horses, cows, sheep, &c. by insuing certain herbs among warm water, and giving them to drink. In short, so fully persuaded are the rustics of his knowledge in the causes and cure of disorders, to which their cattle are subject, that in every critical and alarming case, he is immediately consulted, and his prescriptions observed with the most precise exactness. I should arrogate too much to my own praise to say that I was the first who took any particular notice of this *solitaire*. He is known to many ingenious gentlemen in that part of the country, and has been often the subject of their conversation and wonder. Nor has the Honourable Gentleman whose tenant he is, suffered his rustic original

original to pass unnoticed or unfriended; but with his usual generosity, and a love to mankind, that dignifies all his actions, has from time to time transmitted to him parcels of new and useful plants, roots, seeds, &c. while the other shews himself worthy of such bounty, by a yearly specimen of their products, and a relation of the manner in which he treated them.

About six months ago, I went to pay him a visit along with an intimate friend, no less remarkable for a natural curiosity. On arriving at his little hut, we found, to our no small disappointment, that he was from home. As my friend, however, had never been in that part of the country before, I conducted him to the glen, to take a view of some of the beautiful romantic scenes, and wild prospects, that this place affords. We had not proceeded far along the bottom of the vale, when hearing a rustling among the branches above our head, I discovered our hoary botanist with his basket, passing along the brow of a rock, that hung almost over the centre of the stream. Having pointed him out to my companion, we were at a loss for some time, how to bring about a conversation with him: Having, however, a flute in my pocket, of which music he is exceedingly fond, I began a few airs, which by the sweetness of the echoes, was heightened into the most enchanting melody. In a few minutes this had its desired effect; and our little old man stood beside us, with his basket in his hand. On stopping at his approach he desired us to proceed, complimented us on the sweetness of our music, expressed the surprise he was in on hearing it, and leaning his basket on an old trunk, listened with all the enthusiasm of rapture. He then, at our request, presented us with a sight of the herbs he had been collecting, entertained us with a narrative of the discoveries

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 11.

he had made in his frequent searches through the vale, which, said he, "contains treasures that few know the value of."

Seeing us pleased with this discourse, he launched forth into a more particular account of the vegetables, reptiles, wild beasts, and insects that frequented the place, and with much judgment explained their various properties. "Were it not, says he, for the innumerable millions of insects, that in the summer months swarm in the air, I believe dead carcases, and other putrid substances might have dreadful effects; but no sooner does a carcase begin to grow putrid, than these insects led by the smell, flock to the place, and there deposit their eggs, which in a few days produce such a number of maggots, that the carcase is soon consumed. While they are thus employed below, the parent flies are no less busy, in devouring the noxious vapours that incessantly ascend; thus the air by these insects is kept sweet and pure, till the storms of winter render their existence unnecessary, and at once destroy them. And heaven that has formed nothing in vain, exhibits these things to our contemplation, that we may adore that all bounteous creator, who makes even the most minute and seemingly destructive creatures subservient to the good of man."

In such a manner did this poor and illiterate peasant moralize on the common occurrences of nature; these glorious and invaluable truths did he deduce from vile reptiles, the unheeded insect, and simple herb, that lies neglected, or is trodden under foot as useless and offensive; and what friend to mankind does not, on contemplating this hoary rustic's story, fondly wish, with its writer, that learning had lent its aid to polish a genius, that might have one day surprised the world with the glorious blaze of a Locke or Newton? A. W.—N.

Paisley, Feb. 16, 1791.

Q q q q

On

On the STATE of RUSSIA; extracted from a Work in Manuscript.

WHAT a charming view is presented to the eye by the river Neva, which runs thro' Petersburg! Every season exhibits a new picture; and the winter-scene is finely contrasted with that of the summer. During four months of the year the river is covered with barks, sloops, and larger vessels; the eye of the spectator meets nothing but the continued bustle of an uninterrupted navigation. But, when once the sun has past the equinox, this decorated scene vanishes; the month of October, or more commonly the first days of November, bring along with them the forerunners of a most severe season. Shoals of ice are carried down by the river from the lake Ladoga: those *glaciers* are accumulated at its mouth, and soon fix themselves there. The solid crust which is formed upon the surface of the water extends itself more and more up the river, till it reaches the source, and till at last all passage is shut up.

This icy stratum, still accumulating, acquires sometimes a thickness of five or six feet; over this mass of ice a bed of snow spreads itself, and then all appearance of a river is lost. In its room we behold a white plain, over which men, animals, and heavy carriages travel in the most perfect security. Foot paths of hardened snow are formed for such as travel in that manner; and the carriages cut out for themselves a passage on the ice. In these extraordinary streets one enjoys more safety than in our cities so much admired for their police.

During the whole winter this state of things remains permanent. The waters which, so long as the warm season suffered them to flow, had been wholly engrossed by the vessels of commerce, afford now, when once they are hardened by the frosts, an opportunity for every kind of recreation and festivity. At the approach

of the carnival, mountains of ice are built upon the river itself, and raised to the height of a house of one story. They are formed of great squares of ice, which are cut and prepared at some distance; and after being set in the manner of a pavement, are lastly besprinkled with water, in order to make one complete mass of polished ice. A wooden ladder conducts to the summit of this edifice, from whence people amuse themselves in descending with astonishing rapidity sometimes in sledges and sometimes on skaits. During the descent, the motion, accelerating more and more, carries them to a great distance from the artificial mountain along the smooth ice of the river, from which they previously have swept the snow. While the slaves amuse themselves with this exercise, (which is reserved for them) an innumerable crowd of spectators surrounds the scene, some on foot, others on horseback or in chariots; and the ice supports this vast multitude like a pavement much more solid than that of our roads.

On royal anniversary days, there is a benediction made of the water; a ceremony which brings a great concourse of spectators under the windows of the Imperial palace. The principal ecclesiastics of the Greek religion assemble on the ice, where a hole has been dug, which the water immediately fills up. This water they bless with their prayers, and then plunge a crucifix into it. The people bring hither their children, and the priests baptise them by immersion. Around the priests are seen the most distinguished persons at court; complete regiments of soldiers are ranged in files upon the ice, waiting to receive the benediction at the same time with the Neva. And as in other parts of Europe the noise of artillery mixes itself in ceremonies the most august,

as well as in rejoicings the most pacific, so here the soldiers terminate this one by the discharge of musquetry, which is answered by the canons of the citadel and the admiralty. What is better, the day concludes with an entertainment given to the priests in the house of the Empress's confessor. For some years past they have invited to this entertainment ecclesiastics of all religions; so that one sees at the same table, Greek archbishops and bishops, Armenian archimandrites, Catholic monks, Lutheran pastors, Calvinists, Hernalts, all in the robes of their office. The common language of these guests is Latin; they discourse on religion without disputing, and on philosophy without understanding one another.

This spirit of concord extends itself from pastors to their flocks, and prevails through the whole empire amidst the innumerable sects who inhabit it, without their either hating, reproaching, or wishing to convert one another; yet all of them follow their particular worship with a zeal that is truly fanatical; and even the established religion partakes of this in many of its practices.

The religion of the peasants consists in going to hear mass, in prostrating themselves morning and evening before their images, in pronouncing the *ghosphodi promilui* (*Lord have mercy on me*), and in strictly observing lent.

A Russian peasant regards the violation of this as less pardonable than murder. The Popes or priests are but little informed. Their knowledge consists in being able to read their ritual, and give their benediction, which is often done in the streets for a penny or halfpenny, or for nothing. As it is held a meritorious work to found churches, these are here multiplied exceedingly; and the chiming of bells, which makes a part of their religious service, is almost without intermission. In the

front of every church above the gate stands an image commonly enlightened with a wax-candle. If fire seizes on the dwelling of a Russian, which happens but too frequently, their first care is to save the image. This they hold in their hands before the house on fire; and pointing it to the flames, beseech it to quench them; and if it refuse to hearken to their prayers, they then load it plentifully with abuse. The wildest class of sectaries is that of *Staroverfsi*; a people of the ancient faith. In opinions they differ little from the orthodox Greeks; but they differ much from them in rites, and in the form of church-government. Formerly they suffered persecution, and consequently their numbers increased; now they are left at their ease, and they diminish daily. Their aversion to tobacco is inexpressible. They are very hospitable, provided one does not smoke this leaf in their huts or before their images. According to them, among all the plants created by the Deity, he formed one on purpose to load it with his malediction; and this unfortunate plant is tobacco. If they cannot prevent at times their images from being perfumed with it, they make all the dispatch possible to wash and purify them.

By a remarkable contrast, and as if destiny had assembled in this empire religious opinions the most opposite, one finds in its western extremity, in Livonia and Estonia, traces still remaining of Paganism. The inhabitants of these two provinces, either voluntarily or by compulsion, have indeed adopted Christianity according to the reform of Luther; but in secret they practise many Pagan superstitions. They carry offerings under consecrated trees, and under the shade of certain ruinous walls; they prepare ablutions and repasts for the souls of the dead; they believe in magic, and give themselves up to it

it clandestinely. Very few of them are able to read; and the clergy are obliged to withhold their blessing from their marriages till they can spell their catechism tolerably.

The reigning Empress has taken measures to enlighten her people gradually, to give them school-masters, priests better instructed, and a religion still superstitious. These laudable efforts, however, cannot have much effect; where men gain nothing by getting out of ignorance, or wherever servitude and discouragement prevail, it is in vain to expect either progress in ideas, or emulation in the souls of men.

And yet this is the moral state of three quarters of the globe, while the remaining quarter is found in the other extreme, and by the mere dint of knowledge, tends, in spite of positive truths, to the scepticism of vanity, which brings back knowledge to darkness, and the human mind to its ignity.

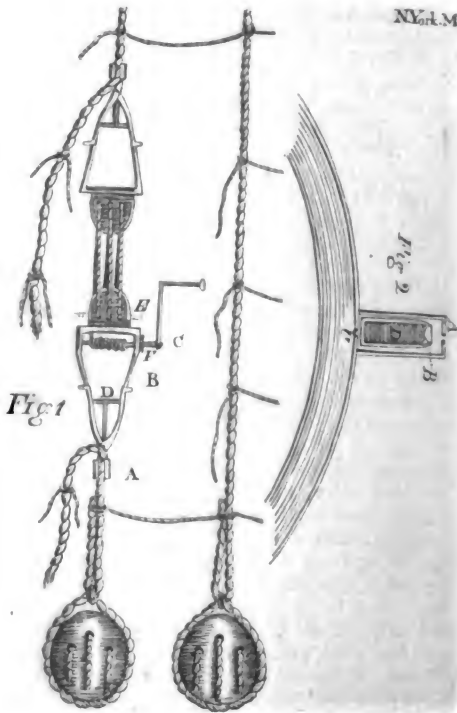
The Russian peasant is sober in his diet, but very intemperate in his beverage; his ruling passion is for whisky. Drunkenness is so common among this class of men, that they have a term to express that middle state betwixt health and disease in which one finds himself next day after a debauch. Both sexes are equally addicted to this practice. Without being lazy, the peasants fulfil their task only as the means of getting rid of a necessary evil: all their works are imperfect, and they never dream of completing them. More open than the Germans, and more talkative, they have among them the politeness of slavery. This habit of mutual cringing among equals, leads them, by the rule of proportion, to prostrate themselves at whole length before their superiors, or before those from whom they ask a favour. Kindness wins them; but abuses do not offend them: a people accustomed to blows, cannot be much moved with words.

Extremely fond of corporal cleanliness, the Russian peasants always wear a very white shirt, but frequently under a coat that is very dirty. Once or twice a-week, men and women, boys and girls, refresh themselves by plunging promiscuously into the warm baths. Of late this mixture of the two sexes has been forbidden; but the prohibition is but little attended to. Altho' the peasants marry very young, they do not in this obey nature, but the will of the lords whom they serve. Paternal authority is very extensive among them, and lasts during the whole life of the children.

The superior chooses from among his peasants those who appear the most intelligent, in order to attach them to his interest. Of one he makes a musician, of another a chaplain, of a third a taylor, a cordwainer, a saddler, a clock-maker; and the education of all these is accomplished at his expence.

The riches of a grandee is not estimated by his pecuniary revenue, or the quantity of corn on his lands, but by the number of his slaves. Of these we are assured that the prince *Schorbbatow* had no less a number than 127,000. Among them there is none that can boast of the smallest property, not even of his frock. A workman being suspected of having saved some money, the steward of his master ordered him immediately to pay 200 rubles. The workman obeyed, and brought this sum in copper. I want it in silver, said the steward. The slave denied that he had any, and was beaten till he brought it; while at the same time his submission did not make him get back his copper. Master of selling, hiring, or exchanging him, a gentleman punishes his slave at pleasure. He is indeed forbidden to kill him, but not to make him die of his wounds. A sister of the *Marechal* of — was accused of having sacrificed to the number

NYark.M.G.



number of 70 of her slaves: it was her amusement to invent new and singular punishments. This excess, however, could not pass unpunished. In spite of the immense power of the nobility, and the rank of Madame —, she was summoned to stand trial, found guilty, condemned to prison, and to be exposed in a public place with a label on her breast. This woman, so insensible to the sufferings of her fellow-creatures, whose torments she made her recreation, was so humbled with this chastisement, that pride, shame, and the thirst of

vengeance, deprived her of her reason. The crime and the punishment seemed equally marked with the impression of barbarism.

As every peasant pays his superior a certain tax for each of his children, the interest of the master is to encourage a numerous progeny, and that of the slave is to retard it. Neither husbands nor wives pique themselves on their fidelity, nor on taking any kind of concern for their children; among lower ranks corruption of manners is at its highest pitch.

[*L'Esprit des Journeaux.*]

MECHANICAL INVENTIONS.

An easy and effectual method for mending shrouds, or other ropes, accidentally cut in time of an engagement at sea, or otherwise, by Mr. Joseph Brodie, shipmaster, Leith.

TO dwell upon the danger a vessel runs, when her shrouds or stays, or other important standing ropes are shot away, or otherwise broken, were an idle task, as every man must see, that in these circumstances the vessel runs a great risk of being entirely lost, if it be not immediately repaired; and that of course, it is of the utmost importance to have the damage repaired as quickly as possible.

Hitherto, this has been a great desideratum in the marine art: The tying such a rope, &c. as heretofore, by means of stoppers, is a tedious process, and far from possessing the firmness that is required in an occasion of this sort.

Mr. Brodie's contrivance for this purpose, consists of two pairs of clips or sheers connected together by a rope and pullies, as represented by the annexed plate, figure 1st. Where A is the mouth of the sheers bent a little forward, so as to admit of its receiving the rope quite straight into its chops, without any deflection whatever; these chops are armed on the inside with teeth to secure the rope

in the firmest manner. The sheers above, are exactly the same with those below, excepting the winch; and therefore one description will answer for them both. The handle of the sheers, B, bends downward, so as to form a ring that grasps the cheeks of the triangular apparatus, sliding freely upon its round sides backward or forward at pleasure.

From the point of the triangular apparatus, proceeds a straight tang right forward, which passes through an eye formed on the other side of the pivot of the sheers, and thus connects the sheers and the triangular apparatus firmly together. This ring also embraces the tang, so as to allow it to move freely backward and forward.

When, therefore, the whole apparatus is loose, if the sheers be pushed backward, so as that the handle, B, embraces a wider part of the triangular cheeks than in its present position, the chops, A, are consequently opened up, and by pushing it backward far enough, you make it gape, so as to be capable of taking in the rope you have occasion to secure. When this

is

is done, by pulling it forward the handles are pressed together, and the more they are thus pulled, the more firmly must they hold the rope; as is evident from the figure.

The upper apparatus, being in all these respects the same as the under one, it is made to lay hold of the under end of the broken rope in the same manner, which will all be clearly understood by inspection.

The two triangular apparatus's, with their sheers, are connected by a rope running upon sheeves, as in the figure. But as the distance between two ends of one broken rope may be much greater than another, it is proper to have the connecting rope of considerable length, with a knot upon its one end to prevent it from slipping through the sheers, the other end of this rope being fixed to the axle, C. This rope, when the sheers are put into their proper position, may be suddenly tightened by pulling, and the end of it fastened to a cleat any where that may be convenient, or it may be secured upon the pin, E, which serves as the axis of the lower sheave, and is here represented as a little longer than necessary for that purpose, that it may answer occasionally the purpose here indicated.

When the apparatus is thus brought nearly to its true position, it is then to be tightened as firm as possible by means of the winch, C, the arm of which may be as long as shall be thought necessary;—and if a great pull were wanted, the axle being prolonged, another winch may be put upon the other end of it.—What is thus gained, is secured by means of a ratch-wheel upon the axle, F. The winches slip upon the end of the axle; and therefore, can be taken off when they are no longer wanted.

All the parts of this apparatus excepting the connecting rope and pulleys, are made of firm hammered iron.

Any ship, by having a sufficient number of these spare on board, could, even in the middle of action, mend in a few minutes, any number of ropes that might chance to be broken,—and render them as firm and tight as before: In which state, they could remain till time permitted to give them full repairs. [*The Bee.*]

A new, efficacious, and simple invention for drawing off the air that accumulates in the higher part of water pipes, by an ingenious professor of natural philosophy, deceased.

THIS, like every other mechanical invention of the ingenious contriver of it, is beautiful for its simplicity. It consists of a cylindrical metalline box, A B, (*see plate, fig. 2.*) placed above the highest part of a water pipe, and firmly cemented to it. Inclosed within it, is a hollow vessel of copper, or other light matter, D, which fills nearly the whole cavity of it, only a little shorter. In the top of this vessel, is formed a semi-cylindrical cavity ground true, into which is laid loosely a plano spherical piece of ground glass, which rises a little higher than the sides of the copper vessel. A small hole is drilled through the top of the external box at A, and another through the pipe at C, so as to open a free communication between them. When a bubble of air accumulates in the pipe, as at C, that air naturally escapes through the hole into the upper vessel; it is no sooner gone off that way, than the water follows it, which forces the air through the hole, A. But as the water rises in the vessel, A C, the vessel, D, being of less specific gravity than the water, is forced to float upon it; and gradually, by this means, comes to press upon the top. Whenever this happens, the plano spherical glass adapts itself exactly to the inside of the hole at A, and stops it up entirely. Thus no water can escape, and

and thus it must remain until another bubble of air shall accumulate, when the inner vessel by its gravity, must sink and leave room to the air again to escape; and so on continually it works, always opening of itself to let off the air whenever it accumulates, and closing again as soon as it has made its escape, preventing any water from ever being lost. [*The Bee.*]

Sympathetic Hinges and Locks, and Thermometrical Fire-Alarm.

AMONGST the many philosophical and mechanical inventions which this speculative and experimental age daily produces, we are led to notice two new and curious ones, for which patents have been obtained as advertised in the last London prints: The first, Sympathetic Hinges and Locks, for folding doors:

it is peculiar to these hinges, that whichever door be opened, the other receives precisely the same motion, so that both doors open and shut exactly together; and it is peculiar to these locks, that the handle of either door will open both. This invention, though evidently contributing to domestic convenience and elegance, is much exceeded in utility, by the other, which is called a Thermometrical Fire Alarm, and possesses the invaluable property of giving immediate notice, to any required distance, of the least increase of heat which may happen in the premises in which it is fixed. This early communication and alarm will enable families to resort to the necessary measures to stop the progress of the flames; or, in the worst case, to provide for the safety of their persons and properties.

To the EDITORS of the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE,

GENTLEMEN,

In the course of my studies I made the following demonstration of the Pythagorean Theorem, (47 Euclid's 1.) and as I never saw it done so before, I take it to be a new method: If you think it worth a place in your publication, you may print it for the perusal of your mathematical readers.

I am, &c.

J. T.

T H E O R E M.

THE square B D of the hypotenuse B C of a right angled triangle A B C, is equal to the sum of the squares of its legs A B, A C.

Demonstration.—Draw the square B C D E and E F perpendicular to A B, D G perpendicular to E F, and produce C A to H. Then, since A, F, and G are right angles, H is a right angle likewise, (by the Elements of Geometry.) And since the sides B C, C D, D E, B E, of the square B D, are all equal, and the complimentary void and dotted angles at B, C, D, E, are respectively equal; therefore the four triangles C A B, B F E, E G D, D H C, are equal in every respect, (ibid.) Consequently $AB - BF = EF - EG = DG - DH = CH - AC = AB - AC$; that is, $AF = FG = GH = AH = AB - AC$, and A G is a square whose side is the difference of the legs A B, A C.



Now, the four triangles and the internal square altogether compose the external square: But the four triangles are equal to twice the rectangle of the legs, (by the Elem.) and twice the rectangle of two lines, more the square of their difference, is equal to the sum of their squares, (ibid.) Therefore the square B D is the sum of the squares of the legs A B and A C.

DESCRIPTION

DESCRIPTION of the CITY of WASHINGTON.

THE CITY of WASHINGTON, in the district of *Columbia*, intended for the permanent seat of the Government of the United States, being now begun, a concise description of the situation and present state of that metropolis, may not be altogether uninteresting to those at a distance.

The seat of the city stands at the junction of the rivers Patowmac and the Eastern-Branch, extending nearly four miles up each, including a tract of territory, exceeded in point of convenience, salubrity, and beauty, by none in America, if any in the world—For, although the land is apparently level, yet, by gentle and gradual swellings, a variety of elegant prospects are produced; while there is a sufficient descent to convey off the water occasioned by rain. Within the limits of the city, are a great many excellent springs, and by digging wells, water of the best quality may readily be had; besides, the never-failing streams that now run thro' that territory, are also to be collected for the use of the city.

The Eastern-Branch is one of the safest and most commodious harbours in America, being sufficiently deep for the largest ships, for about four miles above its mouth; while the channel lies close along the edge of the city, and is abundantly capacious. The Patowmac, although only navigable for small-craft, for a considerable distance from its banks adjoining the city (excepting about half a mile above the junction of the rivers) will nevertheless afford a capacious summer-harbour; as an immense number of ships may ride in the great channel, opposite to, and below the city.

This metropolis being situated upon the great post-road, exactly equidistant from the northern and the south-

ern extremities of the Union, and nearly so from the Atlantic to Fort-Pitt, upon the best navigation, and in the midst of the richest commercial territory in America, commanding the most extensive internal resources, is by far the most eligible situation for the residence of Congress; and as there is no doubt of its being pressed forward, by the public-spirited enterprise of the people of these United States, and by foreigners, it will grow up with a degree of rapidity hitherto unparalleled in the annals of cities, and will soon become the admiration and delight of the world.

The plan of this city, agreeably to the directions of the President of the United States, was designed and drawn by the celebrated MAJOR L'ENFANT; and is an inconceivable improvement upon all other cities in the world, combining not only convenience, regularity, elegance of prospect, and a free circulation of air, but every thing grand and beautiful, that can possibly be introduced into a city.

The streets, in general, run due north and south, and east and west, forming rectangular squares.—The area for the CONGRESS-HOUSE, is situated upon the most beautiful eminence, little more than a mile from the Eastern-Branch, and not much more from the Patowmac; commanding a full and complete view of every part of the city, as well as a considerable extent of the country around.—The PRESIDENT'S HOUSE will stand upon a rising ground, not far from the banks of the Patowmac, possessing a delightful water prospect, together with a commanding view of the Congress-House, and most of the material parts of the city. The Houses for the great Departments of State, the Supreme Court-House and Judiciary Offices, the National Bank, the General Exchange, and the several

ral Market-Houses, with a variety of other public buildings, are all arranged with equal propriety, judgment and taste, in such situations as in practice will be found the most convenient and proper.—Due south from the President's House, and due west from the Congress-House, run two great Pleasure-Parks, or Malls, which intersect and terminate upon the banks of the Patowmac, and are ornamented at the sides with a variety of public gardens and elegant buildings, &c.—Regularly interspersed through the city, where the most material streets cross in the most important situations, are a variety of open areas, formed in various regular figures, which in great cities are extremely useful and ornamental.—Fifteen of the best of these areas may be appropriated to the different States composing the Union, not only to bear their respective names, but as proper places for them to erect statues, obelisks or columns, to the memory of their favorite heroes or statesmen; providing they contribute towards the improvement of the lots around these areas, in such manner as may be agreed upon.—From the Congress-House, the President's House, and some of the other important areas in the city, run transverse avenues, or diagonal streets, from one material object to another, which not only produce a variety of charming prospects, and facilitate the communication through the city, but remove that insipid sameness, that renders Philadelphia and Charleston unpleasing.—These great leading streets are all 160 feet wide, including a brick pavement of ten feet and a gravel walk of 30 feet planted with trees, on each side; which will leave 80 feet of paved street for carriages.—The rest of the streets are, in general, 130 and 110 feet wide, and are now mostly run out upon true principles, from celestial observations, by the Geographer-General of the

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 11.

United States, whose astronomical knowledge, and scientific talents, are so universally known and admired.

The founding of this city, in such an eligible situation, upon such a liberal and elegant plan, will, by future generations, be considered as one of the most important transactions of the present President of the United States; while its name will keep fresh in mind, to the end of time, the many important services he has rendered his country.

Among the many fortunate circumstances which have attended this country, during the present administration in government, the residence of Major l'Enfant in America, at this time may be considered as one of the most material.—The plan he has now produced, and which is happily adopted, exhibits such striking proofs of an exalted genius, elegance of taste, extensive imagination and comprehension, as will not only produce amazement in Europe, but meet the admiration of all future ages; having therein so happily combined the beauties of situation with general convenience, and, at the same time, effectually guarded against those inconveniencies which arise in other great cities.

The public buildings, now planned by this great engineer and architect, and carrying on under his direction, will be superb and elegant, and such as will do honor to the capital of a great and prosperous empire; while, fortunately, it is not in the power of Congress to interfere with the funds obtained for those public works; the whole being from private grants of individual States and citizens.

It must, no doubt, be admitted, that Congress have power, even at their next session, to repeal the present law, by which they are obliged to remove to the city of WASHINGTON, at the time therein mentioned;

R r r r

but

but they have no power to say that, from the present funds, certain houses shall not be erected, or that the proprietors shall not proceed in building the city: Hence, therefore, it will remain, at any future period, with Congress, to choose their permanent residence, in the most central situation. Here it may be proper to observe, that, agreeably to the new constitution of the Union, the states of Virginia and Maryland surrendered a district of territory, which Congress have, by law, accepted of—That, agreeably to the same law of Congress these two states have made a grant of money, for the public buildings, part of which is now actually paid and expended—That, in consequence of the same law, a large tract of land is granted, by a number of individuals; which land is now cut up into a city, and, before the meeting of Congress will, in part, be sold to a variety of people throughout the Union.—The repeal of a law, therefore, so grossly

to violate public and private faith, would not be mentioned in a Congress of fiends met in Pandemonium; far less in the general legislature of these United States, whose tenacious adherence to public faith prevented their altering the funding-law last session when proposed.

With regard to the sufficiency of the funds, now obtained, for the public purposes of this new city, it will, in a great measure, depend upon the management of the sale of the lots ceded to the public. If they are sold off gradually, as money may be wanted, to those who will actually improve them in a reasonable time, the fund will be productive far exceeding the most sanguine calculations that have been made upon it—For the lots remaining on hand will rise in value, in proportion to the growth and natural advantages of the city, as is evident in the most trifling town and village in America.

Maryl. Journal.] A SPECTATOR.

A VISIT to a TURKISH LADY of QUALITY.

[From Lady Craven's Journey through the Crimea to Constantinople.]

Palais de France, Pera, May 7, 1786.

MONSIEUR de Choiseul proposed to the Ambassadors' wives and me to go and see the Captain Pacha's country seat; accordingly we set out with several carriages, and about a league from Constantinople towards Romelia, we arrived there. The house and plantations about it are new and irregular. The Ambassadors and the rest of the male party were suffered to walk in the garden: but the Ministers' wives and myself were shewn into a separate building from the house, where the ground floor was made to contain a great quantity of water, and looked like a large clean cistern. We were then led up stairs, and upon the landing place, which was circular, the

doors of several rooms were open. In some there was nothing to be seen, in others two or three women sitting close together; in one, a pretty young woman, with a great quantity of jewels on her turban, was sitting almost in the lap of a frightful negro woman. We were told she was the Captain Pacha's filter-in-law. She looked at us with much surprise; and at last, with great fear, threw herself into the arms of this black woman, as if to hide herself. We were called away into a larger room than any we had seen, where the Captain Pacha's wife, a middle-aged woman, dressed with great magnificence, received us with much politeness. Many women were with her, and she had

had by her a little girl, dressed as magnificently as herself, her adopted child. She made an excuse for not receiving us at the door, as she was dining with her husband when we arrived. Coffee, sherbet and sweetmeats were ordered, and we hastened to take our leave, as our cavaliers were cooling their heels in the garden.

You can conceive nothing so neat and clean to all appearance as the interior of this Harem; the floors and passages are covered with matting of a close and strong kind; the colour of the straw, or reeds, with which they are made, is a pale straw. The rooms had no other furniture than the cushions which lined the whole room, and those, with the curtains, were of white linen. As the Turks never come into the room, either men or women, with the slippers they walk abroad with, there is not a speck of sand or dirt within doors. I am *femineletto* enough to have taken particular notice of the dress, which, if female envy did not spoil every thing in the world of women, would be graceful; it consists of a petticoat and vest, over which is worn a robe with short sleeves: the one belonging to the lady of the house was of satin, embroidered richly with the finest colours, gold and diamonds; a girdle under that, with two circles of jewels in front, and from this girdle hangs an embroidered handkerchief.

A turban, with a profusion of diamonds and pearls, seemed to weigh this lady's head down; but what spoiled the whole was a piece of ermine, that probably was originally only a cape; but each woman increasing the size of it, in order to be more magnificent than her neighbour, they now have it like a great square plaster that comes down to the hips—and these simple, ignorant beings, do not see that it disfigures the *tout ensemble* of a beautiful dress. The

hair is separated in many small braids hanging down the back or tied up to the point of the turban on the outside. I have no doubt but that nature intended some of these women to be very handsome; but white and red ill applied, their eye-brows hid under one or two black lines, teeth black by smoking, and an universal stoop in the shoulders, make them appear rather disgusting than handsome. The last defect is caused by the posture they sit in, which is that of a taylor, from their infancy.

The black powder, with which they line their eye-lids, gives their eyes likewise a harsh expression. Their questions are as simple as their dress is studied—Are you married? Have you children? Have you no disorder? Do you like Constantinople? The Turkish women pass most of their time in the bath, or upon their dress—strange pastimes! The first spoils their persons, the last disfigures them. The frequent use of the hot baths destroys the solids; and these women at nineteen look older than I am at this moment. They endeavour to repair by art the mischief their constant soaking does to their charms; but till some one, more wise than the rest, finds out the cause of the premature decay of that invaluable gift, beauty, and sets an example to the rising generation of a different mode of life, they will always fade as fast as the roses they are so justly fond of.

Our gentlemen were very curious to hear an account of the Harem; and when we were driving out of the court yard, a messenger from the Harem came running after us, to desire the carriages might be driven round the court two or three times, for the amusement of the Captain Pacha's wife and the Harem, that were looking through the blinds. This ridiculous message was not complied with, as you may imagine—

and

and we got home, laughing at our adventures.

You must not suppose that carriages may proceed in the streets of Pera, or Constantinople, as fast as in those of London or Paris. A race of dogs, belonging to no one in particular, but to every Turk indifferently swarm in the streets—and so accustomed are they to have the Turks on horseback turn out of the middle of the street, where they lie basking in the sun, that our servants were obliged to stop the carriage and lift the dogs out of the way several times before we reached the Palais de France. Nothing is more horrible than the species of this animal here, all of the same race, an ugly curriish breed;

nothing more absurd than the general protection afforded them; on every dunghill you may see a hundred fighting and scrambling for the filth they can scratch out of it; for the ill-understood charity, publicly given them, is by no means sufficient to feed them, and many hundreds die with hunger. No man has a dog belonging to him, but all dogs are suffered to lie and breed about the streets. Turtle doves are likewise an object of respect with the Turks, and they are seen disputing the crumbs with the hungry curs in the streets.

Adieu, my dear brother: my best wishes and respects attend you.

Your's affectionately,

E. C——.

ACCOUNT of the CHORAL BISHOPS of SALISBURY.

A Remarkable story is told with respect to the cathedral of Salisbury, which from its singularity deserves to be noticed. This was the custom of Choral Bishops. What led to the first discovery of this institution was the finding of a stone monument representing a little boy, habited in Episcopal robes, a mitre on his head, and a crozier in his hand. This, which was buried under the seats near the pulpit, was taken from thence, and placed in the north part of the nave, where it now lies defended by iron cross bars. Mr. Gregory, Prebendary of Winterborne Earles, after a vast deal of trouble in searching old statutes and MSS. found that the children of the choir anciently elected a chorister Bishop on St. Nicholas's day. From that day to Innocent's day he was dressed in Pontifical robes; his followers were Prebends; and they performed every service, except the Mass, which the real Bishop, Dean and Prebends usually did. They made processions, and sung part of the Mass; and so careful was the Church that no interruption should incommode them,

that, by a statute of Sarum, it was pronounced excommunication for any to do so. If the Choral Bishop, continues Gregory, died within the month, his exequies were solemnized with an answerable pomp and sadness: he was buried, as all other Bishops, in his ornaments. At his feet is a monster, supposed to be a dragon, being part, perhaps, of his family arms; or, as others imagine, it may refer to the words of the Psalmist: 'Thou shalt tread on the lion and the dragon.'

Another remarkable anecdote, with respect to this Church, is to be met with in the State Trials. In one of the windows in which were some fine paintings, the six days work of the creation, in four different lights or partitions were exquisitely represented; in several parts of it were figures of God the Father, portrayed in blue and red vests, like little old men; the head, feet, and hands naked; in one place having a pair of compasses on the sun and moon; in others were some blunders committed in point of chronology, the Godhead being figured creating the sun and

MOON

moon on the third day, whereas it should be on the fourth; and the trees and herbs on the fourth day, instead of the third; the fowls on the third day instead of the fifth; and the creation of man (from whose side the woman literally rises) on the fifth, instead of the last; and the rest of the seventh day was represented by God the Father in a deep sleep. The superstition of this piece raised the

spleen of Henry Sherfield, Recorder of the city, who irregularly and violently broke this window; for which he was tried in the Star-chamber, on the 6th of Feb. 1632, and being found guilty was fined 500l. and to make acknowledgment of his offence before the Bishop of the diocese, and such persons as he should think fit to have present.

The FELUCCA: Or, the UTILITY of MEN and THINGS in their proper ELEMENTS.

[From Baret's *Journey from London to Genoa.*]

YESTERDAY, after we had been carried ashore on our mariners' shoulders, the Felucca was likewise dragged out of the water, lest a nightly swell of the sea should damage it or carry it away. This morning, therefore, it was necessary to set it afloat before our departure; but the manner of performing that operation, offered an object so very picturesque, that I could not forbear regretting my want of skill in the art of drawing, which kept me from making a very fine sketch. Imagine some of our argonaut's stooping down to excavate the sand before the Felucca, with their own hands, for want of shovels, that it might find an easy passage to the water; others putting planks and rollers under it, to facilitate its sliding; some running their brawny shoulders and backs against its sides, some their heads, some their hips; all helping, all straining every nerve and muscle to effect their purpose. Their different ages, their contrasted attitudes, their distortions, the grinning faces they made, while labouring thus hard, seemed to call for a picture, that would be well worth the vigorous pencil of my friend CIPRIANI. I wish he had been there; and indeed I wish him to be wherever I am.

While I stood gazing at our mariners, thus violently employed, it came into my head that the satisfaction of a Felucca would be very great, could a Felucca but think, and be susceptible of satisfaction.

A Felucca, thought I, is only serviceable when it is in the water; and that it may be placed where it is of use, see how many hands are eager to afford their help! Is it not a great cause of satisfaction to be thus efficaciously assisted, that we may be in the very place where we may prove useful? But why is this so seldom the case with men? Few, very few, are the men, who ever find willing and powerful hands to push them into those stations, in which they would prove of the greatest service to their fellow creatures. Be thy abilities ever so great, never art thou forcibly placed where thou oughtest to be. In vain has nature given thee powers sufficient to be a poet or a physician, an historian or a statesman; thou art obliged to direct a plough, or carry a musket, or ride behind in a livery, or do still some meaner thing, because no body thought of helping and thrusting thee into thy proper element!—'Tis needless to tell you how far I carried this speculation, as you may plunge into it yourselves, now I have

have given you the hint, and push it so far as it will go. Yet think how few they are, within the circle of your own observations, who ever were helped to notions suitable to

their natural parts and powers. It is my opinion you will scarcely find one who ever had the good luck that our Felucca has had this morning.

AN E C D O T E S.

THE present King of France possesses a very benevolent turn of mind, which has been witnessed on many occasions: but the following anecdote of him would do honour to any monarch upon earth.

During a late winter, some wretched peasants, dying with cold and hunger, had stolen the stakes placed round the glaciers. The King, on being apprized of this, apologized for them by remarking, that they must have suffered severely in consequence of the frost. The reply was, that wood had been distributed in each village: But his Majesty here apprehended that the quantity had not been sufficient. Shortly after he was applied to for money to procure articles for the sustenance of the royal game.—‘How much will they cost?’—‘Twelve thousand livres (500l. sterling), should the frost continue longer.’—‘Well,’ said the monarch, ‘I had rather see my game perish than my poor suffer: Take the twelve thousand livres, but carry them to the Philanthropic Society.’

Mr. Neckar executed this commission on the following day.

WHEN George the second proposed giving the command of the expedition against Quebec to General Wolfe, great objections were raised; and the Duke of Newcastle, in particular, begged his Majesty to consider, that the man was actually mad—‘If he is mad, so much the better,’ replied the King; ‘and if he is mad, I hope to God he’ll bite some of my Generals.’

THE following anecdote, which reflects much honour on the late King, we have from a correspondent, who assures us he had it from a nobleman who was present.—In the presence of the late Marquis of Rockingham, the late Duke of Richmond, and some other noblemen with whom his Majesty sometimes conversed with great familiarity; the subject of the legality of putting to death Charles the First was started; a subject of discussion, without doubt, very delicate for a royal ear. The greatest part of the company condemned it in the strongest terms. After hearing their reasoning some time, his Majesty said, ‘Gentlemen, I do not know what you may think of this matter, but I do think dat he was put to death by all de little law dat he had left dem!’

LORD Chesterfield, when informed by a gentleman, as matter of very serious concern, that his coachman was a *Papist*, his Lordship ordered the man up, and putting on a grave face, said, ‘James, I hear you are a *Papist*; and be assured, James, I will discharge you, if you ever attempt to drive me to *mass*.’

TWO girls picked up a gentleman—“Give my *sister* and I a glass of wine,” said one of the girls.—“You can’t be sisters, (said the gentleman) for there’s no family likeness.”—“You are right (answered the votary to Venus) we are not sisters in blood—but oh! alas! we are sisters in iniquity!”

The

The QUEST of a WIFE:—A TALE.

IN the internal regions of Africa, if all the narrations of travellers may be believed, lies a country, populous, extensive, and rich in the various gifts of nature.—In this region, where no European foot, since the adventurous Gaudentio de Lucca, ever has been able to penetrate, reside a people, though not in the highest state of civilization, yet possessed of minds capable of every improvement. Among these was born Zoban, the hero of our tale, of a family though not noble, yet respectable, and possessed of what in that country constituted very considerable opulence. Zoban had been educated at a distance from the capital among sages eminent for virtue and knowledge, whose instruction and example had had their full force in forming his principles, dispositions and character. With a heart not insensible to the tender attachments and endearments of life, he was possessed of a sound and cultivated understanding, tho' as yet but little acquainted with the sentiments and maxims of the world.

By the unexpected death of his father, Zoban found himself when scarce entered upon manhood, in the possession of wealth that would enable him to live in comfort, and even in splendour. Unlike many of his countrymen, who in that remote region would boast of all the vices of more cultivated climates, our hero felt no inclination to plunge into dissipation and debauchery, but resolved at once to settle in domestic tranquillity, and for that end, wished to seek out a consort whose congenial manners might at once smooth and enliven his future years. In the retirement in which he had been brought up, female society was almost unknown; he found therefore, that such a companion as he wished for,

must be sought elsewhere; and as he had heard by report of the superior accomplishments of the ladies of Gumala, the capital of the country, he hastened to that city, not doubting but among the numerous virgins that resided within its walls, many eligible companions for him might be found.

Taught by the lessons of the sages to set little value on riches and external splendour, and concluding that the sentiments of others were similar, Zoban took care that his outset in life, even in the gay city of Gumala, should be marked with that simplicity in dress, equipage, and appearance, that became a wise man; no ostentation was displayed, no marks of affluence exhibited in his style of living. By the attention of those to whom he had been introduced, he found admission into several of the most brilliant and fashionable circles, and thought at first that fame had not deceived him in extolling the graces, the accomplishments and the beauty of the ladies of the capital.

Our hero soon perceived with satisfaction, that with all their charms the damsels of Gumala were not inaccessible and inexorable divinities, but affable and condescending to most of the youths that courted their notice. With the natural desire of gaining their favour, and the additional motive of selecting from among them a companion for life, he attempted to mingle in their society, engage in their conversation, and partake of their attention. But here he failed; the plainness of his dress conveyed the idea of poverty, the simplicity of his manners and observations surprised and disgusted the ladies, accustomed to the elegance of a city education. Coldness and disdain were the only returns that Zoban met with. "What creature is this," cried one of them, "come

"come among us, with a complexion so black and ugly?" for a country residence had increased its natural darkness. "I know not," said another, "but suppose he is some he-cub, whom his dam has sent from the plough, to be licked into shape in the capital." "The fellow," said a young miss, "might at least have tried to dress like a gentleman, before he ventured to come near us." "It could have been to no purpose," rejoined an old maid, "drest how he would, his manners will always mark him out for a clown." Agreeable to these notions, Zoban found himself treated; if he ventured to pay a compliment to a lady, she eyed him from head to foot, turned aside to her companions, and burst into laughter. If he offered his hand to conduct one to her seat, she drew it back, as if she had been in danger of touching a serpent. If he requested the honour of dancing with another, with a contemptuous glance she told him she was engaged.

Disgusted at this treatment, Zoban was about to leave the capital forever, determined to look elsewhere for a suitable consort; but while he meditated his retreat, one of the followers of the fashionable circles, to whom his connections and situation were known, accidentally mentioned one day the extent of his fortune, and gave a hint of the business on which he was visiting the capital. The intelligence spread with great rapidity, and the respectability of Zoban increased in proportion. The young ladies remarked with wonder, how much the dinginess of his complexion had been softened by a short residence in Gumala; and in his manners and address how surprisingly he was improved: the plainness of his dress intimated the dignity of his mind, and the simplicity of his remarks was a proof either of wisdom

or of wit. Parents who had marriageable daughters solicited his acquaintance, and married ladies who had younger sisters expressed the happiness they would receive from his visits.

Zoban most readily attributed all this change to the approbation bestowed on his character and conduct; the coldness of his first reception he ascribed to prudence, unwilling to repose too much confidence in a stranger; and present cordiality he received as the sincerest testimony of his merit. Thus pleased with himself, and charmed with the females of Gumala, he began seriously to look around among his numerous acquaintances, to find one with whom he might hope to form a happy and comfortable union.

The first that occurred to him, as a fit object of his choice, was Damuha, a female not deficient in grace and accomplishments, but chiefly distinguished for the nobility of her birth; her great grandfather having, it is said, been head-cook to the first emperor of Gumala. In conversation with her, Zoban one day was speaking with warmth of the distinguished virtues and active benevolence of one of the sages among whom he had been educated. "Of what family is he?" said Damuha coldly. "His father," replied Zoban, "was a poor and honest farmer, and the son rose to reputation by his own merit alone." "I thought," cried she scornfully, "he must be some low creature, as I never heard of him before; I find he is one whom nobody knows." "By no means, Madam;" interrupted Zoban, "he is well known to many people in the neighbourhood where he resides, and is universally reckoned a blessing to the place." "He may be known," said Damuha, "to some, but it is only to vulgar folks, among whom for my part I desire neither acquaintance."

flirted, with such lively good humour and enchanting grace, that Zoban was enraptured and fancied he had now met with the paragon of the sex. In the midst of her gaiety, a stranger lady entered the room, with graces and charms equal to Lemouri, and with a head-dress still more eminent for elegance and splendour. The applauses of the company were transferred to the new-comer, and the good humour of Lemouri instantaneously disappeared. Fretful and peevish, she complained, with no small petulance, of the warmth of the place, the vulgarity of most of those who were present, and the insufferable tediousness of all such amusements. Zoban was astonished at the change, but thought it became him to divert this temporary effusion of melancholy by some amusing conversation. He began some good-natured remarks on the company, whom, with characteristic simplicity, he praised without reserve; and among others, commended, with some ardor, the appearance of the rival stranger. Lemouri only replied by some poignant reflections on the folly and want of taste of the young men of that age, and the vanity of country boobies attempting to mix in the circles of fashion. At that instant, an accomplished young Gumalan came up, and seating himself by her side, began a conversation, in which ingenuity itself could scarce trace the shadow of a meaning, intermixing many satirical remarks on the aspect of those around them, and giving hints that the formidable rival was, in his opinion, awkward in her person, fantastic in her dress, and homely in her countenance. Lemouri recovered her gaiety, and smiled upon her new companion; but Zoban, who once more attempted to address her, was repulsed with a frown, in which indignation seemed blended with contemptuous disgust. Though our hero could not divine

S s s s

the

S s s s

the cause, he felt the effect of this conduct, and from that hour was convinced it would be prudent in him to chuse for his companion a less capricious fair.

Zoban was soon consoled for the uneasiness this disappointment had given him, by the captivating conversation and mild graces of Yado, who though not possessed of all the charms, seemed free from the caprices of Lemouri, and did not entertain such ideas of her beauty as to be sensibly hurt by the applause of a rival. Zoban frequently made one in the select parties of pleasure, in which Yado bore a part, and found always new occasion to admire the disposition and manners of his new companion. There prevailed at that time among the ladies of Gumala a diversion not unlike the children's play of castle-building, in which the whole amusement consisted in the various arrangement of certain blue, green, and yellow sticks, and the victory was assigned to the person who was able to do so in the most expert and expeditious mode. In this diversion it happened that Yado took a share, and Zoban placed himself by her side as an unconcerned spectator. He had not sat long, when he was surprised to find the countenances of all engaged assume a cast of the deepest thoughtfulness, and Yado, regardless of the pleasures of conversation, attentive only to the position of the sticks on the table. By and by, her face began to put on a still more serious aspect, till at length she exhibited a picture of horror, and starting up uttered a multitude of execrations on the fabricator of sticks, that had proved so unmanageable in her hands. In a few moments he saw her sit down once more to the same diversion, and observed her artfully contriving so to substitute one piece for another, that she came off as victorious, though inferior in skill and con-

duct. Zoban was confounded at these new traits in his mistress's character, but thought a damsel attached to an amusement which could excite first to anger, fury, then to deceit and dishonesty, was very different indeed from the female he would wish to select for a wife.

Disappointed in each of these objects of his choice, our hero next began to think of paying his address to Endiva, in hopes of finding in her a disposition free from the failings that had disgusted him in his former acquaintance. Among the other instructions which Zoban had in his education received, was a steady and uniform abhorrence of vice, in whatever form it might appear; a similarity of thought he expected in all he conversed with, and used, without much reserve, to give vent to these feelings when opportunities presented; it was true that he found the company frequently shocked at the bluntness of his expressions, but he attributed this not to any want of dislike to what was bad, but to a tenderness, that was backward in speaking scandal of their neighbours. To this disposition he referred the conduct of Endiva, when he found her often disposed to palliate and excuse the dissipation and debauchery of the youths of the age; though he was at the same time unable to account for the malignant ingenuity with which she discovered, and exposed the bad actions of some whose general conduct was blameless. About this time an intrigue of a very criminal nature, attended with circumstances of falsehood and deceit on the part of the seducer, made some noise in Gumala. Zoban heard the circumstances with horror, and spoke of it to Endiva in the strongest style of condemnation. To his surprise he found she did not express much dissatisfaction, and said only, the fellow had been no doubt imprudent and indiscreet. "But is

"not

"not his conduct, Madam, so wicked as to merit universal detestation?"—"Don't be so violent on the subject," said Endiva, "Gentlemen in fashionable life must have avocations."—"I should scarce have thought," answered Zoban, "that the virtuous part of the sex would have called by so gentle a name, a conduct so flagitious; I certainly expected, that they at least would have united in banishing from their society those men whose debauchery and profligate lives shew the estimation in which they hold female virtue."—"Such men, my good Sir, are men of spirit and men of honour, and a few irregularities in the conduct of such, may be easily overlooked or forgiven."—"But can those who pass a great part of their hours in the company of the dissolute and abandoned, ever be fit to appear in the presence of the modest and virtuous?"—"No doubt of it, and much fitter too than those cold and formal fools, in whose company insipidity and languor prevail, and whose regularity of conduct betrays a want of spirit more contemptible in the eyes of the ladies, than excesses that proclaim a soul superior to the vulgar." Zoban broke off the conversation, and rejoiced at his good fortune, in discovering in time the sentiments of Endiva, as he was convinced that the approbation of vice could never be a very eligible quality in a companion for life.

The attention of Zoban was soon after solicited by the character and conduct of Radzig, and both his own observation and the voice of report satisfied him that she could not be charged with pride or caprice, the love of gambling, or a predilection for dissipation; in spite of the solicitations of her companions, her time was passed in a state of domestic tran-

quillity, unknowing and almost unknown. To her he found means to get himself introduced, and to recommend himself to her notice, began a conversation that he thought was suited to her disposition. As she seemed to have as little relish as himself for fashionable gaieties, he made no mention of those, but expatiated with the rapture that he felt on the beauties of Nature, and the wisdom of its Author, as well as on the various works of ingenuity which the inhabitants of that region had from time to time produced. Radzig heard with listless attention, and made no reply. When Zoban ventured to ask her sentiments on any subject, the only answer he received was, "I know nothing of these matters." Still he attempted to interest her attention, by renewing the theme in the most pleasing colours he could find; but in the midst of the conversation, he was interrupted by his mistress breaking out, "I never saw the like of it."—"Like what, Madam?" said Zoban. "Like that fly upon the wall," said she; "I have been flapping at it with a feather for half an hour, and it will not fly away." Zoban was confounded at this employment which Radzig had amused herself with during his exertions to entertain her; and never thought more of paying his addresses to one who knew so little how to value or employ her time or her talents.

Zoban was by this time tired of a pursuit that seemed to him almost hopeless; and bidding adieu to Gumala, returned to his native place to console himself for his disappointments in the conversation of the sages. To one of them he unboomed himself, and recounted his adventures. The old man, well acquainted with the world, smiled when Zoban mentioned his resorting to the capital in quest of a wife; and wishing to direct

direct his inexperienced views, began a conversation on the subject. "I should scarce have thought," said he, "of expecting to find in Gumbria, the centre of dissipation and folly, a proper person for one of your disposition; not but such may be found there, but they are but rarely to be met with. But among what classes in the capital did you make your enquiries?" "In the fashionable circles." "I no longer wonder at your disappointments; they were no other than any one, acquainted with the world, could have foreseen. Pray, amidst all the eagerness of your research, did you ever think of turning your attention to any females known and distinguished for their piety?" "Never." "Strange! do not you conceive, that such a disposition, if sincere, must prove an infallible security against the faults and failings which so justly offended you in the several objects on whom you had fixed your choice?" "I know not."—"Would not a principle that enjoins humility and universal benevolence, root out all the haughty sentiments with which pride of birth had inspired Damulha?"—"It certainly would."—"Could a disposition, elevated in its views above present and external objects, and intent upon what was truly and permanently useful, be

liable to feel the trifling caprice and silly vanity of Lemouri?"—"I believe it could not."—"Could one whose time was filled up with important duties, and whose mind was much employed in the contemplation of the noblest objects in the universe, either find leisure or inclination for frivolous amusements? or if she did, could these have power to harraiss and discompose her temper?"—"Indeed I think not."—"Must not a principle that most strongly inculcates universal purity by the most powerful motives, completely eradicate every disposition to palliate vice, because it is fashionable?"—"Without doubt it must." "Is it likely that a mind, having the best and justest notions of the value of time should allow that time to pass in vacant indolence, or that one taught habitually to turn its researches upon the Creator and his works, should with listless inattention hear such subjects enlarged upon?"—"It scarcely could."—"Remember, then, you have now found a principle that may be of some use to you in your future pursuits of the kind you have been engaged in."

Zoban was satisfied, and altering the channel of his pursuits by the direction of the sage, soon found his wishes completely crowned with success.

ANECDOTE of GEORGE the III.

AT the late unhappy period of his Majesty's illness, when every word was weighed, when every look was scanned, several of the attendants at Windsor were more than once thrown into astonishment at the remarks of their illustrious Sufferer.

One afternoon Colonel G——— was desired to play a game at draughts with the Sovereign, by way of passing

away the time. His Majesty as at other intervals, uncommonly lucid, kept his adversary's skill on the watch for an advantageous move. At length the opportunity arrived, when the Colonel, exulting, said, 'Now, Sir, I shall beat you, for I am going to make a king.'—'Then,' said the monarch, looking significantly, '*you cannot make a more unhappy thing!*'

T H E
A M E R I C A N M U S E.
O R I G I N A L P O E T R Y.

W I N T E R.

OFt times the wand'ring Muse by silence led,
When pensive Night hath wrapt the world in sleep,
By dewy lawns and warbling rills hath stray'd,
Trode the green slope, or climb'd the craggy steep;
Or, by the margin of some weeping stream,
Where spreads the *sensitive* its leafage fair,
Watch'd the *faint quiv'ring* of the *lunar beam*,
Or *feeble glimmerings* of some *distant star*;
Or, where some ragged cliff, with low'ring brow,
Blackens the surface of the swelling deep,
Where billows dash, and howling tempests blow,
Where *wizard shapes* their nightly revels keep;
Or on the shelly shores, where *spirits* roam,
Sounding their sorrows to the midnight gale,
While round their steps the restless waters foam,
And hollow caves respond the dismal wail.
There (as upon the flood floats the moon's rays,
And rolling planets shed their silv'ry light;) *There*,
wrapt in musings deep, and stedfast gaze,
In solemn rapture hath she past the night.
But now the frightened Muse these scenes forfakes,
Quits the gay forest and enamel'd plain,
The shadowy vale—the smooth pellucid lake,
For *Winter* comes with all his blustering train—
He rolls his rapid storms along the skies,
With tumult fraught, the raving tempest roars,
O'er the broad beach the heaving surges rise,
Groan in the winds, and foam along the shores.
With hasty wing the *vernal season* flies,
Some *happier clime*, with smiles benign to charm,
While the *keen arctic* whistles round our skies,
And the tall forest nods before the storm.
Despotic *Time*, who guides the changing year,
Blasts the fair scenes that rose at his command,
And weeping *Nature*, desolate and drear,
Owns the sad traces of his spoiling hand:
And yet, again shall *this same* hand unfold
Winter's cold gates, and bid the fountains flow;
Make *rosy Spring* profusely pour her gold,
And bid her blossoms wear a richer glow.

The

The *lark* shall quit the solitary bush,
 Smooth her soft plumes, and tune her warbling tongue,
 While from some copse the late dejected *thrush*
 Cheers the glad vallies with a sprightly song.
 Cease then, O Muse! to drop the useless tear,
 Ah! touch no more the melancholy string,
 Since *Earth* again the blooms of life shall wear,
 And wintry glooms give place to smiling Spring.
 New-York, November, 1791.

ELLA.

ON READING DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

[Written in 1778, by the late Mrs. Ann E. Bleeker.]

NOW cease these tears, lay gentle Virgil by,
 Let recent sorrows dim thy pausing eye;
 Shall *Æneas* for lost *Creusa* mourn,
 And tears be wanting on *Abella's* urn?
 Like him I lost my fair one in my flight
 From cruel foes—and in the dead of night.
 Shall he lament the fall of *Ilion's* tow'rs
 And we not mourn the sudden ruin of ours;
 See *York* on fire—while borne by winds each flame
 Projects it's glowing sheet o'er half the main?
 Th' affrighted savage, yelling with amaze,
 From *Allegany* sees the rolling blaze.
 Far from these scenes of horror, in the shade
 I saw my aged parent safe convey'd,
 Then sadly follow'd to the friendly land,
 With my surviving infant by the hand.
 No cumb'rous household gods had I indeed
 To load my shoulders, and my flight impede:
 Protection from such impotence, who'd claim?
 My gods took care of me—not I of them.
 The Trojan saw *Anchises* breathe his last,
 When all domestic dangers he had pass'd;
 So my lov'd parent, after she had fled,
 Lamented, perish'd on a stranger's bed.
 —He held his way o'er the *Cerulian* Main,
 But I return'd to hostile fields again.

A PARAPHRASE on the CIVth PSALM.

FROM rapt'rous silence, eloquent of praise,
 Break forth, my soul, and bless all Nature's God.—
 Thou power of powers supreme, no space contains
 Thy vast infinitude; nor bounds assert
 Thy limitless dominion. Thou alone
 With honour regal circl'd sit'st, and round
 Thy radiant throne diffusest majesty.
 Enshrin'd art thou in glory: light itself,
 Beatifying stream! “of heav'n first born,”

Is but a feebler efflux from thy throne,
 To veil thy uncreated essence, deep
 From finite ken. Thy canopy of state,
 Heaven's bright expansion constitutes; thy bed,
 The undulating deep. Sole architect
 Of Nature's frame, her great creator builds
 On circumambient air, and lays the base
 Of his ethereal palace in the skies.
 The clouds—those restless voyagers of air,
 Black, pregnant with destruction, or reflex
 With all the beauteous colours of the bow,
 Aspect benign to man!—His chariot forms;
 And on the rushing pinions of the winds
 He walks sublime. The empyreal hosts,
 Angels, th' effluence of the breath divine,
 Fervid as flame; he makes his ministers
 Of love to man, or wrath divine arousd:
 Quick as Conception's glance their armies move,
 Subservient to his pleasure. Earth he hung,
 Self-balanc'd on her centre; fix'd her poles
 (Enclined in the universal flood,)

From stated points no more to deviate,
 Till in the wreck of Nature, Time expire.
 Her surface overspread, one general scene
 Presented, and that scene a world delug'd!
 Th' aspiring mountains overwhelmed, deep
 Absorb'd in ocean, bow'd their frighted heads;
 But when conspicuous shone thy face divine,
 When hear'd the thunders of thy voice, recur'd
 The ancient laws of nature, fled the waves
 To their appointed limits; Earth peep'd forth,
 Glow'd to the sun, and Vegetation smil'd.
 But though subsided in their oozy bed,
 The swelling billows no more pass their bounds;
 Yet thence exhaled by the solar beams,
 Or creeping secretly through devious tracks,
 They gain the summit of the hills; amain,
 In foaming cataracts from the mountain's side
 They dash precipitant; or, form'd in rills,
 Meander through the valley; in their course
 Augmenting into rivers, silent, deep,
 They run into the main. In wilds remote,
 Where fibrous shrubs scarce liquid food imbibe,
 The fleeting Zebra, with sagacious scent,
 Explores the latent spring; but where the stream,
 From riv'lets fed, mazes the rich champaign;
 Their sides the lowing heifers lave, and quaff
 The blatant droves of the translucent flood:
 While from its flow'r-enamel'd banks, projects
 Each tree umbragious, whose arch'd boughs invite
 The tuneful birds of lesser wing, to find

Within

Within the covert of their foliage
 A shade and shelter: these, with downy breasts,
 Skim the clear mirror oft, and sip and sing
 In notes wild-warbling: artless tribute paid
 To Nature's bounty! Their domestic fowl
 Of various plume, and fugitive, obtain
 A temporary home: the scaly fry
 Their rich repast, the stream, their lone recess,
 The ozier'd beach afford. The hills, when parch'd,
 Drink his prolific dews, and to the plains,
 Copious transmit their humid stores, till Earth
 Is mellow'd with her fruits; and e'en Desire,
 Sick with th' excess of bounty, cries—"enough!"
 His hand munificent, whose care extends
 Beneath the brute creation; clothes our fields
 With spiry grass, in virent lustre gay,
 And honey'd clover, the grand pabulum
 Of the quadruped race. The fertile soil
 Which yields them food unsparing, tenders man
 Herbs most profuse of virtue; wisely deign'd,
 Fit for repletion to the wasting frame;
 Or use medicinal—correcting taints
 Inimical to nature; chasing pain;
 Restoring wanted ease; and in result
 Administ'ring th' ambrosial food of health.
 He impregnates the vine: the luscious grape,
 Clust'ring the tendrils, yield their nectar'd stores,
 High-mantling to the eye; and to the heart
 Of man, profluent with festivity.
 The olive his donation: urg'd the badge
 Of sacred peace, and safest intercourse,
 Mid hostile rage: its unctuous fruits present
 A two-fold benefit—to MAN the work
 Of Nature's God, and ART the work of man.
 To crown these precious gifts, the furrow'd glebe
 Tenders him bread from every various grain
 High-waving o'er its surface; sure recruit,
 Energetic, of vital strength impair'd!
 He bids the forest flourish: straight they stretch
 Their boughs luxuriant in an ample round;
 Spreading each leaf to form the gloomy shade,
 And lowly sweeping at the passing gale.
 Their sibry roots, enfolded deep, each way
 Contorted winding, a rich flood imbibe
 Of nutrimental sap: through less'ning tubes,
 The liquid food ascends the stately trunk
 Up to the topmost boughs; refining still
 E'en to the lesser branches, gradual swells
 The various fruit to ripeness: or propell'd
 Through spiracles innum'rous and minute,
 Pervades their leaves, and by solstitial heat,

In honey'd dews transude. Of equal growth
 With those of human culture, stand confess'd
 The mountain pine, asylum for the stork;
 And the fair cedar, lofty, ramous, huge;
 Where th' aerial tribes, who find its heights
 Their chief protection, perch their downy nests.

On craggy hills, unscaled by the foot
 Of man advent'rous, or the mountain's brow,
 With many a horrible chasm abrupt, ascends
 The timid goat, and from the perilous steep
 Defies *assault*: While, far beneath! in cells
 Meandering intricate, burrow the beasts
 Whose feebl' natures, Providence indues
 With various instinct where to choose their home.
 Full orb'd or crescent, Earth's pale satellite,
 Through all her phases he to man appoints,
 To intimate vicissitude of season.

This air-envelop'd world his laws ordain
 What time, to light emerg'd, her flow'r-clad face
 Salute the solar beam; or turn'd askance,
 Weep with the dewy eve, his parting rays.

Nature's great AUTHOR, for wise purposes,
 Though partly known to us, to him best known,
 Draws o'er her various features the dun veil
 Of dusky night: Then prowl the savage herd,
 From their dark dens arouz'd, each for his prey.
 Then bellowings, howlings, yells, and shrieks resound
 Promiscuous through the wild, shocking the ear
 Of the benighted traveller, and appal
 His boding heart with terror and amaze.

The woods fell monarch, the fierce Lion leads
 Abroad his young, by native instinct train'd
 To blood and carnage: See! his eye-balls glare;
 He paws the ground—he shakes his brindled mane—
 Lashes his sides, and roars his wants to Heav'n!
 Nor unpropitious to th' terrific call,

Or suit of other beasts carnivorous,
 Heaven grants the dole of bounty, suited
 To all their wants. But when the gloom of night
 Recedes before the orient red, full gorg'd
 Return the conscious ravagers, to shun
 The hated light and sculk within their dens.
 Soon as th' illumin'd ether gleams with day,
 Man's active spirits mount their busy sphere;
 Forth speeds he to the culture of the soil,
 Grateful to all his labours; but what time
 The shadows lengthen from the west, retires
 To his domestic hearth; enkindling *there*
 Each amicable joy, till night and sleep,
 Nature's restorers, mutual yield repose.

(To be concluded next month.)

SELECTED POETRY.

TO NIGHT—A SONNET.

I LOVE thee, mournful sober-suited night,
When the fair moon, yet ling'ring in her wane,
And veil'd in clouds, with pale uncertain light
Hangs o'er the waters of the restless main.

In deep depression sunk, the enfeebl'd mind
Will to the deaf, cold elements complain,
And tell th' embosom'd grief, however vain,
To sullen surges and the viewless wind.

Though no repose on thy dark breast I find,
I still enjoy thee, cheerless as thou art;
For in thy quiet gloom, th' exhausted heart
Is calm, though wretched; hopeless, yet resign'd.
While to the wind and waves its sorrows given,
May reach, though lost on earth, the ear of heaven!

From the FEDERAL GAZETTE.

MR. EDITOR,

It has been the fate of many a "mute inglorious MILTON," to languish in all his powers in obscurity whilst living, and die forgotten.

The name of CAROLIN—Hibernia's sweetest Bard! stands almost without record—Permit me to request your insertion of a Monody of his, which, though composed in the eighteenth century, was on the death of—his WIFE.

I am, Sir, your's obediently,

HIBERNICUS.

CAROLAN'S MONODY on the death of MARY MAC GUIRE.

WERE mine the choice of intellectual fame,
Of spelful song and eloquence divine,
Painting's sweet power, Philosophy's pure flame,
And Homer's lyre, and Ossian's harp were mine;
The splendid arts of Erin, Greece, and Rome,
In Mary lost, would lose their wonted grace;
All would I give to snatch her from the tomb,
Again to fold her in my fond embrace.
Desponding, sick, exhausted with my grief,
Awhile the founts of sorrow ceas'd to flow,
In vain!—I rest not—sleep brings no relief;—
Cheerless, companionless, I wake to woe.
Nor birth nor beauty shall again allure,
Nor fortune win me to another bride:
Alone I'll wander, and alone endure,
Till Death restore me to my dear one's side.
Once ev'ry thought, and ev'ry scene was gay,
Friends, Mirth, and Music, all my hours employ'd:
Now doom'd to mourn my last sad years away;
My life a solitude!—my heart a void!

Alas!

Alas ! the change—to change again no more !
 For ev'ry comfort is with Mary fled ;
 And ceaseless Anguish shall her loss deplore,
 Till Age and Sorrow join me with the dead.
 Adieu ! each gift of nature and of art,
 That erst adorn'd me in life's early prime !—
 The cloudless temper, and the social heart ;
 The soul ethereal, and the flights sublime !
 Thy loss, my Mary, chac'd them from my breast !
 Thy sweetness cheers, thy judgment aids no more ;
 The muse deserts an heart with grief oppress'd ;
 And lost is ev'ry joy that charm'd before.

ANSWER to Dr. PERCY's Song of—*O Nancy, wilt thou go with me.*

BY THE LATE REV. ANDREW GREENFIELD, M. A.

O HENRY, did thou know the heart,
 That heaves for thee the constant sigh,
 Thou wouldst not ask if aught could part
 So tender, yet so firm a tie.
 With thee the cot would prove a court,
 The russet gown a garment rare,
 And pleas'd I'd quit the gay resort,
 That hail'd me fairest of the fair.

O Henry, lead the toilsome way,
 And love will bear me thro' the wild ;
 I still could face the parching ray,
 Nor heed the blast, if Henry smil'd.
 But haply should the chilling storm,
 Or blaze of noon that face impair,
 I'd weep, shouldst thou regret the form,
 That once was fairest of the fair.

Can perils keen my purpose move,
 Or fright me from my Henry's breast ?
 'Tis fear itself gives force to love,
 And robs the absent maid of rest.
 Should Henry suffer, while his bride,
 Nor eas'd his pain, nor sooth'd his care,
 I'd curse those scenes of courtly pride,
 That held the fairest of the fair.

But, should not all my trembling toil
 Thy precious life avail to save,
 I could not o'er thy sorrows smile,
 I could not strew with flowers thy grave.
 I'd lay me by thy clay cold side,
 Where grief would soon my heart-strings tear,
 Yet happier that with thee I died,
 Than bloom'd the fairest of the fair.

INTELLIGENCE.

BERLIN, *August 9.*

IT is reported here that the King of England is to pay the Duke of York's debts. The dower of the Princess is fixed at 300,000 rix dollars, besides which she is to receive a pension of 50,000 dollars as pin money. This pension, however, is to cease in the event of his Royal Highness's accession to the throne of Great-Britain.

The trades people here are extremely busy in preparing the dresses for the intended Dutchess. She is to have twelve dozen suits of clothes, of every description.

Kingston, (Jamaica,) Sept. 10.—The society for the encouragement of arts, by the incitement of their honorary and pecuniary premiums, are continually giving birth to some valuable improvements or useful invention. It may occasion some surprise to those who probably have not considered the stalks of hops as convertible to any useful purpose, to hear that the above society have given a premium of 20 guineas for a specimen of 20 yards of cloth made of that material.

October 8.

Extract from the Journal of the Colonial Assembly of the French Port of Hispaniola, 26th of Sept. 1791.

The committee appointed to repair on board the English frigates, reported, "That Commodore Afflack and Bryan Edwards, Esq; member of the Jamaica assembly, attended to be presented;" who were accordingly admitted, in company with the Governor-General, whereupon the President addressed them as follows:—

"WE were not mistaken, Gentlemen, when we placed our confi-

dence in your generosity; but, we could hardly entertain the hope, that, besides sending us succours, you would come in person to give us consolation. You have quitted, without reluctance, the peaceful enjoyment of happiness at home, to come and participate in our misfortunes, and blend your tears with ours. Scenes of misery (the contemplation of which, to those who are unaccustomed to misfortune, is commonly disgusting) have not suppressed your feelings. You have been willing to ascertain the full extent of our distresses, and to pour into our wounds the salutary balm of your sensibility and compassion.

"The picture which I have drawn of our calamities is still far short of the truth.

"That verdure with which our fields were lately arrayed, is no longer visible; discoloured by the flames, and laid waste by the devastations of war, our coasts exhibit no prospect but that of horror. The emblems which we wear on our persons,* are the tokens of our grief for the loss of our brethren who were surprised and basely assassinated by the revolvers.

"It is by the light of these conflagrations that every way surrounded us, that we now deliberate; we are compelled to sit armed and watchful through the night, to keep the enemy from our sanctuary. For a long time past our bosoms have been depressed by sorrow; they experience this day, for the first time, the sweet emotions of pleasure, in beholding you amongst us.

"Generous Islanders! humanity has operated powerfully on your hearts; you have yielded to the first emotions of your generosity, in the hope

* *The Assembly appeared in white dresses with black silk sashes. There were upwards of 200 members present.*

hope of snatching us from death; for it is already too late to save us from misery. What a contrast between your conduct and that of other nations! We will avail ourselves of your benevolence; but the days you preserve to us will not be sufficient to manifest our gratitude: our children shall keep it in remembrance.

“Regenerated France, unapprised that such calamities might befall us, has taken no measures to protect us against their effects: with what admiration will she learn, that, without your assistance, we should no longer exist as a dependency to any nation.

“The commissioner deputed by us to the island of Jamaica, has informed us of your exertions to serve us. Receive the assurance of our attachment and sensibility.

“The Governor-General of this island, whose sentiments perfectly accord with our own, and who is strongly attached to the interests of this country, participates equally in the joy we feel at your presence, and in our gratitude for the assistance you have brought us.”

UNITED STATES.

BALTIMORE, October 25.

Extract of a letter from a respectable gentleman in Baltimore County, to his friend in this town, dated the 19th inst.

“I have a remarkable breed of sheep, which hath been produced by adding to my flock a Persian ram.

“The other day I separated from the rest twelve wethers; these I intend to kill this winter: they appeared uncommonly fat and large, that I was induced to weigh them alive; the particular weight of each sheep was as follows: 154, 177, 181, 168, 157, 168, 188, 174, 155, 172, 152, 169—Total, 2,015lb.

Philadelphia, Nov. 4. The settlers of Gallipolis are in great hopes of suc-

ceeding in making wine, not of the exotic vine, but by cultivating the wild American grape. A singular circumstance gave rise to these hopes. In the Ohio, immediately opposite to Gallipolis, is a sandy island remarkable for the goodness of the wild grapes produced on it. They are juicy, the skin much thinner, and stone smaller, than the grapes of the same kind in other parts of the country. This difference is attributed to the effect of the ice in the winter, which, when the river rises, sweeps over the island and trims the vines. This coarse dressing, though it happens at an unfavourable season of the year, together with the exposed situation of the island to the direct rays of the sun, is conceived to be the reason of the superiority of the grapes in this small spot. Very palatable wine has already been made of these grapes, and when the hint is improved upon, and a regular course of culture bestowed upon our native vine, (which is the determination of the settlers to attempt) Scioto wine, who knows, may perhaps one day supplant the Madeira on our tables.

12.] On Wednesday evening, at a meeting of the Directors of the National Bank, it was determined that four branches should be established—one in Boston, a second in New-York, a third in Baltimore, and a fourth in Charleston, to commence operation in January next. These branches are to have the benefit of a part of the specie capital.

Springfield, Nov. 9. The first *federal ribbon loom* in America, is now set up in the town of Longmeadow, in the county of Hampshire, and commonwealth of Massachusetts, by Robert Silcock; and the third piece of ribbon is now weaving: six ribbons are wove abreast with the same ease and facility that one could be—thirty-five yards are made in a day. The silk is our own manufacture, and it

it is to be hoped, that due encouragement will be given to this important branch of American manufacture.

N. B. It is presumed, that in a short time these federal ribbons will exceed in strength, and equal in beauty, any of the imported ones.

Albany, O.R. 27. We have it now in our power to congratulate the public, on the subject of the projected canal between the Mohawk river and the western Wood-creek, which has for some time engaged the attention of our fellow citizens.

The ingenious Major Hardenbergh, who was commissioned by government to explore this connection, and report to the ensuing legislature, arrived in this city from thence a short time since.

It appears that this very important operation is not only practicable, but will be found very easy on the south side of Fort-Stanwix, the distance in a direct line between the two waters is one mile and two chains—the bed of the Mohawk in that line being higher than Wood-creek—the land so level that the depth of digging will not vary more than three feet above the common level. The canal in this direction will pass one quarter of a mile through a cultivated meadow, the remaining distance through a cedar and hemlock swamp. It is proposed to feed the canal with a living stream of pure water, which runs on the east of Fort-Stanwix. The advantages which will result to this state from such a connection (which probably will not exceed 2000*l.* in the cost) are not to be estimated. The eyes of the northern parts of America, as well as many parts of Europe, are now turned to the interior of this state—Should it be once known abroad that boats carrying from five to ten tons, instead of one, could load in the Hudson river, without being under the necessity of unloading till they had penetrated nearly to the western bounds of our state, if neces-

sary every obstacle to their immediate settlement would be removed, and every part of the state would reciprocally give and receive the consequent advantages therefrom.

Poughkeepsie, Nov. 3. A few weeks ago, as some persons were digging for marl, in a swamp on the Wallkill, in Ulster County, they came across a bed of large rib bones. They were found six feet under ground, and at the bottom of the strata of marl. Some of the largest of the ribs were accidentally broken with the spade, on the first discovery of them. One of the entire rib bones is now in the possession of a gentleman in this town, and is four feet four inches in length, by measuring on the outside of the curve. It must have been one of the first rib bones of the animal, because the same gentleman, who has been on the spot, says, that one of the other ribs, which was broken by the spade, was one foot longer than this. This information we communicate as of unquestionable authenticity.—Bones, of the same marvellous size, have been frequently found in various parts of North-America, and of Siberia, in Asia, and are usually ascribed to the Mammoth, a stupendous animal, whose race must have perished in some remote period of the world, and who has left only those relics of his existence, buried deep in the earth, to excite our surprise and admiration.

New-York, Nov. 5. On Monday last Joseph Ravara, Esq; was introduced to the President, by Mr. Jefferson, as consul-general in the United States from the republic of Genoa.

18.] This afternoon a fire broke out in a house in Queen-street, occupied by Mr. Robert Hodge, as a book-store. Mr. Hodge lost considerable property, and the building was nearly destroyed; but happily the flames were extinguished without spreading farther.

25.] The French King has formally accepted and signed the new constitution of France. This event is very justly considered as a prelude to an amicable settlement of the disturbances which have for some time past agitated that kingdom. A general amnesty has been published in favour of all concerned in the late attempt of the King to escape, and in the efforts for a counter-revolution; and every thing promises a speedy restoration of public tranquillity and ease.

In the new ship Delaware, built for Messrs. Hazlehurst and Co. in Philadelphia, an improvement is made in the manner of steering. The wheel commonly made use of acts upon a rope which communicates motion to the rudder. This rope is liable to wear and break, especially when most wanted in rough weather; besides, by working for a short time, it stretches and gets slack; this proves a great inconvenience in bad weather, when the action of the rudder is necessary to keep the vessel out of the trough of the sea; as sometimes in this case, the wheel must perform a considerable revolution before it acts upon the rope, and consequently the rudder. These inconveniences are obviated in the new constructed rudder on board the Delaware. The wheel moves on an axis, to which a cast iron wheel of much smaller dimensions, with cogs, is fixed—This cogged wheel consequently revolves with the larger one, to which the force is applied, and acts in its turn upon a segment of a circle with corresponding cogs. The segment, by means of iron-bars, as radii is connected with the head of the rudder, to which it communicates the motion it receives.

26.] Yesterday, being the eighth anniversary of the evacuation of this city by the British troops, was observed as a day of rejoicing. The day was ushered in by the firing of the guns on the battery; a salute was also

fired at twelve o'clock, and at the going down of the sun. The light-horse, the regiment and brigade artillery, and the companies of grenadiers and light-infantry, appeared in the field on this occasion.—In the evening the Tammany Society and Columbian Order convened in their great wigwam in Broad-street, which was illuminated. The members of this society passed the evening in strains of rational conviviality.

The members of the corporation of the city of New-York, and the militia officers, also made elegant entertainments on this occasion, at which many strangers and respectable citizens were guests.

—STATE APPOINTMENTS.—

Morgan Lewis, Esq; attorney-general, vice Aaron Burr, Esq; federal senator.

John C. Hogeboom, Esq; sheriff of Columbia county, vice — Hogeboom, Esq; murdered.

David Brooks, Esq; one of the judges of the court of common pleas for the county of Dutchess, vice Morgan Lewis, Esq; appointed attorney-general.

Thomas Worth, Esq; marshal of the city of Hudson, vice John C. Ten Brook, Esq; resigned.

—APPOINTMENTS.—

The President of the United States has, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, made the following appointments:—

Thomas Johnson, of Maryland, one of the associate justices of the supreme court, vice John Rutledge, resigned.

William Lewis, judge of Pennsylvania, vice F. Hopkinson, deceased.

William Rawle, attorney for the United States in the Pennsylvania district, vice William Lewis, appointed a judge.

Matthew Clarkson, marshal of the New-York district, vice William Smith, appointed supervisor of said district.

John

John Brookes, marshal of the Massachusetts district, vice John Jackson, appointed inspector of one of the surveys within said district.

David Meade Rindolph, marshal of the Virginia district, vice Edward Carrington, appointed supervisor of said district.

Alexander Campbell, attorney for the United States, in the Virginia district, vice William Nelson, jun. resigned.

Oliver Walcott, comptroller of the treasury, vice Nicholas Eveleigh, deceased.

Timothy Pickering, post-master-general, vice Samuel Osgood, resigned.

Isaac Holmes, collector of the port of Charleston, in South-Carolina, vice George Abbot Hall, deceased.

Josiah Murdaugh, surveyor of the port of Hertford, in North-Carolina, vice Joshua Skinner, jun. son of William, deceased.

Nathaniel Rogers, marshal of New-Hampshire district, vice John Parker, deceased.

Alexander Moore, surveyor of the port of West-Point, in Virginia, vice John Spotswood Moore, who has resigned his appointment.

Charles Brown, collector of the port of George-Town, in South-Carolina, vice John Cogdell, who has resigned his appointment.

—MARRIAGES.—

In *New-York*.—In the capital, Mr. Henry Aborn, to Miss Abigail Baker.—Peter Mesier, jun. Esq; of Dutchess County, to Miss Stewart, of this city.—Mr. Sing, of the house of Galbreath and Sing, to Miss Bostwick.—Henry Livingston, Esq; of Rhinebeck, to Miss Ann Nutter, of this city.

At Newtown, (Long-Island,) Mr. Peter Roosevelt, to Mrs. Judith Godwin.

At the Bought, Mr. James Van Horne, merchant, of Schenectady, to Miss Margaret Johnson, daughter of Sir John Johnson.

In *Rhode-Island*.—At Providence, Mr. Nicholas Brown, merchant, to Miss Nancy Carter, daughter of John Carter, Esq; printer.

In *New-Jersey*.—At Morristown, Mr. Nathan Furman, of New-York, to Miss Phoebe Person, of Morristown.

In *Pennsylvania*.—In the capital, Mr. David Price, of Philadelphia, to Miss Polly Dally, late of New-York.—Mr. Benjamin Franklin Bache, printer, to Miss Margaret H. Markoe.

In *Virginia*.—Mr. John Shaw, of Farquahar county, aged 19, to Mrs. Mary Hitt, of the said county, aged 55.

—DEATHS.—

In *New-York*.—In the capital, Mrs. Margaret Jay.—Mr. Josias Byles, upholsterer.—Mr. William Coates, of Montego-Bay, (Jamaica).—Mr. Charles Shaw, merchant.—Dr. C. McKnight, professor of anatomy in Columbia College, and one of the most eminent surgeons perhaps in the United States.—Mrs. Susannah Carstang, in her 64th year.—Miss Polly Rider.

At Kingston, (Ulster County.) Col. Abraham Hasbrouck, aged 84 years.

At Huntington, (Long-Island,) Dr. Benjamin Young Prime.

In *New-Jersey*.—Mr. John Van Burkirk, aged 62 years.

In *Pennsylvania*.—In the capital, Mrs. Catharine Britton, wife of T. Britton, Esq.

In *South-Carolina*.—In Charleston, Dr. John Budd.—I. Huger, jun. Esq.

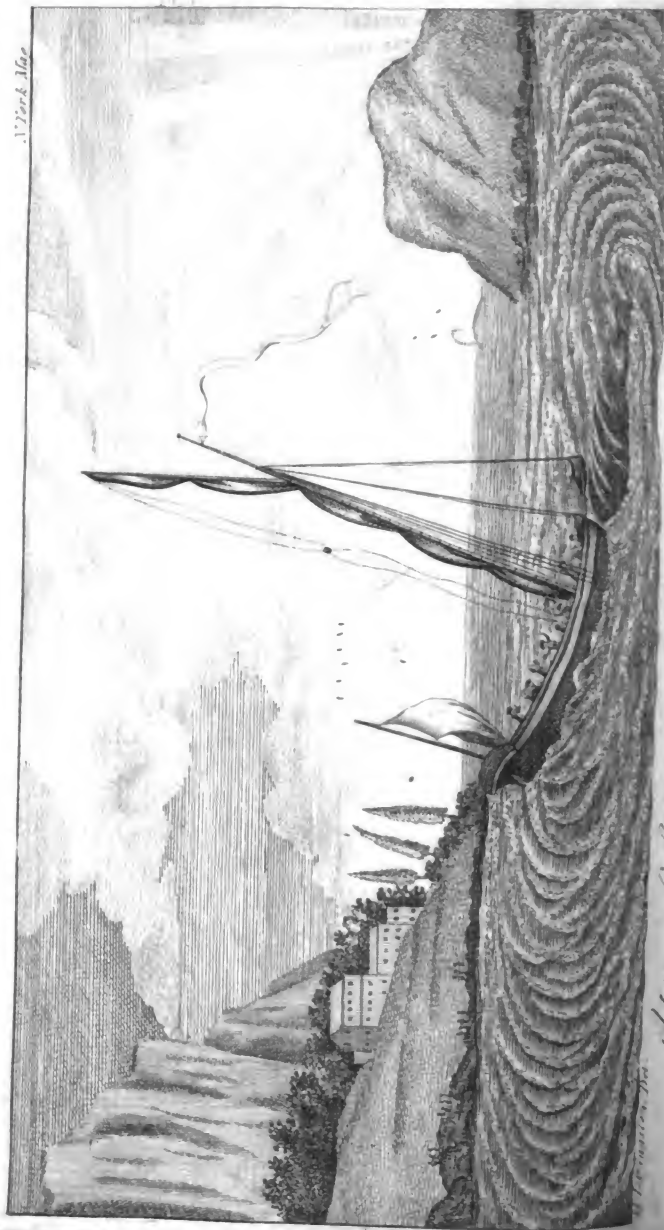
At his plantation on Fort-Royal Island, Barnard Elliot, Esq.

In *Georgia*.—In Savannah, Mr. Samuel Kennedy, an officer in the Pennsylvania line of the late American army.—Mrs. Mayer, wife of Dr. Augustus Mayer.—Mrs. Vanderlocht, wife of Mr. William Vanderlocht.

—FOREIGN DEATH.—

In *England*.—At Weymouth, the Marquis de la Luzerne, Ambassador from the Court of France to that of Britain.

New York May



A View of the MANHATTAN from the Hudson River



Grand Wurzen. Spadix.

Ensete

T H E
NEW-YORK MAGAZINE;
O R,
LITERARY REPOSITORY:

FOR DECEMBER, 1791.

NUMBER XII.—VOLUME II.

C O N T A I N I N G.

	Page.		Page.
Meteorological Observations for		Description of Mount Vesuvius,	717
November, 1791, - - - -	682	Account of the first Eruption of	
Account of the Maelstroom, -	683	Mount Vesuvius, - - - -	719
The Miscellanist—No. V. - -	684	Description of the Federation	
Ensete, - - - - -	687	in France, - - - - -	722
Anecdote of a Highlander, - -	688	A Visit to the Ruins of the	
Cursory Remarks, &c. - - - -	689	Baltile, - - - - -	725
Juvenis—No. XIX. - - - -	691	Anecdotes, - - - - -	728
Description of the Bay of Naples,	692	Remarkable Effort to recover	
Thoughts on the Importance of		Liberty, - - - - -	729
the Season of Youth, - - - -	698	Anecdote of Christina, Queen	
On Imprisonment, - - - -	699	of Sweden, - - - - -	730
Humanity of a Russian General,	701		
Particulars relative to the Soil,		<i>The AMERICAN MUSE.</i>	
Situation, Productions, &c.		ORIGINAL.	
of Kentucky, - - - - -	702	Paraphrase on the 104th Psalm,	731
Account of a curious Egg, - -	706	A Complaint, - - - - -	734
The Scribbler—No. XII. - -	707	SELECTED.	
Of the Train of Thought in the		Hengist and Mey, - - - - -	735
Mind, - - - - -	709		
Rights of Women, - - - - -	713	Account of the Western Expe-	
Hints concerning Churchman's		dition, - - - - -	737
Magnet Atlas, - - - - -	714	Intelligence, - - - - -	741
On compulsory Laws respecting		Marriages, - - - - -	ibid.
Marriages, - - - - -	715	Deaths, - - - - -	742

Embellished with a View of the MAELSTROOM, on the Coast of *Norway*;
and the ENSETE, of *Abyssinia*.

NEW-YORK: PRINTED BY THOMAS AND JAMES SWORDS,
N^o. 27, WILLIAM-STREET.
M,DCC,XCI.

—Notes to Correspondents.—

We are again under obligations to our esteemed friend R.—The *Happy Vale* demands early attention—It is a desirable spot.

J. T.'s mathematical problem shall appear next month.

Calista, adorns the American Muse of our next number.

Indispensible business has rendered it impossible for the Compiler of the CHRONOLOGY to keep pace with the regular course of the Magazine. Our readers, however, may be assured that it will be continued.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS for November, 1791.

Days.	Degrees of Heat by Fahrenheit's Ther.			Prevailing Winds.			Change & Full of Moon.	WEATHER, &c.
	8	2	8	8	2	8		
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.		
1	48	52	46	S. W.	S. W.	S. W.	First Q.	Cloudy, clear, clear.
2	40	46	43	N. E.	N.	N.		Dull, clear, cloudy.
3	42	37	33	N. E.	N. E.	N.		Cloudy, snow, snow.
4	27	35	33	N. W.	N. W.	N. W.		Clear, clear, clear.
5	35	46	45	W.	S.	S. W.		Do. do. do.
6	44	53	47	W.	S. W.	S. W.		Do. do. do.
7	44	55	50	S. W.	S.	S.		Do. do. do.
8	45	57	51	S. W.	S.	S.		Do. do. do.
9	47	51	52	N.	N. E.	N. E.	Full.	Cloudy, rain, rain.
10	52	54	53	N.	S. E.	S. E.		Dull, drizzling, drizzling.
11	44	45	40	W.	W.	W.		Clear, clear, clear.
12	33	43	45	W.	W.	W.		Do. do. do.
13	40	46	47	N. E.	N. E.	S. E.		Cloudy, cloudy, clear.
14	50	57	56	S.	S. E.	S.		Cloudy, cloudy, wind & rain.
15	53	50	40	S.	N. W.	W.		Cloudy, clear, clear.
16	35	40	35	N. W.	N. W.	N. W.		Clear, clear, clear.
17	32	38	35	N. W.	N. W.	N. E.	Last Q.	Clear, clear, cloudy.
18	30	38	36	N.	N. W.	N. W.		Cloudy, clear, clear.
19	34	43		N. W.	N. W.			Clear, clear, clear.
20	28	35	32	N. W.	N. W.	N.		Do. do. do.
21	37	49	46	N. E.	S. E.	E.		Dull, dull, rain.
22	42	47	47	N.	N. W.	N. W.		Cloudy, clear, clear.
23	36	47	42	S. W.	S. W.	S.		Clear, clear, clear.
24	47	52	52	S.	S. E.	S. E.		Dull, dull, rain.
25	50	47	37	W.	W.	N. W.	New.	Cloudy, clear, clear.
26	27	37	32	N. W.	N. W.	N. W.		Clear, clear, clear.
27	32	40	39	S.	S.	S.		Do. do. do.
28	37	49	43	S.	S.	S. E.		Clear, drizzling, rain.
29	38	43	36	N. W.	N. W.	N. W.		Clear, clear, clear.
30	34	42	40	N.	N. E.	E.		Clear, cloudy, dull.

T H E

NEW-YORK MAGAZINE;
O R,
LITERARY REPOSITORY:
FOR DECEMBER, 1791.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

*Of the celebrated WHIRLPOOL called the MAELSTROOM, on the Coast
of NORWAY.*

WITH AN INTERESTING ENGRAVING.

NATURE has no where assumed a more terrific form than in this vortex. In latitude 67, midway between the mountain *Heffegen*, in the province of *Lofoden*, and the island of *Ver*, lies a smaller island called *Moskoe*.

The water between this latter island and the continent is 400 fathoms deep, but the depth between *Moskoe* and *Ver* is not more than ten feet.—When it is flood, the stream runs up between *Moskoe* and *Lofoden* with a boisterous rapidity; but when it is ebb, returns to the sea with a violence and noise unequalled by the loudest cataracts. It is heard at the distance of many leagues, and forms a vortex of great depth and extent; so violent, that if a ship comes near it, it is immediately drawn irresistibly into the whirl, and there disappears, till, at the turn of the tide, it rises again in scattered fragments. When it is agitated by a storm, it has reached vessels at more than four miles distance, where the crews thought themselves in perfect security. Perhaps it is not in the power of fancy to conceive a situation of more horror, than that of being thus driven forward by the sudden violence of an impetuous torrent to the vortex of a whirlpool, of which the

noise and turbulence, still increasing as it is approached, are an earnest of quick and inevitable destruction;—while the wretched victims, in an agony of despair and terror, cry out for that help which they know to be impossible, and see before them the dreadful abyss in which they are about to be plunged.

Even animals who have come too near the vortex, have expressed the utmost terror, when they find the stream irresistible. Whales are frequently carried away, and the moment they feel the force of the water, they struggle against it with all their might, bellowing in a frightful manner. The like happens frequently to bears who attempt to swim to the island.

In the month of June, in the year 1786, a scene of distress was exhibited here, unequalled perhaps in the annals of misery. Ulric Strelix, eldest son of the Count of Herndale, had married Adelia, second daughter of the Lord of Lofoden. The nuptials were celebrated in great pomp at the seat of the latter nobleman, which is in the neighbourhood of the Maelstroom, and at the foot of mount Heffegen. Among other amusements, it was determined to go over to the island Weroy in a pinnace,
and

and while away some time among its rural beauties. The vessel accordingly was elegantly decorated, and carried over in safety the illustrious pair, with a large number of their friends, which comprehended all the first personages of the country.

During their stay upon the island, a storm arose and detained them longer than they intended to stay: it abated, however, in the evening, and it was resolved to proceed early next morning with the flood to the port they set out from. The morning arrived, and the more experienced mariners were anxious to have the company embarked: but the ladies, not accustomed to such early expedition, were unhappily too tardy; for, instead of being under way at day-break, the sun illumined the summit of mount Heflegen before all were on board. The tide, altho' far spent, was still rapid in their favour, and a southern breeze aided their progress. But these favourable appearances soon were no more. A violent north gale suddenly arose, and with it a precipitated return of the tide. The sails were instantly furled, and the sailors exerted themselves to the utmost with the oars to stem the wind and current; but their efforts were fruitless, and all the terrors of the Maelftroom rushed upon the imaginations of the forlorn voyagers: the women shrieked out in distress, and in their confused endeavours to assist the rowers, retarded, instead of assisting them. The roaring of the dreadful gulph grew more and more distinct, and the pinnacle already got within the

circuitous eddy, which whirled a vessel a hundred times around the vortex before its final destruction, and thereby procrastinated and increased the misfortune.

All exertions to escape were now intermitted, and distressful despair exhibited itself in as many attitudes as there were individuals. To add to their misery, in one part of the revolutions around the abyss, they came so near the abode of Lord Lododen, as to perceive the shore crowded with their friends, who in agonies saw, but could not alleviate their miseries.

At length the horrible chasm appeared in full tremendous view. It was sunk many fathoms below the level of the ocean—was gloomy as midnight, and stunned with its thunder. The agonies of the wretched victims were now wrought to the utmost height of human endurance. Some shrieked to heaven for commiseration—others, on their knees poured out their souls in silent, but emphatic tears—while others stood motionless as statues with mighty woe. The hapless Adelia clung around her husband's neck, and watered his bosom with her tears; while the once happy husband, speechless with grief, pressed her to his throbbing heart, and felt a thousand deaths in this excruciating anticipation.

The violence of the motion now became excessive—the vessel was in a moment on the brink of the fearful declivity—it plunged in the roaring grave—a general shriek arose—and they were—no more!—

P.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

The MISCELLANIST.—No. V.

*And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
Bursts out resistless, like a thund'ring tide.*

POPE.

EVERY intention is laudable which is directed toward the improvement and happiness of our

fellow-creatures: and every exertion which aims at promoting these objects, though in a small degree, merits regard.

regard. It has been often observed, that the agreeable and tranquil tenor of our lives depends, in a great measure, on the favourable coincidence of small events, and circumstances which are in their own nature unimportant. This is confirmed in the experience of every day. Among other insignificant things, and insignificant beings, that vex and ruffle the mind, a very conspicuous place seems to be occupied by the great talker. This is a character, which, to the calm, contemplative mind, is extremely disgusting. They indeed form a contrast of the strongest colours—as the one generally discovers an excess of levity and absence of deliberation; the other, sedateness of thought, and a habit of sober enquiry. By great talkers is generally meant those whose tongues are almost in perpetual motion, and that to little or no purpose. Men of fine talents, and improved minds, are sometimes found to be very communicative, and consequently engross much of the conversation in company. This in a measure is excusable, as their observations are calculated to give pleasure and information. But even here, excess is impolite and disagreeable. Every person has surely a right to deliver his sentiments in a social circle; and he who infringes on this right, transgresses the beautiful laws of decorum and good-breeding. The following letter from a correspondent, touches on this subject:—

DEAR SIR,

HARRY PRATTLE has just this moment left my room; and when you know his character, you will not think it strange if he has put me in a very fretful humour. He has excited in me so much vexation and disgust, that I could not lose the opportunity of making a complaint against him, in this public manner. He is one of those down right eternal tal-

kers; and, what is worse, a down right nonsensical talker. If he should retail some little sense, however improperly or abruptly introduced, he might then be endured with more patience. But with all his rapidity and redundancy of chat, he is altogether intolerable. Fool as he is, I have lost all temper with him, and am almost resolved to affront him on the first opportunity. You say, in the introduction to your numbers, that “if you can conveniently avoid it, you will never frown.” If you had heard Mr. Prattle just now, and had still conformed to your resolution, I should conclude that you was a man of no spirit at all, or at least of such a spirit as I would not suffer to dwell in me a moment. Frown! Instead of a frown the fool ought to have had a blow.

But, Sir, though your declaration may discover a mild and easy temper, yet I hope you do not intend to confine your correspondents to the particular plan laid down for yourself. For my own part, I must, and I will have the liberty of either frowning or laughing, just as I think fit. And I hope, Sir, even you yourself will have no objection, provided it be at vice or folly. If I could frown a great talker into silence, I would not hesitate long about it; and if I could laugh him out of his impertinence, I would laugh heartily, and save myself many hours of trouble and vexation.

One is wearied to hear a very long discourse, even when replete with sentiment and good-sense. We pull out our watches, and think the moments move more tardily than usual. If you have ever been at church, Sir, you can witness to the truth of this. But how insupportable is it to hear a pert, noisy, impudent fellow, talk away on the most trifling subject, or on fifty trifling subjects, without connection, without meaning, without thought

thought—rattling away as fast as the clatter of a grist mill—looking in your face, and perhaps spitting there too—turning then to one, then to another—skipping here and there about the room like a grasshopper, till at length he skips out, and leaves every person in it deliberately to pronounce him—a fool! If ladies happen to be present, he seems to give a more free indulgence, if possible, to his garrulity. Amid the current of his nonsense there sometimes may happen to run a small stream of flattery; and this to be sure tickles the ears and pleases the fancy of the dear creatures, which frequently produces a smile. Flattery, when applied with delicate touches, when indirect and allusive, is perhaps agreeable to most persons. But depraved indeed must be the taste, and extremely coarse the feeling of those who can greedily swallow any thing like praise, though it run in the foulest channel. It is not however to be supposed, Sir, that every lady who laughs when Harry Prattle is deluging all around with small talk, laughs because she is pleased with him. To suppose this would be to cast a stigma on the sex. No, Sir, There are smiles of contempt, and smiles of disdain, which, if Harry had any discernment, he would see bestowed on him with the greatest freedom. But, Sir, whether he chats to please the ladies, or the gentlemen, or himself, I should be glad to know whether I have not a right to endeavour to put a stop to his tongue, whenever it seems to run away with him. I am, Sir,

With respect, yours, &c.

ODILOQUACULUS.

MR. MISCELLANIST,

I AM a young fellow who sometimes indulge a humour of scribbling, but never before the present time have had the vanity of promulgating my thoughts to the world.

Many useful sentiments and observations may be lost to mankind, by keeping them hoarded up. Abilities I firmly believe are public property, and ought therefore to be exercised in such a manner as to promote the public good. Persons who never disclose their thoughts to the public, I consider as misers in the commonwealth of letters. But this observation must be taken in a restricted sense. I do not mean that a composition, destitute of the power of imparting either delight or instruction ought ever to appear abroad. This is bad counsel, and is always better locked up than circulated.

The objects of every publication ought to be delight or instruction, and this is the criterion by which every essay must be tested. But the *utile* and *dulce* when blended, are most efficacious. Few men are fond of hearing a dry unornamented sermon, though it contain accurate reasoning, and interesting advice. Syllogisms, and deep mathematical demonstrations, may amuse the masculine and energetic mind, but are never calculated to please the public.

If I were to discuss subjects in such a manner, do you think, Sir, that the fair sex would read my works? No, Sir; they would throw them aside with disdain—they would call me a pedant, and perhaps a blockhead. I don't in the least insinuate, Sir, that they are incapable of reasoning, or comprehending the most abstruse problem, theorem, syllogism, or argumentation whatever; but I am inclined to believe, that, like the majority of my own sex, they would rather read Tom Jones than Euclid's Elements, or Puffendorf's Law of Nations.

These observations have a particular tendency to shew, that a person who writes for a magazine, or other literary repository, and who would wish to be read and approved of by most

most people, ought to endeavour to please as well as instruct. Instructive essays will lose their aim, if they be void of delight. A constant stream of good sense, gently flowing from the imagination and judgment, is drunk of with pleasure by every description of people.

I have just premised these remarks, as the rule of my future communications. My endeavours shall be to please and instruct, and though I may fail in the prosecution of my design, I will enjoy the satisfaction of having written with a good intention. As you shall hear from me frequently, I hope Sir, you will point out my defects in a friendly manner.

I have the honor to be yours, &c.

PHILOMATHES.

SIR,

I THINK I observed a gentleman last Sunday in church, paying greater attention during the whole service, to a particular pew, than to the pulpit. He must to be sure have a peculiar kind of sensibility, to be more impressed by an individual, almost concealed in a great assembly, than by the preacher so conspicuously raised. However Sir, don't give him the least intimation that he has done wrong, for I would only hint, that his attention cannot be so well returned in a house of worship, as elsewhere.

I am, Sir,

Your obliged servant,

MARIA.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Jack Flash has the thanks of the Miscellanist for his well meant assistance; but he will excuse the not inserting of his piece, for, like hasty combustibles, it *flashes* up in a moment, and in a moment evaporates in *sumo*.

An anonymous production is received, which seems to aim the shafts of ridicule at some particular character. As the author appears to be capable of writing, we should be proud to receive favours in this way; but no piece of a personal nature can by any means be admitted.

A Lover in our next.

Philomathes has our thanks for his present favour; and we hope, agreeably to his intimation, that he will be a frequent correspondent.

ENSETE.—*With a plate.*

BOTANICAL researches, when united with a disposition to philanthropy, are highly useful. They bring to light many plants that may prove beneficial to man, by being transported from the places of their native growth to other favourable situations, where they have not been planted by nature.

In his researches, perhaps the botanist should bestow his chief attention to the discovery of such plants as afford a wholesome nourishment to man himself, especially if they thrive in situations where the common kinds of esculent plants do not abound.

The *Enfete* of Abyssinia, according to Mr. Bruce's account, must be ranked in this class. It prospers only in marshy wet situations, without any culture. It rises with a thick succulent stem, to the height of eight feet, which being soft and pliable, bends by its own weight at the top. The leaves, and whole figure of the plant, has some resemblance to the Banana, though it differs from that in many obvious particulars. The whole appearance and habit of the plant is so well represented by the figure, that a more detailed description of it is unnecessary here.

The

The part of the *Banana-tree*, which forms the food of man, is the fruit. It is the stalk only of the *Enfete* which is eatable. "The figs of the *Enfete* are not eatable; they are of a tender soft substance, watery, tasteless, and in colour and consistence similar to a rotten apricot; they are of a conical form, crooked a little at the lower end, about an inch and a half in length, and an inch in breadth, where thickest. In the inside of these is a large stone, half an inch long, of the shape of a bean or Cashew-nut, of a dark brown colour; and this contains a small seed, which is seldom hardened into fruit, but consists only of skin."

"When you make use of the *Enfete* for eating," adds Mr. Bruce, "you cut it immediately above the small detached roots, and perhaps a foot or two higher, as the plant is of age: You strip the green from the upper part, till it becomes white; when soft, like a turnip well boiled, if eat with milk and butter, it is the best of all food, wholesome, nourishing, and easily digested." It might add much to the convenience of life, were this plant to be transplanted to some parts of the West-Indies, or other tropical climates suited to its nature. They have already in the East-Indies a plant which does not grow in swamps, but in deep water, the *Nymphaea aquatica*, which affords

food to a great part of the natives of these countries.

The general appearance of this plant so much resembles that of the *Banana*, that Mr. Bruce with great probability conjectures it has been often mistaken for that plant by modern authors. "The *Hippopotamus*," he shrewdly observes, "is generally supposed to represent a Nile, that has been so abundant, as to be destructive. When therefore we see upon the obelisks the hippopotamus destroying the *Banana*, we may suppose it meant that the extraordinary inundation had gone so far as not only to destroy the wheat, but also to retard or hurt the growth of the *Enfete*, which was to supply its place. I do likewise conjecture, that the bundle of branches of a plant, which Horus Apollo says the ancient Egyptians produced as the food on which they lived before the discovery of wheat, was not the papyrus, as he imagined, but this plant, the *Enfete*, which retired to its native Ethiopia, upon a substitute being found, better adapted to the climate of Egypt."

Had the ancient Egyptians been possessed of the *Nymphaea aquatica*, they could never have experienced a famine from a superabundance of water. When too much for wheat, the *Enfete* would thrive; when too deep for the *Enfete*, the *Nymphaea* would have prospered. [Br.]

A N E C D O T E.

THE desire of gain will sometimes inspire with dishonest cunning the illiterate savage.—After a successful attack on the Royal party in 1745, a Highlander had gained a watch, as his share of the spoils of the vanquished. Unacquainted with its use, he listened with equal surprise and pleasure, to the ticking sound with which his new acquisition amused him; after a few hours, how-

ever, his watch was down, the noise ceased, and the dispirited owner, looking on the toy no longer with any satisfaction, determined to conceal the misfortune which had befallen it, and to dispose of it to the first person who offered him a trifle in exchange. He soon met with a customer; but at parting he could not conceal his triumph, and exultingly exclaimed, "Why, she died last night!"

CURSORY

C U R S O R Y R E M A R K S

On the late Pamphlets of the Right Hon. Mr. BURKE, and of Mr. PAINE; with Reflections on the Revolution in France, and also on the present State of Government in England.

[Continued from page 634, and concluded.]

THESE principles, which are strikingly true, tend to shew the inefficacy of a parliamentary reform by the parliament itself. Indeed, I would regard such a parliamentary reformation as no reformation at all; for the evils which might be removed at one session, they might re-enact with interest at the next. This indeed might operate as a suspension; but a total and lasting removal, and not a suspension, is the object.

It must appear then from the light into which this subject is thrown, that the only plan the nation can pursue or adopt in order to secure its rights, its liberties, and its dearest and most sacred privileges, and effectually to redress and remove all the evils that are above complained of, is by the establishment of a fixed and permanent constitution. This would form an insurmountable barrier against the despotism and arbitrary power of the monarch and his ministry on the one hand, and the illegal and no less arbitrary usurpations of the parliament on the other: this would prescribe the bounds—it would set a *NE PLUS ULTRA* to their proceedings;—it would secure to every citizen his liberty, and to every citizen his rights and his privileges.

The eyes of all Europe and America are at this moment fixed upon the inhabitants of the British Isles. They have excited the attention and the observance of the world. Great expectations have been formed of their prowess, from that ardent and unconquerable spirit of liberty for which they have been so justly and universally celebrated and famed. It

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 12.

is hoped that their expectations may not be frustrated, nor their most sanguine opinions deceived.

If I may be permitted to hazard an opinion upon a subject of such great, such extensive, and such general importance and concern, I conceive, that if the inhabitants of England, Scotland and Ireland were to join in forming a convention, and in establishing a constitution of government for the whole, to be founded upon the principles of perfect equality and general convenience, that it would tend to their mutual happiness, to their mutual benefit, and to their mutual advantage. The disagreeable and painful distinctions, the invidious and alarming jealousies which now subsist between the inhabitants of two islands formed by nature for the mutual support and relief of each other, would be done away, and thirteen millions of men, united in a common interest and in a common citizenship, would enjoy happiness, harmony, domestic tranquillity, and domestic peace. Such an event would be a valuable acquisition to freedom, and an important offering to the shrine of liberty: it would redound to the glory of Europe, and to the general advantage of the world.

The British nation are now called upon by the sacred voice of freedom, which ought never to call in vain—They are called upon by their former situation, and by their former fame; by their present injuries, and by their present situation—They are called upon by the duty they owe to themselves and to their posterity, and by the ties which bind them to the rest of mankind, to take advantage of

X x x x the

the present tremor, fear and panic terror which pervade the bosoms of tyrants—They are called upon to establish their liberties, privileges and rights upon the firmest foundation, by the establishment of a free, equal and permanent constitution.

The feelings of every philanthropist, the wishes of every American, and the interests of every citizen of the world, are deeply concerned in the general diffusion of happiness, and engaged in the general extension of the empire of freedom and liberty, of philanthropy and benevolence.

And now having bestowed some considerable degree of attention upon Mr. Burke's production, I hope that I will not be inexcusable in addressing a few lines to himself, without confining myself to the disagreeable and unnecessary formality of paying this address through the medium of a third person.

It is a pity, Mr. Burke, that when you sat down to write your Reflections on the French Revolution, you had forgot that you had a reputation to lose, and a character to support. If this reflection had for a moment occurred to your thought, it is probable that the world would never have been alarmed with your recent publication—nor would you have been troubled with the present address.

This address, it is feared, will be looked upon as impertinent, and censured as impudent and officious by your friends: But, Sir, it will be remembered, that you have oftentimes addressed yourself to the world, and submitted your labours to their perusal; that they have imbibed many of your former sentiments, and adopted many of your former opinions. It will also be recollected, that your late publication contains many principles in direct opposition to your former assertions, and that this difference

remains yet to be accounted for to the public.

You have oftentimes, and repeatedly been charged with the worst crimes in the most open and barefaced manner—You have been accused of receiving a pension under a feigned and fictitious name; and it has been asserted, that you came to the possession of a considerable landed estate by sacrificing your country to the ministry.

In decency, Mr. Burke, to your country and to the public, accusation so open and undisguised as these are ought to be publicly answered and controverted, if there remains the least ground of denial. The world, Sir, can never impute your silence to a want of abilities, or to a pretended modesty; for it is well known, that your specious eloquence can even be exerted in the cause of injustice and untruth, if there is the least necessity or occasion, or the least probability or ground of success.

We reside at too great a distance from each other, for you to receive any trouble from the writer in regard to the business in question. It only remains for him to inform you, that these charges are generally credited and believed in America.

When, Sir, you had traversed and explored every region of fancy, and when you had ransacked every corner of your brilliant and fertile imagination, without being able to find a single substantial reason in favour of despotic tyranny, and in vindication of the cause of oppression, then, Sir, in justice to yourself, and even in justice to your cause, you should have abandoned for ever your late rash and feeble attempt.

It has lately been endeavoured to promote the cultivation of your sentiments and doctrine in this country; but the attempt is groundless; it is weak and ill founded. The citizens of America are enlightened and liberal:

al: it is truth that must dictate, and reason must persuade.

But, Sir, if principles like these should ever be adopted by our rulers, and avowed by our magistrates, they shall hear from the writer upon the subject.

It is not highly probable, Sir, that these remarks will ever be favoured by your perusal, or that reflections printed in a foreign periodical publication, will ever reach your hands; but upon a supposition that they may, in the course of human probability, I will venture to enlarge this address.

Mr. Burke is called upon, with all the warmth of the most unfeigned regard, for an open and public avowal of his former opinions, and for a formal consummation of all the doctrine he professed, when, with Mr. Fox, he could triumph in the successes of a Washington, and bleed with the wounds of a Montgomery. This, it is conceived, will not detract even from the reputation of Mr. Burke. To acknowledge error is noble; it is portentive of a great and generous

mind; to persist in error when its fallacy is discovered, is wicked, ignoble, and base. I have seen it somewhere observed, but cannot recollect the passage distinctly, that even the wisest of men ought never to be ashamed of owning their former mistakes; for that it is but asserting in other words, that we are so much wiser to-day than we were yesterday. Surely this would be an action more noble than a junction with the ministry, or a coalition with Mr. Pitt. Nay, Sir, it would be more noble than all the oratory you have displayed upon the subject of the French Revolution, or than all the lamentations which have flown from your bosom upon the downfall of knight-errantry, Quixotism and chivalry.

Mr. Burke has given us a specimen of the sublime and beautiful in composition; it yet remains for him to furnish an example of the beautiful and sublime.

With taking leave of Mr. Burke, I will put an end to the preceding reflections.

CURIO.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

J U V E N I S.—No. XIX.

*Man's science is the culture of his heart;
And not to lose his plummet in the depths
Of Nature, or the more profound of God.*

YOUNG.

THE pursuits of mankind are infinitely various. Every person sees the surrounding objects, from a point of view peculiar to himself. Few of the subjects which engage their attention, are of real utility to themselves and others. There are many who abuse the finest talents, by directing them into a wrong channel, and employing them in studies of little importance. Some are found, who, instead of applying to subjects easily comprehended, and to which they are competent, are incessantly perplexing and racking their minds

with the contemplation of those, which are not investigable by the human intellect.

Things which are too difficult for us to understand, we may rationally conclude, have no immediate connection with our duty and happiness, and therefore to waste our time about them, when the most useful things are perspicuous to earnest enquiry, is absurd and impertinent. That spirit of curiosity and inquisitiveness, which would lead us into improper pursuits, is censurable and dangerous. It is far from my intention, to check the daring

ing promptitude and enterprize of original genius, which have given birth to some of the most important discoveries that have benefited mankind. It is only the prostitution of talents to inferior purposes, which I design to reprehend. The abstruse and hidden paths of nature were not intended for our range in the present state; and he must be ridiculously vain, who is unwilling to acknowledge, that any thing exceeds the reach of his capacity; and who urges this as a reason, for bestowing his time in researches, which must be endlessly idle and fruitless.

In every science, and in every system, there are some things, too intricate to be developed by the most perspicacious mind, and concerning which, we must remain in uncertainty. Every object of speculative knowledge is attended with difficulties which baffle the most vigorous efforts to resolve and remove; and however proud a man may be of the attainments which he has already made, there seems to be a *ne plus ultra* in every human undertaking. He is indubitably the wisest, who has made a just estimate of the powers of his mind, who has attuned them to investigations of the greatest lasting advantage to himself, and whose labours are productive of the most extensive good to others.

To be forever harping on one subject, an acquaintance with which would be, perhaps, of trifling significance, discovers folly and extreme perversion of judgment. And yet, how many such people are to be found in the world, who never perceive the

superior importance of those objects which demand their attention and study, with irresistible arguments! They are so biassed to particular points and particular ideas, that to divert them wholly from their accustomed train of thinking, would be almost to perform a miracle. Whatever may be the topic of conversation, they will endeavour either to change it, or to contort and apply every observation, heterogeneous and incongruous as the composition may appear, to their favourite theme. O sad infatuation, which would incline them to neglect their truest interest, for what is incomparable to it in value!

In every employment, in regard to every object of intellectual attention, the circumstances of time, labour, and effects, are to be considered. If the latter are not equivalent to both the former, the voice of reason cries, desist from futile and unfruitful pursuits, and engage in others which will yield a profitable reward. In entering upon an arduous undertaking, we ought first to ascertain that we are adequate to it, and then, whether the magnitude of the end in view will justify the time and labour expended in the accomplishment; for these are the criteria, according to which the decision must rest. Not satisfied with knowing what can be known, there are many who, by foolishly prying into things which exceed the abilities of the human mind, precipitate themselves into disappointment and a general confusion of ideas.—*Man's science is the culture of his heart.*

Nov. 18, 1791.

Erratum in Juvenis, No. 18, page 590, second line from the bottom, for ex-administration; read examination.

DESCRIPTION of the BAY of NAPLES.

THIS delightful coast was once the garden of all Italy, and inhabited only by the rich, the gay, and luxurious. But alas, how are the

mighty fallen! it is now abandoned to the poorest and most miserable of mortals. Perhaps there is not a spot on the globe that has undergone such a total

a total

a total change, or that can exhibit so striking a picture of the vanity of human grandeur. Those very walls that once lodged a Cæsar, a Lucullus, an Anthony, the richest and most voluptuous of mankind, are now occupied by the very meanest and most indigent wretches upon earth, who are actually starving for want in those very apartments that were the scenes of the greatest luxury. There, we are told, that suppers were frequently given that cost 50,000*l.* and some that even amounted to double that sum.

The luxury indeed of Baia was so great, that it became a proverb even amongst the luxurious Romans themselves; and, at Rome, we often find them upbraiding with effeminacy and epicurism, those who spent much of their time in this scene of delight. Clodius throws it in the teeth of Cicero more than once; and that orator's having purchased a villa here, hurt him not a little in the opinion of the graver and more austere part of the senate. The walls of these palaces still remain, and the poor peasants, in some places, have built up their miserable huts within them: but at present there is not one gentleman or man of fashion residing in any part of this country; the former state of which, compared with the present, certainly forms the most striking contrast imaginable.

The bay of Naples, which is surrounded by the most beautiful scenery in the world, is of a circular figure, in most places 20 miles in diameter; so that, including all its breaks and inequalities, the circumference is considerably more than 60 miles. The whole of this space is so wonderfully diversified by all the riches both of art and nature, that there is scarce an object wanting to render the scene complete; and it is hard to say, whether the view be more pleasing from the singularity of many of these objects, or from the incredible variety

of the whole. This bay has been named *Crater*, from its supposed resemblance to a bowl; and it is ornamented with the most beautiful foliage, with vines; with olive, mulberry, and orange trees; with hills, dales, towns, villas, and villages.—There is, moreover, an amazing mixture of the ancient and modern;—some rising to fame, and some sinking to ruin. Palaces reared over the top of other palaces, and ancient magnificence trampled under foot—by modern folly. Mountains and islands that were celebrated for their fertility, changed into barren wastes; and barren wastes into fertile fields and rich vineyards. Mountains sunk into plains and plains swelled into mountains. Lakes drunk up by volcanos, and extinguished volcanos turned into lakes. The earth still smoking in many places, and in others throwing out flame. In short, Nature seems to have formed this coast in her most capricious mood; for every object is a *lusus naturæ*. She never seems to have gone seriously to work; but to have devoted this spot to the most unlimited indulgence of caprice and frolic.

The bay is shut out from the Mediterranean by the island of Caprea, so famous for the residence of Augustus, and so infamous afterwards for that of Tiberius. A little to the west lie the islands of Ischia, Procida, and Nisida; the celebrated promontory of Micænum, where Æneas landed; the classic fields of Baia, Cuma, and Puzzoli; with all the variety of scenery that formed both the Tartarus and Elysium of the ancients; the Campi Phlegrei, or burning plains where Jupiter overcame the giants; the Solfaterra still smoking, as if from the effects of his thunder; the Monte Nuovo, which was thrown suddenly by fire from the bowels of the earth, as if the sons of Titan had intended to renew the war; the Monte Barbaro, formerly Mons Gaurus, the favourite

favourite of Bacchus; the picturesque city of Puzzoli; the beautiful promontory of Paufilippe, exhibiting the finest scenery that can be imagined; the great and opulent city of Naples, built in the form of a vast amphitheatre, sloping from the hills towards the sea; its three castles; its harbour full of ships from every nation; its palaces, churches, and convents innumerable: the rich country thence to Portici, covered with noble houses and gardens, and appearing only a continuation of the city: the palace of the King, with many others surrounding it, all built over the roofs of those of Herculaneum, buried near 100 feet by the eruptions of Vesuvius: the black fields of lava that have run from that mountain, intermixed with gardens, vineyards, and orchards: Vesuvius itself, in the back ground of the scene, discharging volumes of fire and smoke, and forming a broad track in the air over our heads, extending without being broken or dissipated to the utmost verge of the horizon: a variety of beautiful towns and villages, round the base of the mountain, thoughtless of the impending ruin that daily threatens them. Some of these are reared over the roofs of Pompeii and Stabia, where Pliny perished; and with their foundations have pierced through the sacred abodes of the ancient Romans; thousands of whom lie buried here, the victims of this inexorable mountain. Next follows the extensive and romantic coast of Castello Mare, Sorrentum, and Mola; diversified with every picturesque object in nature.—It was the study of this wild and beautiful country that formed our greatest landscape painters. This was the school of Poussin and Salvator Rosa, but more particularly of the last, who composed many of his most celebrated pieces from the bold craggy rocks that surround this coast; and no doubt it was from the daily contemplation

of these romantic objects that they stored their minds with that variety of ideas, which they have communicated to the world with such elegance in their works.

This prodigious variety of mountains, valleys, promontories, and islands, covered with everlasting verdure, and loaded with the richest fruits, is all the product of subterraneous fire. This fact is certain, and can be doubted only by those who have wanted time and curiosity to examine it. It certainly seems wonderful that nature should make use of the same instrument to create as to destroy; and that what has been considered only as the consumer of countries, is in fact the very power that produces them. Indeed, this part of our globe seems already to have undergone the sentence pronounced upon the whole of it; but, like the phoenix, has risen again from its own ashes, in much greater beauty and splendour than before it was consumed. The traces of these dreadful conflagrations are still conspicuous in every corner: they have been violent in their operations, but in their end have proved salutary in their effects. The fire in many places is not yet extinguished; but Vesuvius is now the only spot where it rages with any degree of activity.

A very sprightly and entertaining writer has beautifully illustrated the dramatic merits of Shakspeare and Voltaire, by a comparison between the bay of Naples and the garden of the Thuilleries at Paris: ‘Far from wishing,’ says he, ‘to depreciate Voltaire as a dramatic writer, I confess that I admire him much. I do not love Cæsar less: but I love Rome more. I admire the garden of the Thuilleries; the bay of Naples transports me. Shakspeare’s writings resemble this bay; Voltaire’s pieces resemble that garden. The one is uniform, noble, beautiful, fine. The
eye

ye takes in the whole with ease; its parts are distributed with judgment; its ornaments are happily disposed. Examined with minuteness, it is found free from faults: but it wants variety; its extent is limited, and its beauties are to be numbered. The other has defects. If you look into it minutely, you shall here discover a field of brambles, and there a frightful precipice. Here you shall behold a barren rock, and there you will see a miserable cottage. But it defies you to examine it minutely, without allowing yourself to be destitute of soul and sense. Sublimity is its characteristic; and grandeur is every where blended with beauty. Its variety is endless; its treasures are inexhaustible. The sweetest hills, the loveliest valleys, the richest vineyards, and the brightest coasts, are intermingled with smiling villages, with noble seats, and a most splendid and ample city. Here, groves of orange-trees and myrtle; there, woods of beeches and of oaks. The luxuriancy of these beauties is enchanting; the grandeur of the scene exceeds belief. A boundless sea, a range of mountains, and an awful volcano, fill not only the eye, but the soul and the imagination. Nature presents no greater objects. Judge of their sublimity by their effects. Vesuvius bellows, the earth shakes, the sea swells, Pompeii is suffocated, and Stabia is overwhelmed. Another night this tremendous mountain roars, a flood of fire issues from its womb, an universal cry of horror is heard from Herculaneum, a sudden silence follows—the city is no more! No pen can paint these scenes: and I must close by saying, that both they and the garden excite admiration; but the garden of the Thuilleries was made by *Le Nautre*; the bay of Naples was formed by the Deity.*

Sublime and beautiful as is the bay of Naples when contemplated from

the sea, it affords a prospect not less enchanting when viewed from the elevated parts of the shore. To enjoy this the traveller is always directed to a garden near Puzzoli, belonging to the religious community called *Camaldulians*. This order was founded by St. Romuald, an Italian fanatic, in the year 1023, in the horrible desert of Camaldoli, otherwise called *Campo Moldoli*, situated on the Apennine mountains, within the territories of Florence. From this delicious garden, which lies on the most elevated part of the whole coast, the traveller has almost a bird's-eye prospect of the Phlegrean fields before mentioned; and hence he has a view of the whole bay of Naples, Vesuvius, with its environs, &c. &c.

From this general view of the country about Naples, we now proceed to describe some of the most celebrated scenes in its vicinity. About five miles from Puzzoli, near the entrance of the grotto of Pausilippe, is what is usually called the *tomb of Virgil*. The ascent to it is by a narrow path, which runs through a vineyard. It is overgrown with ivy leaves, and shaded with brambles, shrubs, and bushes. An ancient bay-tree, with the greatest propriety overhangs it. Many a solitary walk has been taken to this place. The earth, which contains the ashes of Virgil, a classical imagination expects to find clothed in the brightest verdure. Viewed from this magic spot, the objects which adorn the adjacent bay, become doubly interesting. The poet's verses are here recollected with additional pleasure; for the verses of Virgil are interwoven in our minds with a thousand interesting ideas, with the memory of our boyish years, or the sportive scenes of childhood, of our earliest friends and companions, many of whom are now dead; and those who still

* *Sherlock's letters on several subjects*, 2 vol.

still live, and for whom we retain the first impression of affection, are at such a distance, as renders the hope of seeing them again very uncertain. No wonder, therefore, when, in a contemplative mood, that our steps are often directed to a spot, so well calculated to create and cherish sentiments congenial with the state of our mind. But then comes an antiquary, who with his odious doubts, disturbs the pleasing source of our enjoyment; and, from the fair and delightful fields of fancy, conveys us in a moment to a dark, barren, and comfortless desert: he *doubts* whether this be the real place where the ashes of Virgil were deposited; and tells us an unsatisfactory story about the other side of the bay, and that he is

rather inclined to believe that the Poet was buried somewhere there, without fixing on any particular spot. — But whatever be the doubts of antiquaries, this venerable ruin has often furnished a subject to the Muses of Painting and Poetry. That admirable artist, Mr. Wright of Derby, has this year the tomb of Virgil in his exhibition. And a beautiful poem, entitled, “*Virgil’s Tomb*,” appeared in 1741, from which we cannot forbear to give the following extract, which contains a fine contrast between the past and present state of Italy, and between the sensations which this venerable ruin might be supposed to inspire, and what it actually excites in a classic breast.

‘ I CAME, great Bard, to gaze upon thy shrine,
And o’er thy relics wait th’ inspiring Nine:
For sure, I said, where Maro’s ashes sleep,
The weeping Muses must their vigils keep:
Still o’er their fav’rite’s monument they mourn,
And with poetic trophies grace his urn:
Have plac’d the shield and martial trumpet here;
The shepherd’s pipe, and rural honours there:
Fancy had deck’d the consecrated ground,
And scatter’d never-fading roses round.
And now my bold romantic thought aspires
To hear the echo of celestial lyres;
Then catch some sound to bear delighted home,
And boast I learn’d the verse at Virgil’s tomb:
Or stretch’d beneath thy myrtle’s fragrant shade,
With dreams ecstatic hov’ring o’er my head,
See forms august, and laurell’d ghosts ascend,
And with myself, perhaps, the long procession end.

I came—but soon the phantoms disappear’d;
Far other scenes than wanton hope had rear’d;
No fairy rites, no funeral pomp I found;
No trophied walls with wreaths of laurel round;
A mean unhonour’d ruin faintly show’d
The spot where once thy mausoleum stood:
Hardly the form remain’d; a nodding dome,
O’ergrown with moss, is now all Virgil’s tomb.
’Twas such a scene as gave a kind relief
To memory, in sweetly-pensive grief:
Gloomy, unpleasing images it wrought;
No musing, soft complacency of thought:

For

For time had canker'd all, and worn away
 Ev'n the last, mournful grates of decay :
 Oblivion, hateful goddess, sat before,
 And cover'd with her dusky wings the door :
 No silver harps I heard, no muses voice,
 But birds obscene in horrid notes rejoice :
 Fancy recoil'd, and with his tinsel train
 Forsook the cheerless scene : no more remain
 The warm ambitious hopes of airy youth.
 Severe reflection came, and frowning truth.
 Away each glittering gay idea fled,
 And bade a melancholy train succeed,
 That form'd, or seem'd to form, a mournful call,
 In feeble accents muttering round the wall.
 Seek not the muses here ! Th' affrighted maids
 Have fled Parthenope's polluted shades :
 Her happy shores, the seats of joy and ease,
 Their fav'rite mansions once, no longer please :
 No longer, as of old, in transports lost,
 The sisters rove along th' enchanted coast ;
 They turn with horror from each much-lov'd stream,
 And loath the fields that were their darling theme :
 The tuneful names themselves once fondly gave
 To every swelling hill, and mossy cave,
 So pleasing then, are only heard with sighs ;
 And each sad echo bids their sorrows rise.'

The grotto of Pausilippe is a subterraneous passage, cut through the mountain, near a mile in length, about 20 feet in breadth, and 30 or 40 in height, every where, except at the two extremities, where it is much higher. People of fashion generally drive through this way with torches ; but the country people and foot passengers find their way, without much difficulty, by the light which enters at the extremities, and at two apertures pierced through the roof, near the middle of the grotto.—Mr. Addison tells us, that the common people of Naples, in his time, believed that this passage through the mountain was the work of magic, and that Virgil was the magician.

Two miles beyond the grotto of Pausilippe is a circular lake, about half a mile in diameter, called *Lago d'Agnano* ; in the margin of which is situated the famous Grotto del Cane,
New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 12.

where so many dogs have been tortured and suffocated.

The Lucrine lake is now but a puddle to what it once was, when it was so celebrated by the ancient Romans for its oysters ; its springs having been sunk in an earthquake, or stopped up by mountains that have fallen upon them. The lake of Avernus, formerly so famous for its poisonous streams, is now plentifully stocked with fish and fowl. But the lake of Acheron is still as noxious and gloomy as in its poetical state. Near that of Avernus is the grotto of the famous Cumæan Sybil, celebrated by Virgil and others.

The cathedral of Puzzoli, built upon the ruins of an ancient temple of Jupiter ; and the remains of an amphitheatre, of which the area is 172 feet long and 88 broad, deserve particular notice ; as do the ruins called *Ponte di Caligula*, from their being

being thought the remains of a bridge which that emperor attempted to build across the bay between the city and Baia. They are supposed with more probability, to be the ruins of a mole built with arches. Having passed over this gulph, a new field of curiosities appear. The baths and prisons of Nero; the sepulchre of his mother Agrippina; the temples of Venus, Diana, Mercury; and the ruins of the ancient city of Cuma. But no vestiges now remain of many of those magnificent villas that once adorned this luxurious coast, nor even of the town of Baia. The whole of this beautiful bay, formerly, as we have observed before, the seat of pleasure, and, at one period, the most

populous spot in Italy, is now thinly inhabited; and the contrast still stronger between the ancient opulence and present poverty, than between the numbers of the ancient and present inhabitants. It must be acknowledged, that we can hardly look around us, in any part of the world, without perceiving objects which, to a contemplative mind, convey reflections on the instability of grandeur, and the sad vicissitudes which all human affairs are subject to; but *here* those objects are so numerous and so striking, that they must make an impression on the most careless and inattentive passenger.

[Univ. Mag.]

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

THOUGHTS on the IMPORTANCE of the SEASON of YOUTH.

Addressed to Juvenile Readers.

[Continued from page 643, and concluded.]

TO be greatly useful to his generation, and respected during his whole course through life, a young man must not only cultivate the amiable dispositions—not only cherish in his bosom piety towards God, and benevolence towards man, but must treasure in his mind the riches of true wisdom. Thus he will be enabled to diffuse good principles among his fellow men, and make a better use of those lovely affections, which religion and the principles of morality have instilled.

When a young man, with a mind well stored with a variety of knowledge, is ushered into the world, he arrests the attention of all. And especially if he join with the sagacity of the serpent, the harmless disposition of the dove, he is looked upon as the most valuable acquisition to the community. The young view him with sentiments of veneration and love; while the aged admire the rising

youth, and consider him already a pillar of the state. By degrees they lay on his shoulders the burdens they have borne, and which their feeble age can not now sustain. They encourage, and direct him with the counsels of wisdom, and pour on him blessings with their latest breath.—Now they can leave their friends, their children, their dear country, with this happy consideration, that he will be both willing and able to afford great assistance in danger, to defend and maintain the rights which they had been careful to establish, and thus transfer these blessings to the latest posterity. With such powerful support, and a mind enriched with all the rewards of study, and beautified with all the sentiments of morality, to what eminence and happiness must not he arrive? Smooth and tranquil pass his days; serene his sky, and composed his soul. If the storms of affliction arise, (for afflictions will come)

come) he retires into his own mind, and bids defiance to their rage. Having performed his task to general satisfaction, and met with his own applause, he makes his exit with the fullest hopes of one day acting a more glorious part, on a more glorious stage.

By exhibiting a portrait contrasted to this, I will not divert your attention from so agreeable a prospect. You will yourselves draw the lines of an opposite character more exact in your own minds, than I am able to delineate them. Let us now turn our attention to our own situation as young men; and here opens to our view a most glorious prospect, and as momentous as glorious. We enjoy every possible advantage to render our lives useful and happy. By a proper course of conduct, we cannot fail, both to deserve, and gain the good will and confidence of our fellow citizens. Our situation is peculiarly eligible; for, we have it in our power to furnish our minds, both with the accomplishments of literature, and the ornaments of virtue. If we pursue and acquire only the former, we shall render ourselves, it may be, objects of admiration, but, by no means objects of love. The world, though depraved, respects virtue, but of the wicked, even the wicked are afraid. Dr. Price, speaking of virtue, says, "This ought to follow knowledge, and to be directed by it. Virtue, without knowledge, makes enthusiasts, and knowledge, without virtue, makes devils; but both united, elevates to the top of human dignity and perfection."

If on the solid foundation of knowledge we erect the beautiful fabric of virtue, we shall at once ingratiate

ourselves into the affections of our countrymen. The wise and the good will give us the proper tribute of praise, and commend us to the attention of all their acquaintance. If our views are to serve the state, in either of the three great professions of divinity, law, or physic; if we purpose to engage in the active scenes of business, or retire into the calm retreats of private life,—our own hearts, our relatives, our country, our God, call on us to blend in our characters the strictest virtue with our polite accomplishments.

We are young; the purple current glides rapidly through our veins; our passions are ardent and impetuous; our knowledge of the world, chiefly speculative. Now let us resolve to be virtuous, and happy, before our minds are corrupted by interest or pleasure. The lovely affections, friendship, patriotism, philanthropy, and benevolence, if now properly cultivated, will incorporate with our minds, will accompany us through life, and smooth our passage to its farthest verge.—We are young, and flushed with expectation; every object wears its most specious form, and conspires to cherish in our bosoms ardent hopes for a long period of terrestrial happiness. But let us remember, that the sun who gladdens the east with the radiance of the morning, soon arrives at the zenith of his empire, and then immediately descends till the western regions extinguish his blaze: So is the life of man. May our sun descend, not to be extinguished, but enkindled into brighter glories, and beam into our souls an eternal and increasing radiance. C.

ON IMPRISONMENT.

OF all the evils to which mankind are subjected in their peregrinations in this world, perhaps

those which result from imprisonment are the most deplorable. Bodily pain, when it becomes excessive, must soon

soon be terminated by death. Sickness, while it weakens the human frame, deadens the senses, and mitigates that distress to the sufferer, which afflicts those who behold it. In the same manner, almost every other evil brings with it a natural remedy, which tends to alleviate distress. The very sympathy that nature irresistibly exerts from every person who beholds another in distress, affords a healing balm that tends to administer comfort to the afflicted. But from the solitary prisoner, every kind of thing that could administer comfort is withdrawn. Confined in a dungeon, out of the sight of every person, he becomes dead to society, while still alive to the anguish of life. He is forgot by the person who confined him; and in consequence of that forgetfulness, is suffered to spend whole years perhaps in agonizing distress, which the person who shut him up could not have tolerated, could he but see it for one hour. It is with justice then that all nations have exalted their voices in the present day, and with an unanimity that never was seen before, demand a total abolition of the power of arbitrary imprisonment by any human being. And though it may happen that laws for this purpose will not be enacted in every state at the present time; yet the examples that have been given in a neighbouring country, of the danger of making a wanton use of this power, will serve to over-awe those monarchs who may still claim a right to exercise it, from daring to exercise that right in the manner it has hitherto been exercised. Blessed be the spirit which hath abolished such an intolerable evil!

Every man, when he reflects seriously on this subject, must be sensible of the evils that accrue from this source; but it is not at all times that man is disposed to reflect seriously on any subject, nor is it at all times that he can form a lively image of what

he has never had an opportunity of observing. He is therefore under obligations to those who take the trouble off his hands. The following picture, drawn by the master-pencil of Sterne, when he is disposed to turn his thoughts on this subject, will have its effect.

The Captive.

“The bird in his cage pursued into my room; I sat down close to my table, and, leaning my head on my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement; was in a right frame for it; and he gave full scope to my imaginations.

“I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of the sad group in it did but distract me,

“I took a single captive; and having first shut him up in a dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door, to take his picture.

“I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish. In thirty years, the western breeze had not once fanned his blood. He had seen no sun, no moon in all that time; nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice, his children——

“But here my heart began to bleed; and I was forced to go on with another part of my portrait.

“He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed. A little calendar of small sticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there. He had one of these

these little sticks in his hand; and with a rusty nail, he was etching another day of misery to add to the cap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door; then cast it down; shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh. I saw the iron enter into his soul. I burst into tears. I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn."

Think not, however, that this is a mere fancy picture, which has no reality in existence. Could the horrid walls of all those gloomy mansions, allotted for the confinement of human beings in every part of the world, be now cast down, and the miserable objects they contain be laid open to the view, what human being could bear to look at it? The heart of the most savage tyrant would be melted at the sight; and the millions of miserable beings who are there, now, at this very moment, dying in the agonies of misery, and those who sigh at the distant prospect of that only termination of their wretchedness, would freeze up his soul with horror. Yet the man who could not bear the sight for one moment, can, without one painful effort, order hundreds from his sight to be shut up in these dreary mansions for ever; and the next moment, forgetting them entirely, indulge himself in every excess of sensual gratification.

And dost thou not, my gentle reader, whoever thou art, in some

measure participate in his guilt, if thou never spendest a thought on the miseries of those who are shut up from their families and friends in the mansions of sorrow, provided in every town for the punishment of the guilty? Would to God I could say of the guilty alone! But I must add, for the destruction of the unfortunate! The beneficent Howard acquired that enthusiasm of philanthropy for which he was so remarkably distinguished, merely by visiting these unfortunate mansions. Nor could any one whose soul was not grown callous in iniquity, have done as he did, without having felt a sensation of the same kind that animated him. It is merely because the miserable objects are not seen, that they are not attended to; and it is because they are not attended to alone, that some method is not adopted for freeing them from the intolerable distresses under which they groan; and that a practice is tolerated in Europe which is the approbrium of those who call themselves a civilized people.

But I have dwelt perhaps too long on this melancholy subject. I therefore relinquish it for the present. O that it were in my power to suggest a means of alleviating this evil; for to prevent it entirely, I fear, is impossible! That the evil may be diminished, is certainly in our power; an attempt to do it deserves to be received with favour. In the hope that it will be so by my readers in general, I shall perhaps venture on an early occasion to suggest some hints calculated for that purpose.

The Bee.]

A.

HUMANITY OF A RUSSIAN GENERAL.

Letter from General *Michael Kamenf-kow*, to the *Tartar Chan*.

May it please your Highness,

IT is not a Russian general who writes you this letter (for he would not make bold to enter into a

correspondence with you without the leave of his Sovereign) but a father who is affected with the misfortune of another father.

I have received intelligence from *Muafia Asham Mahmet*, and *Piari-astar*

after Buluh Gerau Temur Allage, that at the battle which happened near Gangura they were made prisoners, because they wished to defend the son of your Highness, Mahmoud, whom they at that time looked upon as dead.

His corps was fought for here in the snow, and was found, as also a part of his clothes, in which I ordered him to be dressed by the above mentioned prisoners. So I send him to your Highness (though not with the magnificence becoming his high birth) by the Clergymen of the village of Gangura, whose families I retain in prison in the mean time, that he may more safely be delivered.

Attribute this accident alone to the will of the Most High ; it is he who determines the fate of whole kingdoms and of single persons. We, as subjects, can only beseech him for the restoration of peace, to prevent similar cases. Should it be a mistake of the prisoners, and that the corpse (as I sincerely wish) is not your son, I shall not repent of my proceeding ; for when I procure a Mussulman a bu-

rial according to his laws, which could not have here, I fulfil the rights of mankind.

MICHAEL KAMENSKY
Commander in chief of the T-
Division of the Ukrainians
Gangura, Jan. 2, 1789.

THE CHAN'S ANSWER.
Venerable, illustrious, great General.
My son, Mahmoud Gheary, was killed at the battle fought by me and my troops.—Therein confirm the will of God, and this is the will of those who serve their religion and their monarch. You would not believe assurances of the forenamed prisoners, but have sent the body with a guard, accompanied by the clergy of Gangura, with this request, that I should let you know whether it really my son : It is indeed my son, and the good will you have shewn me by sending the same, is particularly affecting to me. I send back herewith the two clergymen, and return you thanks with the tenderest emotions, and with many tears for the great favour you have shewn me.

Some Particulars relative to the Soil, Situation, Productions, &c. of KENTUCKY. Extracted from the Manuscript Journal of a Gentleman recently returned from those Parts.

THE river *Ohio* is, beyond all competition, the most beautiful in the universe, whether we consider it for its meandering course through an immense region of forests, for its clean and elegant banks, which afford innumerable delightful situations for cities, villages and improved farms, or for those many other advantages, which truly intitle it to the name originally given it by the French, of *La Belle Riviere*. After passing a distance of five hundred miles upon those waters, I arrived at *Limestone*, which is the general landing-place for people coming by water from the United States. The

descriptions hitherto given of Kentucky have generally been thought extravagant ; but as nobody has come forward in contradiction to the common reports, we naturally conclude a country must be extraordinary, which every body unites in extolling.

Influenced by this idea, I approached this earthly elysium, (as I supposed it) upon which Nature has been thought to bestow her most peculiar favours, and the seasons have been said to smile without interruption. The first appearance of *Limestone*, however, will be found dissatisfactory to every one that lands from up the river. A number of houses situated on

on a lofty and uneven bank, apparently at the foot of a very high hill, (which, on account of a bend in the river, is not seen till you come within two miles of it) give the stranger notice of his approach to Limestone. As you arrive you are mortified at finding the creek on which the town stands (so very conspicuous in the smallest maps) nothing better than a mere gut, which may nearly be leaped over. In this harbour are seen a few Kentucky boats, generally laying near the mouth, many of which have been broken up to form those straggling houses which are perceived on the bank.—The people of this place never fail to inform you that this is the sag end of Kentucky, and as you are willing to consider it such with them, for want of comfortable accommodation, you are glad to get away from it as fast as possible.

However, as the quality of the land is the great object to emigrants, every one must be pleased with the soil, and was that the only thing requisite to make a country valuable or pleasing, Kentucky would be the most so in the world, as the land is no where excelled. After you are got fairly into Kentucky, the soil assumes a black appearance, rich and light in substance; and should you visit the country in the spring, you will be surprised at finding no leaves under the trees. The reason is, the ground is so rich and damp, that they always rot and disappear with the winter, except where the soil is evidently poor for that country. It then bears the appearance of the better sort of land in Pennsylvania and Jersey, though differing widely in substance, there being no sand to be met with in the soil of Kentucky.

There is a species of flat, or split lime-stone, that pervades all the country, laying at unequal depths. In the rich and black-looking soil, it lays near the surface; and in general the

nearer the stone lays to the surface, the richer the land is found to be. At the same time the stone does not, as I expected, impede the growth of the trees, as they grow every where to an amazing height, except near the salt licks, where the influence of the saline particles seems to check their growth.

Among the many accounts that have been given of Kentucky, none of them have done justice to the timber. Oak and locust on the flat lands are common at five feet diameter. Poplars growing on the beach lands are so common at five and six feet through, as hardly to be noticed. The beach grows to the thickness of four and five feet, and both of the last mentioned to the height of one hundred and twenty, and one hundred and thirty feet. These, and the advantage of pasture in the woods, constitute the great excellence of Kentucky: the disadvantages will, I fear, nearly counterbalance the luxuriance of the soil.

The stories told of the abundance of grass in the woods are in many instances true. You frequently find beds of clover to the horse's knees; sometimes a species of rush-grass, commonly called wild rye, from the similarity of its stalk to the rye so called among us; in other places we meet with large tracts of wild cane, very much esteemed by the wild and tame cattle, it continuing in verdure all the winter. There is also a species of vine called the pea-vine, from its producing a small pod resembling that of a garden pea, of which both horses and cattle are extremely fond. These are scattered generally through the country, according to the different soils, but not to be met with universally. The woods, however, afford abundance of food for cattle, and in consequence of this abundance, the people pay very little attention to making and improving pasture lands.

lands. The milk from this food is thin, and both that and the butter retain a strong taste of weeds. In hot weather their milk will turn sour in two or three hours after milking; but, as the custom of the country is to eat sour milk, this disadvantage is not much regretted.

It is generally the practice with the Kentuckians to turn out their horses with the cattle, and a man is frequently two or three days hunting for a horse he wants only for half an hour. Their cattle have been, and are of necessity exposed during the winter to subsist in the woods; but the consequence is, that many of them die, and all suffer extremely; the common opinion being not well founded, that the climate is more favourable than in the middle states, which is sufficiently evident from the winters here frequently proving as cold as in Pennsylvania or Jersey; with this difference, that the changes are more sudden, and the effects more severely felt.

The houses in Kentucky, some few in the towns excepted, are scarcely deserving of the name; which we shall have the less room to admire at, when we recollect the short interval that has elapsed since the first settlement of the country.

A temporary hut is at first erected, at least as open as a New-England corn-crib, yet in those miserable habitations are seen ladies neatly dressed, who are as yet obliged to reside therein for want of better houses. The taverns are generally wretched, unless one or two in the capital town, *Lexington*; and you are charged extravagantly for the worst fare: should a man go to Kentucky, who could eat neither milk nor bacon, his case would be pitiable: but I do not mean to reflect, on the contrary, I am willing to allow that the buildings of every kind are improving as fast as the circumstances of the country will permit.

The convenience of a spring of water is the first and chief consideration in choosing a spot for a house, and as the roads in general are cut out upon the higher grounds, the country to a traveller appears that it be uninhabited, an endless range of solitary woods preventing the agreeable view of farms and settlements. But upon a general muster-day, the scene is wholly changed. You are then surprized at the number of inhabitants that emerge from the forest to practice in the art militaire.

The great boast of a Kentuckian is the quantity of corn that his land will raise upon an acre: which one hundred and seven bushels is the greatest quantity that I could find ascertained to have been produced. This in the fall, sells for the pence a bushel. The common produce of the soil is from fifty to eighty bushels an acre, in a favourable season. This upon an average, is but three times the quantity we cultivate on an acre in the old states; and this kind must therefore always be low in Kentucky, probably lower than at present, when the country comes to be more opened.

Hitherto there has not been more grain raised than has been consumed by the inhabitants; and the persons emigrating there, together with the trade down the river, may afford a true prospect in theory, to individuals, but will never turn out of any solid advantage to the public of this settlement. The difficulty of returning up the river must render the voyage terrible. To make head against the stream must be done by dint of severe labour and manly strength, and would require exertions which no man would ever wish to make a second time, who was not urged by the inducement of gaining a speedy fortune thereby.

In passing through the country during the summer season, your attention

tion is always drawn to the dry-
 ecks of the creeks and runs. A little
 water is in some places seen standing
 among the flat stones, but so warm
 with the sun that the cattle will
 scarcely drink it. We feel hurt, at
 the sight of a large and beautiful
 country, that will forever labour un-
 der the inconvenience of a want of
 springs and running water, at least
 five months in the year. The light-
 ness of the soil, in wet weather, soon
 makes the roads unpleasant for travel-
 ling, which are as soon dried again
 in fair weather. The rain sinks pre-
 sently below the surface: the brooks
 which were just now flowing with
 water, are in a few hours dry, and
 seized as it were with a general thirst.

At present horse-mills grind a great
 part of the corn and wheat of the
 country, although a comparatively
 small part of the latter is used by the
 inhabitants, who generally give the
 preference to Indian meal baked in a
 pot, or before the fire.

All strangers, upon their arrival
 here, undergo a purgation, which is
 thought to proceed from the lime-
 stone quality imparted to the water
 from the nature of the soil. Gnats
 and flies are very troublesome, parti-
 cularly in the fall, at which season
 they become a perfect torment both
 to man and beast.

Log-houses must be expected to be
 met with every where, boards being
 a very scarce article for want of saw-
 mills; but the materials will in time
 afford beautiful habitations, walnut
 and wild cherry being common ar-
 ticles of building.

A lawyer in travelling through
 Kentucky might well exclaim in the
 language of Virgil,

*Quæ regio in terris nostri non blena
 laboris—*

For of law there is enough, claims
 for land interfering continually, and
 rights so laid one upon another, that

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 12.

scarcely any body knows who is safe.
 The emigration to this part of the
 continent has been amazing, and this
 is the best place in the world for peo-
 ple to remove to with large families,
 where they will find Providence suf-
 ficiently bountiful; or, if the view
 of the emigrant should be to render
 himself and his posterity indepen-
 dent, here is the country that will
 suit his wishes—at the same time, let
 him understand that if he does not
 bring a fortune with him, he will
 find he must at first live low and work
 hard. It will require a long time to
 introduce luxuries into the region
 called Kentucky, in any great plen-
 ty. But if the emigrant should be
 an enthusiast (as many are who come
 to settle here) and looks forward to
 the complete settlement of this terri-
 tory, he will think it the land of pro-
 mise, and point it out to his children
 to be the spot for the millenium of the
 world, where the face of titular dig-
 nity and the pride of courts shall
 never be exhibited; where monarchy
 shall never intrude to trample upon
 the rights of man; but a pure and
 equal republican form of government
 shall gradually introduce the practice
 of those virtues, which are consonant
 to the true nature of our species.

The buffaloes have entirely quitted
 the cultivated parts of Kentucky,
 and the deer have become scarce; of
 wild turkeys, however, there are an
 abundance, nearly as tame as those
 bred in the yard. From their being
 extremely poor in the summer, they
 remain unmolested: in the winter
 they grow very fat, and are reckoned
 delicious food: of other birds there
 is no great variety.

No land appears better adapted to
 the culture of tobacco than that of
 Kentucky, and it is now become
 one of their staples. At present there
 are but few orchards, but as the coun-
 try opens they will find it their in-
 terest to plant them.

Z z z z

The

The flour I have seen made here is generally black, and not so good as might be expected. Possibly it may be the fault of the mills, or it may proceed from the richness of the ground, though it must be confessed the grain itself looks well. As to money, it is scarcely a medium of commerce, except with shop and tavern keepers. Every thing has two prices, the *trade* and the *cash* price. What cash there is soon becomes collected in the shops, and returns for goods; imports selling from one to two hundred per cent. more than the Philadelphia price; notwithstanding which, every one dresses gay, and ex-

cept about the houses, you find the appearance of industry and cleanliness. The general mode of settling with a new emigrant is to build a little log hut—he then sets about girdling, or killing the trees, and when that is done, puts in his corn without delay. Should he, after all this, not feel at home, nor relish his situation, or admire his prospects, his only consolation will be (if it can be called a consolation) that *to the family of a poor man, woman and children, it is a dreadful, I may say, almost an impossible thing to return.*

Philadelphia, Nov. 5, 1791.

[Nat. Gaz.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

Messrs. EDITORS,

AS I look upon your *Repository* to be one of those archives which will hand down to the generations to be, the discoveries, observations, and transactions of the present, I send you the following, perhaps very unimportant, fact; to be either remembered or not remembered as the chance may be.

About a month ago, one of my little people brought me a diminutive egg found in a hen's nest among others of the common size: it was not larger than that of a tame pigeon, but had a shell as hard, and in every respect similar to common hen's eggs. I broke it, and to my surprize found it contain, instead of a yolk, another little egg floating in a liquid resem-

bling the white of common eggs, but rather thinner. It was about as large as a middle sized bullet—and exceeding white—and had a shell more hard and brittle than the egg of small birds. Upon breaking it, I observed it full of a thin fluid, and in place of a yolk, a whitish opaque substance that appeared likely to produce still another egg.

It is by no means uncommon to find in hen's nests very small eggs, especially in autumn, when they generally cease to lay: but whether they ever produce yolks, or, as in this instance, complete embryo eggs, I have neither heard or observed.

Nov. 16, 1791.

R.

[As thro' incredulity, circumstances so extraordinary as the foregoing may be too easily forgot, it were to be wished that the observer was known, that the inquisitive and curious might satisfy themselves in every particular. The Naturalist will also lament, that the whitish opake substance was only submitted to conjecture, and not so examined as to determine with certainty whether it was really an egg complete, or only the yolk diseased. E.]

For

*For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.**The SCRIBBLER.—No. XII.*

IT has with truth been observed, that the amusements which different persons delight in are as various as their several constitutions and dispositions. Of this nothing can be more demonstrative than the diverse estimations in which reading, the study of letters, and the practice of composition, are held. While some take pleasure in each of these amusements, others delight only in one, and many neglect the whole altogether. People of this last class know but little of the value of literature; they live as it were useless to society; they reject the most pleasing gratification of the mind; and they neglect what ought to be a primary object of the human understanding.

There are many, indeed, who are extremely fond of reading and the study of letters; and numbers in our country, and even in our city, have valuable talents at composition; but few apply these talents to proper purposes. The manner in which they are generally used is truly lamentable, and is a reproach upon the characters of the possessors as good citizens of a free republic. While we see some few stepping forth and reaping the laurels of literary fame, others, perhaps of far superior abilities, lie dormant, unknown and disregarded. Such conduct surely deserves to be stigmatized equally with the restless and morose spirit, who is ever finding fault with the behaviour of others, and continually nibbling at characters, worthy or unworthy, and attempting their everlasting ruin and degradation.

These ideas were suggested by reflecting upon an occurrence which took place a few evenings since, the relation of which shall make up the remainder of this paper.

In a polite circle where I happened to be present, some singular sentiments passed that could not possibly escape notice. After the general chit-chat of the day had been bandied about, it was followed by some observations in a witty mood by two or three officious gentlemen, whose peculiar mode of thinking evidently displayed a narrow mind and a pedantic habit. One of these, who certainly thinks himself a great wit and master of much learning, wishing to render himself more conspicuous than the rest, introduced as a subject of conversation, the different periodical publications of this city; and finally ending upon the *New-York Magazine*, undertook to lash it with the satire of his preposterous wit.—As I am generally a silent, though not very close observer, I did not enter into the debate. Certain of being unknown as a writer in that work, and feeling an interest in the result of the conversation, I however listened with a good deal of attention. It is impossible to present the reader with the different arguments that were advanced in the course of a lengthy debate—A few shall be given, and their propriety is submitted to his better judgment.

The petulant introducer of the subject, in proceeding to condemn the work after his own manner, objected in the first place to the small portion of original matter commonly inserted; and then, with an ill-natured remark upon the judgment of the editors, began to pass sentence on a number of the writers; in which he equally displayed his want of discernment with his disposition to censure.—He was answered as to the first argument, that the quantity of original matter was full as great, if not
more

more so, as that contained in any other monthly publication on the continent; and that if it did not equal *some* persons expectations, it was not to be imputed to the neglect of the editors: they were young men who deserved much commendation for their enterprize in beginning and continuing the work without a recompence any way adequate to their labours: they had thus far acquitted themselves with honour, since no one could reasonably complain of the execution of the publication, or of the manner in which it was conducted. The public ought to lend their aid. It was to men of letters the editors of all magazines trusted for original communications; and if those of our citizens who have the ability to write are too indolent to do it—if they are too indifferent to the respectability of their own city to attend to such laudable and important matters—or if they are prevented from it by any other equally trifling and unbecoming cause, they alone are reprehensible; they ought to receive the lash; and they should be upbraided with it till they are convinced of their error, and till they are resolved to perform the duty so much incumbent on them.

As to the other argument, it was confuted with equal ease, and with no small shame to the person advancing it. It was observed, that whatever might be the view in which gentlemen considered the productions of those writers, still they undoubtedly had merit; and these being the only ones worthy of notice that had offered, the editors had no choice, and therefore were highly justifiable in their acceptance, even if they did not possess half the merit to which they are actually entitled. The glaring impropriety of the gentleman's criticisms was fully displayed and animadverted upon by his opponents; and though the former had the great-

est number of advocates, yet the arguments of the latter preponderated, and made profelytes of all who were not ashamed to renounce their opinion when undeceived.

The gentleman being now left almost alone, the scale was turned, and it was pretty unanimously agreed that the magazine was a good one, and that it was by far the best that had ever appeared in this city. There was no doubt, it was observed, that if due encouragement was given, further improvements would be made.—Every appearance was in favour of such a supposition; but, if the public did not patronise it more than they had yet done, they had no right to expect the editors would add to their expence. Indeed, it was matter of surprise, considering the small number of subscribers, that the work had been continued so long; and for this reason, every one who is tenacious of the honour of this state, must admire the public spirit of the publishers, and think himself much indebted to their labours.

It was an extraordinary circumstance, a gentleman remarked, that from among a set of young men from whom much might be expected, so few should appear disposed to write for the public eye. From undoubted information, he said, not above two or three of the students of Columbia College had yet attempted to come forward. What this remissness was owing to he could never discover, but supposed it to proceed from their shameful fondness for the many prevalent vices.—To this he was answered by one who was a student himself, that young men under a college education should never publish their compositions, and that they should not even attempt to write for public inspection. The assertion made the company stare, and I confess I was never more surprised in my life. Upon some interrogations, the gentleman

gentleman who made it, declared it to be the opinion of many of the students, and endeavoured to support it upon principles that shall here be termed *false reasoning*.

A fresh debate now ensued, which terminated in a resolve to abide by the decision of those who had not spoken upon the subject. There was but one person besides myself of this description, and we did not hesitate a moment to declare, that a young man ought to submit his performances to the public judgment, as the only criterion whereby their merit was to be ascertained. This was supported upon the idea, that the mere approbation of the public would do more towards encouraging genius, than all the private commendations in the world. The public smile, like the public frown, carries with it an indelible mark; and when this smile is bestowed upon an anonymous author, he need never be ashamed openly to avow himself. Besides, when a writer knows his productions are to be inspected by the public, he will be more careful than otherwise he would be; and hence, by conti-

nued practice, he will make vast improvement, as well in the elegance of his style, as in the correctness of his composition.

The arguments in favour of the New-York Magazine had such an effect as to bring over even the perverse gentleman who first objected to it. His strenuous endeavours to condemn it were rendered futile, and he now plainly saw their insufficiency. This proselyte completed the object contended for. All agreed in the prevalent opinion. The students (for there were more than one) determined, that to publish their pieces was both necessary and useful; and the critics no longer saw reason to attempt to depreciate the merits of the magazine, or to reprehend the judgment of the editors. In short, harmony prevailed—it grew late—the company agreed to separate, and determined at parting, that to encourage the publication, to use their influence to promote its circulation, and to exert themselves for its assistance, was no more than their duty as good citizens of a free state, as human beings, and as rational creatures. S.

Of the TRAIN of THOUGHT in the MIND.

By Dr. REID.

EVERY man is conscious of a succession of thoughts which pass in his mind while he is awake, even when they are not excited by external objects.

The mind on this account may be compared to liquor in the state of fermentation. When it is not in this state, being once at rest, it remains at rest until it is moved by some external impulse. But, in the state of fermentation, it has some cause of motion in itself, which, even when there is no impulse from without, suffers it not to be at rest a moment, but produces a constant motion and

ebullition while it continues to ferment.

There is surely no similitude between motion and thought; but there is an analogy, so obvious to all men, that the same words are often applied to both; and many modifications of thought have no name but such as is borrowed from the modifications of motion. Many thoughts are excited by the senses. The causes or occasions of these may be considered as external: But when such external causes do not operate upon us, we continue to think from some internal cause. From the constitution of the mind

mind itself there is a constant ebullition of thought, a constant intestine motion; not only of thoughts barely speculative, but of sentiments, passions, and affections, which attend them.

This continued succession of thought has, by modern philosophers, been called the *imagination*. I think it was formerly called the *fancy*, or the *phantasy*. If the old name be laid aside, it were to be wished that it had got a name less ambiguous than that of imagination; a name which had two or three meanings besides.

It is often called the *train of ideas*. This may lead one to think that it is a train of bare conceptions; but this would surely be a mistake. It is made up of many other operations of mind, as well as of conceptions or ideas.

Memory, judgment, reasoning, passions, affections, and purposes; in a word, every operation of the mind, excepting those of sense, is exerted occasionally in this train of thought, and has its share as an ingredient; so that we must take the word idea in a very extensive sense, if we make the train of our thoughts to be only a train of ideas.

To pass from the name and consider the thing, we may observe, that the trains of thought in the mind are of two kinds; they are either such as flow spontaneously, like water from a fountain, without any exertion of a governing principle to arrange them; or they are regulated and directed by an active effort of the mind, with some view and intention.

Before we consider these in their order, it is proper to premise, that these two kinds, however distinct in their nature, are for the most part mixed, in persons awake and come to years of understanding.

On the one hand, we are rarely so vacant of all project and design, as

to let our thoughts take their own course, without the least check or reflection: Or if at any time we thus be in this state, some object will present itself, which is too interesting not to engage the attention, and rouse the active or contemplative powers that were at rest.

On the other hand, when a man is giving the most intense application to any speculation, or to any scheme of conduct, when he wills to exclude every thought that is foreign to his present purpose, such thoughts will often impertinently intrude upon him, in spite of his endeavours to the contrary, and occupy, by a kind of violence, some part of the time destined to another purpose. One man may have the command of his thoughts more than another man, and the same man more at one time than at another: But I apprehend, in the best trained mind, the thoughts will sometimes be restive, sometimes capricious and self-willed, when we wish to have them most under command.

It has been observed very justly, that we must not ascribe to the mind the power of calling upon any thought at pleasure, because such a call or volition supposes that thought to be already in the mind; for otherwise, how should it be the object of volition? As this must be granted on the one hand, so it is no less certain on the other, that a man has a considerable power in regulating and disposing his own thoughts. Of this every man is conscious; and I can no more doubt of it, than I can doubt whether I think at all.

We seem to treat the thoughts that present themselves to the fancy in crowds, as a great man treats those that attend his levee. They are all ambitious of his attention; he goes round the circle, bestowing a bow upon one, a smile upon another; asks a short question of a third; while

while a fourth is honoured with a particular conference; and the greater part have no particular mark of attention, but go as they came. It is true, he can give no mark of his attention to those who were not there, but he has a sufficient number for making a choice and distinction.

In like manner, a number of thoughts present themselves to the fancy spontaneously; but if we pay no attention to them, nor hold any conference with them, they pass with the crowd, and are immediately forgot as if they had never appeared. But those to which we think proper to pay attention, may be stopped, examined, and arranged, for any particular purpose we have in view.

It may likewise be observed, that a train of thought, which was at first composed by application and judgment, when it has been often repeated, and becomes familiar, will present itself spontaneously. Thus, when a man has composed an air in music so as to please his own ear; after he has played or sung it often, the notes will arrange themselves in just order; and it requires no effort to regulate their succession.

Thus we see that the fancy is made up of trains of thinking; some of which are spontaneous, others studied and regulated; and the greater part are mixed of both kinds, and take their denomination from that which is most prevalent: and that a train of thought, which at first was studied and composed, may by habit present itself spontaneously. Having premised these things, let us return to those trains of thought which are spontaneous, which must be first in the order of nature.

When the work of the day is over, and a man lies down to relax his body and mind, he cannot cease from thinking, though he desire it. Something occurs to his fancy; that is followed by another thing; and so

his thoughts are carried on from one object to another until sleep closes the scene.

In this operation of the mind, it is not one faculty only that is employed; there are many that join together in its production. Sometimes the transactions of the day are brought upon the stage, and acted over again as it were upon this theatre of the imagination. In this case, memory surely acts the most considerable part, since the scenes exhibited are not fictions, but realities which we remember: yet in this case the memory does not act alone; other powers are employed, and attend upon their proper objects. The transactions remembered will be more or less interesting; and we cannot then review our own conduct, nor that of others, without passing some judgment upon it. This we approve, that we disapprove. This elevates, that humbles and depresses us. Persons that are not absolutely indifferent to us, can hardly appear even to the imagination, without some friendly or unfriendly emotion. We judge and reason about things, as well as persons, in such reveries. We remember what a man said and did; from this we pass to his designs and to his general character, and frame some hypothesis to make the whole consistent. Such trains of thought we may call historical.

There are others which we may call romantic, in which the plot is formed by the creative power of fancy, without any regard to what did or will happen. In these also the powers of judgment, taste, moral sentiment, as well as the passions and affections, come in and take a share in the execution.

In these scenes, the man himself commonly acts a very distinguished part, and seldom does any thing which he cannot approve. Here the miser will be generous, the coward brave,

brave, and the knave honest. Mr. Addison, in the *Spectator*, calls this play of the fancy, *castle-building*.

The young politician, who has turned his thoughts to the affairs of government, becomes in his imagination a minister of state. He examines every spring and wheel of the machine of government with the nicest eye, and the most exact judgment. He finds a proper remedy for every disorder of the commonwealth, quickens trade and manufactures by salutary laws, encourages arts and sciences, and makes the nation happy at home and respected abroad. He feels the reward of his good administration in that self-approbation which attends it, and is happy in acquiring, by his wife and patriotic conduct, the blessings of the present age, and the praises of those that are to come.

It is probable, that, upon the stage of imagination, more great exploits have been performed in every age, than have been upon the stage of life from the beginning of the world. An innate desire of self-approbation is undoubtedly a part of the human constitution. It is a powerful spur to worthy conduct, and is intended as such by the Author of our being. A man cannot be easy or happy, unless this desire be in some measure gratified. While he conceives himself worthless and base, he can relish no enjoyment. The humiliating, mortifying sentiment must be removed, and this natural desire of self-approbation will either produce a noble effort to acquire real worth, which is its proper direction, or it will lead into some of those arts of self-deceit, which create a false opinion of worth.

A castle-builder, in the fictitious scenes of his fancy, will figure, not according to his real character, but according to the highest opinion he has been able to form of himself, and

perhaps far beyond that opinion. In those imaginary conflicts the passions easily yield to reason; and man exerts the noblest efforts of virtue and magnanimity, with the ease as, in his dreams, he flies in the air, or plunges to the bottom of the ocean.

The romantic scenes of fancy are most commonly the occupation of young minds, not yet so deeply engaged in life as to have their thoughts taken up by its real cares and business.

Those active powers of the mind which are most luxuriant by constitution, or have been most cherished by education, impatient to employ themselves, hurry the thought into scenes that give them play; and the boy commences in imagination, according to the bent of his mind, a general or a statesman, a poet and an orator.

When the fair ones become castle-builders, they use different materials; and while the young soldier is hurried into the field of Mars, where he pierces the thickest squadrons of the enemy, despising death in all its forms, the gay and lovely woman whose heart has never felt the warm passion, is transported into a brilliant assembly, where she draws the attention of every eye, and makes an impression on the noblest heart.

But no sooner has Cupid's arrow found its way into her own heart, than the whole scenery of her imagination is changed. Balls and assemblies have now no charms. Woods and groves, the flowery bank, and the chrysal fountain, are the scenes she frequents in imagination. She becomes an Arcadian shepherdess feeding her flock beside that of her Strephon, and wants no more to complete her happiness.

In a few years the love-sick maid is transformed into the solicitous mother. Her smiling offspring play around

round her: She views them with a parent's eye. Her imagination immediately raises them to manhood, and brings them forth upon the stage of life. One son makes a figure in the army, another shines at the bar; her daughters are happily disposed of in marriage, and bring new alliances to the family. Her children's children rise up before her, and venerate her gray hairs.

Thus the spontaneous sallies of fancy are as various as the cares and fears, the desires and hopes, of man.

*Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor,
ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus:*

These fill up the scenes of fancy, as well as the page of the satyrist. Whatever possesses the heart makes occasional excursions into the imagination, and acts such scenes upon that theatre as are agreeable to the prevailing passion. The man of traffic, who has committed a rich cargo to the inconstant ocean, follows it in his thought; and, according as his hopes or his fears prevail, he is haunted with storms, and rocks, and shipwreck: or he makes a happy and a lucrative voyage; and before his vessel has lost sight of land, he has disposed of the profit which she is to bring at her return.

The poet is carried into the Elysian fields, where he converses with the ghosts of Homer and Orpheus. The philosopher makes a tour thro'

the planetary system, or goes down to the centre of the earth, and examines its various strata. In the devout man likewise, the great objects that possess his heart often play in his imagination; sometimes he is transported to the regions of the blessed, from whence he looks down with pity upon the folly and the pagantry of human life; or he prostrates himself before the throne of the Most High with devout veneration; or he converses with celestial spirits about the natural and moral kingdom of God, which he now sees only by a faint light, but hopes hereafter to view with a steadier and brighter ray.

In persons come to maturity, there is, even in these spontaneous sallies of fancy, some arrangement of thought; and I conceive that it will be readily allowed, that in those who have the greatest stock of knowledge, and the best natural parts, even the spontaneous movements of fancy will be the most regular and connected. They have an order, connection, and unity, by which they are no less distinguished from the dreams of one asleep, or the ravings of one delirious, on the one hand, than from the finished productions of art on the other.

How is this regular arrangement brought about? It has all the marks of judgment and reason; yet it seems to go before judgment, and to spring forth spontaneously. [Ed. Mag.]

RIGHTS of WOMEN.

From the ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE.

—PSHAW, says I, Mr. Baldwin—rights of a fiddlestick!—rights of *men*, indeed! I should not have thought of the *he* creatures talking so much about their rights, while the *rights of women* lie neglected—This indeed would be a subject, were
New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 12.

not, as my friend Mr. Burke says, the "age of chivalry gone!"

Have not *we* RIGHTS, Mr. Baldwin, rights indisputable, natural, abstract, and social, and civil, and municipal? Are not "all women equal?" Have they not a *natural* right to the
A a a a privilege

privilege of speech, and have they ever basely bartered that right? Have they not the *abstract* right of visiting from home when they please? And what did they do when even *Monsters* were employed to deprive them of this right? Did they stay at home, mending stockings, darning gloves, making holes for sleeve-buttons, and quilting counterpanes?—No—Sir—they visited ten times more!

Have they not the *social* right of preference in all societies? Do they not take precedence of every thing in breeches, every proud he-creature that calls himself a lord of the creation? Have they not the highest right of all—the right of governing their husbands? Who dare deny this? A right, Sir, for which they paid no small price; for, to obtain it, and to have leisure and time to exercise it, they gave up another right—the right of governing themselves!

Among their *civil* rights, are we

not to reckon the right of *scolding*, crying, falling into fits, going to *watering* places and running up *hills*? Shall the haughty aristocracy of *men* deny us these rights!

No—Mr. Baldwin—no—Perish the ignoble thought—Women, Sir, *have* rights—and the time will come when the answerers of Burke (I am told they are all *bachelors* or *old maids*) shall be ashamed of themselves—*to* view us with the gallant eyes of a Burke, “just rising above the horizon.”

But I beg pardon, Mr. Baldwin—I trouble you with this only because my brother Sam will not write on the subject—*forsooth* he says we have more rights than we know what to do with—Well—we are but like others of the liberty-men of this country who don't know when they are well off.

Your's, Mr. Baldwin,

JENNY SARCAASM.

For the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

An Extract from Hints candidly offered, concerning Churchman's Magnet Atlas, &c. addressed to the Author, by Baron Vall-Travers, a learned Member of several Scientific Societies in Europe.

MY late Rev. friend and fellow member of the Royal Society, Dr. Bradley, whose excellent astronomical and philosophical lectures I attended with infinite satisfaction, through three courses at Oxford, used to account for the declination of the needle by a very ingenious conjecture, borrowed partly from Dr. Halley, who supposed an interior detached globe, moving within our terrestrial globe, in a direction and degree of velocity peculiar to itself, round its own axis, forming a certain angle with that of the earth, the magnetism of which being the natural effect of its peculiar centripetal and centrifugal force, attraction and repulsion, crossing that of our exterior globe. Some experiments he made

corroborated his opinion, as well as the ring round Saturn.

Your intended expedition to Baffin's Bay is much to be wished for, as it may either confirm or rectify, and complete, the observations made in Hudson's Bay in nine voyages by Capt. Middleton, from 1721 to 1729, to observe the effects and causes of magnetic variations in the needle.

The Hudson's Bay Company in England, who enjoys by charter, with great profit and jealousy, an exclusive trade and navigation to those north-western polar regions, would hardly refuse their consent to your offers, when solicited by the Royal Society in London. Even his British Majesty, who has already done so much for useful discoveries, more

more than any monarch ever did, would willingly patronise your laudable enterprise, and perhaps appoint an expedition on purpose, to second your enquiries. Lord Frederick H. Cavendish, Lord Mulgrave, Sir Joseph Banks, the Hon. Judge Daines Barrington, Rev. Dr. Maskelyne, Dr. Priestley, and Mr. Herschel, the King's private astronomer, all warm promoters of such investigations, would, I make no doubt, unite their powerful countenance in your behalf.

Your intended annual Magnetic Almanack will, in all probability, be a most valuable new gift, not only to every seaman, but to every natural philosopher; and may lead to collect such supplies of new datas, from rectified and multiplied observations, as may, in time, bring your doctrine still nearer to truth, so as to derive the singular advantages therefrom you have in view.

My immortal old friend and fellow labourer in the fields of truth and beneficence, Dr. B. FRANKLIN, has certainly left a complete set of philosophical transactions, both at large and abridged; the perusal of which must undoubtedly have been accessible to his academy and to yourself. You could never apply to a better judge, nor more ready to assist you in your labours. If he were alive, I would direct this whole packet to

him, and recommend it to his kind notice. Being now removed to a still better existence, I take the liberty to address it to your truly great patron, whose name is an ornament, not only to your ingenious chart, but to all America, nay, to humanity in general.

Should you ever succeed, what I sincerely wish, in bringing your attempts towards a regular system of the respective movements of our earth, and those of your two magnetic points, to correspond with a sufficient number and length of observations and facts, I know a very ingenious artist, (Mr. Jaquet Droz, of Neufchatel, in Switzerland, famous for his astronomical clocks, orreries, and other curious mechanical inventions) who could easily construct a double globe, one within another, and impart to each their separate diurnal and annual motions, making their respective intersecting meridians, &c. to appear through a transparent chryselline terraqueous globe, to be wound up but once a month or half yearly. Such a pair of chryselline globes, both the celestial and terrestrial, has been very nicely executed, many years ago, by one Rudinger, and stands deposited in the public library at Bern, in Switzerland. They measure about eighteen inches in diameter.

On COMPULSORY LAWS respecting MARRIAGE.

*Wealth and power, what are you worth,
To pleasure if you give not birth?*

COBB.

HEAVEN bestowed upon man the finer feelings of the soul, with a view to augment his happiness, and to render his situation in life the more pleasant: yet, in consequence of those erroneous notions which refinements in society engender, these very feelings are the cause of the greatest distresses to which hu-

man nature is subjected. To such a weak and fallible creature as man, the sympathetic endearments arising from reciprocal affections are necessary, before his mind can experience the highest degree of gratification of which it is susceptible. In times of distress, he seeks for some sympathetic bosom that shall take pleasure in administering

ministering the balm of comfort ; and when the heart exults with joy, it feels a dreary want until it can find some one who will participate with him in that peculiar bliss. Every emotion of the heart proves that man was not made to be alone ; and that if ever he hopes to attain to happiness, it can never be found in solitude, far less in the company of those whose dispositions, desires, and modes of thinking, are not of a nature congenial to his own.

These are truths that will be readily admitted by every one who is young and unhackneyed in the ways of men ; but as age approaches, these sympathetic afflictions seem to subside : the pleasures of social intercourse diminish ; and the love of wealth and power acquire dominion in their stead. Aged persons in general, greedy of power, and callous to the impulses of kindness, imagine that wealth or grandeur alone are sufficient to gratify every desire of the soul. Forgetting their own rule for judging while young, they wish to deprive others of the same privilege they valued once so highly themselves ; and thus are led to dictate with the most inflexible authority to their children as to the choice of a companion for life ; the most momentous transaction in which any man can ever be engaged.

Nor is this propensity confined to one country, or to one set of people on the globe ; but it extends its influence, in a greater or lesser degree, to all nations that can assume to themselves the proud name of *civilized*. Among such people, laws have ever been contrived, which, by a stern inflexibility, overpower the voice of nature, and make man submit to her imperious decrees. The following affecting story evinces the truth of these remarks—Would to God it were in the regions of despotism alone that such transactions were to be found !

But in despotic and in free governments, the same cruel principle will be found to prevail. Even in Britain, which boasts of the happiness her people are permitted to enjoy, the same tyrannical law in this respect prevails, as in that despotic state, where the transaction I am about to relate took place. What follows is a literal translation of a letter from Rome, which appeared as an article of intelligence in the *Mercurio di Espana* for the month of December, 1786.

“ In this capital (Rome) we have just now witnessed an event, which has drawn tears from every body here. It is five years since a young gentleman of the family Amedei, married an amiable and virtuous young woman he loved, but whose birth was not equal to his. At the end of one year, they had a daughter as the fruit of their love ; but this tender union was in a short time cruelly disturbed by the parents and relations of the gentleman, who exclaimed against his marriage as clandestine, and obtained against the unhappy young man an order of the Pope, by virtue of which they tore him from the arms of his spouse, and conducted him a prisoner to the castle of St. Angelo. A process was immediately instituted for annulling the marriage. The gentleman tried every means possible to prove that his marriage was valid, and to make it be ratified : his wife also went with her daughter in her arms, and threw herself at the feet of her judges ; but in vain. A sentence was at last pronounced, annulling the marriage, obliging the mother, that inconsolable wife, to write to her husband with her own hand, the fatal news of their eternal separation. Oppressed with the most cruel despair, she thus wrote to him : “ I find myself under the cruel necessity of renouncing those sweet and sacred bands, which till
now

ow have held our hearts firmly united; but I resign myself with its repugnance, from the consideration that it will be the means of terminating that long and cruel captivity which you have suffered for my sake. Live free, dear husband, (this alas! is the last time that my lips will pronounce so sweet a name): O live! take comfort; and, if it be possible, live happy, far from me. Since you love the mother, remember the daughter which she has given to you, and take care of her when you know

that I no longer exist; for the grief which this separation causes to me is so bitter, so penetrating, and absorbs in such a manner the faculties of my soul, that I want strength to resist it. Very soon I shall cease to live; may my death satiate the inhumanity of our cruel persecutors! God bless you! Farewell! Farewell!—for ever!" Four days afterwards, that unhappy and tender wife died in horrible convulsions: and her death set the gentleman at liberty, whose despair has not yet been calmed.

DESCRIPTION of MOUNT VESUVIUS.

By the President DUPATY.

I HAVE written these few lines on the summit of Vesuvius, by the light of an eruption.

They are a sort of medal I have struck, to authenticate my journey; to remind such of my children as may one day come to view the same wonderful conflagration, of this moment of their father's life, and to embellish in their eyes, with this reflection, so magnificent a picture.

On my arrival about six in the evening at Resina, a little village beyond Portici, I left the carriage that had brought me, and mounted on a mule, while three sturdy fellows accompanied me, provided with a number of torches.

I began by ascending between two fields covered with poplars, mulberry and fig-trees, interwoven with pliant and flourishing vines, which sometimes support themselves by, and hang suspended from those trees, at others mount up, and bear themselves by their own vigour in the air.

As I passed on, the house of Pergolese was pointed out to me, whither he retired to soothe that melancholy at once so happy and so fatal, to which, at the age of twenty-seven, he owed his immortal *Stabat*, and his death.

After traversing, for an hour, a number of beautiful orchards, I arrived at an immense lava.

Vesuvius vomited it forth, in an eruption, about sixty years ago.

All Naples trembled; but after threatening that city for a moment, it stopped its progress.

Though stopped and extinguished, it has still a menacing and fearful appearance.

The borders of this lava, like the banks of the Seine, are clad with turf and flowers, and shaded here and there with young shrubs, which are constantly bedewed, if I may so say, and nourished by fertile ashes.

After pursuing for some time a very rugged path, I found myself on frightful rocks, in the middle of moving cinders.

There the earth is no longer trodden by the feet of animals; but those of man, who has discovered almost all the boundaries of Nature, and often over-stepped them, still venture thither..

I was obliged to climb with the utmost difficulty through heaps of scorix, which crumbled beneath my feet.

I paused a moment to look around. Before me, the shades of the night and

and clouds thickening with the smoke of the volcano, were floating around the mountain; behind me, the sun sinking beyond the hills was illuminating with his expiring rays, the coast of Paussippo, Naples, and the sea; whilst the moon was rising over the island of Caprea; so that I beheld at the same instant the waves of the sea sparkling with the reflection of the sun, the moon, and Mount Vesuvius. How glorious a picture!

After contemplating this obscurity and that splendour, these horrible, sterile, and abandoned scenes, and that face of Nature so gay, animated and teeming, the empire of death and that of life, I threw myself amongst the clouds, and continued to ascend. —At length I reached the Crater.

This then is that formidable volcano which has been burning for so many ages, which has overwhelmed so many cities, which has consumed nations, which every hour menaces that vast country, and that luxurious Naples, where at this moment they are laughing, dancing and singing, and not so much as thinking of its ravages. What a light shines around this Crater! What a burning furnace in the midst! But the horrible abyss thunders, and already, with a tremendous crash, vomits into the air, through a thick cloud of cinders, an immense sheet of fire. Millions of sparks and thousands of stones which are distinguished by the blackness of their colour, hiss with the rapidity of their explosion, fall, and return back into the rumbling gulph, or roll upon the mountain: there is one just fallen only a hundred paces from me. On a sudden the abyss closes; and then, as suddenly, again opening its yawning mouth, vomits forth another fiery torrent: in the mean while, the lava rises to the edges of the Crater; it swells, it boils, runs over, and ploughs up, in long streams of fire, the black sides of the mountain.

I was really in ecstacy viewing at once this desert! height! this night, and the volcano actually burning before my eyes.

I could have wished to pass the night beside these fires, and see the sun, at his return, extinguish them with the splendour of his dazzling rays.

But the wind, which blew with impetuosity, had already frozen me, and I descended with regret. Had some pains to take the last look at such a scene!

Adieu, Vesuvius; adieu, thou lava, and ye flames which illuminate and crown this profound abyss! Adieu, thou mountain, at once so formidable and so little dreaded! If thou art one day to drown beneath thy ashes these castles, those villages, and yonder city, let it not at least be at the moment when my children shall be there.

My guides had lighted their torches. I descended, or rather rolled, sinking half-leg deep in ashes: I rolled so fast (for it is impossible to do otherwise) that I only employed but an hour in coming down a space which had cost me three hours in climbing. One of my shoes, torn into a thousand pieces, fell off when I was half way; the other I was obliged to leave at the place where I had quitted the mules.

In descending, I met with some Englishmen who were going up to the Crater: we stopped and talked of Vesuvius, and for a moment interrupted by the light of our torches, the night which extended over that river of lava, and disturbed with our voices the deep silence which reigned all around.

We bid each other adieu; I pursued my way, and at length arrived, greatly fatigued, at Portici; I instantly lay down and had a most profound sleep.

But at six in the morning I awoke with

with the summit of Vesuvius, its crater, its conflagration, and its lava, present to my imagination. My soul shuddered with all the emotions it had experienced the night before. The eruption of Vesuvius is one

of those spectacles, that neither the pencil nor language ever can describe, and which Nature seems to have reserved only for the admiration of man, like the rising of the sun, and the immensity of the ocean.

Account of the first known Eruption of MOUNT VESUVIUS, and of the Death of the elder PLINY in visiting it.—From DUPATY's Travels.

IN my last letter but one to your mother, my dear Charles, I mentioned the death of the elder Pliny, that is to say, the first *Buffon*. I imagine this may have awakened your attention and curiosity, but without enabling you completely to gratify either. Were you a little more advanced in the study of the Latin language, I would invite you to gratify them yourself, by reading two letters of Pliny the younger, to Tacitus, on that fatal event. But as a translation of these, my dear boy, would be beyond your powers, it is my duty to attempt one for you.

The following then is an abridgement of Pliny's narrative.

But first endeavour to impress your mind, my dear Charles, with a just sense of the value of a letter in which the panegyrist of Trajan, relates to the historian Tacitus, the death of the great philosopher Pliny, who fell a victim at the beginning of the reign of Titus, to the first eruption of Vesuvius*.

'You ask of me the particulars of my uncle's death, in order to transmit it, you say, with all its circumstances, to posterity. I thank you for your intention. Undoubtedly the eternal remembrance of a calamity, by which my uncle perished with nations, promised immortality to his name; undoubtedly his works also flattered him with the same. But a line of Tacitus ensures it.—Happy the man to whom the gods have granted to perform things wor-

thy of being written, or to write what is worthy of being read. Happier still is he who at once obtains from them both these favours. Such was my uncle's good fortune. I willingly therefore obey your orders, which I should have solicited. My uncle was at Misenum, where he commanded the fleet.

'On the 23d of August, at one in the afternoon, as he was on his bed, employed in studying, after having, according to his custom, slept a moment in the sun and drank a glass of cold water, my mother went up into his chamber. She informed him that a cloud of an extraordinary shape and magnitude was rising in the heavens. My uncle got up and examined the prodigy; but without being able to distinguish, on account of the distance, that this cloud proceeded from Vesuvius. It resembled a large pine-tree: it had its top, and its branches. No doubt a wind proceeding from the subterraneous cavities of the mountain, drove it violently forward and supported it in the air. It appeared sometimes white, sometimes black, and at intervals of various colours, according as it was more or less loaded with stones or cinders.

'My uncle was astonished; he thought such a phenomenon worthy of a nearer examination. He ordered a galley to be immediately made ready, and invited me to follow him, but I rather chose to stay at home and continue my studies.

'My

* *The first known eruption.*

‘ My uncle therefore departed alone, and embarked with his tablets in his hand.

‘ In the interim I continued at my studies. I went to the bath; I laid down, but I could not sleep. The earthquake, which for several days had repeatedly shaken all the small towns, and even cities in the neighbourhood, was increasing every moment. I rose to go and awake my mother, and met her hastily entering my apartment to awaken me.

‘ We descended into the court, and sat down there. Not to lose time, I sent for my Livy. I read, meditated, and made extracts, as I would have done in my chamber. Was this firmness or was it imprudence? I know not now; but I was then very young! At the same instant one of my uncle’s friends, just arrived from Spain, came to visit him. He reproached my mother with her security, and me, with my audacity. I did not so much as lift my eyes from my book. The houses however were shaking in so violent a manner, that we resolved to quit Misenum. The people followed us in consternation; for fear sometimes imitates prudence.

‘ As soon as we had got out of the town we slept. Here we found new prodigies and new terrors. The shore, which was continually extending itself, and covered with fishes left dry on it, was heaving every moment, and repelling to a great distance the enraged sea which fell back upon itself; whilst before us, from the limits of the horizon, advanced a black cloud loaded with dull fires, which were incessantly rending it, and darting forth large flashes of lightning.

‘ The friend of my uncle now recommenced his importunities. Save yourselves, said he, it is your uncle’s

will, if he be living, and his will if he be dead.—We know not the fate of my uncle, replied we, shall we be concerned about our own!—At these words the Spaniard took his leave.

‘ At the same moment the cloud descended and enveloped all the sea, it was impossible any longer to discern either the tide of Capri or the promontory of Misenum. Save yourself, my dear son, cried my mother; save yourself—it is my duty, for you can, and you are young: but as for me, bulky as I am, and enfeebled with years, provided I am not the cause of death, I die contented.—Mother there is no safety for me but with you.—I took my mother by the hand, and drew her along.—O my son, said she in tears, I delay: flight.

‘ Already the ashes began to fall. I turned my head; a thick cloud was rushing precipitately towards us.—Mother, said I, let us take the high road; the crowd will protect us in that darkness which is pursuing us. Scarcely had we left the high road before it was night, the blackest night. Then nothing was to be heard but the lamentations of women, the groans of children, and the cries of men. We could distinguish through the confused fog, and the various accents of grief, the words, *my father!*—*my son!*—*my wife!* There was no knowing each other but by the voice. One was lamenting his destiny; another the fate of his relations; some were imploring the gods; others denying their existence; many were invoking death to defend them from death.—Some said that they were now about to be buried with the world, in that concluding night which was to be eternal:—and amidst all this, what dreadful reports! What imaginary

* *He was then only eighteen.*

inary terrors! Fear exaggerated and believed every thing.

In the mean time a glimmering penetrated the darkness; this was the conflagration which was approaching; but it stopped and extinguished; the night grew more intensely dark, and the shower of cinders and stones more thick and heavy. We were obliged to rise from time to time to shake our clothes. Shall I say it? In the midst of this scene of horror, not a single complaint escaped me. I consoled myself amid the fears of death, with the reflection that the world was about to expire with me.

At length this thick and black vapour gradually dispersed and vanished. The day revived, and even the sun appeared, but dull and yellowish, such as he usually shews himself in an eclipse. What a spectacle now offered itself to our yet troubled and uncertain eyes!—The whole country was buried beneath the ashes, as in winter under the snow. The road was no longer to be discerned. We sought for Misenum, and again found it; we returned and took possession; for we had in some measure abandoned it. Soon after we received news of my uncle. Alas! we had but too good reason to be uneasy for him.

I have told you, that after quitting Misenum, he went on board a galley. He directed his course towards Retina, and the other towns which were threatened. Every one was flying from it; he however entered it, and, amidst the general confusion, attentively observed the cloud; remarked all the phenomena, and dictated as he observed. But already a cloud of thick and burning ashes beat down on his galley; already were stones falling all around, and the shore covered with large pieces of the mountain. My uncle hesitated whether he

should return from whence he came, or put out to sea. *Fortune favours courage*, (exclaimed he)—*Let us turn towards Pomponianus*. Pomponianus was at Stabizæ. My uncle found him all trembling; embraced and encouraged him, and to comfort him by his security, asked for a bath, then sat down to table and supped cheerfully; or, at least, which does not shew less fortitude, with all the appearances of cheerfulness.

In the mean time Vesuvius was taking fire on every side, amid the thick darkness. It is the villages which have been abandoned that are burning, said my uncle to the crowd about him, to endeavour to quiet them. He then went to bed, and fell asleep. He was in the profoundest sleep, when the court of the house began to fill with cinders; and all the passages were nearly closed up. They run to him, and were obliged to awake him. He rises, joins Pomponianus, and deliberates with him and his attendants, what is best to be done, whether it would be safest to remain in the house or fly into the country. If they remain, how might it be possible to escape from the earth which is opening beneath their feet; and if they fly, from the stones which are falling every where?—They chose the latter measure; the multitude following the dictates of fear, my uncle convinced by reason.

They departed instantly therefore from the town, and the only precaution they could take was to cover their heads with pillows. The day was reviving every where else; but there it continued night, horrible night! the fire from the cloud alone enlightened it. My uncle wished to gain the shore, notwithstanding the sea was still tremendous. He descended, drank some water, had a sheet spread, and lay down on it.

B b b b b

On

‘ On a sudden, violent flames, preceded by a sulphureous odour, shot forth with a prodigious brightness, and made every one take to flight. My uncle, supported by two slaves, arose; but suddenly, suffocated by the vapour, he fell—and Pliny was no more’

It is a remarkable circumstance, my son, that some naturalists walking amid the flowers, on the summit of Vesuvius, the very day before this

eruption, were discussing whether this mountain was a volcano.

What a narrative, my dear Charles it displays to you at once, the known eruption of Vesuvius, one of the most lamentable scenes, one of the most deplorable deaths, one of the most intrepid instances of a passion for knowledge, one of the fine wits of antiquity; and it might still further teach you what is the tenderness of a mother, might you not learn that from your own.

A DESCRIPTION of the FEDERATION in FRANCE.

By HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

I Promised to send you a description of the federation: but it is not to be described! One must have been present, to form any judgment of a scene, the sublimity of which depended much less on its external magnificence than on the effect it produced on the minds of the spectators. ‘The people, sure, the people were the sight!’ I may tell you of pavilions, of triumphal arches, of altars on which incense was burnt, of two hundred thousand men walking in procession; but how am I to give you an adequate idea of the behaviour of the spectators? How am I to paint the impetuous feeling of that immense, that exulting multitude? Half a million of people assembled at a spectacle, which furnished every image that can elevate the mind of man; which connected the enthusiasm of moral sentiment with the solemn pomp of religious ceremonies; which addressed itself at once to the imagination, the understanding, and the heart!

The Champ de Mars was formed into an immense amphitheatre, round which were crested forty rows of seats, raised one above another with earth, on which wooden forms were

placed. Twenty days labour, animated by the enthusiasm of the people, accomplished what seemed to require the toil of years. Already in the Champ de Mars the distinctions of rank were forgotten; and, inspired by the same spirit, the highest and lowest orders of citizens gloried in taking up the spade, and assisting the persons employed in a work on which the common welfare of the state depended. Ladies took the instruments of labour in their hands, and removed a little of the earth, that they might be able to boast that they also had assisted in the preparations at the Champ de Mars; and a number of old soldiers were seen voluntarily bestowing on their country the last remains of their strength. A young Abbé of my acquaintance told me, that the people beat a drum at the door of the convent where he lived, and obliged the Superior to let all the Monks come out and work in the Champ de Mars. The Superior with great reluctance acquiesced, ‘Quant à moi,’ said the young Abbé, ‘je ne demandois pas mieux*.’

At the upper end of the amphitheatre a pavilion was built for the reception of the King, the Queen, their

* *As for me, I desired nothing better.*

their attendants, and the National Assembly, covered with striped tent-cloth of the national colours, and decorated with streamers of the same beloved tints, and fleurs de lys. The white flag was displayed above the spot where the King was seated. In the middle of the Champ de Mars L'Autel de la Patrie was placed, on which incense was burnt by priests dressed in long white robes, with sashes of national ribbon. Several inscriptions were written on the altar, but the words visible at the greatest distance were *La Nation, la Loi, et le Roi*.*

At the lower end of the amphitheatre, opposite to the pavilion, three triumphal arches were erected, adorned with emblems and allegorical figures.

The procession marched to the Champ de Mars, through the central streets of Paris. At La Place de Louis Quinze, the escorts, who carried the colours, received under their banners, ranged in two lines, the National Assembly, who came from the Thuilleries. When the procession passed the street where Henry the Fourth was assassinated, every man paused as if by general consent: the cries of joy were suspended, and succeeded by a solemn silence. This tribute of regret, paid from the sudden impulse of feeling at such a moment, was perhaps the most honourable testimony to the virtues of that amiable Prince which his memory has yet received.

In the streets, at the windows, and on the roofs of the houses, the people, transported with joy, shouted and wept as the procession passed. Old men were seen kneeling in the streets, blessing God that they had lived to witness that happy moment. The people ran to the doors of their houses loaded with refreshments,

which they offered to the troops; and crowds of women surrounded the soldiers, and holding up their infants in their arms, and melting into tears, promised to make their children imitate, from their earliest age, an inviolable attachment to the principles of the new constitution.

The procession entered the Champ de Mars by a long road, which thousands of people had assisted in forming, by filling up deep hollows, levelling the rising grounds, and erecting a temporary bridge across the Seine, opposite to the triumphal arches. The order of the procession was as follows:

- A troop of horse, with trumpets.
- A great band of music.
- A detachment of grenadiers.
- The electors chosen at Paris in 1789.
- A band of volunteers.
- The assembly of the representatives of the people.
- The military committee.
- Company of chasseurs.
- A band of drums.
- The presidents of sixty districts.
- The Deputies of the people sent to the Federation.
- The Administrators of the municipality.
- Bands of music and drums.
- Battalion of children carrying a standard on which was written, *L'Espérance de la Patrie*.†
- Detachment with the colours of the national guard of Paris.
- Battalion of veterans.
- Deputies from forty-two departments, arranged alphabetically.
- The Oriflamme, or grand standard of the Kings of France.
- Deputies from the regular troops.
- Deputies from the navy.
- Deputies from 41 departments, arranged also alphabetically.
- Band of volunteer chasseurs.
- Troop of horse, with trumpets.

The

* *The Nation, the Law, and the King.*

† *The Hope of the Country.*

The procession, which was formed with eight persons abreast, entered the Champ de Mars beneath the triumphal arches, with a discharge of cannon. The deputies placed themselves round the inside of the amphitheatre. Between them and the seats of the spectators, the national guard of Paris were ranged; and the seats round the amphitheatre were filled with four hundred thousand people. The middle of the amphitheatre was crowded with an immense multitude of soldiers. The National Assembly walked towards the pavilion, where they placed themselves with the King, the Queen, the royal family, and their attendants; and opposite this group, rose in perspective the hills of Passy and Chaillot, covered with people. The standards, of which one was presented to each department of the kingdom, as a mark of brotherhood, by the citizens of Paris, were carried to the altar to be consecrated by the bishop. High mass was performed, after which Monsieur de la Fayette, who had been appointed by the King Major-General of the Federation, ascended the altar, gave the signal, and himself took the national oath. In an instant every sword was drawn, and every arm lifted up. The King pronounced the oath, which the President of the National Assembly repeated, and the solemn words were re-echoed by six hundred thousand voices; while the Queen raised the Dauphin in her arms, shewing him to the people and the army. At the moment the consecrated banners were displayed, the sun, which had been obscured by frequent showers in the course of the morning, burst forth, while the people lifted their eyes to heaven, and called upon the Deity to look down and witness the sacred engagement into which they entered.

A respectful silence was succeeded by the cries, the shouts, the acclamations of the multitude: they wept, embraced each other, and then dispersed.

You will not suspect that I was indifferent witness of such a scene. Oh no! this was not a time in which the distinctions of country were remembered. It was the triumph of human kind; it was man asserting the noblest privileges of his nature, and it required but the common feelings of humanity to become in that moment a citizen of the world. I myself, I acknowledge that my heart caught with enthusiasm the general sympathy; my eyes were filled with tears; and I shall never forget the sensations of that day, "while memory holds her seat in my bosom."

The weather proved very unfavourable during the morning of the federation; but the minds of people were too much elevated by ideas of moral good, to attend to the physical evils of the day. Several heavy showers were far from interrupting the general gaiety. The people, drenched by the rain, called out with exultation, rather than regret, "*Notre sommes mouillez a la nation.*"* Some exclaimed, "*La revolution Française est cimentée avec de l'eau, au lieu de sang.*"† The national guard, during the hours which preceded the arrival of the procession, amused the spectators d'une dance ronde,‡ with a thousand whimsical and playful evolutions, highly expressive of that gaiety which distinguishes the French character. I believe more but Frenchmen would have diverted themselves, and half a million of people, who were waiting in expectation of a scene the most solemn upon record, by circles of ten thousand men galloping en dance ronde.¶ But if you

* *We are wet for the nation.*

† *The French revolution is cemented with water, instead of blood.*

‡ *With dancing in a circle.*

¶ *In the round dance.*

are disposed to think of this gaiety with the contempt of superiority, for I will not call it wisdom, to collect that these dancers were the very men whose bravery formed the great epocha of French liberty: the heroes who demolished the towers of the Bastile, and whose fame will descend to the latest posterity.

Such was the admirable order with which this august spectacle was conducted, that no accident interrupted the universal festivity. All carriages were forbidden during that day, and the entrances to the Champ de Mars were so numerous, that half a million of people were collected together without a croud.

The people had only one subject of regret: they murmured that the king had taken the national oath in the pavilion, instead of performing that ceremony at the foot of the altar: and some of them crouding round Mons. de la Fayette, conjured him to persuade the king to go to the altar, and take the oath a second time. "Mes enfans," said Mons.

de la Fayette, "le serment n'est pas une arlette, on ne peut pas le jouer deux fois."*

Mons. de la Fayette, after the Federation, went to the Chateau de la Muette, where a public dinner was prepared for the national guard. An immense croud gathered round him when he alighted from his horse, at a little distance from the chateau, and some Aristocrats, mixing themselves with the true worshippers of him who is so justly the idol of the French nation, attempted to stifle him with their embraces. He called out "*Mais, mes amis, vous m'étouffez!*"† and one of his *aide de camps*, who perceived the danger of his general, threw himself from his horse, which he intreated Mons. de la Fayette to mount. He did so, and hastened to the chateau.

This incident reminds me of a line in Racine's fine tragedy of Britannicus, where Nero says, "*J'embrasse mon rival, mais c'est pour l'étouffer.*"‡

Adieu.

* *My friends, the oath is not an air which can be played twice over.*

† *But, my friends, you stifle me.*

‡ *I embrace my rival, but it is to destroy him.*

A VISIT to the RUINS of the BASTILE.

By the same.

BEFORE I suffered my friends at Paris to conduct me through the usual routine of convents, churches, and palaces, I requested to visit the Bastile; feeling a much stronger desire to contemplate the ruins of that building than the most perfect edifices of Paris. When we got into the carriage, our French servant called to the coachman with an air of triumph, "*A la Bastile mais nous n'y resterons pas.*"* We drove under that porch which so many wretches have entered never to repass, and

alighting from the carriage descended with difficulty into the dungeons, which were too low to admit of our standing upright, and so dark that we were obliged at noon-day to visit them with the light of a candle. We saw the hooks of those chains by which the prisoners were fastened round the neck, to the walls of their cells; many of which being below the level of the water, are in a constant state of humidity; and a noxious vapour issued from them, which more than once extinguished the candle,

* *To the Bastile,—but we shall not remain there.*

dle, and was so insufferable that it required a strong spirit of curiosity to tempt one to enter. Good God!—and to these regions of horror were human creatures dragged at the caprice of despotic power. What a melancholy consideration, that

—“*Man! proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before
high heaven,
As make the angels weep.*”——

There appears to be a greater number of these dungeons than one could have imagined the hard heart of tyranny itself would contrive; for, since the destruction of the building, many subterraneous cells have been discovered underneath a piece of ground which was inclosed within the walls of the Bastile, but which seemed a bank of solid earth before the horrid secrets of this prison-house were disclosed. Some skeletons were found in these recesses, with irons still fastened on their decaying bones.

After having visited the Bastile, we may indeed be surprized, that a nation so enlightened as the French, submitted so long to the oppressions of their government; but we must cease to wonder that their indignant spirits at length shook off the galling yoke.

Those who have contemplated the dungeons of the Bastile, without rejoicing in the French revolution, may, for ought I know, be very respectable persons, and very agreeable companions in the hours of prosperity; but, if my heart were sinking with anguish, I should not fly to those persons for consolation. Sterne says, that a man is incapable of loving one woman as he ought, who has not a sort of an affection for the whole sex; and as little should I look for particular sympathy from those who have no feelings of general philanthropy. If the splendour of a des-

potic throne can only shine like radiance of lightning, while all round is involved in gloom and horror, in the name of heaven! baleful lustre be extinguished for ever. May no such strong contrast of light and shade again exist in the political system of France! but may the beams of liberty, like the beams of a shed their benign influence on the cottage of the peasant, as well as the palace of the monarch! Liberty, which for so many ages has taken pleasure in softening the evils of the bleak and rugged climate of the north, in fertilizing a barren soil, in clearing the swamp, in building mounds against the inundations of the tempest, diffuse her blessing also on the genial land of France, and bid the husbandman rejoice under the shade of the olive and the vine!

The Bastile, which Henry the Fourth and his veteran troops had taken in vain, the citizens of Paris had taken in glory of taking it in a few hours. The avarice of Mons. de Launay had tempted him to guard this fortress with only half the complement of men ordered by government; and a letter which he received the morning of the 14th of July, commanding him to sustain the siege till the evening, when succour would arrive, joined to his own treachery towards the assailants, cost him his life.

The courage of the besiegers was inflamed by the horrors of famine, there being at this time only twenty-four hours provision of bread in Paris. For some days the people had assembled in crowds round the shops of the bakers, who were obliged to have a guard of soldiers to protect them from the famished multitude; while the women, rendered furious by want, cried, in the resolute tone of despair, * “*Il nous faut du pain pour nos enfans.*” Such was the scarcity of bread, that

* *We must have bread for our children.*

at a French gentleman told me, that, the day preceding the taking of the Bastille, he was invited to dine with a Negotiant, and, when he went, was informed that a servant had been out five hours in search of bread, and had at last been able to purchase only one loaf.

It was at this crisis, it was to save themselves the shocking spectacle of their wives and infants perishing before their eyes, that the citizens of Paris flew to arms, and, impelled by such causes, fought with the daring intrepidity of men who had all that renders life of any value at stake, and who determined to die or conquer. The women too, far from indulging the fears incident to our feeble sex, in defiance of the cannon of the Bastille, ventured to bring victuals to their sons and husbands; and, with a spirit worthy of Roman matrons, encouraged them to go on. Women mounted guard in the streets, and when any person passed, called out boldly, "*Qui va là ?*"*

A gentleman, who had the command of fifty men in this enterprize, told me, that one of his soldiers being killed by a cannon-ball, the people, with great marks of indignation, removed the corpse, and then, snatching up the dead man's hat, begged money of the bystanders for his interment, in a manner characteristic enough of that gaiety, which never forsakes the French, even on such occasions as would make any other people on earth serious. "*Madame, pour ce pauvre diable qui se fait tué pour la Nation !—Monsieur, pour ce pauvre chien qui se fait tué pour la Nation !*"† This mode of sup-

plication though not very pathetic, obtained the end desired; no person being sufficiently obdurate to resist the powerful plea, "*qu'il se fait tué pour la Nation.*"‡

When the Bastille was taken, and the old man, of whom you have no doubt heard, and who had been confined in a dungeon thirty-five years, was brought into day light, which had not for so long a space of time visited his eyes, he staggered, shook his white beard, and cried faintly, || "*Messieurs, vous m'avez rendu un grand service, rendez m'en un autre, tuez moi ! je ne sais pas où aller.*"—"Allons, allons," the croud answered with one voice, "*la Nation te nourrira.*"

As the heroes of the Bastille passed along the streets after its surrender, the citizens stood at the doors of their houses loaded with wine, brandy, and other refreshments, which they offered to these deliverers of their country. But they unanimously refused to taste any strong liquors, considering the great work they had undertaken as not yet accomplished, and being determined to watch the whole night in case of any surprise.

All those who had assisted in taking the Bastille, were presented by the municipality of Paris with a ribbon of the national colours, on which is stamped, inclosed in a circle of brass, an impression of the Bastille, and which is worn as a military order.

The municipality of Paris also proposed a solemn funeral procession in memory of those who lost their lives in this enterprize; but, on making application to the National Assembly for a deputation of its mem-

* *Who goes there ?*

† *Madam, for this poor devil, who has been killed for the nation !—Sir, for this unfortunate dog, who has been killed for the Nation !*

‡ *Had been killed for the Nation.*

|| *Gentlemen, you have rendered me one great service ; render me another, kill me ! for I know not where to go.—Come along, come along, the Nation will provide for you.*

members to assist at this solemnity, the Assembly were of opinion that these funeral honours should be postponed till a more favourable moment, as they might at present have a tendency to inflame the minds of the people.

I have heard several persons mention a young man, of a little insignificant figure, who, the day before the Bastille was taken, got up on a chair in the Palais Royal, and harangued the multitude, conjuring them to make a struggle for their liberty, and asserting, that now the moment was arrived. They listened to his eloquence with the most eager attention; and, when he had instructed as many as could hear him at one time, he requested them to

depart, and repeated his harangue a new set of auditors.

Among the dungeons of the Bastille are placed, upon a heap of the figures of the two men who contrived the plan of this fortress, and they were afterwards confined to life. These men are represented chained to the wall, and are seen without any emotion of sympathy.

The person employed to remove the ruins of the Bastille, has taken of the stones eighty-three complete models of this building, with a true patriotic spirit, he presented to the eighty-three departments of the kingdom, by way of hint to his countrymen to take care of their liberties in future.

A N E C D O T E S.

HIS late Majesty, (George III.) generally after dinner made it a rule to visit the Countess of Yarmouth. In passing through the chambers to her apartment one evening, only preceded by a single page, a small canvas bag of guineas, which he held in his hand, accidentally dropped, when one of them rolled in under a closet where wood was generally kept for the use of his bed-chamber. After the king had very deliberately picked up the money, he found himself deficient of a guinea, and judging where it went—'Come,' says he to the page, 'we must find this guinea; here, help me to throw out this wood.' The page and he accordingly fell to work, and in a little time found it. 'Well,' says the king, 'you have wrought hard, there's the guinea for your labour, but I would have nothing lost.' No bad example in the high departments of state.

THE Boatwain of a man of war that had just been paid off, passing through Monmouth-street with full pockets and a prodigal heart, was so captivated with the richness

and finery of a velvet suit which displayed at the door, that he immediately went in and bargained. Having tried it on he was so pleased with his appearance, that he was easily prevailed upon by the merchant to complete his dress with the necessary appendages, a bag wig, a sword, and chapeau au bras. Thus equipped his next care was, where to exhibit himself. The theatre soon occurred, whither he went, and placing himself in the front row of the side boxes, soon became attentive to the play. Notwithstanding his disguise, he was presently recognized by one of his ship-mates in the upper gallery, who pointing him out to his comrade, asked if that was not their boatwain; a question which the other answered in the negative, assuring him that it was a 'lord or some great gentleman.' 'Well,' 'soon settle it,' said the first, 'for we'll hail him. Ohoa, the boatwain!' 'the Romney, Ohoy!' who, perceiving his situation, started from his seat, answered 'Holloa!' and was discovered.

The following Account of a remarkable Effort to recover Liberty, is copied from the General Magazine, for December, 1790, and there asserted to be a Fact.

NEAR the close of the month of July last, the ship *Broot*, *Samuel Oliver*, commander, left the Island of *Antigua*, on her passage for *Europe*. The vessel had not been many days at sea, before one of the seamen, on his watch, was alarmed with the appearance of something, which he fancied to be no other than a *ghost*: he communicated what he had seen, or supposed to have seen, to his messmate; and I need not tell you that seamen are as timid as any men in the world, when matters occur which raise that superstition in their minds, so generally allowed to be little short of natural in them. A few nights had now passed since the terror-stricken sailor had divulged his tale, when he, as well as his fellows on the watch, were alarmed by the self-same apparition: it moved, according to the account they gave to the chief mate on the relief of the watch, in slow pace all round the forecastle; and after continuing some time there, vanished behind the windlass. The mate affected to laugh at the account: nevertheless he had his fears; and it was agreed on, that himself, together with the boatswain and several other stout-hearted fellows, should assist the watch to discover, if possible, what it was which had so much alarmed the greatest part of the crew. The main-deck was accordingly walked by these heroes, night after night, without the ghost making its appearance. Having been upwards of twenty days at sea, the weather in the night became boisterous: the winds blew; the thunder rolled awfully, and the lightning flashed terrifically vivid; all hands were called up to assist the ship by their labours; and in the midst of this their professional employ the ghost again made its appearance; and it was now seen by the whole crew (the

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 12.

captain excepted): one of those employed on the quarter-deck rushed forwards towards the supposed phantom; and at the instant that it seemed within his grasp, a flash of lightning of the most tremendous sort covered it from his sight: this was seen by the men on the yards, who were reefing the several sails, and who, one and all, declared it could be no other than the devil, as he sunk from the attempt of the sailor, in a flash of fire. Several of the sailors were positive it could be no other than the evil spirit, for reasons to them the most sufficient; that they missed their beef, their biscuit, and their grog, whenever all hands were called on deck; that they had also heard that ghosts could neither eat nor drink; and what confirmed them stronger in their belief of it being no other than Lucifer himself was, from its vanishing the preceding night in a flame of fire; and some of them were not wanting to give it as their opinion, that he had raised the storm.

The affair of the ghost had now become serious, and the mate accordingly determined on acquainting the captain with the whole business on the following day: this being accordingly done, the captain heard the relation with some surprise, and communicated the mysterious account to his passengers, asking them at the same time their advice. It was agreed upon to walk the deck that night, and there form their opinion of the truth of the report: they began their march about ten, and continued it until the break of day: the ghost or devil did not appear; and bringing to mind what has been said by some of our greatest poets, that the troubled spirits haunt our region but while darkness and obscurity fill the void, they retired to their beds, probably well satisfied with the event

C c c c c

of

of their watch. The captain and passengers now put down the whole story as no other than the effect of imagination in the crew: but the men were not to be thus amused out of an opinion which they all firmly believed; and they still persisted in what they had said and seen; what served to heighten their credulity still more, was an event which had taken place but a few hours before; "two blankets actually gone from the hammocks." This excited new curiosity; and the captain, finding it would be difficult to prevail over their prejudices, offered a reward to him or them that would discover who or what this devil was. A fellow who had, through the whole of this singular affair, appeared less alarmed than the rest, was the first to undertake the business; and the others of the ship's company readily agreed to assist in the discovery. To work they went, when, after having moved upwards of forty hogsheds of sugar, the spirit was discovered asleep in an empty water-butt: it was no other than a *Negro Man*, of about twenty years of age, who, with a view of recovering his liberty, had there secreted himself. His story, when brought into the cabin, was nearly as follows—That he belonged to a Mr. Alexander Coates, ship-builder in the town of St. John's; that his master having sent him in a canoe to get turtle-grass, and put it on board this vessel, he accordingly did so; and it being the

dusk of the evening when he delivered it, a thought struck him, that an opportunity would probably soon offer again for his getting to England: he therefore slipped down a rope which was hanging over the stern, put his jacket into the canoe, and keeping hold of the stern rope, set his boat adrift, and ascended the vessel undiscovered. He now crept down the fore-hatchway, and got into the hold, where finding an empty water-cask, he took out its head, and herein he secreted himself during the space of thirty-three days, seven of which were while the ship lay in St. John's harbour (during which time the canoe had been picked up, and the man given up as drowned), and twenty-six at sea. His manner of living was, when the sailors were all on deck, he would steal out, and pick up what he could find, and carry it to his tub; and also turn out at night, when he thought all quiet, to breathe the refreshing air. After the discovery he worked as a seaman, having, previous to this trip, made two voyages to Liverpool; and he was named by the sailors Jack Ghost; and these brave fellows seemed rather diverted than hurt by the consternation he had thrown them into. The captain wished to have conveyed him again to his master; but the air of England blows sweeter over a negro than that of the West-Indies; and he wished him a long good-b'ye at Gravesend.

ANECDOTE of CHRISTINA, QUEEN of SWEDEN.

CHISTINA, the Swedish queen, never wore a night-cap, but always wrapped her head in a napkin. In order to amuse her during her sleepless night, after having been indisposed the whole preceding day, she ordered music to be performed near her bed, the curtain of which was entirely closed. Transported at length with the pleasure she received in a particular passage in the music,

she hastily put her head out of bed, and loudly exclaimed, "Death and the devil, how well he sings!" The poor Italian singers, who are in general not remarkable for bravery, were so much frightened by her voice, and the sudden appearance of such an extraordinary figure, that they became at once dumb and stupified, and the music immediately ceased.

THE

T H E
A M E R I C A N M U S E.
O R I G I N A L P O E T R Y.

A PARAPHRASE *on the CIVth PSALM.*

[Continued from page 673, and concluded.]

HOW manifold, how various are thy works,
Creator and Preserver ! Good Supreme !—
Call'd out from non-existence ; deep instamp'd
With signatures of sapience divine !
Thy ends are answer'd by those grand displays
Exacting adoration : For who sees
And not perceives thy bounties, how immense !
O'erwhelming in an unremitted tide
The ample lap of Nature.

Still succeeds

An awful scene of wonders in the deep
Wide-fluctuating ocean ; and not less
Conspicuous shines his glory there, than on
This firm terrene. Innum'rous, multiform,
With life endued, sensation, instinct, move
In various progression, creatures, *there*
Of every size, from the minute that *swim*,
Or trace its oozy bottom, to the bulk
Enormous, wallowing on the whitening wave
Or stalking in its depths.—Invincible
Once deem'd by man, though now to human pow'r
By Art subjected—there Leviathan
Pre-eminent o'er all the scaly tribes
Extends his length prodigious, laves the brine
Insatiate ; or with lungs compress'd, expels
A cataract from his nostrils : high in air
The watry columns rise, and from their height
Showery around descend ; while his broad tail
With strong percussion beats the boiling deep,
Its cerule hue resolving into foam :
Anon he rolls his huge unwieldy frame,
Like some o'erwhelming mountain ; plunging deep
Beyond the plummet's reach, he leaves behind
A horrid void—soon clos'd by rushing waves
In giddy whirlpool.

THERE, from port to port

Full freighted ships explore their liquid way :
Strange voyagers ! on as strange element !
Whose paths the undulating billows close,
Nor leave more track behind than what attends
Th' ærial progress of the feather'd king.—

In

In inland seas, or coasts whose arms outstretch'd
 Border'd the vast profound, first, sun and stars
 Inform'd their vent'rous course: but when the aid
 Of power magnetic, heav'n bestow'd! was given
 To knowledge in progression, vent'rous man
 Then plow'd the unknown ocean, other lands,
 And seas, and skies, explor'd: and now beneath
 His providence divine, the nautic art
 Unveil'd the mystic scene of Nature's frame,
 And join'd the world in one close vicinage.

O how inadequate is feeble breath

To speak the bounties of the Lord! even they
 How far surpassing thought! yet we in part
 Can but from what we see infer the whole,
 As from a portion of his works, HIS PRAISE:
 His num'rous creatures, peopling various climes,
 On earth, in air, in sea, alike await
 The impartial distribution of his hand,
 Of food assimulant, diversify'd,
 And suited to their several natures: all
 Without solicitude, daily subsist
 On what his care provides: these can but taste,
 His blessings man enjoys.—What ease to THEE
 To cherish THY creation, and redress
 Immediate, every want! THOU op'st thy hand,
 And the mendicant world, the universe,
 The vast comprizing whole, are all suppli'd!
 If Thou but veil thy countenance divine,
 Thy num'rous blessings cease, thy creatures mourn.
 Thy vital energy withdrawn, the springs
 Of animation stop; extinct is sense,
 Motion and breath; their mortal, torpid frames,
 Exanguis, return to native dust.
 THOU send'st, emanative, thy spirit forth,
 Lo! instantaneous into being rise
 Th' instinctive race; and creatures rational,
 Or intellectual, by thy fiat form'd,
 High triumph in existence, and exult
 In THEE their maker, THEE their good supreme!
 The potent virtue of thy word repairs
 Time's desolations, and the wastes of Death:
 Hence the round world with population swarms,
 While sciences, arts, agriculture thrive,
 And earth with renovated beauty smiles.

IMMUTABLE, though in Gradation's scale
 To finite ken enlarging still:—Through all
 Series of ages, in the grand displays
 Of every dispensation on the effects
 Of attributes divine, shall still subsist
 The GLORY of the Lord. And when no more
 The solar radiance from his copious urn

Shall

Shall pour the flood of light, nor in this system
 Round his shining throne the planets circle;—
 Still in the world beatific, where deep
 Embosom'd in eternity, ascend
 Incessant Allelujahs—shall endure
 The GRANDEUR of our GOD.

In TIME, short span
 Of all duration! his productions meet
 His complacence divine: this peopled earth
 'With his regard is honour'd, "whose delight"
 (O rap'rous thought!) "is with the sons of men:"—
 But in thy reign, O vast ETERNITY!
 How shall thy circle-throned KING rejoice
 Over his plans fulfill'd, clos'd his designs,
 Immaculate his attributes display'd
 To all intelligence in Being's orb,
 And to his glory consummated ALL!
 How with paternal delectation fill'd,
 Must He survey the sons of glory; sons
 Of his electing love, advanc'd in bliss,
 Reflecting his perfections! With delight
 Ineffably diffusive, how smile o'er
 Their grateful sense of blessings, HE bestows,
 Through condescension infinite! how joy
 In their rejoicings! crown of all their joy!

How awful is the Majesty divine!
 At whose ultimate advent and the beams
 Of Deity concenter'd; heaven and earth
 Shall flee away, and place no more be found:
 Even now with aspect holy, meek, benign,
 Pervades HE with a glance this rolling world;
 It trembles from its centre: touch'd by HIM,
 Flame the perpetual hills; and their proud heights,
 In smoke envelop'd, own the present GOD.

Long as with vital spirit, alternate
 Heave the inspiring organs; or to *sound*
 Compress the vocal springs: long as the pulse
 Repeat Life's seconds from its throbbing source,
 Or these weak nerves shall vibrate at the *touch*,
 Or wake to motion at Volition's call:
 So long from highest motives, and with all
 My noblest pow'rs exerted, will I sing
 To Nature's universal LORD. And when
 No longer play the complicated springs
 Of this nice automaton—made by him!
 Curiously fashion'd! workmanship divine!—
 From earth disprison'd, *then* with thoughts enlarg'd,
 In higher climes, in more exalted strains,
 Praise will I sing to my affianc'd GOD:—
 Though infinite, the object of my choice!
 Through life my trust, in death my sole support,
 And through eternity my great REWARD!

In

In Him absorb'd, my thoughts intensely fix'd,
Solemnly musing his perfections o'er,
Shall render all my meditations sweet,
Even to delight! And in this sovereign good,
Where centre my desires, will I rejoice
With joy unspeakable—of glory full!

While impious men, who sin against the light
Of Nature—Him deny'd in these his works:
Of Revelation, disbeliev'd his word:
Of Reason, its pure evidence abjur'd:
Of Conscience, slighted in its loudest calls—
Persisting still to heap the measure high
Of complicated guilt—vengeance divine
Exterminates from earth:—With those his works,
Which though INANIMATE, express his pow'r;
With those INSTINCTIVE, which attest his care;
Those RATIONAL, that point his wisdom forth:
With SAINTS, who to his glory live, and joy
To celebrate the wonders of his love:
With all the sons of INTUITION, high
Intelligences, basking in the shine
Of his meridian light, who prim'ry lead
The loftiest song—imperfect in his praise!—
With these, and more than these, if ought there be,
Join thou, O my immortal essence join—
With joy sublimely rais'd as heav'n from earth,
With wonder height'ning o'er the bounds of time,
Rapture high rising, thought enlarging still,
And love intensely burning, though ingulph'd
In that DIVINE, as riv'lets in the sea!—
Join thou to bless th' ALMIGHTY LORD, the source
Of thine existence!—O! proceed the song
Expressive of his praise, and heighten still
Through ever-circling ages! ALLELUIAH!
Passaick-Falls, 1780.

B.

A COMPLAINT.

WRITTEN BY THE LATE MRS. ANN E. BLEECKER.

STILL apprehending death and pain,
To whom great God should I complain,
To whom pour out my tears,
But to the pow'r that gave me breath,
The arbiter of life and death,
The ruler of the spheres?

Soon to the Grave's Cimmerian shade
I must descend without thine aid,
To stop my spirit's flight;
Leave my dear partner here behind,
And blooming babe, whose op'ning mind
Just lets in Reason's light.

Whe

When she, solicitous to know
Why I indulge my silent woe,
Clings fondly round my neck,
My passions then know no command,
My heart with swelling griefs expands,
Its tender fibres break.

Father of the Creation wide,
Why hast thou not to man deny'd
The filken tie of Love?
Why food celestial let him taste,
Then tear him from the rich repast,
Real miseries to prove?

SELECTED POETRY.

HENGIST AND MEY.

Written by William Julius Mickle, author of Sir Martyn, an excellent imitation of Spenser, a translation of the Lusiad of Camoens, and several other pieces; the merit of which are too well known to require any eulogium.

IN ancient days, when Arthur reign'd,

Sir Elmer had no peer!

And no young knight in all the land
The ladies lov'd so dear.

His sister Mey, the fairest maid

Of all the virgin train,

Won every heart at Arthur's court;

But all their love was vain.

In vain they lov'd, in vain they vow'd,

Her heart they could not move:

Yet at the evening hour of prayer

Her mind was lost in love.

The abbess saw, the abbess knew,

And urg'd her to explain;

O name the gentle youth to me,

And his consent I'll gain.

Long urg'd, long tir'd, fair Mey reply'd,

His name how can I say?

An angel from the fields above

Has rapt my heart away.

But once, alas! and never more,

His lovely form I spied,

One evening by the sounding shore,

All by the greenwood side:

His eyes to mine the love confess,

That glow'd with mildest grace:

His courtly mein and purple vest

Bespoke his princely race.

But when he heard my brother's horn
Fast to his ships he fled:

Yet while I sleep his graceful form
Still hovers round my bed.

Sometimes all clad in armour bright,

He shakes a warlike lance;

And now in courtly garments dight,

He leads the sprightly dance.

His hair is black as raven's wing,

His skin as Christmas snow,

His cheeks outvie the blush of morn,

His lips like rose-buds glow.

His limbs, his arms, his stature, shap'd

By nature's finest hand;

His sparkling eyes declare him born

To love and to command.

The live-long year fair Mey be-
moan'd

Her hopeless pining love:

But when the balmy spring return'd,

And summer cloath'd the grove;

All round by pleasant Humber side

The Saxon banners flew,

And to Sir Elmer's castle gates

The spear-men came in view.

Fair blush'd the morn when Mey
look'd o'er

The castle-wall so sheen;

And, lo, the warlike Saxon youth

Were sporting on the green.

There

There Hengist, Offa's eldest son,
 Lean'd on his burnish'd lance,
 And all the armed youth around
 Obey'd his manly glance.
 His locks as black as raven's wing
 Adown his shoulders flow'd,
 His cheeks outvied the blush of morn,
 His lips like rose-buds glow'd.
 And soon the lovely form of Mey
 Has caught his piercing eyes:
 He gives the sign, the bands retire,
 While big with love he sighs,
 Oh thou, for whom I dar'd the seas,
 And come with peace or war;
 Oh, by that cross that veils thy breast,
 Relieve thy lover's care!
 For thee I'll quit my father's throne,
 With thee the wilds explore;
 Or with thee share the British crown,
 With thee the cross adore.
 Beneath the timorous virgin blush,
 With love's soft warmth she glows:
 So blushing thro' the dews of morn
 Appears the opening rose.
 'Twas now the hour of morning
 prayer,
 When men their sins bewail,
 And Elmer heard king Arthur's horn
 Shrill founding through the dale.
 The pearly tears from Mey's bright
 eyes
 Like April dew-drops fell,
 When with a parting dear embrace
 Her brother bade farewell.
 The cross with sparkling diamonds
 bright
 That veil'd her snowy breast,
 With prayers to heaven, her lily hands
 Have fixt on Elmer's vest.
 Now, with five hundred bowmen
 true,
 He's march'd across the plain,
 Till with his gallant yeomandrie
 He join'd king Arthur's train.
 Full forty thousand Saxon spears
 Came glittering down the hill,
 And with their shouts and clang of
 arms
 The distant valleys fill.

Old Offa, dress'd in Odin's garb,
 Assum'd the hoary god;
 And Hengist, like the warlike Ty,
 Before the horiemen rode.
 With dreadful rage the combat burn'd
 The captains shout amain;
 And Elmer's tall victorious spear
 Far glances o'er the plain.
 To stop its course young Hengist lies
 Like lightning o'er the field;
 And soon his eyes the well-known
 cross
 On Elmer's vest beheld.
 The slighted lover swell'd his breast
 His eyes shot living fire,
 And all his martial heat before
 To this was mild desire.
 On his imagin'd rivals front
 With whirlwind speed he press'd,
 And glancing to the sun, his sword
 Resounds on Elmer's crest.
 The foe gave way, the princely youth
 With heedless rage pursu'd,
 Till trembling in his cloven helm
 Sir Elmer's javelin stood.
 He bow'd his head, slow dropt the
 spear,
 The reins slip through his hand,
 And stain'd with blood, his shaggy
 corse
 Lay breathless on the strand.
 O bear me off, Sir Elmer cried,
 Before my painful fight
 The combat swims—yet Hengist's
 vest
 I claim as victor's right.
 Brave Hengist's fall the Saxons saw,
 And all in terror fled.
 The bowmen to the castle gates
 The bold Sir Elmer led.
 Oh wash my wounds, my sister dear,
 O pull this Saxon dart,
 That whizzing from young Hen-
 gist's arm
 Has almost pierc'd my heart.
 Yet in my hall his vest shall hang,
 And Britons yet unborn
 Shall with the trophies of to-day
 Their solemn feasts adorn.

All

All trembling Mey beheld the vest;
 Oh, Merlin, loud she cried,
 Thy words are true—my slaughter'd
 love
 Shall have a breathless bride!
 Oh, Elmer, Elmer, boast no more
 That low my Hengist lies!
 O, Hengist, cruel was thine arm;
 My brother bleeds and dies!
 She spake—the roses left her cheek,
 And life's warm spirits fled:
 So nipt by winter's lingering blasts,
 The snow-drop bows the head.
 Yet parting life one struggle gave,
 She lifts her languid eyes;
 "Return, my Hengist, oh return,
 My slaughter'd love!" she cries.
 Oh—still he lives—he smiles again,
 With all his grace he moves:

I come—I come, where bow nor
 spear
 Shall more disturb our loves.—
 She spake—she died. The Saxon dart
 Was drawn from Elmer's side;
 And thrice he call'd his sister Mey,
 And thrice he groan'd, and di'd.
 Where in the dale a moss-grown cross
 O'er shades an aged thorn,
 Sir Elmer's and young Hingist's corse
 Were by the spearmen borne;
 And there all clad in robes of white,
 With many a sigh and tear,
 The village maids to Hengist's grave
 Did Mey's fair body bear.
 And there at dawn and fall of day,
 All from the neighbouring groves,
 The turtles wail in widow'd notes,
 And sing their hapless loves.

Official Account of the Western Expedition.

Copy of a Letter from Major-General St. Clair, to the Secretary for the Department of War.

SIR,

Fort-Washington, Nov. 9, 1791.

YESTERDAY afternoon the remains of the army under my command got back to this place, and I have now the painful task to give you an account of as warm, and as unfortunate an action as almost any that has been fought, in which every corps was engaged and worsted, except the first regiment, that had been detached upon a service I had the honour to inform you of in my last dispatch, and had not joined me.

On the 3d inst. the army had reached a creek about twelve yards wide running to the southward of west, which I believe to have been the river St. Mary that empties into the Miami from the lake, arrived at the village about 4 o'clock in the afternoon having marched near 9 miles, and were immediately encamped upon a very commanding piece of ground in two lines, having the above-mentioned creek in front. The right wing composed of Butler's, Clarke's, and Patterson's battalions, commanded by Major-General Butler, formed the first line, and the left wing consisting of Bedinger's and Gaither's battalions, and the second regiment, commanded by Col. Darke, formed the second line, with an interval between them of about seventy yards, which was all the ground would allow.

The right flank was pretty well secured by the creek, a steep bank, and Faulkener's corps, some of the cavalry and their picquets covered the left flank—the militia were thrown over the creek and advanced about one quarter of a mile, and encamped in the same order; there were a few Indians who appeared on the opposite side of the creek, but fled with the utmost precipitation on the advance of the militia; at this place, which I judged to be about 15 miles from the Miami village, I had determined to throw

New-York Mag. Vol. II. No. 12.

D d d d up

up a slight work, the plan of which was concerted that evening with Major Ferguson, wherein to have deposited the men's knapsacks and even to have moved on to attack the enemy as soon as the 1st regiment was come up, but they did not permit me to execute either, for on the 4th, about half an hour before sunrise, and when the men had been just dismissed from the parade, (from our constant practice to have them all under arms a considerable time before day-light), an attack was made upon the militia; those gave way in a little time, and rushed into camp, through Major Butler's battalion, and together with part of Clarke's, they threw into considerable disorder, which, notwithstanding the exertions of both those officers, was not altogether remedied, the Indians following close at their heels; the first, however, of the front line checked them; but almost instantaneously a heavy attack began upon that line, and in a few minutes it was carried to the second likewise; the great weight of it was directed against the centre of each where the artillery was placed, and from which the men were repeatedly driven with great slaughter: finding no great effect from this, and confusion beginning to spread from the great number of men who were falling in all quarters, it became necessary to try what could be done by bayonet.

Lieut. Col. Darke was accordingly ordered to make a charge, with a part of the second line, and to turn the left flank of the enemy. This was executed with great spirit. The Indians instantly gave way, and were driven back three or four hundred yards; but for want of a sufficient number of riflemen to pursue this advantage, they soon returned, and the troops were obliged to give back in their turn. At this moment they had entered our camp by the left flank, having pursued back the troops that were posted there.

Another charge was made here by the second regiment, Butler's and Clarke's battalions, with equal effect, and it was repeated several times, always with success—but in all of them many men were lost, and particularly the officers, which, with some raw troops, was a loss altogether irreparable. In that I just spoke of, made by the second regiment, and Butler's battalion, Major Butler was dangerously wounded, and every officer in the second regiment fell except three, one of which, Mr. Groaton, was shot through the body.

Our artillery being now silenced, and all the officers killed except Capt. Ford, who was badly wounded, more than half of the army fallen, being cut off from the road, it became necessary to attempt the regaining it, and to make a retreat if possible. To this purpose the remains of the army were formed as well as circumstances would admit, towards the right of the encampment; from which, by the way of the second line, another charge was made upon the enemy, as if with the design to turn their right flank, but, in fact, to gain the road: this was effected, and as soon as it was opened, the militia took along it, followed by the troops—Major Clarke, with his battalion, covered the rear.

The retreat, in those circumstances, was, you may be sure, a very precipitate one—it was in fact a flight. The camp and the artillery were abandoned, but that was unavoidable, for not a horse was left alive to have drawn it off, had it otherwise been practicable. But the most disgraceful part of the business is, that the greatest part of the men threw away their arms and accou-

accoutrements, even after the pursuit, which continued about four miles, had ceased.

I found the road strewed with them for many miles, but was not able to remedy it; for having had all my horses killed, and being mounted upon one that could not be pricked out of a walk, I could not get forward myself, and the orders I sent forward, either to halt the front, or to prevent the men from parting with their arms, were unattended to.

The route continued quite to Fort-Jefferson, twenty-nine miles, which was reached a little after sun-setting.

The action began about half an hour before sun-rise, and the retreat was attempted at half an hour after nine o'clock.

I have not yet been able to get returns of the killed and wounded, but Maj. Gen. Butler, Lieut. Col. Oldham, of the militia, Major Ferguson, Major Hart, and Major Clarke, are among the former. Col. Sergeant, my Adj. Gen. Lieut. Col. Darke, Lieut. Col. Gibson, Major Butler, and the Viscount Malartic, who served me as an aid-de-camp, are among the latter, and a great number of captains and subalterns in both.

I have now, Sir, finished my melancholy tale—a tale that will be felt sensibly by every one that has sympathy for private distress, or for public misfortune. I have nothing, Sir, to lay to the charge of the troops but their want of discipline, which, from the short time they had been in service, it was impossible they should have acquired, and which rendered it very difficult, when they were thrown into confusion, to reduce them again to order, and is one reason why the loss has fallen so heavy upon the officers, who did every thing in their power to effect it. Neither were my own exertions wanting; but, worn down with illness, and suffering under a painful disease, unable either to mount or dismount a horse without assistance, they were not so great as they otherwise would, and perhaps ought to have been.

We were overpowered by numbers; but it is no more than justice to observe, that, though composed of so many different species of troops, the utmost harmony prevailed through the whole army during the campaign.

At Fort-Jefferson I found the first regiment, which had returned from the service they had been sent upon, without either overtaking the deserters, or meeting the convoy of provisions. I am not certain, Sir, whether I ought to consider the absence of this regiment from the field of action as fortunate or otherwise. I incline to think it was fortunate; for I very much doubt, whether, had it been in the action, the fortune of the day had been turned, and if it had not, the triumph of the enemy would have been more complete, and the country would have been destitute of every means of defence.

Taking a view of the situation of our broken troops at Fort-Jefferson, and that there were no provisions in the fort, I called on the field officers, viz. Lieut. Col. Darke, Major Hamtramck, Major Zeigler, and Major Gaither, together with the Adjutant-General, for their advice what would be proper further to be done; and it was their unanimous opinion, that the addition of the first regiment, unbroken as it was, did not put the army on so respectable a footing as it was in the morning, because a great part of it was now unarmed—that it had been then found unequal to the enemy, and, should they come on, which was probable, would be found so again; that the troops could not be thrown into the fort, both because it was too small, and that there were no provisions in it.

That

That provisions were known to be upon the road at the distance of ~~one~~ at most two marches—that therefore it would be proper to move, with-
 loss of time to meet the provisions, when the men might have the sooner
 opportunity of some refreshment, and that a proper detachment might
 sent back with it, to have it safely deposited in the fort. This advice was
 accepted, and the army was put in motion again at ten o'clock, and march-
 ed all night, and the succeeding day met with a quantity of flour, part
 it was distributed immediately, part taken back to supply the army on the
 march to Fort-Hamilton, and the remainder, about fifty horse loads, sent
 forward to Fort-Jefferson. The next day a drove of cattle was met within
 the same place; and I have information that both got in. The wounded
 who had been left at that place, were ordered to be brought here by the re-
 turn of the horses.

I have said, Sir, in a former part of this letter, that we were overpowered
 by numbers; of that however, I have no other evidence but the weight of
 the fire, which was always a most deadly one, and generally delivered from
 the ground, few of the enemy shewing themselves a foot, except when we
 were charged, and that in a few minutes our whole camp, which extended
 above three hundred and fifty yards in length, was entirely surrounded and
 attacked on all quarters.

The loss, Sir, the public has sustained by the fall of so many officers, par-
 ticularly Gen. Butler and Major Ferguson, cannot be too much regretted,
 but it is a circumstance that will alleviate the misfortune in some measure,
 that all of them fell most gallantly, doing their duty. I have had very par-
 ticular obligations to many of them, as well as to the survivors; but
 none more than to Col. Sergeant: He has discharged the various duties of
 his office with zeal, with exactness, and with intelligence; and, on all oc-
 casions, afforded me every assistance in his power, which I have also
 experienced from my aid-de-camps Lieut. Denny, and the Viscount Ma-
 lertie, who served with me in the station as a volunteer.

With every sentiment of respect and regard, I have the honour to be
 Sir, your most obedient servant, ARTHUR ST. CLAIR.

The Hon. Maj. Gen. KNOX, Secretary of War.

P. S. Some orders that had been given to Col. Oldham over night, and
 which were of much consequence, were not executed; and some very impor-
 tant intelligence was communicated by Capt. Slough to Gen. Butler, in the
 course of the night, before the action, which was never imparted to me,
 nor did I hear of it, until after my arrival here.

*List of the killed and wounded Officers in the Army of the United States, com-
 manded by Major-General St. Clair, Nov. 4th, 1791, made out from the
 Returns of the Adjutant-General.*

Maj. Gen. Butler, killed. Col. Sergeant, Adj. Gen. and the Viscount
 Malertie, acting as aid-de-camp, wounded.

Artillery.—Killed—Maj. Ferguson, Capt. Bradford, Lieut. Spear.—
 Wounded—Capt. Ford.

Cavalry.—Wounded—Capt. Trueman, Lieut. De Butts, Cornet Rhines.

1st United States Regiment.—Wounded—Capt. Doyle.

2d United States Regiment.—Killed—Maj. Heart; Capts. Kirkwood, Phe-
 lon, and Newman; Lieut. Warren; Ensigns Balch and Cobb.—Wounded
 —Lieut. Groaton.

1st Regiment

1st Regiment of Levies.—Killed—Capts. Van Swearingen, Tipton; and Price; Lieuts. M'Math and Boyd; Ensigns Wilton, Reeves, Brooks, Chace, and Turner; Adj. Barges, Doctor Grassion.—Wounded—Lieut. Col. Darke; Capts. Darke and Buchanan; Lieuts. Morgan, Lyle, M'Rea, Davidson, and Price; Adj. Whistler.

2d Regiment of Levies.—Killed—Capts. Cribbs, Piatt, Smith, and Purdy; Lieuts. Kelfo and Lukins; Ensigns M'Michael, Beattie, and Purdy; Adj. Anderson.—Wounded—Lieut. Col. Gibson; Maj. Butler; Capt. Slough; Lieuts. Thompson, Cummings, and Reed; Ensign Morehead; Adj. Crawford.

Kentucky Militia.—Killed—Lieut. Col. Oldham, Capt. Leman, Lieut. Briggs, Ensign Montgomery.—Wounded—Capts. Thomas and Madison; Lieuts. Owens and Stagner; Ensign Walter, Doctor Gano.

Non-commissioned officers and privates, } Killed and missing, 593
 } Wounded, 214

It appears there were in the camp, before the action, about fifty women, not more than four or five of whom escaped.

New-York, Dec. 2. The President of the United States has appointed, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, Richard Harrison, merchant, of Alexandria, in Virginia, to be Auditor in the Treasury Department of the United States, vice Oliver Wolcott, jun. appointed comptroller.

7.] This evening about ten o'clock an alarming fire broke out in the workshop of Mr. James Hallett, coach-maker, nearly adjoining the Theatre, in John-street. The exertions to preserve the Theatre, which caught fire in many places, were truly great, and merit the applause of the lovers of the drama. By the activity of the citizens the flames were extinguished without materially damaging any other building but that in which the fire broke out, which was entirely consumed. The audience at the Theatre, upon the first alarm, happily got out without any accident happening.

28.] Total number of passengers and servants arrived at the port of Philadelphia from the 27th of October, 1790, to the 27th of October, 1791, two thousand seven hundred and forty-four.

On Thursday last the President of the United States nominated *Thomas Pinckney*, Esq; late governor of South Carolina, to be minister plenipotentiary to the Court of Great Britain; *Gouverneur Morris*, Esq; of New-York, to be minister plenipotentiary to the Court of France; and Mr. *Short*, charge des affaires of the United States at Paris, to be minister resident at the Hague.

By a letter from Baltimore, to a gentleman in Philadelphia, we learn, "That on the 22d of November, the town of Port-au-Prince was totally burnt by the Mulattoes.

— MARRIAGES —

In *New-York*.—In the capital, Mr. Charles Cornell, of Long-Island, to Miss Catharine Rodman, of this city.—Mr. Robert Hamilton, of this city, to Miss Dorcas Conger, of New-Jersey.—Mr. James Weeks, to Miss Amelia Doughty.—Mr. Joseph Dunkley, to Miss Betsey Leonard.

At the town of Coeymans, Mr. Charles M'Mullen, merchant, to Miss M'Carty.—Mr. Garrit Cleut, merchant, to Miss Betsey Kane.

At Canajohary, Mr. Conrad Gansevoort, to Miss Betsey Roseboom.

In *Pennsylvania*.—In the capital, Mr. Samuel Burling, of New-York, to Miss S. Elmlic, of Philadelphia.—Mr. Andrew Pettit, to Miss E. M'Kean.

In *Connecticut*.—At New-Haven, Samuel W. Johnson, Esq; to Miss Susan Edwards, daughter of Pierpoint Edwards, Esq.

[The reader will be pleased to make the following correction in the last marriages for last month:—For “Henry Livingston, Esq; of Rhinebeck” read “Major Henry Livingston, of Red-Hook, n. l.”]

—DEATHS.—

In *New-York*.—In the capital, Master Benjamin Charles Nicoll, son of Dr. Samuel Nicoll.—Thomas Montcrieffe, Esq; a Major in the service of his Britannic Majesty.—John Cruger, Esq; in his 82d year. Previous to the late war he was many years Speaker of the Assembly of this province, and Mayor of this city, which stations he filled highly to his honour, and much to the satisfaction of his fellow citizens.—Mrs. Dear Smith.—Miss Peggy Barclay, daughter of the late Mr. James Barclay.

In *Massachusetts*.—At Salem, Mrs. Elizabeth Jones, aged 84, who, about 40 years was in the practice of the obstetric art, in which she was remarkably successful, having, according to an account which she kept, introduced almost six thousand of the human species into being.

In *Pennsylvania*.—In the capital, William Rush, Esq; aged 74.

At Deep-Run, the Rev. James Grier, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at that place, in the 42d year of his age.

In *Maryland*.—At Baltimore, Dr. George Stevenson, aged 26 years.—Shepard Havens, aged 22 years, son of B. Havens, of Bedford, Long-Is.

—FOREIGN DEATHS.—

In *Spain*.—At Madrid, General O’Neale, aged 110.

In *Nova-Scotia*.—In the capital, John Parr, Esq; Governor of the province of Nova-Scotia.

SUBSCRIBERS NAMES.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, President of the United States.

JOHN ADAMS, Vice-President of the United States.

A

D R. George Anthon, James Arden, Henry Aborn, Thomas Ash. M. Alfop, John Anthony, John Alfop, William S. Aspinwall, C. Adams, George Arnold, Gilbert Aspinwall, Thomas Allen.

B

Rev. Dr. Beach, R. and P. Bruce, Robert Boyd, William Bent Thomas Brown, Jasper Blagge, Gardiner Baker, David S. Bogart, Tabor Barrow, Mrs. Byle, Miss Beckman, Henry Bowers, jun. Egbert Benue Christian Bachr, George Bowne, jun. Abraham Brinckerhoff, Anthony Bleeker, Nicholas Brevoort, Edward Bardin, Thomas Biggs, John Burger John Bond, Evert Bancker, John Burt, Caleb Byles, Thomas Bloodworth Uriah Biaau, Jacob Bogardus, Flamen Ball, William Breedy, William Bond, Elias Brevoort, George Bond, Eliphalet Brush, William Black Rachel Ball, B. Brookway, A. Bates, T. Barker, Rev. J. Bassett, Andrew Bruce, Edward Bartlett, William Brabner, J. B. Boardley.

C

George Clinton, Thomas Cooper, L. M. Cutting, Thomas Claxton Gulliam Corneil, William Cock, E. Carroll, Coles and Underhill, Robert Cock,

ocks, Willet Coles, Columbia College Society, Nicholas G. Carmer, Childs and Swaine, Samuel Campbell, Henry Cruger, Matthew Clarkson, Isaac Coulthard, Robert Crommelin, James Caldwell, Calliopean Society, — Cunningham, — Carr, Matthew Cary, Dr. T. O. Crofwell, Josias Collins, T. Cazenove, Robert Campbell, Carrington and Mygatt.

D

James Duane, James De Haert, Richard Davis, George Douglass, jun. Francis Durand, William De Peytler, Abraham J. Duryee, Jacob De la Montagnie, Daniel Dodge, William Duer, George F. Dominick, Hend. Doyer, ant. z. Evert Duyckinck, Rev. Stephen De Lancey, William Dunlap, E. Dewhurst, John Dies, C. Van Denbergh, Douglas and Ely, Samuel Donald, John Dunlap.

E

William Edgar, Effingham Embree, Lawrence Embree, Mary Ellis, Ezekiel Ensign.

F

Royal Flint, Mrs. Fleming, James Farquehar, Michael Fullam, John Frost, A. Franklin, Thomas Franklin, jun. Gabriel Furman, John Fenno, T. Fryer, Joseph Faulke, George Fleming, John Fries, Edward Fox.

G

Francis Giffing, George Garland, Benjamin Graves, Archibald Gloster, Ebenezer Graham, Mrs. Gibson, Hugh Gaine, Thomas Greenleaf, L. Gansevoort, S. Goodwin, Col. Graham.

H

Josiah O. Hoffman, Martin Hoffman, Sigismund Huggett, William Henson, Conradt W. Ham, Uriah Hendricks, Jacob Hallett, William Hill, Michael Huck, James Hill, jun. Elias Hicks, Mrs. Henshaw, John H. Hulett, Ralph Hodge, John Harrison, Henry Haydock, William Hardenbrook, James Hardie, Dr. S. Height, P. Hochstrosser, Ebenezer Hazard, James Humphreys, D. Hall, John Howe, John Henry, Mr. Hill.

I

John Jay, James Jarvis, James Inglis, John Jackson, John Johnston, John Johnson, James Jackson.

K

Rev. Dr. John C. Kunze, George Knox, Isaac L. Kipp, Robert Kemble, Peter Kemble, William Kenyon, A. Kissam.

L

Rev. Dr. Linn, Edward Livingston, Henry Livingston, John Lang, Andrew Lee, Isaac H. Levy, Samuel Low, P. and G. Lollilard, Samuel Loudon, John Lansing, Samuel Livermore, Robert Letson, Jonathan Little, Effingham Lawrence, John Lawrence, B. Livingston, William Lewis.

M

Rev. Dr. B. Moore, Rev. Dr. John Mason, Jacob Morton, L. Moore, Francis J. Mullock, Alexander Macomb, Daniel M'Cormick, Philip Mark, William Maxwell, Henry Mitchell, Archibald M'Cullum, Lott Merkle, John M'Vicker, John M'Intyre, Richard Mulheran, Mrs. M'Knight, Charles M'Cann, P. M'Davitt, E. Morewood, John R. Mesier, White Matlack, G. A. Mappa, Robert Mott, Archibald M'Lean, Jacob Morris, Josiah Masters, Thomas Morrell, Nathaniel Mills, John M'Gie, Alexander Mowatt, Samuel L. Mitchell, Charles M'Niel, Archibald M'Niel, Andrew Morris, John Morton, Rev. Mr. Moeller, Rev. R. C. Moore.

N

N

Isaac Nichols, Mrs. Nocus, John Norton, Robert Nichols, Sam. Nicoll, Arthur Noble.

O

Alexander Ogbury, Lewis Ogden, Thomas O'Hara, Joseph Oltz, James Oram.

P

Right Rev. S. Provost, John Pintard, John M. Pinnard, John P. Paré, Francis Panton, Frederick Phillips, Miss Mary Price, Daniel Phoenix, Thomas Pearfall, Peter Pride, William Post, Mrs. Prince, John Palmer, Edmund Prior, Richard Platt, Abraham Prall, Anthony Post, Seth Pair, John Page, S. Potter, W. Parker, Nicholas Power, Alexander Proudfoot.

R

William Robertson, George Rankin, James Robinson, John Rambo, Gerard Rutgers, Richard Rogers, Robert Roberts, Nicholas J. Roosevelt, George Remsen, Henry Remsen, John Remsen, Peter Ritter, James Rickwick, Albert Ryckman & Co. William Robins, John Ried, George Robt. Rev. Mr. Romyne, W. Roberts, J. Russell, Matthew Richardson, Arthur Robertson, John Ray, Isaac Roosevelt, Henry Rutgers, John Rola.

S

Baron Steuben, William P. Smith, Tammany Society, Mrs. Scott, John Shute, James Stuart, Jacob Sherred, James Saidler, William Scott, Comfort Sands, Thomas Stagg, jun. W. Strachan, Solomon Smith, Bernard Smith, jun. Ebenezer Stevens, George Snowdon, jun. Augustus Sauer, J. Stoutenburgh, J. and B. Strong, Samuel Suydam, John Sanford, G. Schureman, Philip Schuyler, Dr. Spencer, Israel B. Spencer, John Sage, George Scriba, James Scott, Peter Sherman, Richard Simpson, William Shippen.

T

Thomas Ten Eyck, Henry Ten Brook, M. Treat, James Todd, Cornelius Tiebout, Major Tillman, Thomas and Andrews, Taylor and Co.

V

Richard Varick, Joseph Vier, Rudolph Van Dorsten, Augustus Van Horne, Daniel C. Verplank, Abraham Van Gelder, Frederick Van Cotenandt, Afa Vaugh, H. Van Orden, R. S. Van Rensselaer, S. Van Rensselaer, J. Van Rensselaer, C. Van Denbergh, — Vofborgh, John Vianing, Tobias Van Zandt.

W

John Woods, Charles Wilkes, Nevin Wilson, Z. Webster, George Warner, Lemuel Wells, J. Wilkins, jun. Joseph Winter, Henry Will, James Walker, John Wyllie, David Williamson, John Watson, Tunis Wortman, Edward Watkeys, W. W. Wands, C. R. and G. Webster, P. Wall, L. Walter, Thomas Waldron, Azarias Williams, J. and C. Wheaton, Benjamin Workman.

Y

Ebenezer Young, W. P. Young.

As several gentlemen, in different parts of the Continent, who had subscription-papers, have not as yet forwarded their returns; our patrons, therefore, whose names do not appear in this list, will please to attribute it solely to that cause.

100
101
102
103
104
105
106
107
108
109
110
111
112
113
114
115
116
117
118
119
120
121
122
123
124
125
126
127
128
129
130
131
132
133
134
135
136
137
138
139
140
141
142
143
144
145
146
147
148
149
150
151
152
153
154
155
156
157
158
159
160
161
162
163
164
165
166
167
168
169
170
171
172
173
174
175
176
177
178
179
180
181
182
183
184
185
186
187
188
189
190
191
192
193
194
195
196
197
198
199
200

